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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Rec'd JUN 27 1922 B.P.L.

JULY 1922

Lighting the Dark Continent . . . . . DAVID LIVINGSTONE 1
Newly Discovered Letters of the Great Missionary
Peasant Masters
The Russian Revolution in a Rural Community . . . . . EMMA PONAFIDINE 11
The Æsthetics of Conservatism . . . . . KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD 21
Glamour. *A Story* . . . . . EDITH KENNEDY 26
Fire in the Eye. *A Family Matter* . . . . . FRANCES LESTER WARNER 29
Facing the Issue . . . . . TWO PRISON CHAPLAINS 35
Via Obscura. *A Poem* . . . . . VIOLA WHITE 40
Noah's Wife . . . . . ROBERT M. GAY 41
The Twenty-Four-Hour Shift. *A Chapter in Steel* CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER 45
Shall We Abandon the Gold Standard? . . . . . WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER 53
The Bible Quilt. Plantation Chronicles . . . . . ELEANOR GIBBS 65
Hill Hunger. *A Poem* . . . . . JOSEPH AUSLANDER 67
The Quare Women. III. The Fourth of July . . . . . LUCY FURMAN 68
Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Profession of Medicine
CHANNING FROTHINGHAM 75
Phineas Taylor Barnum. *An American Portrait* . . . . GAMALIEL BRADFORD 82
The New World:
The Indian Ferment . . . . . CLAUDE HALSTEAD VAN TYNE 93
Mahatma Gandhi . . . . . EDMUND CANDLER 105
The Blood of the Martyrs. *A Modern Instance* . . . . . AUGUSTA GUDHART 115
The Ku Klux Klan . . . . . LEROY PERCY 122
Seven Hours in Rome . . . . . MARY PRESCOTT HATCH 129
The Contributors' Club 133
The Delectable Mountains — Books As They Are Read — On Giving Away One's Photograph — Sermons in Symphonies
The Contributors' Column 141
The Late Queen's Petticoat — The Pollak Foundation — Again the Gentleman from Oxford Street — Who Taught the Doughboy? — One of Our Own People — The Romantic Oil Field — As Others See Us
The Atlantic's Bookshelf . . . . . *Front Advertising Section*
Memoirs of the Crown Prince — The Great Adventure at Washington — The Iron Man — The Vehement Flame — The Ninth Vibration — If — The Image

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.
Editorial and General Offices: 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON 17, MASS.

Published monthly. Entered at Post Offices, Concord, N.H., and Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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1922

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CXXX

JULY — DECEMBER, 1922

3586
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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Rumford Press, Concord

May 2, 1923
1 cont.

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CONTENTS

Index by Titles

Prose

PAGE

Africa, North, France's Problems in, *H. E. Wortham* 549
America that Used to Be, The, *Lawrence Shaw Mayo* 721
American Criticism, The Point of View in, *Stuart P. Sherman* 620
American Domestic Manners, *Philip Kates* 189
American Jail, The, *Joseph F. Fishman* . 792

Barbarism, The New, *Edgar J. Goodspeed* 368
Barnum, Phineas Taylor, *Gamaliel Bradford* 82
Beyond the Barrier 145
Bible Quilt, The, *Eleanor C. Gibbs* 65
Blood of the Martyrs, The, *Augusta Gudhart* 115
'Boston Calling,' *Gertrude Marshall Geer* . 207
Bret Harte and Mark Twain in the 'Seventies, *M. A. De Wolfe Howe* 341
Britain and Islam, *Arthur Moore* 703
British Labor, Leaders of, *E. T. Raymond* 390
British Personalities, *E. T. Raymond* . . 248
Brown, John, *Gamaliel Bradford* 646
Byron-Complex, Men, Women, and the, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* 289

'Change Cars at Paoli,' *A. Edward Newton* 171
China, Unfamiliar, *Seal Thompson* 750
Chinese Journey, A, *Seal Thompson* . . . 590
Christ in Oberammergau, *Ferdinand Reyher* 599
Christine and the Princess, *Mary Valentine Stanley* 235
Clemenceau, Georges, *Sisley Huddleston* . 818
Coal, The Battle Ground of, *James M. Cain* 433
Coal, What it Means to Us, *George Otis Smith* 531
College Games, What Are They For? *Alexander Meiklejohn* 663
College, Who Shall Go to? *Ralph P. Boas* 441
Communists and Ploughshares, *Louis Leirne* 672, 833
Conservatism, The Æsthetics of, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* 21
Continuity for Women, *Ethel Puffer Howes* 731
Contributors' Column 141, 285, 428, 573, 717, 861
Conversation in Ebury Street, A, *George Moore* 316

Dark Continent, Lighting the, *David Livingstone* 1, 212

PAGE

Elmwood and Charles Street, *M. A. De Wolfe Howe* 464
Europe in the Melting Pot, *Sisley Huddleston* 414
Europe, Revolutionizing Religion in, *Kenneth D. Miller* 684

Facing the Issue 35
Fire in the Eye, *Frances Lester Warner* . 29
Floor of Heaven, The, *Emma Lawrence* . 157
France's Part, *Sisley Huddleston* 269
France's Problems in North Africa, *H. E. Wortham* 549
French Point of View, The, *André Rostand* 559

Gandhi, Mahatma, *Edmund Candler* . . . 105
Genoa Conference, The, *Herbert Sidebotham* 238
Glamour, *Edith Kennedy* 26
Gold Standard, The, Shall We Abandon It? *William Trufant Foster* 53
Golden Vanity, The, *E. Barrington* . . 302, 501
'Gone Away,' *Emma Lawrence* 372
Grief, The Vocation of, *Sidney Lovett* . . . 758
Gullible Gulls, the, *William L. and Irene Finley* 810
Gunnings, The Romance of the Beautiful 302, 501

Heredity, The New, *Vernon Kellogg* . . . 577
Humor With a Gender, *Elizabeth Stanley Trotter* 784

India in Ferment, *C. H. Van Tyne* . . . 93, 401
India, The Strange Mind of, *J. A. Chapman* 378
Irish Backgrounds, *C. H. Bretherton* . . . 690
Irish Free State, The Birth of the, ... 541
Islam, Britain and, *Arthur Moore* 703

Jail, The American, *Joseph F. Fishman* . . 792
Jazz: A Musical Discussion, *Carl Engel* . . 182
Jungle Laboratory, A Day in A, *Ruth Rose* 739
Jungle of the Mind, The 328

Ku Klux Klan, The Modern, *Leroy Percy* . 122

Law, The Letter, and the Golden Rule, *George W. Alger* 296
League of Nations, The, After Two Years, *Raymond B. Fosdick* 256
Liberia and Negro Rule, *Evans Lewin* . . . 395

Livingstone, David, Newly Discovered Letters of, ... 1, 212
Long, John Davis, From the Diary of, *Laurence Shaw Mayo* 721
Lyric A, and a Laundry, *Edith Kennedy* . . 790

Manners, American Domestic, *Philip Kates* 189
Mark Twain, Bret Harte and, in the 'Seventies, *M. A. De Wolfe Howe* 341
Marriage, The Open Door in, *Anne C. E. Allinson* 449
Men, Women, and the Byron-Complex, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* 289
'Nightfall,' *Ada Cambridge* 231
Noah's Wife; Or, What's in a Name? *Robert M. Gay* 41

Oberammergau, Christ in, *Ferdinand Reyher* 599
Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Profession of Medicine, *Channing Frothingham* 75

Peasant Masters, *Emma Ponafidine*
I. The Russian Revolution in a Rural Community 11
II. The Skhodka and the Tcheka . . . 198
Plants, The Psychology of, *Clifford H. Farr* 775
Preaching in New York, *Joseph Fort Newton* 358, 456
Professor, The, and the Palimpsest, *Carol Wight* 805

Quare Women, The, *Lucy Furman*
III. The Fourth of July 68
IV. The Singing Gal 473

V. The Widow-Man 636
VI. Moonshine 767

Religion, Peter Bell in Search of a, *Willard S. Sperry* 516
Religion, Revolutionizing it in Europe, *Kenneth D. Miller* 684
Rescuing Her Cub, *Enos A. Mills* 527
Rome, Seven Hours In, *Mary Prescott Hatch* 129

Secret Journey The, *Emma Ponafidine* . . 382
Silver Cup, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* 608
South, A New — The Textile Development, *E. T. H. Shaffer* 562
Steel, *Charles Rumford Walker*
III. The Twenty-four-hour Shift . . . 45
IV. The Blast-Furnace 221

Textile Development, The — A New South, *E. T. H. Shaffer* 562

Ulsterman's Eyes, Through An, ... 541
Urban Sketches, *Edward Yeomans* 632

Væ Victoribus: A Lesson to Conquerors, *Ivan Ostroshki* 349

War-Loans, The American, and Justice, *Oscar T. Crosby* 825
Washington, After, *J. O. P. Bland* 843
Wasps, Those, of Ours, *Charles D. Stewart* 490
'Well, I Did n't Know That!' *Edward W. Bok* 480
Wind's Will, The, *Cornelia Geer Leboutiller* 524
Woods Treacheries, *Herbert Ravenel Sass* . 658

Poetry

Ask Not One Another, *Claudia Cranston* . 515

Bereavement, *Jeannette Tomkins* 766

Dawn, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* . . 790

Empty House, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* 788

Hill Hunger, *Joseph Auslander* 67

Lifted Latch, The, *Amory Hare* 339

Merlin Met Morgan-Le-Fay, *Florence Converse* 376

Name, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* . . . 789

Reality, *Margaret Sherwood* 230
'Rivers Unknown to Song,' *Alice Meynell*. 619

'Soul — Soul' *Fannie Stearns Gifford*. . . 197

To Rebecca, Growing Up, *Fannie Stearns Gifford* 657
Trodden Ways, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* 788

Via Obscura, *Viola White*. 40

We Are Pulling Up Vines To-day, *Robert Davis* 470
White Man's Dreams, The, *Jean Kenyon Mackenzie* 789

INDEX BY AUTHORS

Alger, George W., The Letter Law and the Golden Rule 296
Allinson, Anne C. E., The Open Door in Marriage 449
Auslander, Joseph, Hill Hunger 67

Bland, J. O. P., After Washington 843
Barrington, E., The Romance of the Beautiful Gunnings 302, 501
Boas, Ralph P., Who Shall Go to College? 441
Bok, Edward W., 'Well, I Did n't Know That!' 480
Bradford, Gamaliel, Phineas Taylor Barnum 82
John Brown 646
Bretherton, C. H., Irish Backgrounds . . . 690

Cain, James M., The Battleground of Coal 433
Cambridge, Ada, Nightfall 231
Candler, Edmund, Mahatma Gandhi . . . 105
Chapman, J. A., The Strange Mind of India 378
Converse, Florence, Merlin Met Morgan-Le-Fay 376
Cranston, Claudia, Ask Not One Another . 515
Crosby, Oscar T., The American War-Loans and Justice 825

Davis, Robert, We are Pulling Up Vines To-day. 470

Engel, Carl, Jazz: A Musical Discussion . . 182

Farr, Clifford H., The Psychology of Plants 775
Finley, William L., and Irene, The Gullible Gulls 810
Fishman, Joseph F., The American Jail . . 792
Fosdick, Raymond B., The League of Nations After Two Years 256
Foster, William Trufant, Shall We Abandon the Gold Standard? 53
Frothingham, Channing, Osteopathy, Chiropratic, and the Profession of Medicine 75
Furman, Lucy, The Quare Women 68, 473, 636, 767

Gay, Robert M., Noah's Wife: Or What's in a Name? 41
Geer, Gertrude Marshall, 'Boston Calling' . 207
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton, The Æsthetics of Conservatism 21
Men, Women, and the Byron-Complex . 289
Gibbs, Eleanor C., The Bible Quilt 65
Gifford, Fannie Stearns, 'Soul — Soul' 197
To Rebecca, Growing Up. 657
Goodspeed, Edgar J., The New Barbarism . 368
Gudhart, Augusta, The Blood of the Martyrs 115

Hare, Amory, The Lifted Latch 338
Hatch, Mary Prescott, Seven Hours in Rome 129
Howe, M. A. De Wolfe, Bret Harte and Mark Twain in the 'Seventies 341
Elmwood and Charles Street 464
Howes, Ethel Puffer, Continuity for Women 731
Huddleston, Sisley
France's Part 269
Europe in the Melting Pot 414
Georges Clemenceau 818

Kates, Philip, American Domestic Manners 189
Kellogg, Vernon, The New Heredity . . . 577
Kennedy, Edith
Glamour 26
A Lyric and a Laundry 790

Lawrence, Emma
The Floor of Heaven 157
'Gone Away' 372
Leboutiller, Cornelia Geer, The Wind's Will 524
Levine, Louis
I. Communists and Ploughshares . . . 672
II. The Soviet Compromise 833
Lewin, Evans, Liberia and Negro Rule . . 395
Livingstone, David, Lighting the Dark Continent 1, 212
Lovett, Sidney, The Vocation of Grief . . 758

Mackenzie, Jean Kenyon
The Silver Cup 608
The Empty House. 788
The Trodden Ways 788
The Name 789
The White Man's Dream 789
The Dawn 790
Mayo, Laurence Shaw, The America That Used to Be 721
Meiklejohn, Alexander, What Are College Games For? 663
Meynell, Alice, 'Rivers Unknown to Song' 619
Miller, Kenneth D., Revolutionizing Religion in Europe 684
Mills, Enos A., Rescuing Her Cub . . . 527
Moore, Arthur, Britain and Islam 703
Moore, George, A Conversation in Ebury Street 316

Newton, A. Edward, 'Change Cars at Paoli' 171
Newton, Joseph Fort, Preaching in New York 358, 456

Ostroshki, Ivan, Væ Victoribus: A Lesson to Conquerors 349

Percy, Leroy, The Modern Ku Klux Klan 122
Ponafidine, Emma
Peasant Masters 11
The Skhodka and the Tcheka 198
The Secret Journey 382

Rostand, André, The French Point of View 559
Raymond, E. T.
British Personalities 248
Leaders of British Labor 390
Reyher, Ferdinand, Christ in Oberammergau 599
Rose, Ruth, A Day in a Jungle Laboratory 739

Sass, Herbert Ravenel, Woods Treacheries . 658
Shaffer, E. T. H., A New South — The Textile Development 562
Sherman, Stuart P., The Point of View in American Criticism 620
Sherwood, Margaret, Reality 230
Sidebotham, Herbert, The Genoa Conference 238
Smith, George Otis, What Coal Means to Us 531
Sperry, Willard S., Peter Bell in Search of a Religion 516
Stanley, Mary Valentine, Christine and the Princess 235
Stewart, Charles D., Those Wasps of Ours . 490

Thompson, Seal
A Chinese Journey 590
Unfamiliar China 750
Trotter, Elizabeth Stanley, Humor With a Gender 784

Van Tyne, C. H., India in Ferment . . . 93, 401

Walker, Charles Rumford
The Twenty-four-hour Shift 45
The Blast-Furnace 221
Warner, Frances Lester, Fire in the Eye . 29
White, Viola, Via Obscura 40
Wight, Carol, The Professor and the Palimpsest 805
Wortham, H. E., France's Problems in North Africa 549

Yeomans, Edward, Urban Sketches . . . 632

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Awareness 281

Blue Dandelion, The Quest of the, . . . 859
Books As They Are Read 135

Congress, Shall I Run for? 713

Delectable Mountains, The 133

Elder, Not Better 570

Gilt-Edged Conscience, A 714

Hay Fever: A Paroxysm 279

Literary Real-Estate 425

Mysterious Profession, A 283

Nedding 427

Oh, How Delicate They Are! 858
On Giving Away One's Photograph . . . 137

Personality of a House, The, ... 854
Profaned Words 568

Race of Tom, The 423

Sermons in Symphonies 139

Then and Now 421

Umbrella Whims 856

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1922

LIGHTING THE DARK CONTINENT

NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

[These new letters of David Livingstone were written to his younger brother, Charles, who came to New York from England, in 1840, on the advice of David, to work his way through college. The intrepid young man started on foot from New York to Oberlin with two pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence in his pocket. It is perhaps needless to add that he completed his courses at Oberlin, and later at the Union Theological Seminary, with success. He was then called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Plympton, Cape Cod; but in 1857 he achieved his heart's desire and followed his brother to Africa. — The Editors.]

Banks of the Zouga
8th October, 1851.

My dear Charles, —

I informed you by a letter sent back from Boatlanamo that we had started for the country of Sebituane; and now that we are on our return, after having been honored to look at what we believe to be the main branch of the Zambesi, you will be expecting to hear 'all about it.' We followed our old route — only diverging a little in order to visit Sekhomi in his sickness. It is really the best policy, besides being duty, always to try to do good as we have opportunity. Sekhomi was gratified by our attentions, medicines, etc., and we found his good graces of essential service to us at a subsequent period of the journey. You may remember, he obstructed us in our endeavor to discover the Lake. But now, had we not enjoyed his countenance, we should either have found immense difficulty in reaching Sebituane, or failed altogether.

Leaving our old path at Nchokotas, with Bamangwato guides, we proceeded nearly due north and crossed the dry bed of the Zouga. Beyond that we came to a great number of salt pans, covered with a thin efflorescence of salt and lime. Each has a spring of brackish water on one side of it. The continual deposit for centuries of the salt these waters contain would explain the efflorescence; but several of them are thickly strewed with shells, which would seem to indicate that the Zouga has formerly emptied itself into them. The country beyond is covered with Mopane trees and contains a great number of springs in limestone rock. I suspect they are supplied by percolation from the rivers in the north. That's speculation, however, and you want facts. Well, the leaf of the Mopane tree is peculiar, and swarms of little insects make their abodes on them. They make a little dwelling, in shape like a cockle-shell, but very small, of a sweet gummy substance. The people collect this gum in large quantities and use it as food.

Bushmen abound near these springs. They were all in good condition. They seem to kill lots of game. What a language theirs is, so much *klick* in it, and the klicking sound is formed by pressing the tongue on the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawing it. Russian, I should say, is softer than Italian compared with Bush. I have often wished I knew it, and never more than when furnished with a Bushman guide called Shobo, who will only muster about four words of Setchuana. They are a merry race, always in good humor and never tell lies wantonly as the other natives do. They exist in vast numbers and are spread over the whole country. When will these poor 'dwellers in the wilderness bow down before Him'? . . .

On the fourth day we came to the trail of a rhinoceros; and this being one of the animals which cannot live without water, we put the cattle on the track, and in the afternoon the perishing animals reached the river Mahahi. This is a small branch of the Tso and flows east-northeast. It is lost in a reedy swamp ten miles broad, near which there is a Banajsa and some Bakoba villages. We were informed by Chombo, the headman of the Banajsa, that there were two paths to Sebituane's river. By the one we should have three more days without water, and by the other we should pass through a patch of country abounding in tsetse. I suspect this is the 'Zimb' mentioned by Bruce, etc. It is the scourge of the interior of Africa. But believing we could pass through the tsetse by night, we chose the latter path. On reaching the Chobe early in the morning of the third day from Chombo's, we found the bank on which we had unyoked the very headquarters of the tsetse. This river is everywhere deep, and were it not so very winding in its course, a steamboat could ply on it.

We found Sebituane a thin, tall, wiry man, but cool and self-possessed. 'Your cattle are bitten by the tsetse,' said he, 'but never mind, I shall replace them.' He then presented about two gallons of honey, a pot of porridge, and an ox. His people are by far the most savage people we have seen. They devour an ox in less than an hour; each, seizing a piece, throws it into a fire made of grass or reeds; and when only half roasted, it is instantly devoured. Porridge was brought to Sebituane in the evening, and he invited us to partake, but as about a dozen hands were thrust in, as well as ours, we only got about three spoonfuls. Very early in the morning he came to our fire and related many of the incidents of his past life. He was one of the army of Mantatees which is mentioned by Mr. Moffat. And after being defeated there, he has been fighting almost constantly ever since. Lost all he had three times but ended by possessing more cattle and subjecting more people to his sway than any chief we know in Africa.

Thinking he could cross our waggons by means of canoes, we returned together to what was to be our stand for two months on the Chobe. They were much too heavy for his light canoes. In a few days he was seized with pneumonia, and, after lingering a fortnight, to our great sorrow expired. His people entreated us not to leave them, and it being no part of my plan to do so, we gladly consented. We had proposed to visit the Sesheke, a large river of which we had heard; but the people did not consent to our going until an order came from his daughter to take us wherever we wished to go, and treat us exactly as if Sebituane were alive.

Mr. Oswel and I proceeded to the Sesheke on horseback, and found it about one hundred miles distant. It is the only river I ever saw, though nothing perhaps to those you are accustomed to look upon. Oswel never saw

anything like it in India. We could only say, How glorious! How magnificent! The water at the end of a remarkably dry season was from 300 to 500 yards broad. And then, when the waves rose about two feet, making the canoe pitch and roll, the long-lost scenes of the Friths of Clyde and Forth came back so vividly, I might have cried; but the fear that the old man who was conducting us across might ask, 'What on earth are you blubbering at? ain't afraid of these alligators, are you?' made me hold my tears for some other occasion, or send them down inside my nose — the best course sentimentality can take.

Ten days up this magnificent river stand the towns of Mamochisane and the Bartose. . . . A great many rivers fall into it, and numerous islands, or parts surrounded by water, exist all along its course. These islands are usually the abodes of tribes; for besides the security they afford from enemies, they are generally free from tsetse. There is a series of rapids in the river above the town of Sesheke, at which canoes require to be taken out and dragged along the bank; and about eighty miles below the same point there is a waterfall called Mosistunya [1] (resounding smoke), the spray of which can be seen ten or fifteen miles off. Immediately beyond Mosistunya, the river is narrowed by rocks; but it soon spreads out again, and at the distance of about a month from Sesheke it is joined by the Bashukulomp River, called Maninche (Manninche), and then assumes the name Zambesi. . . .

After having dragged you through marshes, reeds, and rivers, I come back to the topic on which I feel most interest — the poor degraded fragments of humanity. Who will pity them if the Christian does not? They are quite black, their muscular system is largely developed, deep-chested, their upper extremities are so powerful they make their light canoes cut through the water as our regatta people do at home. They are not warlike, but trust to the defenses their deep rivers afford. They are much more ingenious as smiths, basket-makers, potters, and canoe-makers than any of the Southern tribes. The Banyeti or Baloi smelt large quantities of iron ore, and make very neat spears, needles, etc. I have the vanity to believe myself, for an untaught Jack-of-all-trades, a pretty fair smith; but I could not hold a candle to them in spear-making, sheep- and ox-bells, etc. The Bashukulompo are called so from having their hair raised up in the centre of the head. And both they and the Batoka have the strange custom of knocking out all the upper front teeth of both sexes at the age of puberty. The under teeth, being released from the pressure and attrition of the upper, grow long and press out the lower lip, and give an old-man sort of appearance to the face. They say it is done in order to make their teeth resemble those of oxen. All Africans except Bushmen have a very great reverence for cattle. It nearly amounts to worship. The Balumpe go a step further, and knock out both upper and lower front teeth. We did not see any of the latter, but the Batoka told us that the custom began among the Balumpe by the wife of a chief having bitten his hand in a quarrel. He ordered her teeth to be knocked out as a punishment, and his people followed his example.

The Bangoia, Bapingola, and other tribes living between the large rivers use feathered arrows having iron heads. Their bows are about five feet long, and with these they manage to kill elephants, buffaloes, etc. The tsetse abounding in their country, they are unable to keep any domestic animals.

[1] Later visited, and called 'Victoria Falls.'

The Bashukulompo and Batoka have a small breed of cattle, which live with them in their houses as Irish pigs do. They are never driven. The herd goes before them, and when he wants them to move on, he commences calling them and making a few antics, and being exceedingly sportive animals, they come after him, gambolling. All the tribes have domestic and guinea fowls, and they cultivate large quantities of native corn, beans, sugar-cane, and yams. Honey abounds through the whole country. Indeed, native food seems abundant. Elephants exist in considerable numbers, but the ivory is used chiefly for the manufacture of armlets, and the saw they employ is so thick that half an inch is lost for every ring that is formed. . . .

But will anything be done, in order to bring this portion of the human family into closer contact with Christians? If Christian merchants would come up the Zambesi and establish a trade with the tribes I have indicated on the map, they would drive the slave trader out of the market. And they would be no losers in the end. Just think of what the discovery of this one river (Zouga) did for the commerce of the colony last year, in one article. We know of nine hundred elephants which have been killed on its banks in the short space of three years; and last year a trader at the Kuruman took down to the Colony 23,000 pounds of ivory (this article can be sold at Grahamstown even at 4*s*.6*d* per lb.), and nearly the whole amount came from this river. If one river helps to swell the commerce of our colony, what might not the numerous rivers put down on the map do to adventurous merchants.

Traders may come up the Zambesi with perfect safety during the months of June, July, and August. These are the winter months in those parts, and fever does not prevail. But no one ought to attempt to enter the Zambesi during any other month. . . .

Ships of war on the coast will never put a stop to the slave trade. But Christianity and commerce may. . . . Should Captain Lynch, who explored the Jordan and Dead Sea, come up past the town of Sesheke, he may find my latitude 2′ or 3′ wrong, but he must not sing his ditty there. 'We are the first that ever burst into this silent sea.' Probably, however, I shall be in that region soon to welcome any of the Anglo-Saxon race who may favour us with a visit.

You will see what a field is opened up for evangelical effort. The country is densely populated, and the people, having generally enough food, may attend if they will to instruction. The Supreme Being is called Nyampi, or Beza. In referring to a person having died, they say 'he was lifted by Nyampi,' or 'by the Lord.' They make use of certain kinds of divination, and prayers, too. I have visited a great many tribes which never have enjoyed any intercourse with missionaries either directly or indirectly, and never met a single individual, unaware of the existence of the Creator and Governor of all things. All understand the nature of sin — and the expressions made use of by all imply the belief in the existence of a future state of being. If any ever existed who had no knowledge of the existence of God, sin, and futurity, it is remarkable that no instance should now remain. Intelligent old men with whom I have conversed ridicule the idea of their ever having been destitute of the knowledge of God, and quote their proverbs and fables handed down from time immemorial in proof. One of these is essentially the story of Solomon and the harlots. They are, however, degraded low enough, and no nation needs more the humanizing influence of the gospel than the African.

Can Europeans live in this new region? Had we found a hilly part, I should have tried the experiment. I had my family with me; the people were delighted with the children. The presence of the wee things seemed to disarm all suspicion. Sebituane's queens were always scolding me for not letting them feed the children. They stuffed them so full of honey and milk, when they could catch them, I was afraid they would make them ill. And poor Sebituane the very day before he died raised himself up as I was leaving, and said take Robert to Maunko's (his chief wife) and get some milk for him.

The Makololo were delighted with the idea of my coming to live with them; but though I should willingly expose myself, I did not feel it right, in the absence of hills, to expose the lives of the children in the swamps. I must now send family and all away, somewhere, for two years at least, in order to ascertain whether one may live, in spite of the fever, in Sebituane's country. I think of sending them to Scotland. Have proposed this to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, their mother taking them home for education. The climate of America would be better for them than that bitter cold, bleak country; but I am a poor man, and my rich American brothers are about as poor as myself. The only difference I know between these two worthies is that the one is content to be a subject of our sovereign Lady the Queen; the other is a citizen, a subject of Queen Jenny Lind, and no insurmountable obstacle between him and the Presidential chair. If the Directors agree to my proposal, I shall then wend my solitary way into the region of the Zambesi and spend, if I live, two years hard at work, in a state of widowhood. I shall feel parting with the children much. It will be like tearing out my entrails. But more is done every day for Queen Victoria and no boohoo about it. I hope I am not such a sorry soger to our Captain as to fail in my duty. Pray for us; they will be orphaned. But there is a Father to the fatherless, and I believe He will accept my work and my sacrifice.

Many thanks for your kind offers in the way of sending books, etc. I should be thankful for a few, but do not incommode yourself by purchasing many. Will be thankful for Macaulay and for any periodicals. . . . Captain Steele of Coldstream Guards, I am told by the Directors, has sent me a present of a gold watch as a token of his esteem. So you must not think of an American clock till you are richer. I shall ask you to procure me some seeds when I get a prospect of having a garden in which to sow them. I shall not translate the Bible for some time at least. The Directors wish me to form a dictionary of the Setchuana. I regret much they did not tell me so sooner. I was at it years ago, but gave it up not knowing who would print it. And now we have a Zambesi language, bearing about the same affinity to Setchuana as English bears to Latin or French. There are a great many dialects of it, . . . and I find about the same relationship existing between them as between Lowland Scotch and the Yorkshire dialects. If I form a language out of these, it will be, with the translation of the Bible into it, the work of a lifetime; and only a quarter of a lifetime at most remains now for me. If God will accept my service, I shall live to perform it. If not someone will do it better. My better half has enjoyed pretty good health in this long and wearisome trip. Thomas had the fever three times. We had another son born to us on the Banks of the Zouga, and his mother insists on calling him Charles. If it had been left to me, I should have him called Zouga; so you

need not thank me very fiercely for the honor thrust upon you. Only be decently grateful — that 's all.

CAPE TOWN, 12*th April*, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

I have heard from home that you have sent a number of books to me. These have not yet come to hand, which I consider rather remarkable, seeing so many American ships touch at this port. But they may yet turn up all safe. . . .

We were gratified by a short visit of the Rev. —— Newton, a Presbyterian missionary from the Punjaub, a few days ago. Mr. Newton informed me that he was licensed by the same Presbytery as yourself. And as he was going to New York in the first instance, and would perhaps perambulate the country, I asked him to remember your name and, if possible, call on you. In the event of his not being able to speak much, his residence will be in Philadelphia. He will be able to give you some idea of the queer set he saw in Cape Town. Indeed, we were an odd-looking squad when we came, our clothes about twelve years out of fashion, and so unused to stairs that I felt inclined to turn round and come down as if descending a ladder. We are getting a little more civilized in appearance now. Our friend Mr. Oswell spent £60 on our outfit for the family. As he had the ordering of it, the clothes are rather more fashionable than we would have chosen. Altogether he spent £170 on us since we came to Cape Town. He is now gone to England. We should have been in straits but for him. You see the Lord remembers us and raises up friends when we need them. He offered me a boat, and asked me to draw on him for just as much as I needed — 'Never mind how much.' When we had lost all our best oxen, he replaced them to the value of at least £60.

I hear you are intending to take unto yourself a wife. I fear the books you sent may have diminished your own comforts. I wrote you a long letter respecting our late journey, and give in it a sketch of the country or a rough map. I hope it came to hand, for it gave me some trouble, and I wished you to get the information from my own hand before it reached you from any other quarter. It was dated from the river Zouga. . . .

I have had about ¾ of an inch cut off my uvula. I am now being coddled on that account with arrowroot, sago soup, and other slops. I am of most value I see when anyway likely to 'cut my stick,' and I have been trying to discover some plan by which husbands may always appear in a 'touch-and-go state.' Punch's advice to 'cultivate our nerves' won't do, for Mary won't give me credit for having any. You may discover something which will answer better. The back part of the throat is very much swollen at present, so I cannot tell you what the effect will be on my speaking. I have it smeared over every morning with a strong solution of lunar caustic, which is not the most pleasant application in the world; but I will submit to anything to get my voice again.

The people here are very much disposed to make a lion of me, but I have a fine excuse in my throat. I dare say they mean well, but I am utterly opposed to the excitement system. Let people give from principle and not from temporary excitement. A great deal has been done in that way in England; but reaction is sure to follow, and then they refuse to give of their abundance. I may remark here that the letter to which I refer was addressed to Cornwall, Vermont. You have been such a bird of passage lately, there is no knowing where to find you. And as I have packed in the *karosses* since I began

this letter, I may mention too that the mantles will, if lined on the outside with cloth, make a cloak which will make you to laugh at frost-bites. There are other kinds prettier, but the kind sent is the warmest of all. And it makes a good coverlet for a cold night. I enclose an old lion-skin jacket of mine for John, as he is rather fond of the cast-off hand-me-downs. It was rather a comfortable affair with the hair turned inwards; but its best days are done. There is also a skin of the Lech, a newly discovered antelope. And, if they will take it, a head of the same. And a wooden vessel brought from the Sesheke. And a bundle of spears. A staff. And in the vessel there are seeds. A kind of earth-nut called Motuohatse or man of the earth. The marama, a large nut or bean which grows on the Kalihari Desert and has a large root under ground; also edible, but not good. I brought an immense pod down for you, but it was found to be spoiled when it came here. I put in a few bulbs, which have beautiful flowers, for Sarah; but perhaps it will be better to grow them in some of your friends' hothouses the first year. Let them be put in a sandy soil without any manure. One of them is very beautiful and called, from the form of its two spiral tiny leaves, *Nakaloa tolo*, or Khoodoo's horns. And a few of the tsetse, in spirit, in a small square phial — 'Zimb,' or the 'fly' which was to be sent before the children of Israel. What do your learned theologians think about it? . . .

We have had fine doings in this country in the fighting line. Upwards of two millions of English money have been spent, and we are quite as far from the complete subjugation of the Caffres as ever. I have written an article on the subject and others connected with it, but don't know whether it will be inserted in the *British Quarterly* or not. The other paper gave some offense in some quarters, which shows, I think, that, whatever other defects it had, it peered a little above the line of humdrum. The second is more keen, perhaps, and certainly more coarse. The latter property makes me dubious as to whether it will appear in print. I have sometimes, since I came here, thought of sending you the rough copy, as it may afford you some amusement; but it is doubtful whether you would like to wade through it. Mr. Thompson, our agent here, wrote a reply, or rather strictures, on the first one, and showed me his manuscript; and when he began to suspect me as the author, he told me if he had known the author to be a missionary he would not have written in the way he did. He did not think any of the missionaries had ability enough to write for that review.

I shall enclose in this a letter written to the Royal Geographical Society and printed in the Cape papers. I sent today one of the papers containing it to John. You will not think much of the preface. I was nettled by the impudent reproaches of certain traders whom we have made into men. They come down to the Colony, and pretend that they kill all the elephants whose tusks they have bought, and then say, 'The missionaries are the only traders.' One hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder passed through the customs-house at Algoa Bay last year, and thirty thousand stand of arms. Yet the colonists and merchants of the frontier, who have been the main instruments in getting up the war, try to fix the blame on missionaries, and unblushingly declare that the only remedy for the peace of the Colony is the complete extermination of the Caffres. They pretend to laugh at us as enthusiasts. The government knows perfectly well who are the parties which supplied the Caffres with firearms and ammunition. Yet it does not prosecute them. You will understand

my preface a little better after reading these remarks. . . .

I am about to part with my family. We have not yet fixed on a ship, but are in daily expectation of finding one.

In addition to the articles mentioned, I have sent . . . Caffre corn, in a small bag tied with a bit of Sesheke twine with which nets are made, *Pilgrim's Progress* in Sichuana and four pamphlets on Kat Ruen settlement, which will give you some insight into our ways of doing things here. . . .

My poor wife and family sailed by the Trafalgar on the 23rd of April, and I am now like the worthy sparrows on the housetop of whom we used to sing as 'companionless.' My heart is very sore. I shall never see my children again — they will grow out of my knowledge, and will all forget me. But I grudge Him nothing who died for me. My tears flow, but He knows that my heart grudges Him nothing of all that I have. May He accept my service and use me for his glory, and grant that my children may not rise up among the number of his enemies. It would be a sad sight at last to see them on the left side, and hear them say, you cared more for the Heathen than for us. Pray for them. I may write you again before I leave this, but I am now preparing for departure.

CAPE TOWN, *29th May*, 1852.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

I have only a few words for you. I am just about to start for the interior of the country. Have been here about two months. Have parted with my better half, and am now in a state of sorrowful widowhood. If my hair still continues to stick to my cranium, it will be more than it ought, for I feel very much cut up in returning to a state of bachelorship. . . . I have taken the opportunity of sending a daguerreotype likeness of your humble servant to your lady, who, I suppose, no longer lives in a state of single blessedness. Great people such as our sovereign Lady the Queen send their portraits to those whom they wish to patronize, and the gracious act is highly valued. You, who consider me a great man, will not object to my aping the doings of the great. But I cannot afford to do it gratis. You must pay me back with two similar pictures, one of His Reverence and another of his lady. Two are enclosed — one for Sarah, which you may transmit by some trustworthy hand. Your lady may take her choice; the ugliest is most like the original. One contains the sextant presented by Captain Steele, and the watch presented by the Royal Geographical Society. It is a little pedantic-looking, but one may be excused looking a little big, when he has to face a pair of impudent Yankees who would, I fear, call Queen Victoria, Mrs. Albert. See if I don't look defiance at you. I seem to say, 'Well, though I ain't a citizen of the freest nation in the universe, it don't matter.' I was asked by Mary to give her my likeness, but I did not think myself worth being looked at. When, however, she was gone, I repented, and sent one after her. And then, when I saw Mr. Little, I imagined John and you would like to look at my brown phiz. Excuse my vanity and pay me back when you can by a similar piece of nonsense. . . .

The missionaries in the interior are, I am grieved to say, a sorry set. I do not expect the Divine blessing in connection with them. I shall be glad when I get away into the region beyond — away from their envy and backbiting. Several of them are doing nothing but eating up the resources of the society, and we cannot get quit of them. . . .

I shall be two years away. May God bless you and yours. I have had a

large share of honor here. . . . Excuse this hasty how-d'ye-do epistle. Pray for me that my purposes and aims may all be to the Divine Glory. If you are married, give your wife a kiss for me.

KURUMAN, 10*th September*, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES, —

. . . You may understand the state into which the colony is reduced by the Caffre war, when I mention that we purchased American provision considerably cheaper than we could the produce of the Cape. And the colonists are not taxed heavily. Everything goes to feed the army. I have, however, I am thankful to say, a good stock of clothes, shoes, and provisions now at hand, and a rifle which I hope will bring as much meat to the pot as we shall need for two years to come. The Directors take charge of my family, and I am not altogether undeserving of the Dr.'s appellation of a happy fellow. I have work before me, and pleasant work, too, though of various kinds. I mentioned to you in my last the main features of my present expedition — *viz.*, to try to find a healthy locality on the Zambesi and a way down to the sea on either the East or West coast.

I have other work on hand, *viz.*, the formation of a Sichuana dictionary and a work in imitation of White's *History of Selborne*. I admire the wonderful works of God, and the wisdom He has displayed in the animal kingdom; and as I have already some facts not known in works on natural history, I think a work written after the manner of White, with neither tawdry sentimental reflections nor idolatrous spouting about Nature, but with a manly acknowledgement of the Divine Wisdom and special operations in all the developments of instincts and adaptation, etc., etc. Look at White, and give me your opinion. Perhaps this will be only one of my castles in the air.

I mean to have my hands full of work (for fear the Devil should find mischief still for idle hands). This great work must be done whether the others are proceeded in or not. I need not tell you to be kind to my children if I never return. I give you Agnes if I am cut off. The Directors will take care of Mary and the other children; or, better still, He who has said, Leave thy fatherless children and let thy widows trust in me. My dear brother, I must succeed or die. See how people perish for gold. *They* are not enthusiasts, of course. It is a wonder that we are not more enthusiastic for the glory of Him who left his glory and for our sakes became poor. May He accept our service.

You think much more highly of me than I deserve. You see the outside. I see the heart, and He who knows the heart sees in me a bitter fountain. Behold, I am vile. The Providence of God has been most graciously manifested to me, notwithstanding all my defects and sins. It is very interesting to observe Providences. I give you one, and you will remember I told you a part before. My brother-in-law is engaged to a young lady in England. She refused to join him, for reasons I mentioned. He is here at present, and we find him to be a sorry rogue. With his father's name he was admitted into good society and came out inflated with pride, has managed by folly to get deep in debt, sold everything salable, and then, to crown all, got married to another, a poor girl in Natal, and came away up here without a penny in his pockets. The young lady in England, a real Christian, knows nothing of all this, but feels sadly perplexed between affection and duty. I always maintained that she acted right; and now that our father-in-law sees what his son is, he remarked to me last Sunday, when we were riding together to an out-

station, 'That young lady was Heaven-directed. He would have broken her heart.' The case is instructive, for we have her mourning over her blighted hopes, yet knowing not that these were blasted by a wise and kind Father. . . .

I fear for my children. The people in England spoil children by fawning and flattering, if their fathers happen to be popular. My name having been brought before our friends at home rather more prominently than it ought, I fear silly people will spoil my youngsters, make them take that stand on the top of my popularity, small though it be, instead of resolving to work out a place and a name for themselves by their own industry. Nearly all our popular ministers in England beget races of wild asses. You will smile when you think of me and my popularity; but some of our independents in England speak about me in terms which make me blush.

Another Providence I may mention, but it too is only for your*selves* (ho! I must speak in the plural now.) I received your letter mentioning the supply of your lacking rib a few days ago. I receive my new sister with very great affection, and beg she will accept a brother's love and his sincere congratulations and wishes for the happiness and usefulness of you both. I am more than usually alive to the value of the better halves at present, living as I am in a state of widowhood — thought, when Mary was with me, that I was a very good husband, but believe now I might have been better. Am in a terrible fit about our youngest child's name — dare not go farther into the subject, even to you. May venture to break the ice when I hear that you have got a young musician skilled in matrimonial music in your own establishment. . . .

Sechele's children are all here, to be instructed by Mr. Moffat. The Boers render a residence with the Bakawains useless as far as instruction is concerned. They have encamped on Malestra. The Makhatla are fled, and a combined attack is forthwith to be made on Sechele. They must, I think, fight for their liberty. No nation ever enjoyed liberty without fighting for it. The Caffres and a few rebel Hottentots hold our army at bay and have done so for the last eighteen months. The latest news contains a letter from the chief of the Hottentots asking why our soldiers kill women! Our army, I am ashamed to say, is cruel as were the French in Algeria or the Spaniards in Mexico. The rage of the English knows no bounds. They kill women and children, and if they catch a Hottentot, they hang or butcher him in cold blood.

You may have heard the English version of the causes of the war. I enclose a speech of Sandillah. I think the Yankee had better hear both sides. By all means get it published. It is all true. I can vouch for every syllable. Missionaries *have* done as he says, and the Government has urged on the converts, too. One of the missionaries has become a Government servant — a commissioner or magistrate at £600 a year, and the Caffres say to him, 'You have the Bible in one hand and the *sambol* [scourge] in the other.' No wonder the Caffres believe not. They never will. If you can get Sandillah's speech printed and circulated in America, with a few remarks, it may do good. It may produce a reaction. It will show the world the reason why the gospel is inoperative among the Caffres. To side with a wicked government is to hinder the gospel of Christ. O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly with honor be not thou united. Had I been there, would I have been afraid to protest? No, Sandillah, nay verily.

PEASANT MASTERS

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN A RURAL COMMUNITY

BY EMMA PONAFIDINE

I

'MADAME, war is declared; Yakov and I are called, and all of our horses must be at the mustering-place in half an hour.'

Thus, with pale face and trembling voice, the manager of our estate announced the breaking-out of war, as I was quietly sitting at my desk that fateful afternoon in the summer of 1914. To me, as to all others who were not of the inner circle, the first intimation of that mobilization came as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

My husband at once ordered out all the horses. A carriage with a troika was harnessed for us, and we were soon driving to the village. Everywhere, in the fields and in the villages through which we passed, the peasants were hurriedly unharnessing horses from loaded carts or from ploughs, and men, women, and children were riding them bareback to the meeting-place.

Here we found army men with measuring rods, getting the standard height of horses, and the other requirements as given in posters that were already up on the walls of the headman's house. Nowhere, in all that crowd, did we hear a protesting word or see a discontented look. Though the war was unexpected, undesired, and wholly incomprehensible, the fact that it was forced upon us made everyone respond, if not cheerfully, yet heartily.

To understand the full significance of this, the first sacrifice, one must remember that we were living in the country, in an agricultural district where the horse was one of the chief factors in the welfare of each peasant family.

Horses coming up to the required conditions were gathered at the volost, or canton centre, some sixteen miles from us, and from there were taken to our county town of Ostashkoff, about thirty miles farther around the lake, where they must be by the following evening. Each horse was to have a three days' supply of hay brought with it. In this way, within thirty hours of the order for mobilization, men and horses were to be at the railway station, gathered from a radius of about forty miles.

We at once returned home, men were told off to harvest two cartloads of grass, and seventeen of our horses were taken by my sons to the second, or canton, rendezvous, and from there to Ostashkoff. Our farm superintendent and a workman, who had their marching-orders, were busy making preparations, their women folk cooking, baking, washing, and mending, through their tears.

When everyone was ready, all turned out to follow that little procession for some distance in the gathering twilight.

e women whose husbands were going bbed quietly. I kept by the side of my avorite horse; and as I felt for the last time his soft muzzle nestle against my cheek, I was ashamed of the tears that would come; for others were giving up those far dearer than a horse could be.

In the spring of 1915 we were faced with fields waiting to be ploughed, and no men to do it on the large estates; and though our peasant women are used to doing farm work, even to the ploughing, they too were short-handed. The Government, therefore, sent out circulars, stating the conditions under which farmers could have German and Austrian prisoners to work for them, or our own soldiers who were stationed in the rear.

Our soldiers were not very satisfactory, as we had to hold ourselves in readiness to give them up at an hour's notice; and yet we all hesitated at first, for many reasons, to take prisoners. Finally, however, we sent for ten soldiers and five prisoners; and later on we added five more of the latter.

The arrival of the prisoners created a great sensation among our peasants, many of whom had never seen any foreigners except those who had visited us from time to time; and when these men, with their queer uniforms and their strange language, came, they were objects of mingled pity and curiosity, but never of hostility. The peasants did not regard them as enemies, and very justly said: 'They are not to blame, and probably did not wish this war any more than we did. They were ordered to go and fight, as our men were.'

It was touching to see how, in a few days, these men were treated by the simple village-folk. While they were working in our fields, women would often steal up to them and, unfolding a napkin, would take out a fish or a potato pie, saying, 'Take it, eat, poor fellow. I have a son a prisoner in Germany and perhaps your women are good to him.' In an amazingly short time the prisoners learned enough Russian to make themselves understood; and before they left us, most of them could read and write to some extent. After his return home, one of the Austrians wrote me, in rather weird Russian to be sure, a touching letter, full of gratitude for kindness he had received while in Russia.

After the Revolution, the attitude of the peasants changed toward the prisoners, who were regarded as occupying posts, and eating bread, that belonged by right to the Russian people. The good years we had been having changed to bad ones in 1917 and 1918. Our crops almost failed, and the people begrudged bread given to the 'enemy.'

At this time the Bolsheviki began a very energetic propaganda among the prisoners in Russia, and our men were called twice to hear speeches and instruction. They were told to study the Revolution carefully, and to go back to Germany and Austria and tell their people how happy the Russian workingmen were, who had got rid of their Tsar, and who had all the land and forests, as well as freedom from capitalists.

When the prisoners came home, they told us of these meetings and said: 'We understood everything, but pretended we did n't, and only shook our heads and said we did n't understand. They told us when we went home we must make a revolution in Austria and Germany; but we are not such fools as to bring upon our country such a life as we now see here. When we first came to Russia, we were frightened. Our officers taught us that the Russians were very cruel: that they would torture and then kill us if we were taken prisoners; but we found it was not true. The Russians everywhere were kind to us; they treated us as human beings, and not as prisoners. In the villages the

women were like mothers to us; there was plenty of bread and they shared it with us. Now see what the Revolution has done! The kind peasants have become bad; there is no bread; the working people are told they are free, but their lives are worse than before. No, no, we don't want any such liberty in our country!'

II

When I returned, on that fourth of May, 1917, — this is one of the few dates I remember, — from our little post-office where letters were received three times a week, I brought the astounding news of the abdication of the Tsar. As I read my husband the details, he sat with clasped hands and bowed head, and over and over he repeated brokenly: 'Poor, poor Russia! God have mercy on her! They don't know what they are doing.'

My husband was one of the very few who were farsighted enough to realize that the time and the form in which this change came would be fatal to Russia. A monarchist himself, in that he always believed that this form of government was the only one for so heterogeneous a country as Russia, he had long felt, however, that, unless the Tsar consented to give Russia a constitutional government with responsible ministers, a revolution was unavoidable.

We in the country heard of the deposition of the Tsar, of the formation of the Provisional Government, and that a provisional committee was also appointed in our county town; but it was some time before any visible form of new government showed itself in our cantons or in the village communes, though the old order disappeared. I think it spoke volumes for the law-abiding instincts of the people that, in this interim, when we had literally no one to represent law or police, there was not one case of lawlessness in our vicinity that we heard of.

In a short time we had a 'militia-man' to take the place of the old representative of the police, and our canton government was centred in a local committee, with new powers. The peasant communes and we ourselves came under the immediate control of this latter committee.[1]

The first act of hostility toward us was in restricting our pasture-lands and hayfields. Realizing that the next step would be the requisition of live-stock, we forestalled this event by selling them off as quickly as possible, keeping only as many horses and cows as we could feed on what land was left us. When later we were accused of selling what was 'the people's property,' we justified ourselves by pointing out that we had received no orders prohibiting the sale and that, in any case, we had disposed only of such animals as the committee, by their own action, had left without food.

Later we were visited by a deputation of peasants, who stated that, although we had no longer any rights to the land, the woods, or anything on the estate, they would not touch us or expel us until a 'paper' came, saying how the property was to be divided among the people. An inventory of everything on the place and in the house was made by a delegation of peasants who, in spite of the tragedy of the moment, furnished us with much amusement. They were armed with papers and pens and, dividing up into different parties, scattered themselves through the various rooms, counting the contents. When they compared notes, it was found that, in counting tables, chairs, and pieces of

[1] The 'government' of Tver is equivalent to the 'state' of Tver. Within the 'state' is the county or *uezd;* the *volost,* or canton, consisting perhaps of thirty villages; and finally, the village commune, made up of one or more peasant villages.

furniture, the names and uses of which were often quite unknown to them, they had become hopelessly mixed. I remember, one day (for this process was repeated over and over), they failed to get down all the large mirrors. 'No one will believe us if we say there were only ten mirrors in such a big house; let 's put down fifteen.' 'No, better say twenty,' interposed another; and they wrote down twenty.

We were then informed that, so long as we did not sell or hide anything, we should be permitted to remain in our house; but they took care to see that we fulfilled their orders. Without so much as 'by your leave,' they would often go through the house, rummaging in bureau drawers, and sometimes calling me to account if they happened to find fewer articles of linen than when they last counted; and I had to explain that the missing garments were in the wash, or being mended!

From this time we might be said to have been the unpaid managers of the estate. We did the work and paid taxes, but could sell nothing, and were even restricted in the use of milk and flour. Our old employees were turned off — in some cases faithful men who had lived, together with their families, on our estate for years. In their place were put men quite incompetent in some cases, and decidedly hostile to us in others. All these questions and changes were discussed and settled in hours spent at the village meetings, or *skhodkas*, and ratified after long talks with the volost committee. At this time all Russia attended meetings of some sort: from the soldier at the front and the workingman in the mills, down to the men and women in the villages, all gave up what should have been working-hours to such gatherings.

Our own village commune included three villages. When a question came up for discussion, raised by an individual, or by the canton committee, or by ourselves, the headmen would be asked to summon a skhodka. Generally a boy was sent around with a stick, to knock at the windows of each house and shout the hour and place of meeting. If it happened to be winter, the gatherings would be in different houses, in turn; but in summer the street is the place for holding the meetings; the whole village, including children, can gather and listen.

During the summer of 1917, and up to the spring of 1919, when our estate was turned into a state farm, we were constantly called to attend skhodkas, whatever the object might happen to be. When my sons were at home, they found it utterly impossible to do this and their farm work, so I was generally told off to represent the family.

If a cow calved, we had to lay the matter before the village commune, and a long discussion would take place as to what should be done with the calf. If a litter of pigs appeared on the scene, their future was settled in the same way, after long parleying, sometimes with orders to sell them, half the proceeds going to the canton committee, and the other half to us for our 'trouble' in caring for them.

One day, toward evening, one of our cows broke her leg while at pasture in the woods. The herdsman came running in, crying from 'three streams,' as they say in Russia, and said that she ought to be put out of her misery at once. My son went to the village; but by the time he could get three responsible citizens to come and examine the cow, it was too late to kill her that night, and the poor beast had to lie where she had fallen, suffering, until morning. Then a 'paper' was given to us, stating that, as the cow had evidently broken her leg by accident, and in no way owing to our carelessness, the meat and skin were ours.

As it was warm weather, I immediately went to work cutting the meat preparatory to salting it. While I was thus occupied, some raftsmen, who were making rafts of our — or what had been our — timber to float down the lake, came to me with a proposition. It seemed they were negotiating the purchase of a young bull in the next village, to butcher for meat. They knew we were in need of a bull, and proposed that we give them meat in exchange for their live animal. Now this would strike anyone as a very simple proposition, one that we might decide ourselves; but alas! the process of free revolutionary government is not so easy. We should have been accused of 'speculation' — that heinous crime which is linked with the ominous words, 'capitalists,' 'landowners,' 'nobles,' and 'clergy.'

So we called a skhodka about ten o'clock in the morning. We appeared, the raftsmen and I, and stated our cases. I pointed out our own need of a bull, and that of the village, which had always profited by our having one. I undertook to keep this animal until one which we had, of better breed, should grow up; this promise, of course, holding good so long as we ourselves were permitted to remain on our estate. It was for them to fix the price of the bull and of a pound of meat; and then they could easily decide how much meat I was to give in exchange for the bull. A simple proposition, was it not?

We all gathered in the street, women as well as men — for a woman is permitted to represent a householder and to vote as such. For a long time everyone talked at once, as they always do, until tired out. Then they proceeded to select a chairman and a secretary. At noon we adjourned for lunch, no conclusion having been arrived at. Then we took it up again. After hours of talking, it looked as if the decision were turning in our favor, and one of the raftsman went off down the street to buy a keg in which to salt the meat. He soon returned, rolling a small barrel in front of him, which was immediately seized upon and set on end to be used as a table for the secretary. The powwow continued until evening; and when we saw the village herd approaching, the young bull was rounded off, a rope was thrown around its neck, and it was brought up to take a passive part in deciding its own case. Finally, when it was almost dark, the secretary, who had gone through as many agonizing throes of composition as any young writer ever experienced, handed me a remarkable document. It was signed by every householder present; illiterates made their crosses. It stated the amount of meat I was to give for the bull, and emphasized the fact that the skin of the cow, as well as the live bull, was my 'personal property'; and this, remember, at a time when private property was abolished!

We went home triumphantly in the gloaming, I leading my bull, the men trundling the keg and helping me to persuade the refractory beast whenever he rebelled, as he often did, against changing his abode and his masters. The next day, one of my sons and I rowed over to the volost committee headquarters across the lake. There we found a long table, around one end of which was seated the military subcommittee and, at the other, the agricultural. The members of both committees were local peasants with whom we were acquainted. None of them had any education other than the course of four winters in the little village schools.

We showed the document given by the village commune, and asked to have it endorsed by the committee. The chairman read it over and remarked, 'It is very simple. In the inventory of live-stock under your care, one cow

must be erased and a bull substituted.'

'No,' said the secretary; 'you see, the village has voted that so long as the cow's meat has been given to them, and would have been eaten by them, that is, would have belonged to them, the bull that replaces the meat must also be recognized as belonging to them.'

After this extremely complicated, but decidedly logical, explanation, the chairman solemnly wrote a resolution on the document, agreeing with the village commune in considering the bull the 'personal property of Citizen Ponafidine, who had a right to sell or eat the same at the expiration of the time that she had agreed to keep it.' This precious document was made legal and imposing by being repeatedly stamped. It may be of interest to note that, after all the trouble and energy spent on talking and getting such a wonderful document, in the end this, our only 'personal property,' was taken from us when our estate was turned into a state farm.

What saved the landowners in our part of the country from many of the horrors experienced in other places, was the fact that, in 1918, owing to bad crops, no one had seed enough to sow his own land, and therefore our fields were not coveted at this, the most critical moment, when passions ran high.

I am not speaking now of the government as seen in large cities, but as we, living in the country and provincial towns, felt in our own lives the Revolution in its various stages; but as the peasants make up three quarters of the population, this part of Russian life is not to be ignored, and yet unfortunately it is the least known abroad. To have given the peasants a leading part in state matters, and then to blame them for the disastrous results, is like blaming a child for setting fire to gunpowder, rather than calling to account a grown person who gave the child the powder and the matches.

III

But it was not only with the village commune and the volost committee that we had to deal during these years. Questions of state interests had to be taken to the County Committee of the Provisional Government, and I had occasion to make the acquaintance of various types here.

One interview of the kind — I think it was in 1918 — we shall never forget. We received a notice demanding taxes, based as in former years upon the number of acres in our estate. We at once drew up a protest, in which we pointed out just how much land had been left for our use, and while consenting to pay dues on that number of acres, objected to paying anything on the rest. This I took with me to the Commissar of Agriculture in Ostashkoff.

He was a former sailor, who had taken part in the historic mutiny on the Potomkin of the Imperial Navy during the revolution of 1905 and 1906, when the crews brutally massacred their officers, and for weeks terrorized the Black Sea, threatening Odessa. So this Commissar had passed through a pretty good school, and was a formidable opponent for us to meet.

He had been in the village next to us, addressing a meeting, a short time before. In his speech he reproached the peasants for having allowed such an estate as ours to exist, adding that if they needed live-stock or agricultural implements they were to help themselves. If they needed houses and buildings, they were to turn us out. Here a woman rose and said: 'We will never drive the Ponafidines out; they have always been good to us. When I had no milk, they gave me milk for my

child, and our lady gives us medicine when we are sick.'

'And you thank her for it?' the speaker asked.

'Of course,' she replied.

'The more fools you. *She* should thank *you* for so many years letting her and her family live there and profit by the land and woods and all that by right belong to the people. *She* should thank *you*, that you have not turned them out long ago; and here you thank her for a bottle of milk or a box of pills!'

Is it not a wonder, with such encouragement from above, that the peasants did not all rise and turn us out?

Well, this was the man whom we had to face. From the first I had tried to take upon myself the responsibility of dealing with the Bolsheviki, as it seemed so much more dangerous to have the men-folk of the family implicated. In this case, however, the man was so notorious that my sons would not hear of it; so we compromised, and one of them went with me, though I made him promise to stand in the background and take no part in the conversation, if he could avoid it.

It was with a beating heart that I went up the dirty stairs and into the equally disorderly room where the Commissar of Agriculture received. There were a number present and, stating the subject of my visit, I asked to whom I was to present the written statement, and was motioned toward the secretary, seated behind a handsome desk which we recognized. Indeed, nearly all the furniture in the various rooms we identified as having belonged to families of our acquaintance.

The secretary looked over my paper and, handing it to the Commissar, remarked; 'It seems reasonable, does n't it?'

After reading it, the Commissar said, 'Certainly, they are quite right; there is no justice in their paying taxes on land that in no way belongs to them now.' Then, glancing at me, and then at the signature, he said: 'Who is it? I did not notice the name.'

'Ponafidine,' I replied calmly, never dreaming, after his peaceful reception of us and recognition of our rights, what a storm the mention of our name would raise.

'Oh, Ponafidine! I have heard of that mischievous family.'

And then a scene took place, so wild, so utterly savage, that could I remember the exact words and repeat them, they would hardly be credited. He ran back and forth, raving, and from time to time beating his breast with clinched hands, or stopping to strike the table with his fists, as we had heard he was in the habit of doing when he was greatly excited. He harangued us all, stopping in front of various persons, who were astonished, and in some cases evidently pleased, spectators, telling them of this family of 'bloodsuckers,' 'oppressors of the poor, who under the protection of a blind husband and lazy minors were continuing to live as bloated capitalists, keeping their workpeople little better than serfs'; and much more of the same kind.

Then, stopping in front of me, he would repeat over and over, 'I know you, I know you, I have heard all about you! We will call you to account yet. We are very busy and cannot be expected to get the whole county in order at once, but your turn will come, and when I take you in my mailed fist, my conversation with you will be short, Citizen Ponafidine. You have been a lady long enough. I 'll teach you to work.' He continued his tirade, running back and forth, literally foaming at the mouth.

My son could keep out of the fray no longer and, stepping to my side, tried to explain to the madman the conditions

under which we were living, adding, 'Look at my mother's hands, and see if they look like the hands of a lady.'

'That 's nothing,' he answered sneeringly. 'You think she works, but she don't know what it is yet. I 'll teach her. I 'll get her tamed by 1920, and then she 'll know what it means to work.'

We always remembered that date, and strange to say it was in October, 1920, that we were finally expelled from our last place of refuge on our estate.

When we went out, I felt as if I had received a stunning blow on my head. We both were so utterly dazed that we went on and on down the street, without saying a word, until my son stopped and we realized that we were far from the place for which we were bound. Never in my life had I been so treated or heard such language; but that was not what stayed with me, and haunted me, but the consciousness of the fierce, horrible hatred toward me — that is toward our class — which the Commissar had shown in his voice and look. It was appalling to be so hated! It took me days to get over the shock; and so long as that man was in power, I took care to avoid the very street on which the Agricultural Department was situated. But it was not for long, for the personnel of our government changed as often as did their decrees.

The reader may wonder why we did not appeal to headquarters. Some did, and while they occasionally received justice in the individual case, it brought down the persecution of the local powers worse than ever when the revising commission had left. We, therefore, always endeavored to avoid conflicts, and with this one exception I was never treated with anything but politeness (bearing in mind that everything in Soviet Russia is comparative) when I went to the different departments; though I did not always get my way, by any means. But we were not in a position to demand much. The Commissar who searched our persons more or less politely, or who was good-humored as he loaded boats or sleighs with our personal effects and household goods, was regarded by us as quite a 'decent fellow,' and the next time we met on the street it was with a pleasant bow on both sides.

IV

Throughout the summer of 1917, 'instructors' were always coming to the villages, no matter how busy the season, haying-time or reaping. Everything was dropped to hear what they had to say. These men were sometimes soldiers, and always men of little education, both at this time and later, when the same methods were carried on by the Bolsheviki.

When the time approached for voting for the ill-fated National Assembly, an 'instructor,' a young Esthonian soldier, was sent from Tver, the capital of our state, to teach us how to vote. I was obliged to attend, as neither of my sons was at home. The meeting was held in the one street of the village, and I drove my cart up near the speaker, and remained sitting in it. He began by explaining what the National Assembly was, and what the candidates stood for. He first read off the numbers of the cards bearing names of undesirable candidates. 'Nobles, landowners, you don't want them!'

Cries of 'No! no!'

'Priests — you have had enough of the long-haired clergy lording it over you.'

Cries of 'No! no! we have had enough of them.'

'Landowners who have taken the land that belonged to you, and the forests where for generations they have cut down trees that did not belong to them.'

'No, no, we don't want landowners.'

Then he explained what list would bring them the representatives of the people. Candidates who, if elected, would work for the peoples' rights, secure the land and the woods for them.

'Now,' he concluded, 'you go to the schoolhouse to-morrow, every one of you, men and women, no matter how busy you are. Drop everything and go. Cast the vote that will secure the land for you and for your children. If you cannot write, no matter: make marks, and it will be just as good as if you could write the numbers.'

The next day we assembled and, for the first time in my life, I voted — though, I am afraid, not according to the desires of our 'instructor.'

Where the effects of Bolshevism were first felt by us was in the suppression of all private trade, and the disappearance, as by magic, of everything buyable. That was the period when, in the cities, one might die of starvation, while possessing millions. Peasants ran every risk to take bread and other food supplies to Moscow and Petrograd, where they were sold at exorbitant prices.

Of course, we in the provinces did not suffer as much from hunger, having our own bread, butter, and vegetables. But all groceries, dry goods, soap, kerosene, and the thousand and one little things without which the civilized woman is not supposed to be able to exist, were not to be had. How often has the want of a button, a needle, or a spool of thread faced us! Imagine never shopping for four and a half years!

This was the time when real ingenuity was shown. Joseph, in his coat of many colors, was not more brilliantly arrayed than were the sons and husbands whose women made them suits of bright blue or green, often sewed with cotton of a different color than the garment.

The winter of 1917 and 1918 was one long season of mental torture to us. We were watched, searched, threatened, and we suffered great privations, as our own supplies were under control. This was the year, too, that the peasants in our part of Russia suffered, owing to partial failure of their crops, and when armies of them, men and women, went back and forth to the 'bread states,' the same Volga basin which in its turn is now starving. So many were these northern pilgrims, going south and returning with bags of flour on their backs, that a new word was coined to describe them — 'baggers.' And soon these baggers were recognized as the greatest menace to the country.

Having succeeded in getting the flour in the districts rich with food, our people brought back with them the epidemics of typhus and Spanish 'flu' that were raging in the south. The railway stations were horrible beyond description — so packed with ragged, unwashed humanity, many already ill. The floors were so covered with people lying on them as to make it almost impossible to find a spot to place one's foot in stepping. As the trains left, those who could boarded them; but every day many were left on the floor, dead or dying.

In this way the epidemic was brought to us, and at a time when we were beginning to feel the lack of drugs. The little state hospital and free dispensary for the peasants near us, which in olden times had always been supplied with necessary drugs, was now badly stocked. I had always kept myself provided with medicines, and had been in the habit of treating the peasants, with the knowledge and help of our local state physician, who was overworked. As he was quite unable to do the dressings and follow cases in all the villages, he would often turn over to me those living near us. Also first aid was always brought to me, both for men and beasts. This outburst of typhus and Spanish flu

kept me busy. In all those months I do not remember a single case among those I attended that could not be traced to some member of the family who had been south and had brought the germs — generally vermin being the direct means.

Attempts were made to stop the baggers from traveling; but this was not easy to do. They were of two kinds — speculators, and those going for their personal needs. This was when the Bolsheviki were making their experiments in the first steps of Communism; an experiment that carried off many, and shattered the health of more.

Private trading was abolished, and all buying and selling set down as illegal. Each citizen was supposed to receive all he needed in the way of food and clothing, either as payment for work done, or as rations for those too old to work and for children under age. This was a very lovely state of things on paper, and yet more so as heard from the lips of an eloquent and fanatic Communist. But Bolshevist doctrines in practice and in theory are, as we all found to our cost, as different as daylight and darkness. Food products were duly nationalized and vanished, together with markets and shops, as projected; but somehow the second part of their programme fell through, and the rations were never given out at the time and in the quantities promised.

The result was that, had it not been for these same questionable baggers, who constantly succeeded in smuggling bread, meat, vegetables, and butter, into Petrograd, Moscow, and other cities, the mortality would have been even greater than it was.

It was interesting to note how quickly the peasant women adapted themselves to the new order of things. Women who had never seen a train, and had hardly ever left their homes, went fearlessly to the far, Lower Volga states under circumstances that would appall experienced travelers. Others would carry on a regular traffic with Petrograd. Going to Moscow, they would lay in a supply of such articles as are most needed in the villages, such as warm head-kerchiefs, calico, thread, sugar, soap, and matches. These they would take to a county adjoining ours, where the people lived mostly on small farms, and were more prosperous than those about us. In these villages the speculator exchanged her goods for flour, baked bread, butter, cereals, eggs, and currants, to take back to Petrograd and Moscow, returning home to repeat the operation. Women gave up all former occupation, young mothers left the children to the care of grandmothers and aunts, and for years practically lived on the trains. Some came under our own observation, who kept this up until their careers were ended by disease, that sooner or later one must contract if constantly traveling in the vermin-stocked cars, or by accidents. One woman whom we knew well was pushed off the car platform and had both legs cut off. Thus outwitting the Bolsheviki, these baggers, while doing harm as vehicles for contagion, and causing infinite discomfort by overcrowding the cars, yet do a service that cannot be overestimated, in feeding the large cities, and in furnishing the villages with much needed goods.

The good crops that we in the north had in 1919 and 1920 naturally led to the falling-off of baggers, who went south for flour; but the number of speculators is sufficient to overflow the limited transport from which Soviet Russia is now suffering.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF CONSERVATISM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is, perhaps, not amiss, in an epoch wherein conservatism not only is generally discredited but is doing its very best to discredit itself, to stop and consider for a moment what legitimate hold conservatism, as such, has on human affections. Let us not analyze the conservatives of our own day — any more than we will analyze the radicals. At any given moment, in any given case, the die-hard or the standpatter may be stupid or selfish or obscurantist, and if so will tend to confuse, in his own person, his own issue. In politics, in morals, in literature, in art, the conservative may, according to his luck, be right or be wrong. We should be involved immediately in argument, if we attempted to deal with this or that present problem of principle or manners. To say nothing of the fact that in the year of grace 1922 the radicals are running the bank. Whatever your 'system' or your luck, the Prince of Monaco wins.

I saw somewhere, the other day, an ironic reference to W. S. Gilbert's song about every British child's being

> . . . either a little Liberal,
> Or else a little Conservative.

The writer more than intimated that the state of political parties under the dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George had made Mr. Gilbert even funnier than he was originally. But, though you may wipe the Conservative Party off the map, you cannot annihilate the conservative temperament any more than you can annihilate the radical mood. These are permanent manifestations of the human spirit. As in America, so in Akkad.

The latter statement is, of course, a commonplace, and we will not dwell on it. What is more interesting is the reason why. For it is obvious that, in the long run, the radical mood has always had its way with the world, or we should still be stuck at late Sumerian fashions. Since the race has never ceased to change its ways and call its violent shifts 'progress,' how comes it that the standpatter's type was not eliminated centuries, or ages, ago? What has conserved the conservative temper? Practically speaking, the conservative has always gone under — after a few years, or a few centuries, or a few millennia. He has no pragmatic warrant for still existing among us. Yet he does exist; and not merely as the plesiosaurus is said to survive in the Argentine. He is all over the place; and it is hard to tell why he was not slain long ago. If the radicals were orthodox — prevailingly they are not — they would probably tell you that the conservative still lives because the devil and all his angels are still awaiting the Day of Judgment. But that explanation, even if they were inclined to offer it, would be a little weak. The conservative temperament never achieves more than a temporary victory. It always goes under in the end. Yet it never dies. It must be that the race finds some quality in conservatism itself that appeals.

More and more I wonder if conservatism does not endure because of the

æsthetic sense. In other words, is there not, in the conservative attitude, something that appeals to human taste? Human reason frequently makes out a brief for the conservative attitude; yet the conservative is often beloved and admired after human reason has refused to back him up. 'Lost causes and impossible loyalties' (in Matthew Arnold's phrase) are causes and loyalties whose vitality lies in the past, or in the remoter crannies of the human mood. From Julian the Apostate to the Scottish gentlemen who were 'out' in the Forty-five, the supporters thereof are attempting to conserve something that can no longer be conserved — whether aristocratic paganism or the Stuart dynasty. Yet we must not be misled into thinking that the beauty of conservatism consists merely in the romance of failure, or in the fight against odds, or in adherence to something which 'dates' and is, therefore, quaint. It goes deeper than that. After all, sometimes the conservative temper has for the time being prevailed; and being victorious has robbed it of none of its beauty. The æsthetic appeal of conservatism depends on something more enduring; on something fundamental in human taste.

It depends, I fancy, on the simple fact that the gesture of defense has an inherent nobility and grace which are denied to the gesture of attack; that to protect is in itself a lovelier thing than to destroy. Instinctively, the human heart dislikes the sight of destruction; for destruction means waste, and our faculties, sharpened to the task of self-preservation, loathe waste. You may approve passionately of having dreadnoughts scrapped; but if you would actually enjoy, in itself, the sight of the scrapping process, you are either a pervert or a savage. It is not natural to civilized man to enjoy the spectacle of destruction. Along with the perception of beauty or of strength goes always the perception of purpose. The human heart cries out at seeing anything baulked of its natural and logical effect. To behold the plastic result of thousands of hours of effective human toil annihilated — set at naught — *wasted* — is an unpleasant experience to the normal man. Morally, you may approve the destroying gesture, but æsthetically, house-wrecking is a painful business. Though the radical may, in a given case, be right, all things considered, iconoclasm is none the less ugly and shocking as a spectacle.

That, I take it, is why, regardless of what our convictions may be, we still grow retrospectively tender over the lost cause. Few of us, in the twentieth century, hold a brief for Roma Dea; yet you find yourself liking, if not loving, that Roman aristocrat who kept vigil in his country villa over the relics of his pagan world; who had to perish with the old order because he clung to proved good, and distrusted the new and intolerant hysteria of women and slaves. Who among us would bewail the triumph of Christianity over Mithraism? Yet we must always have a certain affectionate respect for the man who will not break the gods of his ancestors. We may not think him intellectually great, but we must grant him the dignity, the fundamental rightness, of the conserving gesture. One manifest ugliness at least he has refrained from. Only the pervert or the savage, as we said, loves destruction for its own sake. One of the noblest human instincts is the instinct to cherish, to foster, to preserve for a human achievement — whether it be a building, a tradition, or a creed — its natural reward of enduring effect, the fruit of the toil involved.

To point this out is by no means to range one's self with the preservers of nuisances. That rookery, insanitary, disgraceful, cruel — it has passed its

period of usefulness; it must, in all conscience, come down! But nothing justifies your taking pleasure in the actual crashing of timbers, the crumbling of masonry, except a perception of what is going to be erected in its place, so vivid that to the process of destruction itself you are literally blind. The savage of Dahomey is better off, unquestionably, without his Mumbo Jumbo. Perhaps Mumbo Jumbo (to be on the safe side) had better be given to the flames. Yet the savage who applies the torch to his ancestral god is less lovable than the savage who forsakes his god without the physical gesture of hatred. I do not say less right, mind you — I say less lovable, less pleasing. To empty the Bastille is one gesture; to burn the Bastille, another. All men become devils to look upon in the red light of conflagration. To purify the Establishment is one thing; to take a hammer to all the most beautiful windows, a quite different thing. That sometimes iconoclasm is morally desirable — counter-iconoclasm, too — is beside the point. We are not talking of the morals of it. It was meet and right, most of us felt in the late war, to kill as many Germans as possible; but we should be hard put to it to prove that a German blown to bits with high explosive was more satisfactory to the sense of beauty than a Frenchman blown to bits with high explosive.

No: æsthetically it comes back to two fundamental facts. First, that the gesture of protecting and preserving is a gesture inherently graceful and pleasing, whereas the gesture of destruction is inherently revolting and ugly. Second, that, by and large, the conserving attitude is an attitude of love — though it may hit upon the wrong things to love; while the radical mood is, by and large, a mood of hatred — though it may hit on the right things to hate. Love is a more beautiful thing than hatred. If you doubt it, recollect human features that you have discerned through the Red Mist of Anger.

One word more before we have done with the lost causes and impossible loyalties. Again, we must be careful not to be sentimental; not to be taken in by the mere glamour of failure. The fact is, I suppose, that in loyalty, too, there is an æsthetic, as well as a moral, value; and that the loyalty of conservatism is loyalty to a fact, while the loyalty of radicalism must necessarily be loyalty to an hypothesis. By just that difference the conservative's loyalty is solider, more apparent, more convincing. Whatever æsthetic value there may be in loyalty is, in him, more visible to the naked eye. He can show you what he is loyal to; the radical can only tell you. Perhaps that is another reason why the human race has often found the conservative charming, even while it has always destroyed him. For, doubt not, he has been the subject of innumerable crocodile tears. Hypocrisy, remember, pays its tribute less to truth than to beauty.

On one other count, conservatism may be æsthetically defended: namely, that it stands for order against chaos. The Greeks taught us long ago that order was æsthetically superior to chaos; and that law has been the basis of all art, everywhere. The Russians may, at first blush, seem to have taken to chaos in the arts as they have taken to chaos in human affairs, but that is an erroneous reading. The greatest Russian artists, like the greatest artists everywhere, have been supreme in form. A better-made novel than *Anna Karénina* it would be hard to find; or better-made short stories than Turgenev's. Where the Russians have been artistically great, they have been orderly — like anyone else. The mere fact that conservatism is, by definition, out to keep, while radicalism is out to smash, proves

this æsthetic claim. You cannot keep something inorganic or fluctuating; you can keep only what is solid, what organically exists. By the same token, that is the only sort of thing you can smash — you cannot smash a nebula. The poetical justification of the radical mood is to be found in Omar Khayyam: —

> Ah Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
> Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

That is the radical's most respectable and attractive aspiration. What justifies him is his wish to remould the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. Too often, conservatism has rested its heart upon a sorry scheme; for you cannot contend that conservatism is necessarily clever, only that it is in certain ways intrinsically beautiful. Yet even the sorry scheme is a scheme, and a scheme that has worked — well or ill. Radicalism never offers you a scheme that has worked; only a scheme that, it is hoped, will work. And the radical temper, it must be said, is more immediately concerned with pulling down the scheme that exists than with building things up again. 'Anything is better than what we have,' they are very apt to say.

There is, indeed, a certain laziness in their violence, a certain impertinence in their insistence on your taking the will for the deed. For note that the radical will never build, experimentally, beside the ancient edifice, and compare the two at leisure. His edifice must be built on the very site of the existing one. Chaos must precede his new order. He may be destroying with the purpose of building better — of course, that is what, unless he is an anarchist, he intends; but the one absolutely predicable thing is that he will destroy. His initial gesture will, must, be violent. The thatched cottage has been condemned for all sorts of reasons — rheumatism, what not. The mansion that is to take its place is sure to be better, since no one but a madman would deliberately build anything worse than what he tears down.

Conservatism does not deny that, unless it is needlessly and willfully obscurantist. Conservatism, however, suggests keeping on the cottage until the mansion has been erected. But the passion for identical sites always defeats him. The conservative, being an orderly creature, and distrusting chaos from afar, merely points out (and, as history tells us, usually in vain) that, though the thatched cottage may leak, it is, at all events, a better shelter for the family than the most pretentious blueprint. Sometimes, no doubt, the standpatter irritates all sensible folk by insisting that the thatched cottage is the ideal dwelling. At about that time, someone always sets fire to the thatch. But, on the other hand, he is right in his insistence on the superiority of the thatched cottage, as a dwelling, to the front elevation, on paper, of Versailles itself.

If one must in justice admit that conservatism is too apt to stick to something outdated, one must equally, in justice, admit that radicalism is too apt to destroy without any reasonable hope of rebuilding in time to shelter the evicted soul. Conservatism is not, perhaps, very far-sighted: it dwells too much with fact and too little with vision. It sees that to-day is destruction and to-morrow chaos, and gets too little comfort from the prospect of order on the day after that. It prefers a little order in hand to a great deal of order — as you might say — in the bush; it stands by order as a fact, not by order as a theory. It can fairly be called a servant of order — perhaps a bond-slave thereto. But it loathes chaos to the point of being unwilling to take

the chaotic way to paradise. That, if it be a defect, is a defect of the intelligence. It is far from being a defect of taste.

Let us grant, in ending, that imagination is not the chief gift of conservatism. The conservative's imagination, that is, takes the restricted forms of piety. He clings to the things that have been good enough for other people. When he sees the totality of the fabric tottering, he is apt to see the destruction of beauty without perceiving the parallel destruction of ugliness. This blindness, none the less, indefensible though it may be, has its engaging side — which must count in the sum of any æsthetic defense. To be frank, one of the results of conservatism in the world is undoubtedly your great-grandmother's garret: a place where no end of things that should have been discarded have been obstinately kept. But the reason for that hoarding is a disarming one. Beyond the desire to preserve rather than to destroy, which we have already mentioned as a conservative grace, there dwells in the conservative heart a real humility. We said that his imagination took usually the form of piety. He has great faith in 'famous men and the fathers that begat us.' He has more belief in people who are known to have been great than in people unborn who may be great.

Conservatism is often called materialistic. I think perhaps it is, in its dependence on proved fact. It may not be gracious of the conservative to distrust the prophecies and promises of those who would tear down everything he holds dear; but there is graciousness in his refusal to belittle the people he has learned to admire. There is certainly graciousness in his refusal to believe that he himself must inevitably know best. The person who destroys must have overweening self-confidence, if he is not a mere brute. The person who cherishes and preserves what he finds, thereby admits that what someone else has thought is likely to be better than what he can pull out of his own inner consciousness. You cannot legitimately destroy without, first, honestly despising; the conservative temper is chary of contempt, because it is inherently modest.

Some representatives of conservatism do indulge in scorn; but it is usually scorn of the unproved thing, or of people who would set hypothesis above fact, and themselves above experience. Obscurantism is a very unpleasant thing to encounter; yet the conservative obscurantism, which clings to judgments it considers better than its own, is surely lovelier than radical obscurantism, which discounts everything it did not think of itself. This is not, I repeat, an intellectual matter: it is merely a question of the graces of human character.

It is rather silly, I grant you, to hold, still, commemorative services for King Charles, Martyr; but there are people who do it, and I am not aware that even Lord Morley and the friends of his Positivistic youth held services for Oliver Cromwell. By and large, the great radicals are not the figures that have kept the personal affections of men. The most you can do for the man who applies the torch is to love his idea. You cannot love him, because he lacks the æsthetic appeal. The fact that the radical always prevails may show that man is a thinking animal, — I fancy it shows a good many other things besides, for the radical mood is far more complex than the conservative one, — but the fact that, though the conservative spirit has never prevailed for long, it still goes on being incarnated, certainly shows that there is something at work in racial history besides pragmatism. Let us, as we have done, call it the æsthetic sense.

GLAMOUR

BY EDITH KENNEDY

It was early morning in the laundry. The girls were just arriving. They took off their hats and coats and collars, and wrapped them in the newspapers they had read on their way to work. Felice Malgari, 'hand-ironer,' waiting for the dampened shirts and collars to appear, leaned on Annie Duggan's body-machine.

'Look at Flora,' Felice was saying, 'Did n't her mother let her have the winder open to look out the whole of Fortajuly afternoon. Look at Angelina. She ain't got no brothers, so her payrents make her walk to work all the time with Flora and her brother. Pretty soon Angelina marries that brother. You see!'

'Gee!' said Annie, 'I should think Flora would get wise to that.'

'What of it?' replied Felice. 'Ain't it lucky for her? Tony is all the time talkin' to Angelina, ain't he? Well, leave it to Flora to get in a few winks with Lorenzo, when he ain't got a haircut or a shave in the chair. You see! They 'll all get married but me.'

'Cut it,' said Annie; 'You 're too good-lookin' ter be an ould maid.'

'But who will see my good looks?' broke in Felice, 'with me doing nothing at all but sit in the kitchen evenings, thinking the same ould thought over and over.'

'And what 's that?' inquired Annie.

'How can a girl's payrents expect her to get married when they don't let her see no fellers?'

'No fellers, and you wid seven brothers,' jeered Annie.

Felice took her up eagerly. 'Sure, seven, and every night they go out. Slam the door, and off to have a good time. And what do I do? String peppers, maybe. Maybe nothing. Saturday nights my father is all the time going to the Opera. Maybe two, three of my brothers goes with him. All day Sunday they hum them tunes, and say how fine is the Opera, something grand. I tell my father take me to the Opera. "No place for a girl," he says. Always the same: "No place for a girl!" '

'Aw, whudderya want ter go there fer anyway?' said Annie scornfully. 'Getcher brother ter take yer to the movies. You know, movin' pitchers — some class ter them.'

'Take me — no fear!' responded Felice. 'Not me. What is movies like?'

'Listen to the green diamond,' said Annie. 'It 's there you get life. Swell pitchers that tell a story. Like photos, only the folks move natural-like.'

'I donno,' said Felice, only half-attending.

The big double-doors at the end of the laundry banged open. On Mondays and Tuesdays a row of dapper shining carts stood outside, waiting to disgorge their lumpy white bundles into the grimy pit below. But to-day was Thursday.

'Gee! what 's that strange cart full of hampers blowin' in here to-day for?' said Annie. 'My God, if it 's another steamer in, I 'm goin' ter quit! Last time we only had two hours to get the work out in, and this time they 'll be askin' us to cut that down. Gee, this joint makes me sick!'

Felice stretched and yawned, with her head flung back and the rings of Venus almost ironed out of her thick white throat, and fixed her golden eyes on the hampers.

'That looks too swell to be a steamer job,' she said. 'I bet it ain't. Well, so long! Me to my bosoms.'

She crossed slowly to her board, where a tray of damp shirts had been placed, turned on her iron, and began to work. She had ironed industriously for an hour or so, when she noticed that the 'starchers' at the farther end of the laundry were surrounded three deep by girls, all talking hard. 'Gee!' said Felice to herself, 'them starchers must have found a dime in the bottom of the pail.'

The talk grew louder and the group grew larger, until Felice could bear it no longer; she turned off her iron and joined them.

'What 's doing?' she asked Veronica Quinn, the best starcher in the laundry.

'Lookit, F'lees,' answered Veronica, holding up a shirt.

The other girls also held up shirts, pointing to the inside of the neckbands, where Felice read the words, 'Paris, Wien, Milan, London.'

'Say, Felice oughter be able ter read these off,' handing her a bundle of socks and handkerchiefs marked chiefly with Italian names.

Felice read them off. 'Say, what is this anyway?' she cried.

'Didja see the cart wid the swell lot of new hampers in?' said Veronica. 'Well, it was the work from the Gran' Opry company. What der yer know about that!'

The Opera! Felice felt chills running up her spine.

'Them clothes sure is a dream,' went on Kitty Donnelly. 'Silk socks and silk handkerchiefs—nothing but class.'

'Say, F'lees,' broke in Annie Duggan; 'it 's maybe Caruso's bosoms you 'll be ironing up this after.'

All that afternoon Felice ironed the foreign shirts, with a thousand visions floating through her brain. Her favorite, which she oftenest went back to, was Caruso, advancing to the footlights with one white-gloved hand placed upon the 'bosom' that she, Felice Malgari, had 'done up.' One of her brothers had often rehearsed the bows of Grand Opera stars for the benefit of the family. Presently she unrolled a white evening shirt, and it was not long before she discovered an odd little pocket just under the bosom. She examined it with vivid interest. 'Annie,' she called, 'come on over a jiff.'

Annie came.

'Pipe this,' said Felice, disclosing the pocket to Annie's penetrating gaze.

'Imagine!' chanted Annie, greatly struck. 'Wot a place for a pockut.'

'It 's here he carries his grand cream-silk handkerchief,' suggested Felice.

'Say,' said Annie, who had kept on looking at it with a sophistication born of moving pictures, 'want to know what Mary Pickford would do if she got next to that pockut? She 'd slip a slick note into it, askin' fer a couple of Opry tickuts as a favor for doing up his shirt in fancy style.'

'Annie, you sure are some smart kid,' said Felice, her Latin nature kindling. 'Would you write it for me, girlie; I can't write the good English.'

'Sure ting,' answered Annie. 'Wait till five. Leave ut ter me.'

When that hour came around, Annie, with a quill pen and some ink borrowed from the marking-room, and a sheet of slippery brown wrapping paper, penned, not without difficulty, the following effort, Felice dictating: —

Deer Sir,

this is a pur eyetalian Girl writine to you. i done up this shirt the beste i cud. Would you bee so kynd az to send me a cuple opera tikuts i got 7 bros. who go al the time they are somthin fieerce the way —

'I would n't be after givin' away my own brothers to a purrfect stranger,' interrupted Annie.

'All right,' agreed Felice. 'Leave it out that they are fierce to me.'

'But if you sent me a cuple tikuts, my father wud maybe let me off to go,' suggested Annie.

Felice approved.

'How 'll I end ut?' asked Annie.

'*Con amore*,' said Felice, grinning.

'Whut 's that you 'll be saying?' asked Annie suspiciously.

'It 's the way you end letters in Italy,' replied Felice.

'But what is its meanin' in American?' persisted Annie.

'Yours truthly,' replied Felice glibly.

Annie spelled it as best she could, and signed it with Felice's name and her home address. It would never do to let the boss know, even an inkling. Felice took the note in her long brown fingers, tucked it in the pocket, folded the garment deftly, and placed around the glossy bosom a strip of paper which she pinned in the back with great neatness and despatch. This done, she added it to the pile, and presently, with snapping brown eyes, watched it out of sight in the packer's arms.

'You know you may get nothing at all,' said Annie sensibly.

Two days after this, Felice started for work in a downpour that threatened to last all day. A muddy dribble of water had slipped under the door of her house, and formed a fast-growing pool in the black hallway, into which she stepped, so starting the day with wet feet. The barnlike doors of the laundry were closed against the rain; and when she succeeded in opening them, with difficulty because of the wind outside and the weights inside, she was greeted by a puff of foul steam, reeking of the 'chemicals' in which the world's soiled linen was boiling. It seemed unbearable for a day's breathing.

At eleven o'clock steamer-work arrived, to be finished at three, and the whole force was 'turned on to' the mangles and shaking-tables, Felice among them. She thought drearily of the long evening hours she would have to spend at the ironing-board, to make up for this interruption, trying ever and again to catch a glimpse of the clock through the heavy, evil-smelling steam from the mangles. The hand-ironers took a half-hour at six for supper, and then to work again. No Paris and Milan shirts for Felice to-night — just the usual local varieties.

She finished, by dint of extra effort, at eight o'clock, and walked home with Flora, Flora's brother, and Angelina, as her brother, who had called for her on his way home as usual, had directed. She forgot the puddle which had grown to quite a lake during the day, and her shoes went *plop, ker-plop,* up the flight of dark stairs. Wet and weary, she opened the door. The kitchen was hot and bright. Her mother, a thin, gnarled woman, was leaning over a table covered with peppers, which she was stringing. Her gold ear-hoops dangled against the brown cords of her neck.

Felice suddenly swept down upon the table, and pulled from under the litter of peppers a large pink envelope. On it she read, with blurred incredulous eyes,

Signorina F. Malgari.

'Who opened this?' she jerked out to her mother, who replied in Italian, —

'Thy father. In it were two tickets to the Opera. Was it not strange, eh? Very many strange things happen in this country.'

'But where are they?' demanded Felice, trembling from head to foot.

'Thy father and brother have just gone with them,' answered her mother placidly. 'How much you got for the overtime?'

FIRE IN THE EYE

A FAMILY MATTER

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

I

'My wife came running,' wrote the man who had been attacked by a colony of bees; 'my wife came running, spurred on by that combination of sympathy and curiosity known as Wifely Love.'

The sentiment of curiosity lends a dash of spice to household love. In the home-circle, this curiosity is not a purely inquisitive desire for information. Knowledge, in itself, is a mild pleasure, but it seldom satisfies. We like to keep an eye on our relatives, that we may surround them with the tender grace of our sympathies, and also that we may see if we approve their plans.

Acts in a household, therefore, are frequently very much like the acts in a rehearsal of an amateur play: the acting and the lines may be interrupted from time to time by the shouts of prompters, coaches, and property-men, and by the hoarse whispers of one actor telling another actor what to say.

The three phases of activity most freely supervised in this fashion are matters of procedure, matters of costume, and matters of the Legal Code.

One might suppose that personal liberty in matters of procedure would, after a few experimental years, be assured in every home. But in the average household any unusual and unexplained act is the signal for a general questionnaire. This is inconvenient for one who suddenly finds himself with something to conceal.

A university oarsman, at home on his vacation, one afternoon took a girl canoeing and upset her in the lake. He ladled her skillfully back into the canoe, climbed in, seated himself, and tipped over again on the other side. Together he and the girl swam ashore, towing the canoe. Neither objected to a wetting, but both objected to having their mishap known among their friends. They hurried dripping along obscure byways, and arrived at her house unobserved. Taking leave of his lady there, the hero sped home, and entered his room by a convenient trellis whose services he had shared for years with the vine of a Dorothy Perkins rose.

Once in his room, his only problem was how he should dry his costume unnoticed by a large and inquisitive band of sisters. He thought of the tailor. But in a small town a tailor is not only a tailor: he, too, has friends. The sun was still high, the weather hot. A hidden, yet sunny, area where he might spread the white flannels was all he asked. Resourcefully, he remembered the top of the mansard roof where, in high-school days, his wireless aerial used to wave. Up through the attic, up his old rope-ladder, out through the dusty skylight he went, with his soaking bundle and a ball of twine. The twine he

stretched skillfully hither and yon, from one to another of the three chimneys, making a flat low network, much as one arranges horizontal strings for a garden of cucumbers. Then he sat down in the shade of a chimney to wait, planning to turn the garments from time to time as they dried. An hour passed. The sun was warm. A lazy breeze drifted obligingly over the roof. The little affair, he thought, had come off surprisingly well, considering.

At this point in his reflections, he was hailed by his younger sister Claudia, from the lawn below.

'Herbert,' she called, 'what are you doing on the roof?'

Herbert went politely to the edge and gazed down. 'I was thinking,' said he, 'of planting a Moorish roof-garden.'

'And what,' pursued his sister, 'are you doing with that twine?'

'Mending my nets,' said Herbert.

'I 'll come up and help,' she volunteered.

'Oh, no, you won't,' said Herbert affably. 'I pulled the ladder up after me.'

Claudia was not abashed. 'Mrs. Lane has been calling on mother,' she went on, 'and she said you were spreading out something all over the roof. She said it looked like a small wash.'

'She did, did she?' said Herbert admiringly. 'Einstein must be right. I thought you could n't see the flat of this roof from the street.'

'You can't,' said Claudia. 'She was calling on the Farleys on Oak Hill, and they looked down from their sun-porch and saw you. Now what are you doing, Herb? Mother wants to know.'

'You just tell mother,' said Herbert with finality, 'that I'll tell *her* if she won't tell *you*. Tell her I'm coming right along down.'

To live happily in a sympathetic family of this kind, you should do always, as Jonathan Edwards advised, only those things that you could wish to be found doing if your time should come to die.

II

Occasionally, however, the fiery moment in the domestic drama arrives, not when our relatives are unduly curious, but when they choose the wrong moment to demand from us the sympathy that is their due. Every strong executive, who goes straight to his goal with his Eye on the Object, exerts a powerful pressure upon his relatives to make them his retainers. If his relatives are themselves natural leaders, they resist this pressure with much the same vigor that animates the noncoöperative movement under Mahatma Gandhi. Each in his own sphere remains intent, with projects that fill the mind's horizon and absorb the nervous system. Several members of the same family, going about the house in this purposeful mood, will sooner or later work up a dramatic climax.

In families of artists, this conflict between Great Moments and executive plans may become a serious thing. In most musical households there is at least one member who, the instant a bit of music is well under way, is inspired with a burst of irrelevant activity. Hostesses are great offenders in this line. Having asked the artists to perform, they glide about inconspicuously while the music is going on, opening and shutting windows, adjusting and distributing sofa-cushions, inquiring in whispers whether the light is right for the accompanist, and, in general, making ready for the end of the world. They think that, if they tiptoe and whisper, their little avocations will be practically unobserved.

One musical clan has felt so bitter about this criminal practice, that they have trained all their friends and all

their relatives-in-law to go into a sort of trance-like state whenever any sort of music begins. Even the grandchildren are so trained. On Thanksgiving Day, all the generations had gathered for an afternoon of song. One of the uncles was in full swing in the most telling passage of a tenor solo, and everybody was giving him the tribute of what Mr. Schauffler calls 'creative listening,' when a little mouse came suddenly from under the piano, darted across the room, and ran under the chair of the smallest niece. Everyone was breathless, expecting screams. But the well-instructed child sat motionless, wide eyes fixed upon the soloist, until the last note of the song had died away. Then she took her little rocker on her back, as children do, made her stooping way across the room, settled her chair beside her mother, and remarked confidentially, 'I just saw a little 'quirrel, mother, and I thought I'd come and sit by you.'

This extreme of perfection is rarely attained, even in the most artistic homes. The most carefully disciplined of relatives will occasionally ask a question of a violinist in action. When a player is at the height of a difficult theme, attention absorbed, tone-quality exquisite, hypnotized nerves intent, it is a fearful come-down to be asked if he feels the draught from the door. He feels that nobody within hearing distance ought possibly to be conscious of a door. When this crisis is precipitated by a friendly hostess, the violinist shakes or wags his head stiffly above his chin-piece, and finishes up his selection as best he may. But when a kinsman is the culprit, fireworks commonly ensue.

III

But it is in attempts to regulate costume that we find the most rapid approach to the great central emotions of the individual. This is the topic upon which all members of a household feel that it is, if not their duty, certainly their privilege, to speak. They feel that they should be consulted about how their kin are clothed. There are families that manage this business with primitive measures and a high hand. No breath is wasted in debate. Unpopular bits of raiment, like incautious enemies of the Soviet, simply disappear.

There are many devices for putting such things out of the way, notably the Salvation Army, the rummage sale, and urn-burial. Family procedure varies. One earnest wife, for example, had reasoned hopelessly with her handsome iron-gray husband, who had taken to wearing a violent cubist tie. This tie, he insisted, meant to him a belated form of self-expression, a sort of Second Blooming, a Winter Rainbow. There was no question about the rainbow, his wife agreed. Too law-abiding herself to steal the expensive thing, she begged her son to take it back to college with him by mistake. This he did, and returned home the next week-end with forty new silk ties. The most famous man of fashion in his fraternity had seen the winter rainbow, had desired it, and had given in exchange all that he had.

Sometimes the article of dress offends, not by reason of bad taste, but by reason of great age. It has suffered, the family feels, from the simple passage of time. A mackinaw, for instance, that has seen its best days; a crush hat that has given up the struggle; a pair of corduroy knickerbockers that has reached the stage eventually reached by all good corduroy when it creaks faintly like harness as its wearer walks about: these are the possessions that are dearly loved by their owners, and guarded apprehensively from lawless domestic ragpickers and officious junk-dealers on every hand.

The thing that would happen in the world, if this informal Green-Room Committee should cease to function in every home, is well illustrated whenever a large number of unattached unmarried people live in a town where nobody knows them well enough to lay down the law or steal. On a college campus, for instance, certain costumes become practically immortal; any academic assembly is a capital place to study interesting Old Favorites in various stages of repair. 'Can I not,' inquires Carlyle, 'stitch myself one perennial suit of leather?' On a university campus he almost could. That college is poorly off indeed that does not hold as a precious tradition at least one *objet d'art* among its faculty's haberdashery — at the very least some storied overcoat or book-bag, or eyeglass-ribbon, or curious celebrated hat. The campus legend is enriched, and the student body not without its innocent joys, simply because there is nobody at hand with sufficient Wifely Love to say decisively, 'It's high time that thing was called in.'

IV

This matter of laying down the law leads immediately to the third great inflammable topic on every hearthstone — the Criminal Code. The main statutes in the family codex may be firmly established, but there are usually certain by-laws that are not easy to enforce. Even so elementary a matter as the treatment of pets, for example, brings up a number of minor questions. That mother is very commanding, indeed, who can precisely enforce all her regulations as to what varieties of animals may and may not be brought into the house; what they shall be fed, and where; who shall put the cat out, and when; which of the neighbor's pets shall be encouraged and entertained. The animals themselves are so winning and so agile, that these laws are particularly liable to infringement. That child has missed something who has never surreptitiously let the cat out of the cellar after hours, and smuggled it upstairs to bed. The gentle creature thus released is so affectionate, so astonished, and so pleased. The only difficulty here is the little matter of concealment when older persons come unexpectedly upstairs on errands to one's room. A cat hastily thrust out of sight beneath a counterpane is strangely blind to its own interests. There is no way of conveying to it the necessity of lying still. And to the bright parental eye there is something unmistakable about the contour of a cat moving anxiously about beneath a quilt. Back to its dungeon it must go, leaving only the wistful and lovely memory of its furry companionable form.

Laws about pets, however, are as nothing compared with laws about cash. This matter subdivides logically into two phases — where the cash shall be kept, and how it shall be accounted for. There is a type of busy housewife who, even after years of steady training, constantly mislays her wallet and her check-book. She never really loses them; she simply cannot put her hand on them at need. It happens, then, that in the midst of a pleasant domestic chat the laundry is delivered at the door, and she scurries high and low in search of funds. At this point, the other members of the group, rather than spare her longer from the circle, hastily make up a purse among them and pay the bill.

Far worse than the lady who loses her cash is the one who loses track of her accounts, and feels obliged to fill in the empty pages from memory. This sort of retroactive accountant should be suppressed by every means. Late in the evening on the last day of the week, she opens her books and tries to jot down an itemized account of all

that she has spent. 'Do you remember,' she begins — and the tribal peace is doomed. She wants to know, from Monday to Saturday, the History of Mankind. A person of this stamp should not have a cash-account. Oliver Wendell Homes once observed, 'There are heads that can't wear hats.' Similarly, there are heads that can't keep books.

It would be interesting to know, not only the community practice regarding pets and cash, but also the code of honor that governs the overhearing of conversations in every talk-loving American home. Our houses are so open, so airy, and confidential. In nearly every typical American-built house there will be found at least one excellent listening-post, from which one can gather the main points of any discussion that may be going on. A certain amount of listening most families agree to countenance. When there is a group of callers for tea, for example, it is just as well to know what is going on before you come breezing in. The least you can do is to flit casually past the door, humming a little tune, and taking a hasty survey as you go. The question is, where is one to draw the line between legitimate reconnoitring and eavesdropping, as such.

The children of a hospitable young couple had this business worked out to a fine point. They entertained no scruples at all. There was a hallway at the top of the stairs, from which one could hear perfectly anything that was said on the floor below. When guests were invited for the evening, these children went dutifully to bed, but not to sleep. After the company had come out from dinner, and the evening's conversation was at its best, three solemn figures, each wrapped in a down-puff, would assemble by the balustrade. Huddled there, they heard the delicious peals of grown-up ladies' laughter, and the genial rumbling of the grown-up gentlemen's replies. No reception of later years can ever be as full of wit as those, when it was on pain of death if one should laugh. There was another peril too. The little audience in the first balcony must be always alert, ready to run back to bed at the slightest warning; because they knew from experience that, sooner or later in the course of the evening, the ladies of the group would be invited to inspect the sleeping nursery. Escorted by the children's proud young mother, the ladies would steal up the stairs for just a glimpse of the innocent little ones sound asleep. At such times, it was well, of course, to have the pretty tableau staged as advertized. Consequently the three down-puffs were girded on compactly, and each small listener was always poised to spring.

This is all very well in childhood; but in later years this general wish 'for to see and for to know' is harder to deal with. In one large family, if any two of the relatives particularly wish to consult each other in assured privacy, they invite each other out to the garden, 'to look at the Brussels sprouts.' The Brussels sprout is an interesting vegetable the year round; even in the dead of winter the corner is kept green, and frequently inspected in the snow.

The eldest son of this house, on his return from France, wanted to give a certain girl who was leaving town for a long trip a chance to choose among his war-souvenirs. He arranged the matter carefully with his mother, in advance. He was going to bring Dorothy in early on Sunday afternoon, and let her see his treasures in the library, and then take her to her train. All went well. Dorothy was charmed with his things. But he made just one mistake: he closed the library door. Presently it opened. 'What 's this door shut for?' inquired his younger brother, darting

headlong in. Seeing Dorothy, the brother, without waiting for an answer, darted headlong out again, banging the door behind him as he flew.

Dorothy, much amused, went on narrowing her choice. Once more the door burst wide. 'Why you got this door shut?' — his younger sister this time, and again the horrified and precipitate retreat.

His guest was laughing again, but he was not amused. He did not want Dorothy to be amused. He liked her serious and sweet. This moment alone with her was to have been a rare little episode of delicate companionship. Now his little scene had been turned into a burlesque. He could not bear it. It seemed impossible in a civilized country.

And then the thing actually happened once more: another brother this time after a book. 'What in *time* is this door — ' A wide-eyed glance at the situation, a slam, and the retreating sound of running feet.

It was too much. Leaving Dorothy for a moment, the returned warrior rushed out and confronted his relatives on the porch. 'Come one, come all!' said he in the smothered tones of contained fury. 'If anyone *else* wants to know why I shut that door, mother *said* that I might show Dorothy my junk.' The selection made, he took the young lady to her train. Then he went for a long tramp, to work off his feelings before he met his relatives again.

Late in the afternoon he came home. Everyone had gone to vespers, and the house was quiet. His resentment still burned hotly against the huddled life of a family where a man could not have a dignified moment of quiet parting with a girl, without clownish performances on the part of everyone within a mile. But the house, of late so exuberant, was graciously expressive and very peaceful now. He poised on the arm of the davenport, hands in pockets, and glanced critically at the familiar objects in the room: a jonquil opening in the window; his mother's mending-basket, with his brother's skating-helmet on top; his father's newspaper pitched tent-fashion on the floor. Over in the corner stood his own 'cello, the bow hanging from one peg, the late afternoon sunlight making dark ruddy shadows on the curves of its fine old form. Everything in the room was perfectly at peace, yet everything stood potentially for something going on — his father's reading-lamp, his own briefcase, the basket of winter apples on the table, his sister's violin. Family life looked very harmonious, he thought grimly, if you were n't on the inside. Peculiar how such a lovely stage-set could have been the scene for such an impossible slap-stick comedy, and for such a melodramatic thunderstorm of rage. The composition of that room expressed ideals; yet it was the scene of inelegant blunders, of ill-timed comings and goings, of skirmishes and cross-purposes and wrath.

Twilight and silence are weavers of strange spells. The most turbulent family life remembered in quieter years is full of unsuspected dignity and truth. Even reduced to its lowest terms, it was the period when, for a while, we were under close inspection of bright observing eyes; when our doings meant much to several active brains; when we heard and uttered fine unvarnished Truths; and where we knew one little group of lively fellow beings really fairly well. Irrelevant things from those days are never quite forgotten — not even the curiosity, the criticisms, and our sins against the Law. We would hardly forget them even if we could, for they contained a vital spark — a spark, indeed, so vital that it was in its day a never-failing kindler of Fire in the Eye.

FACING THE ISSUE

TWO PRISON CHAPLAINS

[*Two letters, among the multitude which have come to us giving voice to insistent and increasing interest in prison reform, present contrasted aspects of the situation. Each is written by an expert whose life is a testimonial to his sincerity of purpose, and each sets forth the writer's point of view in such lucid detail that we print them together. Together they will leave unprejudiced readers divided on questions of theory, but with a new belief that a solution of the present intolerable situation can be compassed by men of good will.* — THE EDITORS.]

March 9, 1922.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

I have read with increasing interest Mr. Frank Tannenbaum's articles on 'Prison Problems' appearing in the *Atlantic* during the past year. Because of the complimentary statements about San Quentin and an ever-growing interest in matters of prisons and prisoners, I am constrained to 'speak right out in meetin',' and add something to the alleged facts previously published.

First of all, let me deal with the warden. Whatever may be truthfully stated about the wardens of other prisons, the allegations in Mr. Tannenbaum's articles do *not* apply to the warden of San Quentin.

Warden James A. Johnston is, without question, the outstanding example in American prisons of what a warden should be. He is at once a firm disciplinarian and humane in his judgments. He is a careful student of human nature. He is a member of the California Bar Association, and a profound student of economics.

Warden Johnston looks upon the prison as a place wherein men may find themselves, build up their weakened moral natures, overcome their physical handicaps, and have their intellectual powers developed.

It is his purpose to offer an education to the ignorant, teach a trade to the man who has none and, so far as possible, round out the life of the unfortunate inmate, so that he may be returned to society an asset rather than a liability.

There is nothing in the article on 'Facing the Prison Problem' (*Atlantic*, February, 1922) to indicate that the writer visited San Quentin about a year ago. Since the time of Mr. Tannenbaum's visit, many improvements have been made.

The educational work has been extended, and some of the industries, particularly the furniture factory, have been greatly enlarged. Eventually the jute mill will be discontinued, and industries at which men may work upon leaving the institution substituted in its place.

A glance at the following summary of courses, and the number of students enrolled in each course, will clearly indicate that there are many men devoting time to the study of advanced subjects, not purely academic, but which also fit into their vocational ambitions.

SUBJECT	STUDENTS
Accounting	2
Algebra	18
Arithmetic, Shop	24
Arithmetic, Commercial	16
Art Appreciation	1
Astronomy	3
Automobile	69
Biology	1
Bookkeeping	25
Business Management	16
Civilization	3
Composition	42
Drawing	58
Economics	7
Electricity	82
English, Business	16
Essentials of Mechanics	10
French	21
Geometry	5
Government of the U. S.	1
Grammar, English	28
History of the World	4
Journalism	2
Latin	4
Law, Commercial	15
Literary Criticism	1
Literature, English	7
Logic	9
Mineralogy	1
Music	10
Philosophy	2
Shop-sketching	3
Spanish	129
Stenography	58
Surveying	1
Theory of Investment	1
Trigonometry	3
Typewriting	15
Writing	9
Total	722

There are also sixty-eight students enrolled in agricultural subjects, most of whom are also taking other courses. Academic and agricultural courses are taken by correspondence, through the courtesy of the University of California.

There are also classes in electricity and gasoline machinery. These have a total enrollment of seventy-five students, and are conducted each Saturday afternoon by Professor S. P. Reed, a representative of Heald's Automotive School in San Francisco.

In addition to the advanced work which I have mentioned, there were on February 1, 1922, men enrolled in the following subjects:

SUBJECT	STUDENTS
Elementary Arithmetic	862
Orthography	509
Advanced Orthography	17
English Grammar	398
Advanced English Grammar	5
Penmanship	945
Civil Government	3
United States History	6
Total	2745

With a number of the students in these subjects taking more than one subject, this total of 2745 represents the activities of 1093 men. And of these, 174 men are enrolled in academic courses. The lessons for the above are prepared by the educational director, assisted by the inmate teachers; they are printed in the prison printing-rooms and are sent to the student one lesson at a time, new lessons following as the work previously done is reviewed and corrected.

In addition to the correspondence work, there are twenty classes of illiterates and those who cannot study without the aid of a teacher, numbering in all — 187. These classes meet on regular school-days after 'lock up.' They are taught by inmate teachers, and are divided into one group of twelve classes under a superintendent, and another group of eight classes also under a superintendent.

It would be fallacy to insist that all persons enrolled are 'making good,' but creditable returns are being made by more than half of those whose names appear upon our records. Every effort is made to induce those who are delinquent to begin or resume their work. Circular letters, personal letters, and personal interviews are resorted to in order to interest the man who fails fully to grasp the value of education.

The educational department of San Quentin is taking an advanced step in the conduct of a mental survey of the entire prison population. This will prove invaluable in the adjustment of individuals to suitable lines of study and labor. Army Alpha, and Beta, and Terman group-tests will be used for testing men in groups of twenty-five. For additional research, the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon and the Army Performance scale will be used.

The educational work of a prison differs materially from such work among the young, for most persons coming to prison lost the habit of study long before their arrival. There also arises the difficult situation due to various nationalities. The following table shows the nativity of the 1170 prisoners received during the year 1921: —

NATIVITY

Afghan	1	Indian	6
American	838	Irish	9
Armenian	1	Italian	17
Australian	2	Japanese	3
Austrian	9	Mexican	142
Bohemian	2	Montenegrin	1
Brazilian	1	Norwegian	3
Bulgarian	1	Polish	6
Canadian	19	Porto Rican	2
Chinese	11	Portuguese	5
Cuban	1	Rumanian	1
Danish	2	Russian	8
Dutch	4	Scotch	8
English	10	Serbian	3
Filipino	7	Siamese	1
Finnish	2	Spanish	6
French	2	Swedish	3
German	15	Swiss	3
Greek	5	Turkish	2
Hawaiian	2	Uruguayan	1
Hindu	3	West Indian	2

While the Americans numbered 838, many of them had had very limited schooling. It is most significant that, during 1921, not a single college graduate was committed to San Quentin. In the following educational recapitulation for that year, everything over the sixth grade may be safely discounted 25 per cent. It is also noteworthy that only 103 persons, of the 1170 received, claimed an education equivalent to high school or better.

Not one year	23	Ten years	86
One year	33	Eleven years	40
Two years	38	Twelve years	59
Three years	64	Thirteen years	13
Four years	79	Fourteen years	13
Five years	87	Fifteen years	9
Six years	117	Sixteen years	5
Seven years	120	Eighteen years	2
Eight years	225	Nineteen years	1
Nine years	83	Twenty years	1
	No education	72	

Education is not compulsory in this institution. This, I believe, is as it should be. In fixing sentence, due allowance is made by the Prison Directors for whatever of industry and educational advancement an inmate has made, the Chaplain-Director of Education being required to submit a résumé of the individual's educational status and progress.

No better evidence of the value of Warden Johnston's policies is to be had than the conduct record for the year just closed. On January 1, 1921, the inmate population numbered 1850. There were 1170 persons received during the year 1921. The total number of inmates offending against the rules was 338, or a fraction more than one offender to each ten persons; a most admirable record.

RECORD OF INMATES LOSING PRIVILEGES IN 1921

	Offenders	*Offenses*
9 times	2	18
7 "	2	14
6 "	4	24
5 "	3	15
4 "	7	28
3 "	17	51
2 "	53	106
More than once, in all	88	
Once only	250	250
Totals	338	506

The furniture factory, employing 250 men, is run without a guard, and no

guard attends the chapel services. Nor is there a guard in any of the offices, or in the photograph gallery, Bertillon room, or hospital.

Restrictions on letter-writing are mild and visitors are permitted to come to the prison once a month; friends on Saturdays, and relatives on Sundays.

The physical plant is, much of it, old and obsolete. The new section contains 800 single cells, the dining-room, and the kitchen. This section is as good as any in the country. The old section is of the very obsolete type, housing from two to six men in each cell. Ventilation is forced and good, but sanitation is of the obsolete type. The hospital, though an old building, is up-to-date in equipment. No finer medical and surgical treatment is to be had anywhere. The chapel and library are old, and very inadequate.

I hand you these facts because I believe you will be interested in some first-hand information.

Yours very truly,
OLIVER C. LAIZURE,
Chaplain-Director of Education.

March 10, 1922.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR: —

You may well know that I have been deeply interested in the various articles that your magazine has been publishing in recent issues on prison reform. I see that, whatever the variety of opinion on various aspects of the subject, all agree that our present manner of dealing with the question of crime and criminals is a gigantic failure. With this conclusion I agree. But it is a rather serious conclusion, when we recall that more than a half-million of our fellow citizens are involved, yearly. If it were a private business, how long would it continue without at least an effort at some radical change? I suppose that the answer to the question is found in the slowness of man to break with traditional habits and passionate prejudices. It is not my intention, in this communication, to give my views; but I cannot resist a strong desire to affirm a few opinions that have already been set forth in some of the articles referred to.

The present methods of dealing with criminals are about as stupid and senseless as those employed one hundred years ago, in treating many diseases — insanity, for instance. To begin with, we know almost nothing of the subjects we are working upon. Ignorance befogs the whole work. Until this is, at least in a measure, removed by accurate scientific study, we shall go on in our criminal blundering. In the first place, the court should acquire the necessary information upon which to base its decisions. The inconsistencies, absurdities, and almost, if not quite, criminal blunders practised by the courts because of ignorance would fill volumes. The youth who are sent to us for 'reformation' are a curious mixture. It is supposed that only *first offenders* shall be treated in this Reformatory; and yet, during the last four years, 48 per cent of these subjects have served time previously, and many of them three and four times, and a few as many as five times. Often the worst of these are recommended for special mercy.

It is a shocking experience to one who has been taught a patriotic reverence for our courts, to discover such weakness and inaccuracy in our criminal jurisprudence. This is not because the judges are dishonest, or perhaps always careless, but because they have not been furnished, in our state, with sufficient facility for knowing. The vital facts bearing on the cases are never within reach. The courts are weak enough, operating as they do under antiquated and traditional limitations even if all the facts were at hand.

But after the court has done its best, and we receive the youth for treatment, the system grows even worse. I know that the claim is often made that, from our prisons and reformatories, from 70 to 80 per cent are restored to an honorable life. This is not true according to our records. And these are quite incomplete. About 48 per cent become so law-abiding that they do not get into prisons after leaving. But I do not believe that this is because of the good work done in the institutions. It would be hard for any treatment to spoil more than 52 per cent, for many of these youths are rather fine fellows. We have here about five hundred who were among the bravest in the defense of 'Democracy' during the World War, and many are from respectable homes. Twenty per cent of these young men are from our Boys' Industrial School. This tells the story of sad failure. If at an early age we do not succeed, what can we expect to accomplish with advanced age?

What we do for them after we get them — or, rather, what we do not do — is the saddest reflection on the system. This institution, of which I have been chaplain long enough to know what I am speaking about, was, at one time, the foremost of all institutions in up-to-date methods of reform. It was in the eye of the world, and foreign commissions came here to study. It is not that we have receded from this pinnacle of success, but that the world has moved up a peg or two, and things seem different from what they did a few years ago.

We have a large variety of occupations and trades in which we 'occupy' the boy while he is here.

The design is all right. The special need of these inmates is a trade or occupation by which they can make an honest living. But what we really do — for we do not give wages, except a mere pittance — is to teach the most slovenly habits of work imaginable. The boy has a fixed notion, soon wrought into him if he does not possess it when he enters, that he is to pass his time as easily as possible. There is no incentive to do an honest day's work for an honest wage. We actually corrupt him in his working methods. We unfit him, instead of fitting him. What *we* do, they all do, if they are honest enough to confess it. Take the farmer boy. We have a farm of 1200 acres. The boys work, or pretend to work, eight hours a day. Their one ambition is to quit on time and get back to rest. What farmer will tolerate such a habit when he hires one of these 'trained' men? The result will be that he will be discharged, wander about, and drop into the old ways.

The trouble with the whole system is that it desocializes; and, under the artificial restraints constantly present, the youth becomes unfit to settle back into normal conditions. It is almost a mercy to one who has been confined for a long time to be confined always.

This is not meant as a discouraging presentation, but quite the opposite. We never improve until we have it shown us clearly that we are failures. This vision is certainly appearing. Sensible men are beginning to probe the old system with questions, under which it can never stand up. Therefore, there is hope that something new will come. I see little hope of 'improving,' but more hope of 'revolutionizing.'

Science will bring a better knowledge of our fellow man, and will afford us a new appreciation of responsibility in crime. It will work a greater hardship, if it may be called so, on the persistent criminal and lawbreaker. He will be put away, and possibly made comparatively comfortable and, largely, self-supporting. The feeble-minded, who constitute such a large class in all our penal institutions, will be taken care of

as they should be. The cruelty of submitting men and women of the mentality of children of six or ten years of age to the severities of prison discipline will some day be looked back upon as worthy to be classed with the ancient cruelties of the thumbscrew and the fagot. With the remainder, who are capable of being improved, a new order will be instituted, which will encourage freedom of action and self-reliance, and furnish incentives to success. This is not impossible when once we get rid of the heavy burden that prejudice, traditional customs, and bigotry still impose upon us. The task of building the new system will not be so difficult as to get rid of the old encumbrances.

And yet this very discussion makes us know that the future is bright with the promise of better work. But we shall not realize the success we desire until we secure a scientific diagnosis on which will be built a new segregation; until, also, we establish an adequate motive for honest labor, and so form industrial habits; and until scientifically trained men, and not policemen, shall be induced to manage the whole enterprise. Perhaps all this may come sooner than we now expect.

H. W. KELLOGG.

VIA OBSCURA

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

I SEEK, with those who roam afar from light,
The moon's face never turned; the under snow;
The circle just outside the lantern glow
Rustling with wings and wet with forest night;
The streets that run obliquely from the sight
Of peering sunshine to an antique row
Where pilèd armor, bowl, and censer show
The smouldering dreams of monk and sybarite.

I seek the coverts of the human mind,
Beyond its false and simple masquerade,
That pasture irony and half-desire;
The caves where wind of daylight never strayed;
The black and brooding mines, wherein I find
The fundamental origin of fire.

NOAH'S WIFE: OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

> Noah of old, and Noah's dame,
> I think I never heard her name,
> But she went in tho' all the same.
> — MOTHER GOOSE

I WISH to say a word for Noah's wife. For all I know to the contrary, she has waited 4269 years (according to Archbishop Ussher's computation) for a sympathetic voice to be raised in her behalf. For this very considerable period there has been a shadow upon her reputation, due to no fault of hers; and it is high time that the grounds of this injustice be looked into.

I became interested in Noah's wife, more years ago than I can say, by way of her husband. Noah was my earliest hero. Almost every Christmas I received a Noah's Ark, with a red roof, half of which was hinged along the ridgepole like a lid, and with a row of windows painted on each side, out of which peered a variety of goggle-eyed animals. Lifting the roof I drew forth, first, Noah and his wife, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet. For some mysterious reason, Noah's daughters-in-law were never present. Father, mother, and the three sons comprised the human passengers — all dressed in bodices and long skirts, and wearing hats like those worn by Chinese coolies, and all standing stiff as grenadiers.

After them, I lifted out the animals, twenty or thirty of them, violently striped or spotted, and smelling of paint. One could tell the horse, cow, and deer apart by the horns. I think that Christmas held no joy quite comparable to this of pulling the slightly sticky beasts out, one after another, guessing at their species, matching them up, and arranging them two by two on the hearthrug, while Noah and his wife supervised the shipment from the quarter-deck, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet shooed the animals in from behind.

I thought then, and I think still, that Noah's doings were the most remarkable in history. The Ark, we are told, was made of gopher wood, every plank and joist of which he had to fell, cut, and finish, himself. He had then to assemble his lumber, according to specifications that had been given him, into a seaworthy structure, 300 x 50 x 30 cubits or, as I estimate it, about 525 x 87 x 52 feet, built in three stories, with one door and one window. Meanwhile, he had to collect the animals, sort them out, arrange them in couples and sevens, drive them into the Ark, and — most appalling of all — live with them for one hundred and fifty days, before he even made Mount Ararat. And at this time he was six hundred years old! Even for a man much younger, this would have been the most difficult undertaking in all history.

About the Old Testament characters, however, there is an air which I find hard to describe. I can perhaps suggest what I feel about them by saying that they are always doing the most surprising things in the most matter-of-fact way. There is nothing just like this in any other book, I think. The labors of Hercules or Jason or Jack-the-Giant-Killer, though remarkable, were still

represented as laborious; but these Old Testament worthies thought nothing of undertaking to do, and of doing, things that would have made even Hercules or Jack resign his commission in despair. And they did these things calmly and competently, and without wasting any breath in talking about them.

Noah seems to have gone about catching the animals, for example, quietly, methodically, and modestly. Not a word is said about any difficulties he may have had. And yet anyone who has ever tried to catch an unwilling hen, or drive a pig through a gate, or keep a grasshopper or a frog in a box, or put salt on a bird's tail, must have wondered what his method was; how this astonishing man went about collecting his beasts, birds, and creeping things, arranging them in rank and file, and persuading them to march decorously up the gangplank; and one can only echo the words of an old French writer, who concludes an examination of this incident with the following reflection: 'There are many persons who have spoiled a good deal of paper trying to discover the truth of this affair; but there is no one who has been able to arrive at a perfect assurance or certitude.'

When I was a little boy, although my playmates and I were lost in admiration of Noah, we paid little attention to the ladies of the party. We early noticed, nevertheless, that his wife had no name, and she quickly became associated in our minds with Lot's wife, who suffers from the same anonymity. Now, this linking of Noah's wife with Lot's wife seems to have been constant throughout history, and furnishes a bit of evidence of the importance of a name that escaped even the researches of Mr. Shandy. For Lot's wife's reputation has never been any better than might be; and the shadow that rests upon her namelessness has been extended by the unthinking to cover the only other matriarch who seems to have had no given name. Poor Noah's wife! And this in spite of the fact that, though she had a much better reason than Lot's wife for casting a longing, lingering look behind, there is no evidence whatever that she did so. As a boy I felt sorry even for Lot's wife, and could never see that she was guilty of anything deserving a fate so disagreeable. I heard ministers explain her saline conclusion more than once; but their explanation explained so little that it became grouped in my mind with other 'wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion,' such as Balaam's ass and Elisha's bears and Jonah's whale, about which we children had many rationalistic controversies. I lived for years in the hope that a preacher might some Sunday explain the Flood, and drop a hint concerning the anonymity of Noah's wife; but none ever did; and it was only after a long while that I began to suspect that preachers were accustomed to skip rather lightly over these matters.

But the story of Noah was such a good one that, despite some difficulties in the higher criticism, it engaged my imagination for many a day. The world of waters, and the lonely Ark with its unique tonnage floating upon it, the windows of heaven being opened and closed, the flight of the raven and the dove, the lifting-up of the cover of the Ark and, above all, the disposition of the animals and the daily routine that must have been gone through to keep them all healthy and happy — these furnished materials for a good many hours of pleasant daydreaming. It was my earliest sea-story, and no other story in the world can hold a candle to a good sea-story. Some details bothered me; particularly how the Ark was lighted, since it had only one window. I had never read the Koran, and therefore did not know that there was a

gigantic carbuncle suspended from the rooftree; nor did I know several other facts about which the Koran is explicit — such as that Noah's wife had a name, and that it was Wahela, and that the Ark sailed clear around the earth six times. Anyway, this information is clearly heterodox, and therefore not worthy of much notice.

A good many years later, I was amused to discover that Noah's family had engaged the curiosity of others, and that there had grown up a tradition even round Noah's wife. Among the Mohammedans, I learned, there was a notion abroad that, like Lot's wife, she was a freethinker, and in the Middle Ages it was the general opinion that she was a shrew, as Chaucer records: —

> Hastow nought herd, quod Nicholas, also
> The sorwe of Noë with his felashippe
> That he had or he gat his wyf to schipe?

It was whispered also that she deceived her husband regarding her secret views on many subjects; that she tried to persuade the neighbors that he was crazy; and that, finally, as the old mystery plays relate, she refused flatly to go into the Ark, and had in the end to be carried in bodily, kicking and squalling.

This is a damaging indictment, if there is any evidence to support it; but there is no doubt in my mind that an estimable woman has been done a grave injustice, and for no reason whatever except that the narrator of the Flood incident either forgot to record, or did not know, her name. He was equally careless regarding her three daughters-in-law; but, so far as I know, no one has ever gossiped about them. They are simply Shem's, Ham's, and Japhet's wives, and posterity has been willing to let them go at that; but their poor mother-in-law has been singled out for obloquy merely, so far as the testimony indicates, because she enjoyed a certain social prominence as the wife of the first and most remarkable of skippers.

The mediæval legend is, it is true, an excellent bit of irony, quite in the vein of Anatole France, intimating as it does that the man who could manage all the rest of animate creation with such efficiency could not manage his wife — that he was, in fact, henpecked. But we need not give too much credence to it on the score of its plausibility; for in the Middle Ages, when humor was a robuster growth than it is nowadays, men never hesitated to rationalize the Scriptural stories and to embroider them with amusing suggestions. They handled the story of Balaam and his ass so freely that they, or the ass at least, became the most ribald fun-maker of the age, and they seem never to have tired of spinning new yarns about Jonah and his whale. Even the Devil, afraid as they were of him, struck them as funny; and they knew no joke quite so good as Beelzebub pitchforking sinners out of this world into a warmer. Finally, they had a theory that Satan somehow got into the Ark, possibly disguised as an animal, and that he made trouble throughout the voyage. Such a story is quite in character, if we are to believe Milton, who says that Satan first got into Eden by using the same ruse.

In the light of such inventions, what they said about Noah's wife need not cause us much perturbation. Since I have grown up and have observed the attitude of her descendants of her own sex toward such experiences as were hers, I have come to sympathize with her wholeheartedly. Think of having to watch a taciturn husband neglecting his business for years, to build a boat on dry land, miles from any water; think what impressions must have been hers, as he went to and fro collecting animals that smelled unpleasantly, most of which she of course detested; think of

her premonitions when she was invited to enter the Ark, still on dry land, and to permit herself to be shut in with all the creeping things in their kinds there were in the world! And after she was in the Ark — to live almost a year in a box, in which there was only one window to look out at, and nothing to see even from that except water; to have nobody to talk to except her sons, who seem to have taken after their father, and her daughters-in-law, who seem to have been women of no importance; to walk for exercise between interminable rows of snorting, snuffling, growling creatures; and to wake in the small hours of the morning, wondering how many of the creeping things might have got into the bedroom! Where is there an instance of feminine heroism comparable to this?

Noah can hardly have been much in the way of company for her, because he had to feed the animals. I cannot see how he ever had a moment to sit down, or how, if he ever did sit down, there was anything to talk about except the animals — the last subject a woman wants to talk about. Was ever woman subjected to such an ordeal? And yet, is there a single indication that she added to Noah's worries, that she complained, scolded, moped, or wept? Not one. On the contrary, all the evidence available suggests that she went through her trying experience as calmly as her husband. She could not have been a high-strung, nervous woman, or a woman with a temper, or a woman full of the irrational fears usually ascribed to her sex; for, if she had been any of these, she would have jumped overboard after the first week. No. I am convinced that she was rather a quiet, self-possessed body, with a sense of humor, fond of flowers, which she cultivated on the sill of her only window, and gifted with unusual intellectual resources. Probably she played on the harp, mended the bodices and skirts of her family, scratched the noses of the less ferocious animals, fed the birds, and kept a diary; a silent, self-effacing woman, who knew how to milk the cows and goats, and make butter and cheese, and keep things tidied up in the cabin. She was, I have no doubt, loved by her husband and her sons, and even by her daughters-in-law.

I am led to these conclusions, not only by the Anglo-Saxon principle of justice, that a person is innocent until proved guilty, but also on grounds of general probability. For, if Noah's wife had been what is known as a strong-minded woman, is there any doubt that her name would have come down to us? Is it not at least likely that she would have been careful to see that it did? Or, if she had been noted for a bad temper or a shrewish tongue, is it not almost certain that some of her sayings or doings would have been recorded? The evil that men (and women) do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones.

An Additional Note. — After I had written my purely impulsive defense of Noah's wife, I discovered that, according to certain rabbinical legends, she had a name. She was Naamah, and she was the daughter of the saintly Enoch. But, more noteworthy than this, I also discovered that she was called the 'pious Naamah'! Noah, the legends intimate, really did not deserve to be saved, but was somewhat less wicked than the rest of mankind. It is very gratifying to have one's intuitions ratified by the facts. The pious Naamah, on whose account, in all probability, the entire family was saved, and therefore the animals, has come down in history merely as 'Noah's wife,' and Noah has received all the credit. Many of my feminine readers will exclaim, 'Now is n't that just like a man!'

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SHIFT

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. III

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

7 A.M. *Sunday.*

I TRIED to get a lot of sleep last night for handling the long turn; managed about nine hours. When I came to the locker, Stanley was there, dressed, cleaning his smoked glasses.

'How much sleep, last night?' I asked.

'Oh, six, seven hour,' said Stanley.

'You 're a fool,' I said; 'this is the long turn.'

'I know, I know,' he returned, 'I have t'ing to do. No have time sleep.'

I looked at him. He had a big frame, but his limbs were hung on it, like clothes on hooks. His face was of a gray pallor, sharply caving in under the cheek-bones. His eyes were very dull, and steady. I had noticed those eyes of his before, and never could decide whether they showed a kind of sullen defiance, or resignation, or were just extraordinarily tired.

'Two month more,' he said.

'Two month more what?'

'Two month more this goddam work every Sunday — goddam work all day like hell, all night like hell. Pretty soon go back to good job.'

I knew what he meant now. He had told me weeks before, when we had hewed cinders together in the pit, how he was a rougher in a Pittsburgh mill. Worked only twelve hours a day, and no Sundays.

'No more long turn,' he concluded; 'work of rougher slack now, all right October.'

He moved off slowly, with no spring in his step, and no energy expended beyond what was absolutely necessary to move him.

I walked out on the floor to look at the clock. The night gang on every furnace was washing up, very cheerfully and with extraordinary thoroughness. They were slicking up for the once a fortnight twenty-four-hour party. Nearly everyone drank through his day off, or raised hell in some marvelous manner. It was too precious and rare to spend in less violent reaction to the two weeks' fatigue. I looked at them and tried not to be envious. The first helper on Seven was taking a last look through the peepholes as he put on his collar. A great Slavic hulk on Number 5 was brushing his clothes with unheard of violence.

Dick Reber passed by. He saw me leaning against a girder buttoning my shirt.

'Front-wall, Number 5, you!' he bawled.

I was sore at myself for having been seen standing about doing nothing. But I was sore at Dick, also, unreasonably. I went back to my locker, got my gloves and went to Number 5. I began filling the spoon, with the help of 'Marty,'

the Wop. He glared at me, and interfered with my shovel twice when we went together to the dolomite pile. Marty had made enemies widely on the furnaces, because of a loud mouth, and an officiousness that sat ridiculously on his stature and his ignorance of steel-making. I was glad when the front-wall was done. I took the hook down, and went over to the fountain in back of Five, cooled my head, neck, and arms, and went over to Seven, without taking a swallow. I had decided to have only two drinks of water in the half-day.

Dick Reber saw me coming up, and I think in punishment for loafing said: 'Clean up under there. I want you to clean all that filth out, all of it from behind that girder.'

It was near the locker and under the flooring, in a sort of shelf, where lime, dolomite, dirt, old gloves, shoes, filth of all sorts had accumulated. I cleaned it out with a broom and a stick. It took me half an hour.

'All right,' said the first-helper; 'now get me ten thousand.'

So I went off to the Bessemer, rather glad of the walk. I climbed the stairs to the pouring platform, and watched the recorder, who had left his book, operate the levers. The shifting engine backed a ladle under, and slowly the whole Bessemer cauldron, bubbling and shooting out a tide of sparks, dipped and allowed about 20,000 pounds to drop into the ladle.

'Ten thou' for Seven,' I said.

In another five minutes, the engine brought up a ladle for my ten thousand, and the boy dipped it out for me with the miraculous levers.

'All right,' I said; and ran down the stairs fast enough to catch a ride back past the furnaces, on the step of the locomotive.

The second-helper grabbed the big hook which came down slowly on a chain from the crane, and stuck it into the bottom of the ladle. As the chain lifted, the ladle tipped and poured the ten thousand pounds with a hiss. But the craneman was careless, which is n't usual. Fred kept saying: 'Whoop, whoop!' but he went right on spilling for quite a spell before he recovered control.

'Dolomite,' said the first-helper to me, after the 'jigger' was poured.

I went to a box full of the white gravel, at the end of the mill, and yelled at Herb, the craneman. A box of dolomite is about eight feet square and three high. This one was perched on top of a dolomite pile, ten feet off the ground. I struggled up on top, and took the hooks Herb gave me from the crane, — eight-inch hooks, — and put them into the corners of the box, using both hands. Then I slid down, and the box rose and swung over my head.

Herb settled it neatly on our own little dolomite pile in front of Seven. I slipped out the front hooks, and the back ones lifted and dumped the load, with a soft swish, neatly on the low part of the old pile.

There was a little time to sit down after this — perhaps ten minutes. I smoked a Camel, which had spent the last shift in my shirt-pocket. It was a melancholy Camel, and tended to twist up in my nose, but it tasted sweet. I sat on Seven's bench, and watched Fred take his rod and move aside the shutters of the peepholes to give final looks at the furnace. She must be nearly ready. He looked back at me, and I knew that meant 'test.'

I grabbed tongs, lying spread out by the anvil, clamped hold of the mould, and ran with them to about ten feet from Number 2 door of the furnace. Fred had the test-spoon lifted, and shoved into the door; he moved it around in the molten steel, and brought it out full, straining his body tense to hold it

level and not lose the test. I shifted the mould a little on the ground, and closed my hands as tight as I could on the tongs, so that the mould would n't slip and turn. He poured easily and neatly, just filling the mould, and flung the spoon violently on the floor, to shake off the crusting steel on the handle.

I ran with mould and tongs to the water-trough in front of Eight, and plunged it in, the steam coming up in a small cloud. I brought it out and held it on the anvil, endwise, with the tongs, while Nick flattened in the top slightly on both edges, to make it break easily. Nick broke the ingot in two blows, and Fred and the melter consulted over the fragments.

'All right,' said Dick.

We were about to tap. I went after my flat manganese shovel, but it was gone from the locker. Some dog-gone helper had nailed it. I took out an ordinary shovel.

In back of the furnace, Nick was already busy with a 'picker,' prodding away the stopping from the tap. He burned his hands once, swore, gave it up, went halfway along the platform away from the tap, returned, and went at it again. Finally the steel escaped with its usual roar of flame, and its usual splunch as it fell into the ladle. I stepped back, and nearly into 'Shorty,' who had come to help shovel manganese. 'Where you get shovel?' he said, with his eyes blazing, pointing at mine.

'Out of my locker,' I said.

He started toward it, and I held it away from him.

'I tell you that shovel mine —' he began; but Dick, from the other side of the spout, shouted at us how many piles to shovel, and Shorty shut up. We were to get in the first big pile and the next little one.

The ladle was beginning to fill. 'Heow!' yelled Dick.

Shorty and I went forward and put in the manganese. It was hot, but I took too much interest in shoveling faster than Shorty to care. Then came the second ladle, during which Shorty's handkerchief caught on fire, and made him sputter a lot, and rid himself of some profanity in Anglo-Italian.

I went to that trough by Eight afterward, to wash off the soot and cinder, and put my head under water, straight down. I knew back-wall was coming, and sat down a minute, wondering, rather vaguely, how I was going to feel at six or seven the next morning.

Back-wall came. I had bad luck with it, trying too hard. It was too hot for one thing. There are times a back-wall will be so cool you can hesitate a long second, as you fling your shovelful, and make sure of your aim; at others, your face scorches when you first swing back, and you let the stuff off any fashion to get out of the heat. There 's a third-helper on Five, I 'm glad to say, who is worse than I. They put him out of the line this time; he was just throwing into the bottom of the furnace.

Everyone develops an individual technique. Jimmy's is bending his knees, and getting his shovel so low it looks like scooping off the floor. Fred's is graceful, with a smart snap at the end.

Then front-wall. I start in search of a spoon and a hook. It 's not easy to get one to suit the taste of my first-helper. There 's one that looks twenty feet, — I have n't any technical figures on spoons, — but it 's too long, I know, for Fred. There 's a spoon three feet shorter, just right. Hell — with two inches melted off the end! I pick a short one in good repair, — he can use the thing or get his own, — and drag it to Seven, giving the scoop a ride on the railroad track, to ease the weight. Fred has put a hook over Number 1 door, so I hurry, and lift the spoon handle

with gloved hands to slip it on the hook. If it 's not done quickly, you 'll get a burn. You 're at arm's length from molten steel, and no door between. I get it on, and pick up a shovel.

Front-wall can be very easy, — you can nearly enjoy it, like any of the jobs, — if the furnace is cool, and there's a breeze blowing down the open space of the mill. And, too, if the spoon hangs right, in the hook, and the first-helper turns it a little for you, then you can stand off, six feet from the flame, and toss your gravel straight into the spoon's scoop. You hardly go to the water-fountain to cool your head when the stunt 's over. On Number 1 the hook hung wrong, the spoon would n't turn in it, and you had to hug close, and pour, not toss. I tried a toss on my second shovel, and half of it skated on the floor.

'Get it on the spoon, —— you!' from Nick.

So I did.

After that, we sat around for twenty minutes. Fred looked at the furnace once or twice, and changed the gas. Several gathered in front of Seven — Jock, Dick, the melter, Fred, and Nick.

'Do you know what my next job 's going to be?' said Fred.

The others looked up.

'In a bank.'

'Nine to five,' said Dick. 'Huh? gentlemen's hours.'

'Saturday afternoons, and Sundays,' said Fred.

The other faces glowed and said nothing.

'This would n't be so bad if there were Sundays,' said Fred.

'I 'll tell you there 'll come a time,' broke in the melter, 'when Gary and all the other big fellers will have to work it themselves — no one else will.'

'Now in the old country, a man can have a bit of fun,' said the Scotchman. 'Picnics, a little singing and drinkin', and the like. What can a man do here? We work eight hours in Scotland. They work eight hours in France, in Italy, in Germany — all the steel mills work eight hours, except in this bloody free country.'

The melter broke in again. 'It 's the dollar they 're after — the sucking dollar. They say they 're going to cut out the long turn. I heard they were going to cut out the long turn when I went to work in the mill, as a kid. I 'm working it, ain't I?'

I left, to shovel in fluor spar with Fred.

When we finished, Fred said: 'You better get your lunch now, if you want it. Then help Nick on the spout.'

I ate in the mill restaurant. My order was roast beef, which included mashed potato, peas, and a cup of coffee — for thirty-five cents. Then I had apple pie and a glass of milk. The waiters are a fresh Jew, named Beck, and a short, fat Irish boy, called Pop. There is a counter, no tables; the food is clean.

I went back to help Nick on the spout, and found him already back on the gallery, with a wheelbarrow of mud. He looked up gloomily and said: 'One more.'

I dumped the wheelbarrow, and went after more mud, bounced it over tracks, and a hose, and up and down a little board runway, to where the mud-box stands. After filling up, I went back slowly, dangerously, swayingly, over bits of dolomite and coal, navigated the corner of the gallery by a hair's tolerance, and dropped the handles of the wheelbarrow by Nick, with relief. It 's bad on my back, that 's it. I 'd rather do two back-walls, and tap three times in high heat, than wheel these exacting loads of mud.

Nick knelt on the other side of the spout, and I gave him the mud with my shovel, to repair the holes and broken places of the spout, which the last

flow of molten steel had carried away. When he finished the big holes, I gave him small gobs of mud, dipping my hands in a bucket of water between each, to keep the stuff from sticking. A wave of weakening heat rose constantly from the spout, still hot from the last flow. I prayed God Nick would hurry. He made a smooth neat surface the whole seven feet of spout, rounding the edges with his hands.

When I came back from the spout, Fred was in front of the furnace, blue glasses on his nose, inspecting the brew. He put his glasses back on his cap, glanced at me, and pointed to a pile of dolomite and slag which had been growing in front of Number 3 door.

'All right,' I said, and picked up a shovel from the dolomite pile. For a couple of minutes, I shoveled the stuff down the slag hole, and remembered vividly the bygone pit-days. Then I would have been cleaning up around the buggy. For a minute I felt vastly superior to pit people. I earned two cents more an hour, and threw down a hole the dolomite and dirt they cleared away.

I began to feel a little tired in back and legs, and repeated Fred's formula on how to get away with a long turn: 'Take it like any other day to five o'clock. Then work for midnight. Anyone can stand it from midnight to morning.' I did a front-wall on that basis.

'Watch those buggies!'

I ran over to the furnace and glanced down the slag hole, yelling back: 'Half full.' Then Fred went to an electric switch, and the whole furnace tilted till the hot running slag flowed over at the doors, and dripped into the buggy-car beneath, in the pit. I held my hand up as one of them filled, and Fred caught the pitching furnace with the switch, and stopped the flow of slag.

II

4 P.M. *Sunday.*

Number 8 furnace tapped, and I shoveled manganese into the ladle with that man from Akron, who is new, and who, I noticed, burned his fingers in the same way I did on my first day. Then back-wall and front-wall, and Jock saying all the while, 'It 's a third gone, lads.'

5 P.M. *Sunday.*

I felt much more tired after this first ten hours than later; it was the limp fatigue that comes from too much heat. I ate fried eggs and a glass of milk, and then my appetite took a start and I ordered cold lamb and vegetables. When I had finished I went back into the mill, to my locker, and took out a cigarette. I sat on a pile of pipes against a main girder, intending to smoke; the cigarette went out, and I slept a half hour.

Things were going first-rate from six to nine. Jigger, clean up scrap, front-wall Number 6, front-wall Number 8. I could n't distinguish between this and any other night shift; the food must have acted for sleep. But after nine the hours dragged. From 9.20 to 10 was a couple of hours. In the middle of a front-wall, I saw the efficiency man, Mr. Lever, come through and stare at the furnace, walk around a little, and stare profoundly at the furnace.

Mr. Lever was pointed in two places, I noticed for the first time. He had a pointed stomach, and his face worked into a point at his nose. I noticed carefully that he had a receding chin and a receding forehead. As he watched us scoop the dolomite, drag up to the spoon, dump, scoop up the dolomite, and do it over for three quarters of an hour I thought about him. I wanted to go up to him, and give him my shovel. I had to struggle against that impulse — to go up to him and give him my shovel.

The evening dragged. I fought myself to keep from looking at the clock. I fought for several hours after ten o'clock, and then, when I thought dawn must be breaking, went up and found it ten minutes of eleven.

I did feel relieved at twelve, and went out to the restaurant, saying: 'Anyone can wait till morning.'

Sometimes, when things are hurried, when tapping is near or a spout is to be fixed, you have to eat, still drenched in sweat. But to-night, I had time, and at quarter of twelve, hung my shirt on the hot bricks at the side of the furnace, and stood near the doors in the heat, to dry my back and legs. I then washed soot and dolomite dust from ears and neck, and dipped my left arm, which was burned, in cold water. At twelve I put on the dried shirt, and went to eat.

Half the men wash, half don't. There were a number of open-hearth helpers in the restaurant, with black hands and faces, two eating soup, two with their arms on the table. Their faces lacked any expression beyond a sullen fatigue, but their eyes roved, following Beck about. Lefflin had his arms on the table and his face on them.

I ate ham and eggs, which included coffee, fried potatoes, two slices of bread, and a glass of milk.

Walking back to the furnaces was an effort of will. I climbed the embankment to the tracks very slowly, the stones and gravel loosening and tumbling downhill at each step. I tried hard to concentrate on a calculation of the probable number of front-walls to come. Then I wondered if it would n't pay to cut out breakfast in the morning, and get nine hours' sleep instead of eight and a quarter. Friselli came up the bank behind me. He is third on Number 6.

'Well,' I said, 'make lots of money to-night.'

'What 's the good money, kill yourself,' he said, and went past me along the tracks.

Number 8 was preparing to make front-wall. I felt weary, and full of ham and eggs, and very desirous of sitting down right there on the floor. But Jock, the first-helper on Eight, said, 'Oh, Walker!' when he saw me, and we began.

Through that front-wall Jock was tiring. He worked in little spurts. For half a door he would sing, and goad us on in half-Scotch; and for the next half he would be silent, and wipe his face with his sleeve. After that door, he came up to us and said with profound conviction, 'It 's a lang turn, it 's a lang turn.'

When we finished, Jock lay down on a bench.

It 's a part of a third-helper's duties to keep five or six bags of fine anthracite coal on the little gallery back of the furnace near the spout. I went after that little job now. Fifty pounds of coal in a thick paper bag is n't much to carry — till you get doing it a couple of days running.

I sat on the seat where the Wop stays who works the furnace doors. They call him the 'pull up.' That had some sacks and a cushion, and was broad, with a girder for back. I fell asleep.

Something twisting and pinching my foot woke me up. It was the first-helper. 'Fifteen thousand, quick,' he said.

I got up with a jerk, feeling not so sleepy as I expected, but immeasurably stiff. I moved in a wobbly fashion down toward the Bessemer. I felt as if I were limping in four or five directions. Very vigorously and insistently I thought of one thing. I would look at the clock opposite Number 6, when I went by, and possibly, very probably, a whole pile of hours had been knocked off. Then I thought with a sting that we had not tapped, and it could n't be more than three. It was two.

'Fifteen thousand,' I said to myself, 'quick,' and climbed the iron stairs to the Bessemer platform.

When I came back, I walked beside the locomotive as it dragged the ladle and the fifteen thousand pounds of liquid steel. Through closing eyes I watched the charging machine thrust in the spout. That long finger lifted the clay thing from its resting-place on the big saw-horses between furnaces. Then the machine adjusted itself in front of Number 2 door, and shoved the spout in with a jar.

I stood lazily watching the pouring of the molten steel. Fred motioned slowly with his hands, with 'Up a little. Whoop!' as the stream flowed very cleanly into the spout and furnace. Then came the noise of lifting, that characteristic crane grind, with a rising inflection as it gained speed and moved off. 'Pretty soon tapping, after tapping, back-wall, front-wall, the spout, morning,' I meditated.

'Well, how in hell are you?' It was Al, the pit boss.

'Fine!' I said, as loudly as I could, and went and sat down at once. My chin hit my chest. I stopped thinking, but did n't go to sleep.

'Test!' yelled Fred.

We tested three times, and then tapped. There were two ladles, with four piles of manganese to shovel in. A third-helper from Number 4, a short stocky Italian, shoveled with me. The ladle swung slightly closer to the gallery than usual and sent up a bit more gas and sparks. We put out little fires on our clothes six or seven times. After the first ladle, the Italian put back the sheet iron over the red-hot spout, and after the second ladle I put it on. We rested between ladles, in a little breeze that came through between furnaces.

'What you think of this job?' he asked.

'Pretty bad,' I said, 'but pretty good money.'

He looked up, and the veins swelled on his forehead. His cheeks were inflamed and his eyes showed the effects of the twenty hours of labor.

'To hell with the money,' he said with quiet passion; 'no can live.'

The words sank into my memory for all time.

The back-wall was, I think, no hotter than usual; but men's nerves made them mind things they would have smirked at the previous morning. The third-helper on Eight and Nick quarreled over a shovel, and Nick sulked till Fred went over and spoke to him.

Once the third-helper got in Nick's way. 'Get out, or I 'll break your damned neck!' and so on.

I felt outrageously sore at everyone present, not least, myself. After that back-wall, everyone except Fred threw their shovels with violence on the floor and went to the edge of the mill. They stood about in the little breeze that had come up there, in a state of fatigue and jangled nerves, looking out on a pale streak of morning just visible over freight cars and piles of scrap.

We made front-wall and, when it was over, I went to the bench by the locker and sat down, to try to forget about the spout. I had been forgetting about it for twenty minutes when Nick came up and shook me, thinking I had fallen asleep.

'Mud,' he said.

I got him mud.

Nick fixed up the spout amid an inclination to curse in Serbian, and gave me commands in loud tones in the same language. I felt exceedingly indifferent to Nick and to the spout, and finished up in a state of enormous indifference to all things, save the chance to sleep. Jack, the second-helper of Eight, was making tea, having dipped out some hot steel with a test-spoon and set a teapot on it.

'Want some?' he said.

I nodded.

Watching him make it, and drinking the tea woke me up.

'What time is it?' I asked.

'Four-thirty,' said he.

'Thanks for the tea.'

Then the summoning signal for a third-helper rang out — a sledge-hammer pounding on sheet iron. They were 'spooning up,' that is, making front-wall, on Number 6. All through that stunt I was wide-awake, quite refreshed, though with the sense, the conviction, that I had been in the mill, doing this sort of thing, for a week at the inside.

Coming back to Seven from that, I found Fred flat on his back, looking all in. Jock came up for a drink of water, and looked over at me.

'You look to me,' he remarked, 'like the breaking-up of a bad winter.'

III

5 A.M. *Monday.*

The sun came into the mill, looking very pallid and sick beside the bright light from the metal. I watched the men on Eight make back-wall, and heard the sounds; I sat on the bench, my legs as loose as I could make them, my head forward, eyes just raised.

'Lower, lower, goddam you, lower!' came a desperate command to the 'pull-up' man to close the furnace-doors.

'Get out —'

'One more —'

'Up, up, where are your damn ears?'

'Come on, men, last door.'

'My shovel, you —— ——!'

Now they were tapping on Number 6. The melter came out of his shanty; he had had a sleep since the last furnace tapped. He rubbed his eyes, and went out on the gallery. I could hear his 'Heow.' Four poor devils were standing in the flame, putting in manganese. Thank God, I don't shovel for Six.

'A jigger,' from Fred.

'Sure.'

When I went for it, the sores on the bottom of my feet hurt so that I walked on the edges of my shoes. I was so delighted with the idea of its being six o'clock, with no back-walls ahead, that I almost took a pleasure in that foot. I stopped in front of a fountain, and put my right arm under the water.

The recorder in the Bessemer was asleep. He was a boy of twenty. I woke him up, and grinned in his face.

'Fifteen thou' for Number 7.'

'You go to hell, with your Number 7!'

I grinned at him again, knew it was just the long turn, knew he 'd give me that fifteen thousand pounds; went downstairs again —

Twenty minutes of seven. It 's light. Nobody talks, but all dress in a hurry. Faces look grave, eyes dead. We leave at ten minutes of seven.

7 A.M. *Monday.*

It 's a problem whether to walk fast, and get home quick, or walk slow, and sort of rest. I try to go fast, and have the sense of lifting my legs, not with the muscles, but with something else. I shake my head to get it clearer. One bowl of oatmeal. Coffee. 'I feel all right.' I get up and am conscious of walking home quietly and evenly, without any further worry about the difficulty of lifting my feet. 'The long turns, they 're not so bad,' I say out loud, and stumble the same second on the stairs. I get up, angry, and with my feet stinging with pain. Old thought comes back: 'Only seven to eight hours sleep. Bed. Quick.'

I push into my room. The sun is all over my bed. Pull the curtain; shut out a little. Take off my shoes. It 's hard work trying to be careful about it, and it 's darn-painful when I 'm not careful. Sit on the bed, lift up my feet. Feel burning all over; wonder if I 'll ever sleep. Sleep.

SHALL WE ABANDON THE GOLD STANDARD?

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

We frequently try to imagine what the mythical man from Mars would think of us. We never succeed; for us there can be no such thing as a detached view of the world in which we live. Nevertheless, the attempt to look at human institutions as if we had never seen them before is a useful exercise of the imagination. Undoubtedly, we stage many old dramas in exactly the same way, year in and year out, simply because we cannot take a seat in the orchestra, and with ample perspective watch our own performances. The man from Mars has an advantage over us. What would he think of our monetary system?

Doubtless he would ask many questions, to which he would receive answers as puzzling as the Mad Hatter's answers to his own riddles. Let us hear the dialogue: —

'What are these apparently worthless pieces of green paper that men accept in exchange for useful articles?'

'They are promises to pay the holders 23.22 grains of gold in exchange for each dollar certificate.'

'Where is the gold and what is done with it?'

'It is merely piled up in vaults. Nothing at all is done with it.'

'Why gold? Is that the most useful thing in this world?'

'By no means. Many other substances are more useful — copper, for instance, and iron and rubber and wool. Land, too, is more useful.'

'Then there must be some other reason for making gold the basis of currency. Does the production of gold bear a definite relation to the growth of business?'

'Far from it. The supply fluctuates widely with discoveries of new mines and with labor costs.'

'At any rate, you say there is now enough gold in the vaults to pay all these paper claims?'

'No, indeed. For example, the law requires the Reserve agents to keep on hand only enough gold to pay forty per cent of the Federal Reserve notes.'

'Then the Government could not keep its promises to pay?'

'Not all its promises at once; but that does not matter, for hardly anybody asks for the gold.'

'Is all exchange in this country made by means of gold or gold warrants?'

'Assuredly not. More than ninety per cent of the exchanges of goods in this country are made without the use of gold or gold warrants. The debits and credits are merely entered on books.'

'All this is passing strange! You say that gold is not very useful, yet everybody wants it. Everybody wants it, yet scarcely anybody asks for it. There is not enough gold to redeem all the paper money at any one time, yet everybody prefers the paper, the value of which depends on the promise of somebody to pay the bearers more gold than there is in the country. Yet even these pieces of paper are not used in most of your business transactions. Then I do not see why your internal trade would not go on just the same if these stores of gold were made into

bracelets, or sunk in the sea, and if the paper money were kept at exactly the same volume merely by government regulation.'

It might be well at this point to assure the man from Mars that the situation is not as incomprehensible as it seems. At any rate, he is on the right track; for nobody can understand how the work of the world is carried on until he understands the part that money plays; and nobody can understand the part that money plays in the world's work until he understands the part that gold plays in money.

I

To many terrestrial citizens, as well as to the man from Mars, the workings of our mechanism of exchange seem incomprehensible. Even Mr. Edison asks many questions; and it is too much to say that satisfactory answers are found in elementary textbooks. One writer goes so far as to say that finance 'pertains far more to the realm of mystery, like astrology, and to what has been called the "Science of the Infinitely Absurd," than to any of the exact sciences.' Whether or not this is true of other phases of the subject, there is at least nothing mysterious about the way in which gold came to be adopted as the basis of money. Even the Ford propagandists see no mystery here. All governments, they declare, made the error of adopting gold, 'on no better grounds, very likely, than a sentimental preference.' Monetary history, however, seems to show that gold gradually displaced all other commodities as the basis of money for scientific rather than sentimental reasons: gold survived because of inherent qualities of gold, for which we can hardly hold monarchs or bankers or economists responsible.

Early in the history of human intercourse, men began to use a medium of exchange. For this purpose they tried innumerable commodities, from primitive times, when some use appears to have been made of shells and furs and cattle, down to recent times, when certain hard-pressed farming communities in the United States have tried to make corn legal tender. It is said that tobacco, salt, dried fish, eggs, iron spikes, and bullets have been used for media of exchange. However that may be, there is no doubt that many kinds of money have passed current, from time to time, and from place to place. As they varied widely in their fitness for the purpose, it was natural that in the struggle for existence the fittest should survive.

There is no mystery connected with the fact that cows did not survive as currency. The early Greeks, who in the Homeric poems express the value of coats of armor in terms of the number of kine they would bring in the open market, were well aware of the fact that cows, however admirable for certain purposes, were not all that could be desired as circulating media. In the first place, they were not easy for ladies to take with them when they went shopping. Nor were they readily divisible in making change, at least not without trouble to the traders and damage to the cows. Nor were they durable: before the owner could spend them, they might lose weight or die. Furthermore, no two cows were exactly alike: as a result, arguments were always in order, not merely concerning the value of the goods offered for sale, but likewise concerning the value of the medium of exchange. In short, cows were destined to escape the arduous work done by money, — which Bassanio, centuries afterward, dubbed 'the pale and common drudge 'tween man and man,' — because they did not possess those traits of a satisfactory currency which

are now discussed in the textbooks as portability, divisibility, durability, homogeneity, and uniformity.

There is still another essential attribute of money that helps to explain why gold survived. It is easy to recognize a piece of gold. It is easy, for that matter, to recognize a cow: but an acceptable currency must satisfy *all* the tests; and men have gradually discovered, first in one part of the world and then in another, that no single commodity possesses all the essential qualities in so high a degree as gold. No other commodity having the other needed characteristics is so easily carried about as gold: most of us could carry in our pockets, in the form of gold coins, all the money we could afford to spend in a day, without being aware of the weight. No other commodity, equally good in other respects, is also both infinitely divisible and virtually indestructible. If a gold coin had been placed in circulation in the boyhood days of Methuselah, and had since been subjected only to the ordinary wear of currency, it would still be a gold coin.

But this does not tell the whole story. Paper money can be made that is sufficiently durable, that is more easily carried about than either gold or silver, and that is just as satisfactory in respect to all the other qualities we have enumerated. Until comparatively recent times, however, paper money did not meet the needs of trade because there was no assurance that it would be generally accepted. Something was needed which was widely desired on its own account. Gold met this test because it was in universal demand for use in the arts. In some countries gold is still valued as highly for ornament as for money. A débutante in India joyously carries on her person thirty pounds of gold trimmings, with the reckless disregard for comfort that is shown by her fur-bearing sister on a warm day at Atlantic City. In most countries, however, the present demand for gold in the arts depends in part upon the fact that it is used as the basis of money. The greater the demand for gold as a medium of exchange, the more it was desired in the arts: its prestige as money enhanced its value as ornament.

All these requisites of a medium of exchange, although still dealt with at length in books on money, are no longer live issues. If we needed nothing more to aid us in carrying on the work of the world than to find a medium of exchange which satisfied all these tests, the problem would now be settled by the adoption of gold — settled on better grounds, evidently, than 'a sentimental preference'; settled in such a satisfactory manner that for most people — Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. Thomas Edison and Mr. Charlie Chaplin to the contrary notwithstanding — the subject would have merely an historical interest. It would create no more controversy than the use of mercury in thermometers.

However, to be beyond reproach as money, a commodity must have still another quality: it must have stability of value. Let us admit at once that gold, though *relatively* free from fluctuations in exchange value, is nevertheless far from being *absolutely* free. That is one reason why the problem of a stable monetary unit, even in the only countries which are still on a gold basis, is a major interest — perhaps the paramount interest — of business. But having admitted that the gold basis does not ensure stability in purchasing power, — a point to which we shall return presently, — let us also take due account of the other outstanding lesson of monetary history, namely, that no other basis has been as effective as gold in curbing fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. This is mainly because the annual production of gold

has been but a relatively small addition to the world's permanent stocks of gold.

Most of the evils attributed by the *Ford International Weekly* to gold are the evils of unstable money; and they are evils whether money is unstable on a gold basis or on any other basis. Says the Ford weekly: 'If . . . articles were traded in on the basis of ancient barter, each trader would receive an adequate value in exchange. As soon, however, as the modern method of finance on the gold basis requires that each article must first be reduced into terms of gold, values are dislocated, and the goldless trader is penalized accordingly.'

This statement is contrary to the facts. It is in barter-trading that the exchange values of goods are most uncertain. This is partly because the inconvenience of barter greatly restricts the markets, whereas it is free and wide markets that tend to stabilize values. Indeed, barter-trading would probably develop no 'market price' at all, but many different prices. Throughout the world to-day, it is precisely where the gold basis has been abandoned that values are most badly dislocated, and precisely where the gold basis is maintained that values are most nearly constant.

Like Coin's Financial School and the Bryan campaigners of old, Mr. Ford attributes our business depression to the gold standard. 'Goldless Germany is humming, busy, productive. Gilded United States is stagnant, timid, lopsided.' But this argument does not explain how it happened that a few years ago Germany and the United States, both on the 'gold standard,' were the busiest and most productive countries in the world; and how it happens that to-day Russia and Austria, the two great nations that have wandered farthest from the 'gold standard,' are the most stagnant and unproductive of all. The fact is that the gold basis, of and by itself, neither causes nor prevents either booms or panics. But it does mitigate their severity. Those countries are the most prosperous to-day — despite some superficial appearances to the contrary — in which the gold basis has done most to curb fluctuations in the price-level.

II

Gold helps to meet the financial requirements within a country in two ways: first as currency, and second as reserves. When a country is on a gold basis, the amount of gold needed for currency, and the amount of gold coins which, in consequence, the banks must carry as till money, depend on the volume of business, the habits of the people, and the degree of their confidence in the ability of the country to maintain the circulation of paper dollars on a par with gold dollars. In many European countries this confidence is to-day nil. In the United States, on the other hand, gold has all but disappeared as a medium of exchange, not because there is any premium on gold, but because most people prefer paper money and bank checks. The fact that the people do not insist on exchanging their paper for gold, even when the banks deliberately put difficulties in the way of free convertibility, shows that there is a widespread belief in the ability of the country to maintain the circulation of paper dollars on a par with gold dollars. Or, to speak more accurately, it is because, on account of this belief among the few people who do any thinking at all on the subject, all forms of paper money actually do circulate on a par with gold.

The Ford arguments overlook this fact. They insist that 'the underlying explanation as to why the people are satisfied to be on a gold basis despite

the difficulty of obtaining gold on demand is due to the impression, constantly fanned among the masses, that the "money" they handle is as good as gold.' This statement is in error. People do not now accept paper money because they think it is convertible into gold. They accept it because their daily experience has convinced them that other people will freely accept it. If, with money on any other basis, they had the same daily experience, year in and year out, they would continue to accept the money and continue to think nothing about its basis. But that is a large 'If'. Every country that has abandoned the gold basis has found it impossible to maintain the belief among its people that its fiat money would be accepted as if it were 'as good as gold.'

To justify this belief, no country is obliged to keep on hand enough gold reserves to satisfy all the claims of all the people who, as holders of various kinds of paper money, have a legal or customary right to demand gold. No country that is on an assured, convertible basis needs such vast reserves. In the United States, for example, there is an immense inverted pyramid: at the bottom, a comparatively small volume of gold; based on this gold, a larger volume of legal tender notes; and, on top of all that, an even larger volume of bank credit. To keep all these paper promises on a par with gold, only enough bullion is needed to meet actual, legal demands for gold. 'Before the war,' says Mr. Edison, 'German currency was on a gold basis; to-day she has many millions of gold in the Reichsbank. Is n't she still on a gold basis? If not, at what particular state of her holding of gold did she cease to be on a gold basis?' The answer is clear and simple. When a country is on a gold basis, it meets its obligations in gold, dollar for dollar, as far as it is called upon to do so. The moment it fails to do so, it is off the gold basis.

There are no runs on the banks of the United States to-day, although it is well known that, even in this country, which has at least one third of the world's monetary gold supplies, there is not enough gold to meet all the legal demands that, theoretically, might be made. But because there is not a dollar of gold behind every dollar of money in circulation, Mr. Edison is concerned; and Mr. Ford bombards the country with denunciations of its 'fake bank notes,' 'imaginary money,' 'fraudulent standards.' 'The deception,' it is said, 'bleeds the common people for the enrichment of the gold barons.' And so the new shock troops of Michigan, using as the sinews of war large munitions of gold-supported money, are out to destroy the gold standard. It can hardly be called a 'deception,' however, when every day the United States Treasury publishes the exact figures for gold bullion, gold coin, Federal Reserve bank notes, silver coin, and every other form of money. Furthermore, the so-called deception injures nobody except the gold barons themselves, if by that term is meant the owners of gold and gold mines; and they lose merely because, if there were no superstructure of bank credit and paper money on the gold basis, gold would be even more valuable than it is to-day. But perhaps we may assume, after all, that some opponents of the 'gold standard' are not so concerned as their words imply over what they call the inadequacy of the gold reserves, since they themselves urge the abolition of all gold reserves.

Except in times of crises, we do not know how large the reserves must be to ensure convertibility. We do know that nearly all the nations of the world except the United States have encountered difficulties, which seemed to them insurmountable, in maintaining an ade-

quate reserve. From the beginning of the World War to 1921, the ratio of gold to note issues fell, in England, from 118 to 29 per cent; in France from 61 to 14 per cent; in Germany from 45 to 1 per cent; and in other countries the gold all but vanished. The so-called convertible notes of these countries were merely fair-weather notes. They were exchangeable for gold only when the demand for conversion fell within the usual, narrow limits of quiet times. It is only in a hurricane, however, that a ship's anchor is fully tested; and it takes a world war to demonstrate whether a country's gold anchor is sufficient to keep it from drifting away upon multitudinous seas of inconvertible paper.

To maintain the confidence of the people, gold reserves must be used, in time of stress, freely and boldly. To try to protect them when a panic threatens would be like sealing up the fire-extinguishers whenever an alarm sounded. This is contrary to the popular notion. Says the *Palladium:* 'Only a very little of the money the government makes is allowed by the banks to get to the people, [the banks] preferring that the people be dependent on bank credit.' As a matter of fact, the people, and not the banks, decide the relative amounts of gold and of bank notes and of bank credit that are to be used in daily exchange. When a bank makes a loan of a thousand dollars to a farmer, or a stockbroker, or a bank, or a railroad, or to anybody else, the one who receives the loan is free to draw out the full amount in gold, or to draw it out in bank notes, or to transfer the credit to other persons by writing checks, or to leave it in the bank. Even though an individual bank may make restrictions concerning the form in which a loan shall be used, the borrower may draw checks, which are promptly deposited in other banks where there are no such restrictions. And so it is the choices made by all the bank depositors every day that determine how much of 'the money the government makes' gets into circulation.

III

The chief purpose of the gold reserve is to prevent the depreciation of paper money by adequately providing for its convertibility into gold. This object can be achieved only by the limitation of the volume of paper money. But any limitation whatever causes what is called 'scarcity of money.' After Germany had increased its issues of paper marks more than one-hundred-fold, merchants were still complaining that there was 'not enough money to do business with.' Russia, with the largest volume of money ever printed, to-day finds business impeded by a 'dearth of currency.' This is not surprising. As there are always people who are sure that they would be better off if they had more 'ready cash,' campaigns for freedom from the restraints of the gold basis occur in every country as regularly as the movements of the business cycle. Particularly in times of depression, when currency seems unusually scarce, governments are urged to issue 'fiat' money — that is to say, money which is supposed to be just as good as any other money merely because the governments say so. Such was the Continental money of Revolutionary days in the United States, which the Government insisted was perfectly good money even after it had become so nearly valueless that the phrase 'not worth a continental' passed current, as the paper would not. Such were the irredeemable 'greenbacks,' which were favored in the seventies by such eminently successful business men as Peter Cooper. Such would be the 'Muscle Shoals Green-

backs,' if issued according to the plan advocated by men so wonderfully able in their own special fields as Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison.

The thirty millions of dollars which seem necessary to develop the power plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, Mr. Ford declares can be obtained from the printing press, at little cost to the Government. Mr. Ford is right, if only initial cost is considered; but he is wrong, if he thinks that he has discovered anything new in finance. The same plan was carried out in the days of American wildcat money, until the time came when a Mississippi steamboat captain who asked the price of firewood received the answer, 'Cord for cord.' Exactly the same reliance on printers' ink has now brought Russian currency to the point where it takes a bale of one-ruble notes to buy a cheap hat. Indeed, it was Mr. Ford's proposal, carried out logically in Central and Eastern Europe, that did even more than the war to demoralize the industry and trade of the world. We say 'carried out logically,' for if the printing press is all we need for thirty millions of dollars, why not thirty billions? If one plant is a sufficient basis for currency, why not a thousand plants? If the Government should print money to assist the projects of one citizen, why not all citizens? And with such boundless issues of paper dollars, how would our own currency differ from that of Russia? It would differ not at all. Indeed, it is the Lenin-Trotsky policy of paying bills with irredeemable paper money — a method first employed, according to Goethe's *Faust*, by the Devil — that Henry Ford, through his various publicity agents, is now urging upon the United States.

It is true that money issued against anything of value might circulate at par with gold certificates, with or without the fiat of the Government, *provided* the volume of notes was not too large. Thirty millions of dollars, 'representing' the Muscle Shoals project, or Hood River apple ranches, or even Ford cars, would not ruin the currency if the issues stopped there. One drink does not make a drunkard. Such an able business man as Mr. Ford could probably stop short of a currency debauch, by making his Muscle Shoals plant yield sufficient profits to retire the original notes; but we could not trust Congress to stop with Mr. Ford's project. When, however, Congress has to borrow money instead of printing it, automatic stops are provided.

But Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison insist that for the Government to pay interest on loans is stupid. Says the *Dearborn Independent*, 'It is a fact, that if the Government issued all money, contracting or expanding the currency in accordance with the nation's economic needs, it would eliminate that choice bit of investment paper — the government bond. . . . No government bonds — no public debt — and there would be no interest.'

This is the Russian method, pure and simple. When public expenses exceed public revenues, there are two ways of paying the bills: by borrowing money, and by printing money. When a government borrows money, — whether it borrows the savings which people have entrusted to the banks, or borrows directly from the people through the sale of bonds, — it must pay, as any other borrower must pay, whatever interest is necessary to obtain the funds. And, in so far as it borrows savings, it does not inflate the currency. But when a government pays its deficits by printing money, it pursues the very policy of inflation that has brought Russia to financial and industrial chaos. For a nation to spend money which is not the savings of its people is as unsound financially as for an individual to sign

checks without having first deposited money in the bank.

Various other monetary matters are badly confused in the Muscle Shoals project — the distinction between money and capital, the theory of bank credit, the factors that change the purchasing power of money, and the far-reaching effects of depreciated currencies — subjects which cannot be dealt with here. But we ought not to leave this discussion without a passing reference to two other substitutes for the gold basis which are now urged: labor hours and land.

IV

The labor-hour, as a unit of exchange and a substitute for gold, has been proposed many, many times in the past, has been tried recently in Russia, and is now enthusiastically advocated by the Equitist Society. The argument is that all wealth is the product of labor; that labor should therefore be the basis of money; and that, as a matter of justice, every man should be able to exchange the product of his labor for the product of the same amount of labor of any other man. Accordingly, it is proposed that every worker should receive one exchange-unit for every hour he works, and that the price of each commodity should be as many exchange-units as it took hours to produce it. Thus, if it took a hatter three hours to make a hat, he would receive for his labor three exchange-units, and they would entitle him to a book that was made in three hours.

The difficulties of carrying out the labor-hour plan are insuperable. In the first place, by what means are we to determine how many hours it took to produce a given article? Consider, for example, a copy of the latest novel. How long did it take to make the ink, dies, glue, and thread used in the book? How much of the labor of the author, advertiser, and bookseller are to be charged to this copy of the book? How much of the time of the fireman who stoked the engine that hauled the car that carried the pulp that went to the mill that made the paper the book used. We need go no further to show the impossibility of pricing the book on a labor-hour basis, though we should have to go much further before we had found all the miners, stenographers, bank clerks, freight agents, postmen, fishermen, salesmen, and so on, whose labor helped to produce that book and to place it in the hands of the man who bought it.

In the second place, what is to be done with all the products that nobody will buy at the fixed price — the books that nobody wants, the cakes that were spoiled in the making, the hats that are out of style? How, on the other hand, are goods to be distributed when the demand, at the labor-hour price, exceeds the supply? Which lovers of art are to have the privilege of exchanging their labor, hour for hour, for the labor of our greatest portrait painter? Somebody must decide: the artist could not honor the labor-hour checks of all the eager patrons of art who had the right to present them. There is a third objection: under a plan by which every man's wages are the same, regardless of the work he performs, where are we to get our ditch-diggers, our telephone operators, our heads of great industrial enterprises? Why should anyone choose the hard or the disagreeable jobs? The fourth objection is also the crucial objection to Communism. Few workers would find adequate incentives to do their best in any position, if rewards bore no relation to achievements. The whole world would suffer, therefore, because of decreased output. Finally, the labor-hour unit would be more disastrously unstable in value than cows, or

nails, or hides, or any of the other commodities that have been used as media of exchange. This extensive examination of labor-hour units is unnecessary, perhaps, for the purpose of showing the futility of the plan; but it may help to make vivid the infinitely complex work which monetary units on a gold basis perform daily, with almost incredible smoothness.

V

Now others are advancing the equally alluring, equally old, and equally unsound proposal that money should be issued 'representing' farm-lands. Why not? 'Our need is more money,' says H. L. Loucks, 'and we must take another step in the evolution of our medium of exchange and base the increased supply on "the best security in the world — productive land"; and in addition, as needed, on the non-perishable, stored products of labor. We can no more have too much of the representatives of wealth than we can have too much wealth.' This idea makes a strong appeal to many farming communities. Why not eliminate banks? If a farmer needs money to buy land, or even to buy ploughs and seeds for the land he already owns, why should he either stop planting or be obliged to pay interest on a loan? Why should not the Government issue new currency, based on the land. Then the laborer would have the needed money, production would go forward, and nobody would make profits merely by lending money — which, after all, it is the sole privilege of the Government to issue. This is the most attractive form in which the land-basis argument can be presented. It sounds plausible. It has always sounded plausible.

It seemed entirely plausible to the French people at the time of the Revolution. They decided to issue money which 'represented' property. They called the new money *assignats*, because the notes were supposed to be assignments of public land. At first 7,000,000,000 were issued, then; 10,000,000,000; and soon 45,000,000,000. In an attempt to maintain the value of this land-basis currency, the law declared that anyone who gave or accepted it at less than face value should spend twenty years in irons. In spite of the law, the *assignats* depreciated until the holder of a note professing to be worth as much as five United States dollars was lucky if he could pass it off for as much as two cents. Mr. Edison errs in assuming that France 'would have been worse off without *assignats* than with them,' because the country was bankrupt. Printers' ink aggravates rather than alleviates the malady of bankruptcy. Massachusetts found this out when, in colonial days, it issued land-currency. Unmindful of these and similar experiments elsewhere, Japan, in 1868, issued money on the 'security of land.' The usual depreciation in value and the usual fruitless efforts of the Government to stop it by law followed promptly.

Thus land as a basis for money has always failed to stabilize its purchasing power. The reason is simple, and is an answer to half of Mr. Edison's questions. A ship is not held in place merely because it is made fast to another ship, which is itself drifting. When we use land as the basis of issues of money, the dollar-value of the basis itself increases with the increased volume of money and the consequent depreciation of the dollar. Then we can issue more dollars on the same basis, with the same result; and so on, up an endless spiral. Thus land provides eventually for issues of paper money as boundless as Russian rubles.

This brings us back to the efficacy of gold as a restraint on the universal tendency toward inflation. The whole world knows exactly what is meant by

the convertibility of a paper dollar into a fixed weight of gold. The whole world accepts gold in settlement of trade balances. But what is meant by the convertibility of a paper dollar into land? What is meant by a unit of land? Where could the holder of money get it, and what could he do with it? Who would accept it in exchange? How could it be sent across the ocean to settle international balances? Nobody questions the value of land for certain purposes, but for monetary purposes it is more cumbersome than cows.

Nevertheless, people are still insisting that money cannot depreciate if it 'represents' land. There is a bill now before Congress authorizing the Government to issue paper money up to sixty per cent of the value of any farm-lands upon which the owner wants to borrow money. And recently new enthusiasm has been aroused over the old proposal that 'international currency' should be issued on the security of 'property of all forms.' 'My solution,' says the versatile Charlie Chaplin, 'would be to eliminate the gold standard and have the Government issue currency based on production.' It is to be hoped that this solution will never become as popular as the proposer; for, if notes are to be limited merely by what they represent, it would do just as well to have them represent the energy of the sun or the estimated number of fish in the ocean. Unless 'representation' means *convertibility* on demand into a commodity freely acceptable in exchange for goods of all kinds, then the value of notes cannot be maintained unless the new issues are strictly limited to the increase of consumers' goods actually on the markets. But the history of the world is one long story — of which the present European currency debauch is merely another chapter — of the failure of frail human governments to limit their volumes of *inconvertible* paper money.

It is true that the banks now issue Federal Reserve notes against liquid assets — goods in process and in transit. But these notes are not 'commodity money.' If a member bank turned over to a reserve bank commercial paper in connection with a shipment of pig iron, and received Federal Reserve notes in return, it would do no good to stamp the money 'pig-iron notes.' There is only one commodity that can maintain the purchasing power of a paper dollar on a par with a gold dollar, and that is gold. Reserve notes may be issued against a peach crop that fails, or a cargo of rubber that goes down at sea, or an invoice of shirts that nobody will buy; but that does not trouble the holder of the notes, for they are payable, not in peaches, or rubber, or shirts, but in gold. The bank that issued the credit may suffer loss, but not the owner of the notes.

VI

We must admit, however, that the gold basis is not ideal. The annual production of gold bears no known relation to the changing monetary needs of the world. The yearly output has always been subject to accidental discoveries and to various other unpredictable influences. At any time in the future, the world's stock of gold may be increased a hundredfold through the discovery of the 'philosopher's stone,' which men have eagerly sought in all ages, and which, contrary to mediæval ideas, need be no more magical than the radiophone. There is the further possibility that gold may be extracted from the sea in sufficient quantities to throw into confusion all monetary systems based on gold. In short, gold has failed to ensure a stable monetary unit in the past; and in the future its failure may be even greater — that is to say, unless, in

addition to the gold basis, we adopt more satisfactory methods than have yet been employed for preventing fluctuations in price-levels.

It is true that an absolutely invariable standard of value is unattainable. On this point, Mr. Edison is right. If the processes of evolution continue undisturbed by current controversy, there can be nothing unchangeable to which a monetary unit may be related. Nowadays, the favored basis is a collection of commodities. But even such a standard will change from time to time, as new products appear and new needs arise. The item of candles in the family budgets of a century ago and the item of automobiles in the budgets of to-day show that 'commodities used by an average family' is a shifting standard. But this is not a valid objection, either to the use of index numbers, or to attempts to stabilize the dollar. In the midst of a world in which nothing is stable, we nevertheless succeed in attaining degrees of stability sufficient for most human enterprises, and we may yet succeed in attaining a sufficiently stable monetary standard.

'Must we always remain on a gold basis? Is it beyond the wit of man to devise any equivalent method?' These questions of Mr. Edison, the experience of the world is insufficient to answer. Until, however, some basis is proposed that is less elusive than cosmic energy, or farm land, or labor-hours, or anticipated production of fertilizers, or the credit of the nation, it is folly to abandon the one basis of money that all nations have recognized. What a timely achievement it was for the world to reach an agreement before the present chaotic era! It is not certain that the current session of the the Congress of the United States could agree on any sound financial policy whatever. It is quite certain that *all* the Congresses of the world, as now constituted, would have even greater difficulty in coming to a common understanding. Fortunate is the world in having long ago settled upon a basis that, in spite of the fortuitous output of mines and the equally fortuitous acts of legislatures, has come nearer than any other basis to maintaining stability of the monetary unit. The nations which have lost the support of the gold basis appear to have no prospect of restoring economic relations, foreign and domestic, which they all desire, until they get back upon a gold foundation on some parity, new or old. True, when we think of the way in which the United States dollar shrank during the war until it had lost more than half its purchasing power, we look with scorn upon the term 'gold standard'; but when we think of the precipitous fall of the German mark, from a value of about twenty-four cents to less than one third of a cent, we look with some respect, at least, upon the gold basis. Confusion is better than chaos.

It may be admitted that no arrangement is ideal that requires the hoarding and carrying back and forth across the oceans of vast stores of gold, which men have dug from the bowels of the earth and refined only with the hardest kind of labor. But there is no immediate need of devising an ideal system, for there are no communities of ideal men to use it. If all men were honest, the world could do away with vaults and prison bars, and thus save tons of iron and steel. If nations were sufficiently wise, they would get on without armaments. But nations are not sufficiently wise to abolish at once their jails or armaments or gold reserves. In some far-distant day, there may be such widespread and accurate knowledge of the dependence of general welfare upon stable money, and such sound understanding of foreign trade, that men will need no metallic restraint

upon their experiments with the currency.

Meanwhile, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the waste involved in storing and transporting gold is a minor matter: the people of the United States pay far more each year for chewing-gum than for the maintenance of gold reserves. Indeed, when we consider the magnitude of the interests involved, the waste seems negligible. A nation may lose more wealth in a year by cutting loose from its anchor of gold reserves than is required to maintain those reserves for a generation. When business men object to the maintenance of large gold margins of safety, as they did in England before the war, what they really object to is not the waste of gold, but the limitation thus imposed on note issues and other forms of circulating credit; whereas it is the necessity for this very limitation which is the chief reason for maintaining any metallic basis at all.

VII

We must conclude that, however interesting, and even ultimately profitable, it may be to try to devise a perfect form of currency for a different race of human beings, the immediate need is for a monetary system that will come the nearest to perfection in actual use among human beings as they are. And, as we have seen, those who have come nearest to preserving the one most elusive quality of their currency, namely, its stability, are those who have not departed from the gold basis. Whatever the defects of this system, therefore, and whatever modifications must be made, in the interests of a greater stability of value than any currency has yet attained, it seems that we human beings — with all our defects upon our heads — must, at least for a long, long time to come, make some use of a gold basis.

Many earnest and high-minded reformers, convinced that our economic system does not function as it should, are impatient with a defense of any part of the system. They seem to take the position that, because something is wrong, everything is wrong: that, because change is the law of progress, any change must be progress. To them a defense of the gold basis seems reactionary and therefore bad. We must agree that it is hopelessly unprogressive to insist that everything is all right, when periodically we have surplus raw products, idle factories, idle workers, idle dollars, and no way of getting the materials, machines, men, and money into such relations that they can go on with the work of feeding and clothing humanity. We do not need the perspective of the man from Mars to see that something is wrong. But when there is a hot-box, we cannot set the machinery in motion by seizing hammers and pounding the engine in the wrong place. Not only is valuable time thus wasted, attention diverted from the right place, and the machinery injured, but meanwhile the bungling mechanics work themselves into such bad temper that there is less prospect than ever of eliminating the real troubles. To attack the gold basis of money is to hammer the economic machinery in the wrong place.

THE BIBLE QUILT

BY ELEANOR C. GIBBS

ALL the negroes on the plantation were deeply interested in the little visitor at the House. She had come, they were told, from that far-away land, the North, and had never before been on a Southern plantation, or among negroes.

In the shade of a great live-oak one of the negro washerwomen had placed her washtub; and while she was sousing the clothes in the water, preparatory to placing them on the strong wash-bench to be battled with the great wooden paddle, she was singing with the wild, strange, untaught melody that seems peculiar to her race. You could not help listening to her song, and hearing every now and then the conversation with which it was interspersed.

A blue jay-bird darted down to the ground from a catalpa tree and its discordant notes, 'Jay, jay!' filled the air.

'Hush your mouf, jay-bird,' cried the washerwoman. 'G'long whar you gwine. I knows whar you gwine. You goes down ter de debble's house ev'y Friday regular, an' totes san' ter de debble. What he gwine do wid so much san'? Nobody never see jay-birds on Friday ceptin' in de mornin'. Den dey gone 'bout dey business for de debble. Dey got mighty good 'bejence ter de debble. Dat dey is. G'long, old jay-bird.'

The flaxen-haired child from the North looked up with a questioning glance, and said, 'What makes you say gwine?'

'I says gwine kaze I is gwine. Little mistiss, 'pears like you doan' know de use uv words like de t' other chillern does. You ain' like de chillern dat been fotch up on de plantation. I doan' b'lieve you ever gwine ter learn how ter do, ever gwine ter bend down de saplin's an' ride 'em for horses, an' run off an' hide in de cotton hampers, an' ride prancin' horses like de t' other chillern does. I know you is Miss Mandy's little gal, but 'pears like you ain'. She des lef' de plantation an' went clean off de place, an' liv up dar in de Norf wid 'nother nation uv folks. Gawd doan' know nothin' 'bout Hottentots, an' I doan' b'lieve he know 'bout dem cuyous folks in de Norf. Dey oughter come down ter dis plantation an' git some sense an' some understandin'. Ole mistiss read de Scripter ter me 'bout gittin' understandin'. De plantation de place to git it. Niggers is got understandin' des like chickens knows when ter crow for daybreak. Niggers ain' got dey nose stuck down in a book all de time like white folks is; niggers listen ter de sense Gawd gin 'em. Gawd sho did gin niggers pow'ful 'mount uv sense. Dat 's de trufe, sho 's you born. I knows you is born. Ef you had n' bin born you wuld n' be settin' dar lookin' so peart.

'Honey, in de mornin' I gwine show you all my pretty quilts. You ain' never seed my Bible quilt. Ole mistiss gib me one uv her fine sheets, linen sheets. Hit gittin' mighty ole an' frazzly-like, but I sho wuz proud ter hab it. I cut out one big square uv dat linen sheet, an' den I tuck a piece uv brown calico she gin me once, an' I cut out a tree, de body uv a tree. I hemmed dat tree-body onter de white square. Den I tuck my shears, an' I notched out a green tree-top, an'

hemmed dat on 'bove de tree-body. Nex' thing I done, I cut out Adam an' Eve, out of pale pinkish calico. Den I hemmed 'em on onder de tree. Nex' I set down in my split-bottom chair an' studied 'bout makin' de serpent. I knows all de kin's uv snakes — black snakes, an' cotton-mouf snakes, an' chicken snakes, an' vipuses, an' all de snakes dey is; moccasins, too, an' water moccasins an' rattlesnakes. I cut out a long black snake, and hemmed 'im on 'side de tree. He sho did look devilish, dat snake did. I hemmed de snake on by de side uv Eve. She 'peared pleased, settin' dar onder de fig tree.

'My min' tol' me I gwine hab a mighty pretty quilt. I got heaps uv quilts I makes at night by de big light-'ood fire. But I ain' never made a Bible quilt 'fore dat night. Hit sho wuz a injoicin' time when I sot dar sewin', an' hemmin' on dat Bible quilt. I gwine show hit to you in de mornin'. Doan' you ax me ter gib you dat Bible quilt, honey, kaze I gwine keep dat quilt 'tel def us do part, like folks does when dey 's wedlocked. I had a mighty pretty piece uv yaller silk, yaller as gol'. I cut out de sun from dat an' hemmed dat on, way up 'bove de top uv de tree. Den I 'membered 'bout hyearin' de song, wid de chune gwine dis way, —

An de moon hit wuz onder her feet.

I did n' know whose foots de moon wuz onder. I studied an' studied an' my min' tol' me hit wuz onder Eve's foots, kaze she wuz de onlies' 'oman dey wuz. Den I tried dat yaller silk moon, an' hemmed hit on des below Eve 's foots. Hit looked so nachul-like, I felt satisfied. Den I say ter my min', "Dat' s all right!" Pres 'ly I sung out de chune an' de words, "De moon hit wuz onder her feet." I knowed dat my Bible quilt wuz de purties' Bible quilt on de plantation.

'Niggers sho does like ter meck quilts. White folks always sends out some good vittles ter de cabin whar de niggers is quiltin'. Spinnin' an' weavin' does mighty well, but quiltin' beats de beater. All de niggers come consortin' roun', an' dey sings songs wid funny chunes. Dey mecks out de songs is Gawd's trufe, an' dey whoops when humpback Solomon sings: —

Col' frosty mornin' nigger went to work,
Ax 'pon his shoulder an' not a bit of shirt.

'Sometimes one nigger gits up an jumps Jim Crow, an' does a double shuffle. All de t' other niggers — dem dat ain' drappin' off ter sleep — sho does hab an injoicin' time. Dey keeps dat up mos' 'tel daybreak, kaze dey takes a little nap, an' den wakes up, an den takes anudder little nap. Dey kin snore mos' loud as dey kin sing. A quiltin' is mos' as good fun as a funeral or a stracted meetin' or a baptizin'. Dat 's de trufe. I ain' gwineter let onligious niggers see my Bible quilt. I gwine show hit ter de 'pentin' sinners who done sot dey min's on 'ligion. When folks got dey min' sot on 'ligion dey 's ready when de angels comes flutterin' down ter 'scort 'em up ter de mansions in de skies. I 'ze seed 'ligious folks des a-starin' up ter de sky kaze dey knowed Marse Jesus wuz dar drivin' his white horses 'long de road to de glory lan'. Ef you is anxious to git yo' foots firm on de glory road, you got ter go 'long like a inch worm. Ef you gwine ter climb a hill, you got ter slide back a little, an' den lif' up your foots an' go on your course. Ef you keep on goin' an goin', pres'ly de trees will bow dey heads, an' say "Glory! Halleluyah!" an' de dove will flutter down an' say, "Glory," an' de stars in dey sockets will say: "Glory, Glory, Halleluyah!"

'De more I gazed at my Bible quilt, de more 'ligion helt onter my min'. I studied 'bout meckin' Daniel in de lions' den, but I culd n' cut out a lion. De onlies' lion I uver seed wuz in de

circus parade, an' he 'stonished me so I culd n' git no 'membrance uv 'im when I was meckin' dat Bible quilt. I got a log-cabin quilt an' a sunrisin' quilt, but my Bible quilt tecks de shine off dem. Hit 'pears like all de niggers on de plantation done hyeard 'bout dat quilt. Dey keeps on comin' ter see me, dey say, but dey sho ter ax ter see my Bible quilt.

'I sot back an' took satisfaction 'bout dat Bible quilt. But I was mightily 'stressed kaze I culd n' put in ole Daniel. I knows de Scripter, but I culd n't cut ole Daniel out, an' ole Shadrack an' Mashak an' Abednigger. Dey wuz too much for me. My shears des went ter slidin' an slippin' when I tried ter meck de fiery furnace — I doan' like a fiery furnace, doan' cyar how yer fix it. Dat fiery furnace did n' git inter my Bible quilt. I des stallded right dar. Ef I had had some silvery sort of cloth, I mought have cut out a fluttrin' angel. But I was stallded dat night on de fiery furnace. I des sot dar an' studied 'tel de roosters crowed; an' bless Gawd, dar I sot snorin' 'an' de Bible quilt done slipped off my lap down on de flo!

'Honey, I des folded dat quilt up an' put hit 'way in my chist. Ef your ma 's sick ter-morrer night, an' I comes ter de House agin, I sho gwine bring dat Bible quilt wid me an' give you-all de 'splainment uv de Scripter.

HILL HUNGER

I WANT to stride the hills! My feet cry out
For hills! Oh, I am sick to death of streets:
The nausea of pavements and people always about;
The savagery of mortar and steel that beats
Me under, hedges me in; the iron shiver
Of traffic! — I want to stride the hills, I want
Hills toned frantic silver or a quiver
Of scarlet; hills that hunger and grow gaunt!

I am tired of steps and steps, and a thousand flights
Of stairs resounding, shuffling, quarreling
With shoes. I want a hill on windy nights,
When April pauses with me, clambering
Over the purple side to the top, until
We pull ourselves up by a star — the hill! the hill!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE QUARE WOMEN

III. THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

On Tuesday noon, Uncle Lot announced to Aunt Ailsie that he would go to the strange women's Fourth-of-July picnic the following day, and would take her along.

'Hit appears to be my duty, as a law-loving man, like they said, to be thar on the hill in case of trouble, which is nigh-about sartain to come, there not being hardly a gethering in two year, be hit election or court or funeral-meeting or what not, that hain't been shot up, and sometimes broke up, ginerally by Fult and his crowd.'

'Oh, paw, you allus a-faulting Fulty, and him your own grandchild, and the picter of you when you was young!'

'Picter or no picter, I hain't proud of daddying no sech, and don't uphold none of his doings. And if Darcy's crowd is there, too, which hit will be, with all the county a-mustering, then hit 's unknowing what the day may bring forth.'

About eight o'clock Wednesday morning, the two started down the branch — Uncle Lot, a tall, grizzled figure in dark homespun and black slouch hat, leading, on Tom-mule; Aunt Ailsie following on old fat fleabitten Darb. Profiting by the quare women's example, she had discarded the hot brown-linsey dress in favor of an everyday one of blue cotton; but she still clung to the black sunbonnet and light-print apron — inevitable badges of the respectable married woman.

When they arrived at The Forks, the one street was lined with nags, — they could scarcely find two palings to tie Tom and Darb to, — and a stream of people was zigzagging up the steep hill behind the court house. Uncle Lot went on up, while Aunt Ailsie stopped at the hotel for her daughter, Cynthy Fallon, whom she found in the kitchen frying chicken, while three or four of the girls packed baskets. Cynthy was complaining: —

'Fulty, he allus has so many to feed, jest pine-blank like his paw — all them boys that runs with him, and then a big gang more he 's sartain to ax to eat. I allow to feed anyhow fifty.'

'You go wash and dress and I 'll fry what 's left,' insisted Aunt Ailsie.

Half an hour later, the two started up with their heavy baskets. Cynthy, too, wore a black sunbonnet and print apron; and from their appearance it would have been impossible to say which was mother, which daughter. If anything, Aunt Ailsie looked the younger, Cynthy's face being so lined and drawn from the troubles she had had as Fighting Fult's wife and widow.

The first thing they saw as they toiled up past the deserted tents was a tall pole, with the great flag which usually hung in the large tent flying before

the breeze. It was set beside the flat rock, just at the top of the ascent, which the women had named Pulpit Rock. Beyond, on the level top of the spur, were numbers of seats made by laying saplings across logs; and here elderly folk and mothers with babies were tightly packed, while hundreds wandered about or sat under the trees or against the small, latticed grave-houses; for the spur-top was also a burying-ground.

The two women, Virginia and Amy, who sat on a puncheon-bench beside the rock with Uncle Ephraim Kent between them, beckoned for Aunt Ailsie and Cynthy to join them. A solid phalanx of young people, whom Aunt Ailsie recognized as the singing class, stood beneath the flag, all wearing sashes of red, white, and blue across shoulders and breasts. Fult was in the front line, beside his delicate-featured sweetheart, Aletha.

Aunt Ailsie leaned forward and said anxiously, 'Lot, he 's sartain thar 'll be trouble; he says some of the boys will get liquor, shore, and then —'

'I'm not very much afraid,' replied Amy. She turned to little John Wes, Cynthy's five-year-old, who was perched on the rock behind her. 'Tell Fult to step here,' she said.

He came forward, looking very handsome, his dark beauty set off by the bright colors of his sash.

'Your grandparents fear drinking and trouble here to-day,' Amy said.

Fult drew himself up. 'I have give my word,' he said, 'not only that thar won't be no drinking and trouble on the hill to-day by me and my friends, but that nary drap of liquor shall be fotched up here by nobody. Me and t' other boys have been scouting around all morning, meeting folks as they rid in, and going into saddlebags and coat-pockets, and warning all hands that we aim to have peace on the hill to-day if hit takes cold steel to get hit. And Charlie Lee and two more boys air still spying around for hit, whilst I sing.'

This astonishing transformation of peace-breakers into peace-compellers laid Aunt Ailsie's fears. A little later, however, when she saw Darcy Kent, Fult's archenemy, come up with the pretty young woman who presided over the cooking-tent, and sit down not twenty feet from Fult, anxiety again awoke.

'Hit gives me a spell to see them two so nigh together,' she whispered to Cynthy.

The latter cast a glance of cold, withering hatred at Darcy. ''Pears like he 's trying to get him a fotched-on gal,' she sneered.

But the programme was already beginning, with the singing of the 'Star-Spangled Banner' by the class, Fult's rich voice leading. Then followed a prayer by Uncle Lemmy Logan, an Old Primitive Preacher. Then the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Lawyer Nath Gentry, and a song and march by fifty little kindergartners who aroused more enthusiasm than any of the performers; then Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, read, somewhat haltingly but most impressively, by Uncle Lot. Then more patriotic songs by the class, and an oration, 'The Founding of Our Nation,' by Robert Galbreth, a young lawyer just returned from Law School.

All had gone finely so far. Everybody was reassured by seeing Fult and Darcy in such conspicuous and peaceable proximity, and attention was rapt, even the scores of babies being quiet. Then, when everybody hung breathless upon the orator's words, and he was just launching into his peroration, three loud pistol-shots were fired in the immediate rear of the crowd. Instant panic fell. Women, without a word, seized their smaller children and

scuttled down the hill like rabbits; men sought the shelter of trees, all save a compact group, headed by Darcy and Uncle Lot, which made for the scene of the trouble. Aunt Ailsie wrung her hands.

'I seed Fulty leave the singers a little grain ago,' she said; 'I 'll warrant hit 's him!'

It was. They found Fult bending, pistol in hand, over a prostrate young man. 'Hit 's Charlie Lee, my best friend,' he said. 'He holped me sarch all comers for liquor this morning, and then I left him and two more to patrol the hill whilst I sang. First thing I knowed, I seed him behind a tree tipping a bottle, and gethered that he was drinking some he had tuck off of somebody and, knowing his weakness, I felt sartain he 'd never stop till he was crazy drunk. I had give my hand to the women thar would be no drinking on the hill, and there was n't but one thing to do — take hit away from him. When I come back to do so, he already had enough in him to be mean, and refused to give hit up; and when I tried to take it anyhow, he drawed on me. I seed then the onliest thing to do was to shoot the pistol out of his hand, which I done, scaring him pretty bad, and maybe grazing two-three of his fingers, but not hurting him none to speak of. Hit was the only way.'

Sure enough, while Charlie's hand was bleeding profusely, it was found that there was not even a bone broken.

'Where 's the fotched-on nurse-woman?' was the cry.

But she was already at hand, with a small first-aid outfit; the fingers were quickly bandaged, and Charlie, sobered by the shock and extremely shame-faced, was soundly berated by Fult for his faithlessness.

And now arose a dilemma. By rights Darcy, being sheriff, should have placed both disturbers of the peace under arrest. He made no move, however. A hand was placed upon his arm, and Uncle Ephraim whispered, —

'Don't do nothing at all; hit would start a battle that would never end.'

Then the old man stepped forward, and spoke authoritatively.

'Fult here desarves a vote of thanks from the citizens of this county for keeping the peace here on this hill to-day, and not having hit broke up by even his best friend. In the name of the people, and the women, I thank him.' He solemnly offered a hand to the boy, who took it, flushing.

Uncle Lot also stepped forward. 'I hain't never in life seed you do nothing I tuck pride in before,' he said to his grandson; 'but you done hit to-day when you went pine-blank again' your feelings and your friendship to maintain the peace.' He also put forth his hand, which Fult accepted as one in a daze.

In fifteen minutes the women and children were all back, relieved and smiling, and the young lawyer was completing his peroration. There was then a slight pause in the proceedings, while everybody talked of the panic and its happy ending.

II

Then, very slowly, Uncle Ephraim Kent, a notable figure, with his mane of white hair, his crimson hunting-jacket, his linen trousers and moccasins, his tall, lean body very little bent by the passing of eighty-two years, mounted the pulpit-rock and faced the audience.

'Citizens and offsprings,' he began, 'hit were not in my thoughts to speak here in this gethering to-day, even though the women axed and even begged me so to do. I never follered speaking, nor enjoyed listening at the sound of my own voice, the weight of

no-larning allus laying too heavy upon me. But carcumstances has riz and sot up lines of thought that calls for the opening of my mind to you, and I will therefore do the best I am able.

'And firstways I will say how I rej'ice that them shots that brung fear to our hearts to-day was good shots, and not bad ones, fired to keep the peace by one that has too often follered breaking hit. And I 'll say furder that, in my opinions, he never would have broke hit that first time but for old, ancient wrongs, done afore he seed the light; sins of the fathers, visited down on the children, and ketching 'em in a quile they can't hardly onravel.'

The audience, well-knowing that the old man referred to the killing of his son, Rafe, by Fult and to the previous warfare between Kents and Fallons, listened breathless.

'But,' continued Uncle Ephraim, 'let me leave that sorrowful tale for a spell, and go back to the good old days when there wa'n't no sech things as wars betwixt friends and neighbors — the days when our forbears first rid acrost the high ridges from Old Virginny or North Cyar'liny and along these rocky creeks and tuck up land in these norrow valleys. A rude race they was, but a strong, with the blood of old England and bonny Scotland in their veins, and in their hearts the fear of naught; a rude race, but a free, chasing the deer and the b'ar and the wild turkey and the Indian, tending their craps with a hoe in one hand and a gun in t' other; a rude race, but a friendly, banding together again' all foes, helping one another in all undertakings. Some of 'em, like my grandsir, the old cap'n, come in to live on land that was granted 'em because they had fit under Washington; t' others jest wandered in and tuck up what pleased 'em.

'Well, atter they settled theirselves in this rugged, penned-in land, then what happened to 'em? Well, right thar was the trouble, *nothing* never happened. Here they was, shut in for uppards of a hunderd year, multiplying fast, spreading up from the main creeks to the branches and hollows, but never bettering their condition — you might say, worsening hit. For before long the game was all kilt off, and life become the turrible struggle hit still is, jest to keep food in our mouths, raising craps on land that 's nigh straight-up-and-down, like we have to. And while a many of the first settlers, like my grandsir, had been knowledgeable men, with larning, their offsprings growed up in the wilderness without none, because there wa'n't no money to send the young-uns out to school, or to fotch larning in to 'em. And the second crap, of which I was one, was wusser and ignoranter still, being raised up maybe like me, eighty mile from a schoolhouse or church house; and the third was wusser and meaner yet, and so on down to now, when they hain't no better, though there is a few pindling deestrict schools here and yan.

'And about the onliest times in all them years our folks found out thar was a world outside these mountains was when the country sont in a call to fight hit's battles. Then we allus poured forth, rej'icing — like when thar was trouble agin with the British, and we mustered under Old Hickory behind them cotton-bales and palmetty-logs at New Orleens; and then later, when Mexico got sassy; and then when the States tuck sides and lined up, you know how we fit through them four year — mostly for the Union; this here stiff right arm I fotched back remembers me of hit; then thar 's this here leetle war in Cuby, too, not long finished.

'All of which proves we air a brave and fighting race. And if the fighting had stopped with wars for our country,

all would have been well. But, citizens and offsprings, hit never stopped thar. You all know how, when thar wa'n't no outside wars to keep us peaceified, there was allus them amongst us, for thirty year and more, that could n't take no satisfaction in life onless they was starting wars amongst theirselves.

'And right here you will say to me, "Uncle Ephraim, begin at home." Which is but true and just. For well I know the part my offsprings has bore in the troubles of this country, and that the Kents, which used to be a peaceable gineration, has come down to be a mean one. But, friends, hit never was with my counsel or consent. I have loved peace and pursued hit. But all in vain. War hit raged hither and yan; battles was fit all over the county; and here at The Forks, many was kilt — three of my sons amongst 'em — and many a more wounded, and sorrow was brung to many hearts. Hit was not until Fighting Fult and my son Rafe was both kilt, that we had a taste of peace. Then, for a spell, whilst young Fult was down at Frankfort, and fighting in Cuby, we rested; and oh, what a joyful rest hit was!

'Then young Fult come back, and sad times begun again — not that I am faulting him for hit, for Darcy, being older, ought to have knowed better than to sarve them warrants on him in the first place. Hit was like throwing fire in gunpowder. In my opinion, if the boy had been let alone a spell, to kindly work off his youth and sperrits, he 'd 'a' soon settled down. But he wa'n't, and the war hit flamed up again, and for nigh two year we have seed trials on top of tribulations. As I said afore, I hain't blaming neither boy — both was bitter-hearted from the family hate which they had drawed in, you might say, with their mothers' milk; both had loved their paws; both had lost them; revenge was naetural. But if ever a people was wore out with wars and troubles, we air them people; if ever folks yearned and pined and prayed for peace, we air them folks.

'Yes, many 's the time, walking the ridge-tops, standing up yander on the high rocks, I have looked down on the valley of Troublesome[1] and agonized in sperrit over hit, calling upon the God of Israel to send us help and peace. Many 's the time, too, up there, I have dreamed dreams and seed visions.

'People under the shadow of my voice, — all you that the mountains has give birth and suck to, — you know what I mean. Though we air ignorant folk, not able to get much acquainted with God through his written Word, yet He hain't never left us without a witness; He hain't never failed to speak to our minds and our hearts. In the high, lifted-up places, gazing out over the green mountain-tops, with maybe the sun-ball drapping low in the west, and the clouds and the elements all a-praising Him in their beauty; or maybe of a cold winter's day, with the whole world white and the snow a-sparkling and the shadows deep-blue in the hollows, He talks to us; He shows us things that no level-lander don't know nothing about, or get no inkling of — visions, and dreams, and things to come. You have all, even the meanest, kotched a glimp of 'em. For we air a seeing people.

'And several times in sech visions, friends, I have beheld down there below, in the valley of Troublesome, all manner of peaceful and happy homes, where every man had his mind made up to let liquor and guns alone, and the women folks tended their offsprings in the fear of the Lord, and even the young was too busy getting larning to be briggaty and feisty.

[1] It seems well to call the creek by its right name. In an earlier paper it has appeared as Perilous. — The Editor.

'I allow, moreover, that there is but few here that, in their better hours, hain't beheld and wished for the same. But how hit was to come about, did n't appear. We wa'n't able to help ourselves, or bring about a change; hit was like a landslip; things had got too much headway to be turnt back. We needed outside help, but where hit was to come from, nobody knowed. But from the time I were a leetle shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides, I have had faith to believe the Lord would send hit in some time, from somewheres, and have never ceased a-praying for hit.

'And in the week past, friends, sence these here women tuck up their abode with us, hit has appeared like my prayers was answered, my visions a-coming true. I hain't heared a gun fired off sence that first night they come in; I have seed the boys that ginerally drinks and fights and shoots (because they hain't got nothing better to do) all a-gethered in, happy and peaceable, singing and playing and even sewing; and the gals, that is apt to idle and squander their time, taking joy in larning how to cook right vittles and dig out dirt; and the older folks likewise waking up to things they never heared of before; and me myself, — which hit don't seem noways possible, but yet hit is true, — me, that nigh a lifetime ago had give up all hope of ever being knowledgeable; me, with you might say both feet in the grave, becoming a man of larning. For the women here has already teached me my letters, and I'm a-studying on Page 3 of my Primer; and before the summer passes I 'll be a-reading in my grandsir's old yaller Bible I have churrished so long, praise the Lord!

'In all which, friends, I see the hand of the Almighty. Hit is Him that has sont these women in to us; hit is Him that has led 'em along the rough way to our help; hit is Him that has answered my long-raised prayers.

'Now, the Lord having done his part so complete, and these here women a-doing theirn, what about ourn? Deep down in our hearts, don't we feel to do something, too, to help along the good work and bring the visions to pass?

'There is several things, citizens and offsprings, we can do if we so feel to. One is to treat these women kind and friendly, and incourage 'em to keep on; another is to send our young-uns in to take the benefits of what they can get. But the most demandingest thing of all for us to do, 'pears like, is to patch up our differences and troubles for the time the women air amongst us, and publicly agree on hit. I hain't got no differences or troubles with nobody nowhere, thank God! but some of my offsprings has, and this is what I am getting down to, right now. I ax my grandson, Darcy Kent, and likewise my young friend, Fult Fallon, that has already showed sech a fine sperrit here to-day, to step forrard here, whilst I lay the matter before 'em.'

The two young men, startled, flushed, reluctant, came slowly forward, avoiding one another's eyes, and stood, some distance apart, in front of Uncle Ephraim, at the foot of the rock. The audience held its breath.

'I praise and thank you, boys,' began the old man, 'that in these past few days, for the sake of these women and the work they are doing for us, you have turnt aside from follering your feelings and have sunk your troubles out of sight. I was glad a-Saturday, when I seed you playing in the same set. I was glad when I seed you, and all the boys that follers you both, a-keeping peace on the hill here to-day. Hit is fine and honorable in both of you; and the only trouble is, we hain't got no assurance hit will last, and that your innard feelings won't bust out in death

and destruction maybe the next minute. Hit is, therefore, my desire to counsel you two boys — being the leaders in the war — to declare here and now a truce, a solemn truce, in the presence of this county, for the full time the women stays with us.

'Hatred is long and lasty, boys — you have got a lifetime before you to work hit out in. The folks of this county is plumb wore to a frazzle with fighting and fear. What they need is a spell of rest. I allow you would have kept the peace anyhow for these few weeks, out of respect to the women; but everybody 'll feel better if hit 's agreed on in public. Now I don't ax you to take one another's hands — hit would be hy-pocrisy, your feelings being what they air; but I do ax you both to jine hands with me, and give your solemn word not to take up the war again in no way, or let it be tuck up by your friends, while these women stays with us. Ponder hit, boys, — study on hit, — take all the time you need; be plumb satisfied in your minds.'

Silence fell, while Uncle Ephraim and all the audience gazed upon the two tall young men, one so fair, one so dark, both so handsome, and both standing as if turned to stone.

Uncle Ephraim's voice again broke the intense stillness.

'As I look upon you two boys,' he said, 'both so pretty, both so upstanding and brave, both orphants through this war that has been handed down to you, both honest as the day, both feeling hit your bounden duty to kill each other off if you can, both knowing that, if either one had his way, t' other's fair body would be laying under the sod, hit does seem like sorrow plumb swallows me up, and my heart swells too big for hit's socket, like I would gladly pour out my life here before you if hit could only bring you together in right feeling.

'Boys, when Amy here was a-reading Scripter to me a-Sunday, she read where hit said, "Give place to wrath — vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"; and another, and better, read: "Love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you." I ax you to meditate on them words in days to come, to open up your hearts and your minds to 'em. Not now, — the day is still far off when you can accept sech idees, — love being a puny-growing and easy-killed plant. I don't ax for nothing of that kind now. All I request is your word calling a truce while the women stays. All I ax is for you to think about the county and forget yourselves. Do you, Darcy, my offspring, and the oldest of the two, feel to give me your hand on hit?'

Darcy, flushed and then pale, reached up and slowly laid a hand in his grandfather's. 'I do,' he said, firmly.

Fult did not wait to be asked. 'Me, too,' he said, taking Uncle Ephraim's other hand. Then, impulsively, 'And I 'll say furder, Uncle Ephraim, that if all the Kents was like you there never would have been no war.'

'There would not,' repeated Uncle Ephraim, emphatically, clasping the hands of the two.

He looked out over the assembly. 'Citizens of this county,' he said, 'you have witnessed this solemn covenant this day made and sealed in your presence. And I call upon all here that has ever tuck sides or had hard feelings to see to hit that they keep the truce their leaders has agreed on, and make hit stand. And I hereby declare peace in this county for the time these women stays with us. And now, may the Lord dig round our hearts with the mattock of his love, till the roots goes to spreading, and the sap goes to rising, and the leaves buds out, and the blossoms of love and righteousness shoots forth and abounds in all our lives!'

OSTEOPATHY, CHIROPRACTIC, AND THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE

BY CHANNING FROTHINGHAM

I

Osteopathy and chiropractic have, in recent years, grown to such proportions that they are now of considerable importance, not only in regard to the sick individual, but also in relation to the public health. In order that these professions may fit into the community in their proper places, it is important that a definite understanding should exist as to just what they claim to be, and also what, in fact, they are. In this article, therefore, an attempt is made to describe osteopathy and chiropractic, and their relation to medicine in general. Furthermore, suggestions will be offered as to a fair way to handle the problems presented by the growth of these new professions.

Osteopathy was founded in 1874, by Dr. A. T. Still who at that time was practising medicine in a small town in Kansas. It depends upon a theory. There is some divergence of opinion among osteopaths themselves in regard to the details of the theory. In general, however, it is held that there are within the human body all the elements necessary for health, and that, if the circulation is unimpaired, these elements will reach all parts of the body and health will result. Impairment to the circulation, according to this theory, is produced by the action of the vasomotor nervous system (which is the mechanism for regulating the size of the blood vessels). This theory provides that disturbance of the action of the vasomotor nervous system is produced by direct pressure upon these nerves in the region of the spine, from bones, muscles, or ligaments. In addition, pressure upon these nerves may result from reflex disturbance in the tissues about the spine, from abnormalities in any organ or part of the body far removed from the spine.

According to this theory, in all cases of disease, one should be able to find in the region of the spine the so-called osteopathic lesion which produces the disturbance in the vasomotor nervous system. This osteopathic lesion will be described in detail later. Furthermore, the orthodox osteopath should feel that a general knowledge of medicine is not necessary, because, according to the theory, it is only necessary to find the osteopathic lesion in the region of the spine, and remove it by appropriate treatment, and health will result.

In support of this theory, after all these years since its development, no satisfactory experimental or other proof can be found in the osteopathic literature or elsewhere. The osteopaths have established research laboratories in California and Chicago, and, although certain results of experimental work have been published from these institutions, the interesting isolated

facts reported in their publications can hardly be construed as experimental support for their theory of disease. Therefore, it seems absurd to discard all the accumulation of facts in the science of medicine for this unproved theory.

It is only fair to state that many osteopaths, at the present time, do not adhere rigidly to their original theory, but endeavor to combine with their osteopathic learnings a general knowledge of medicine. It is interesting to note the change in their books that has appeared between those written in the early days of osteopathy and those written recently. In the more recent publications, considerable space is taken up in discussing the symptomatology and diagnosis of disease, as outlined in general medical books. Also, in their later publications, the treatment of disease is often recommended along the lines suggested by doctors of medicine, in such respects as in the use of diet and surgical intervention. One author goes so far as to state that surgery is a part of osteopathy. Furthermore, it is evident from conversations with osteopaths that few of the younger ones consider that osteopathy should replace the general knowledge of medicine, but that it should be used in conjunction with other methods of the treatment of disease.

It becomes important, therefore, to decide just what osteopathy really is at the present time. Since the writers on osteopathy, and many of those who practise it, feel that it is not going to replace all general medical knowledge, but that it is one of several therapeutic agents to be used in the treatment of disease, it seems fair to look upon osteopathy as such.

One should realize that, in general medicine, there are already a variety of therapeutic agents employed, such as drugs, surgery, serums, vaccines, hydrotherapy, mechanotherapy, massage, and so forth. If osteopathy may be looked upon as simply another therapeutic agent, — as it seems fair so to consider it, — it is important to study this new agent, and see in what instances it is of value.

Before discussing its value, it may be well to describe what the osteopaths attempt to accomplish by their treatments. They attempt, by manipulation, rubbing, massage, and the like, to remove the osteopathic lesion from the region of the spine. This lesion along the spine manifests itself by three chief signs: abnormal positions of the vertebræ in relation to each other; spasm of some of the groups of muscle along the spine; and a tender point. Only one, or all, of these signs may be present in a given disease, and the location along the spine varies with the part of the body involved. Although there is some specificity of location of the lesion along the spine for various disorders, there is no variation of the lesion recognized for different types of disease in the same organ. Thus, in kidney disease, the osteopath would expect to find the same lesion along the spine, whether it were due to Bright's disease, cancer of the kidney, acute infection of the kidney, or renal colic from various causes; and, according to his theory, any of these diseases should be cured by the removal of this same lesion.

In addition, the osteopaths in their treatment endeavor to relieve pain and relax spasm by so-called inhibition, which consists in steady pressure upon a part, or upon the nerve supplying it. This use of inhibition appears more frequently in their later writings than in the earlier ones, and it would seem as if it had not been included in the original theory, but added afterward.

In regard to the actual presence of

the osteopathic lesion in various diseases, some doubt has been raised by students of medicine, and even by some osteopaths. It is surprising that, in their literature, satisfactory proof cannot be found of the presence of this lesion in a group of cases of any special disease, compared with carefully selected control-groups. It would be a relatively simple study to have this question of the osteopathic lesion settled by a research conducted by a combined group of osteopaths and regular physicians; and it is interesting to note that the Massachusetts Medical Society has appointed a committee to study this and other related problems.

Even if this osteopathic lesion should be present along the spine in all disease, it is important to try to find out if the treatment, or the removal, of this lesion has been proved to be of benefit. It will perhaps be a little more clear if we divide up diseases into those with well-recognized pathological lesions and those with their exact nature not definitely understood. It is very apparent upon reading osteopathic literature that there is no satisfactory proof of the value of the osteopathic treatment along the spine in diseases of recognized pathology. A careful comparison of a group of cases treated by the methods of the medical profession with a group treated by these same methods, plus osteopathic procedure, has not been reported in such a way as to demonstrate the value of this procedure. Reports of instances in which fever has been reduced and comfort given to the patient by this treatment, in a variety of diseases, are found; but as there are many methods of lowering temperature and giving relief to the patient which do not have any real effect upon the course of the disease, it is not possible to draw conclusions from these isolated reports. There is, therefore, not only doubt about the presence of this osteopathic lesion along the spine in diseases of recognized pathology, but also no really satisfactory proof that the removal of this lesion, if present, influences favorably the course of the disease.

In that group of diseases in which the nature of the abnormal process is not well understood, the value of treatment by osteopathic procedures has not been proved to be of value by any reliable comparative studies. In this group of cases, careful comparative studies are, of course, more difficult to carry out, because the normal course of these vague disorders is not well known. On the other hand, from individual reports, it is quite evident that osteopathic treatment in some of these ill-defined cases gives relief, and in some instances even after regular physicians have failed to make the patient comfortable.

If this form of treatment in certain conditions, such as painful backs, headaches, and the like, is of value in relieving symptoms, it is of importance to find out in what way, in accordance with the known laws of physiology and pathology, this relief is obtained. In this regard, it is surprising that it is impossible to form a satisfactory picture, which will conform to existing established facts of medical science, as to just what has actually taken place in these successful results obtained by osteopathic procedures. That the osteopathic physicians themselves are not quite clear in their own minds as to what happens in these cases is suggested by the variety of theories met with in their writings. Furthermore, a regular physician, who has made a considerable study of osteopathy, has evolved a separate theory of his own in regard to what happens to produce the favorable results in the

cases which are benefited. It is, perhaps, not strange that a physiological basis for the cause of the improvement has not been worked out, when it is realized that the character of the disturbance is not clear in these cases, and that no careful experimental work has been conducted to find out just what does happen as a result of the treatments. Replacement of subluxations of joints, the improvement of circulation by massage, the effect of suggestion, the interruption of a vicious circle, and so forth, are some of the suggestions which have been advanced as the cause of the benefit from osteopathic treatment. For the present, at least, one should remain open-minded on this point, and hope that, in the future, experimental work will clear up these questions.

The present knowledge in regard to osteopathy seems to warrant its being considered of value in the treatment of a limited number of abnormal conditions, but it does not warrant looking upon this profession as being a worthy substitute for the established facts in general medical science. Therefore, osteopathy should take its place in the science of medicine as one of the various therapeutic procedures available for the treatment of disease. Like other therapeutic agents, its use should be limited to those cases in which it is of value.

II

Chiropractic, unlike osteopathy, was founded by a layman. Like osteopathy, however, it depends upon a theory in regard to health and disease, although the theory is different from that of osteopathy. The chiropractic theory consists in the belief that all disease results from the pressure upon the nerves as they leave the spinal canal. This pressure is produced by the vertebræ, which have become somewhat displaced. This displacement is spoken of as a subluxation of the vertebræ. These subluxations may be so slight that they cannot be detected by the Roentgen ray. If they are detected and reduced by the special chiropractic method of treatment, health will result.

A general knowledge of the established facts in medicine is not needed by the true chiropractor; and one author states that a medical diagnosis is not even desired. In support of this theory, no experimental or other satisfactory proof is available. The chiropractors apparently have not as yet attempted to stimulate experimental work in research to the same extent that the osteopaths have. It seems quite unreasonable to cast aside all the established facts in medicine for this unsupported theory, especially as many of these established facts are quite contrary to it.

Attention should be called to one feature of the curriculum in the chiropractic schools, namely, the large amount of time given to the pupils in the art and method of advertising. This is so contrary to the established custom among the more sincere practitioners of the healing art, and other scientific professions, that it is worthy of consideration.

If there is no reason to consider seriously that chiropractic may replace the established facts in medical science, it is important to determine just what place, if any, it should hold in general medicine; for its growth during the few years of its existence has been remarkable. In order to form an opinion in this regard, it will be well to find what proof there is of the relation between disease and these subluxations, and what benefit, if any, is derived from the chiropractic treatment in various diseases.

The chiropractor makes his diagnosis of diseased conditions by an examina-

tion of the spine by means of the Roentgen-ray pictures and digital palpation. His books state that often the subluxations are so slight that the Roentgen ray will not show them, and palpation alone can reveal the abnormality. As a result of his special training, the chiropractor is supposed to be able to detect abnormalities in the relation of one vertebra to another more readily than other individuals, who have been better trained in general knowledge of anatomy, pathology, physiology, and so forth. Additional aids to making a diagnosis appear in certain chiropractic books, such as nerve-tracings, which consist in hunting for tender points along the course of cutaneous nerves, and a study of the markings on the iris of the eye, with the belief that certain pigmented areas on the iris indicate disease in certain parts of the body.

As stated above, the chiropractor believes that in all diseased conditions some type of subluxation of the vertebræ exists; but no careful comparative study can be found to substantiate the correctness of this statement. There is also no reliable information to show the type of subluxation for the various diseases, although some specificity of location of the lesion along the spine is claimed for certain ones. That diseases of all types occur, run their course, and get well, without any attention to the position of the vertebræ, is, of course, an established fact.

Even if it is granted that some subluxation of the spine does exist in all diseases, it must still be demonstrated that this subluxation may be corrected and benefit result from the chiropractor's method of treatment, which consists in manipulation of the spine. It is quite apparent from reading the chiropractic literature, that no satisfactory proof exists that any permanent change is made in the position of the vertebræ upon each other by their manipulations. It is also apparent that no comparative studies in groups of cases of well-recognized diseases have been made, in an attempt to show the value of this method of treatment; and, therefore, its value has not been established over other recognized forms of therapy for these cases. In the more vague conditions, there is also no report of careful comparative studies on groups of cases. In this class of cases, however, more attention must be given to the reports of individual cases, because the natural course of these various diseases has not been so well worked out. In the community in which the writer lives, reliable reports of success from chiropractic treatment are too few, and the cases too isolated, for satisfactory judgment to be formed in regard to the results. The growth of the profession, however, suggests that some benefit may be derived in a small group of ill-defined conditions by this form of treatment; but it is quite clear that the cause of the benefit, if any exists, has not been explained on any satisfactory basis so as to conform with known laws of physiology and anatomy.

It seems fair to conclude, from the existing established facts in regard to chiropractic, that there is no reason to consider that it will ever replace the general science of medicine; that there is some doubt of its being of any value; and that, at the most, it can be looked upon only as another possible therapeutic agent, to be used for the alleviation of human suffering in a limited number of cases.

If it is true that osteopathy and chiropractic are in reality simply methods of treatment valuable in certain conditions, and that there is no evidence to justify the assumption that they may some day replace the science of medicine, it is important that the relation which they should bear to general medicine be understood by the public, and

that provision be made to see that this proper relationship is carried out. Like other therapeutic agents, these two methods of treatment should be available to the physicians, to be used in appropriate cases for the relief of suffering and the cure of disease. In order to accomplish this, certain changes must be made in the attitude both of physicians and public toward these professions.

The medical profession, on its part, should not be intolerant of the study and application of any new therapeutic agent, simply because those who advocate it present their claim with more enthusiasm than is justified by the facts, or because the advocates are not trained in general medical knowledge. It is only too well established that methods for the treatment of disease have been taken up with enthusiasm by the medical profession, only to be eventually discarded as either useless or even harmful to the patient. Also, valuable additions to the cure and prevention of disease have been made by individuals who have not been trained in medical science. The medical profession should, therefore, take up with tolerance, study carefully, and endeavor to fit into its proper place, any new therapeutic agent that is brought forward in a serious manner. It must be admitted that, as yet, very little study or use of osteopathy or chiropractic have been made by the medical profession; and yet osteopathy seems to be well established as of value in a limited number of cases, and it is possible that chiropractic may be.

The public, on the other hand, should be very intolerant of anyone who attempts to practise the healing art without a general knowledge of the established facts in medicine, not only for the sake of the individual but also in the interest of the public health. Medical science has already established beyond doubt that, in the early stages of some diseased conditions, an opportunity for cure by certain procedures exists: such as surgical intervention for acute appendicitis and cancer, serum therapy for diphtheria and meningitis, drug therapy for malaria and syphilis; while a delay in the diagnosis and in the institution of proper treatment in these conditions may lead to death, or to a much more serious illness for the individual. Since the diagnosis of these and other pathological conditions is often exceedingly difficult, it is important that all who profess to cure disease, or are allowed by law to practise any healing art, should be skilled in the general knowledge of disease and its recognition. Not only should those who use therapeutic procedure, which has been proven by careful statistical studies to cure these conditions, know the established facts in regard to these diseases, but even more so should those who offer as a cure procedures, such as osteopathy and chiropractic, which have no proved value in these well-recognized conditions, know the established facts in regard to disease before practising their special curative procedure.

Instances are only too frequent in which the golden opportunity for the cure of a patient has been let pass while osteopathic and chiropractic treatment has been tried out. These instances are especially unfortunate in some cases, because through ignorance the individual felt that he was consulting someone properly trained to handle diseased conditions. The individual can hardly be blamed for the lack of understanding of the situation, since the law, in many instances, allows these special practitioners to treat disease, but does not demand that they shall know how to recognize it.

In regard to the public health, the public should also be intolerant of anyone who takes the place of the physi-

cian, unless trained in general medical knowledge. For, although an individual may gamble with his own life regardless of public opinion, he has no right, so far as the public is concerned, to be a factor in the spread of contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, syphilis, typhoid fever, plague, and the rest, with resulting death and suffering for the public. Such a condition may and does arise, if the public allows individuals to treat diseases who are improperly trained in recognizing them. For a patient may well think that he has consulted a properly qualified physician, when he has been to one of these individuals allowed by law to treat diseased conditions; and therefore considers that his responsibility to the public has been discharged.

In this short summary of the situation as it exists to-day in regard to osteopathy and chiropractic, an attempt has been made to show that, in both these professions, there is something of value in the treatment of certain diseased conditions, even if the exact method by which this benefit is obtained is not understood. It has also been attempted to show that these professions can in no way replace the established facts of medical science; and that those using these methods of treatment should have the same general knowledge of medicine that is required of regular physicians, in order to safeguard the individual and the public health.

In certain states of the Union such is now the case, and the osteopath and the chiropractor have to pass the examination of the state board of registration in medicine. In other states, special boards of registration exist for these professions, with the result that the state sanctions the practice of these methods of treatment without in any way limiting the type of disease upon which the treatment is used, or demanding reasonable educational requirements in regard to the general knowledge of disease. This latter plan of legislative control has been found to be dangerous not only to the individual, but also to the public, health.

In the states in which all those practising the healing art are compelled to demonstrate a general knowledge of disease, by passing an examination before the state board of registration in medicine, attempts are being made to have special boards of registration created for osteopathy and chiropractic, in order that those who profess them may practise their special therapeutic procedures without a thorough knowledge of disease and its diagnosis. The public should demand that all those who are to practise the healing art, in any manner, as a profession should have a general knowledge of the established facts in medicine, and the relation of special diseases to the public health. In other words, in all the states there should be one general board of registration in medicine, and the standards established by that board should be high. With the education necessary to pass such a board, the sincere therapeutic enthusiast, be he osteopath, chiropractor, electrotherapeutist, faith-healer, or herb-doctor, will probably not do much harm to the individual, or be a source of danger to the public health.

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM! The very sound is compact of a large and common hilarity, —

> Of joy in widest commonalty spread.

Phineas Taylor Barnum! And his wife was Charity Barnum, and his sister, Minerva Barnum: all in a concatenation accordingly, as Tony Lumpkin and Sir Walter would have it. Barnum! The name itself is redolent of shows and showmen and humbug; and a showman he was, as his *Autobiography* abundantly makes manifest, almost from his boyhood in the eighteen-twenties, till he died at eighty in 1891, the monarch of the Greatest Show on Earth. So far from feeling disgraced by his calling, he boasted of it on all possible occasions, appropriate and inappropriate: 'I am "*a showman*" by profession, and all *the gilding* shall make nothing else of me. When a man is ashamed of his origin, or gets above his business, he is a poor devil, who merits the detestation of all who know him.'

Apart from his singular and absorbing pursuit, Barnum was a good average, you might say typical, American citizen. He was twice married, and had a family of daughters, and was an affectionate husband and father. He says so, and others agree with him. The appendix to his *Autobiography*, written by his second wife after his death, shows a genuine tenderness, which could have been inspired only by a kindly nature, and gives a most winning picture of the great showman in his home, with a group of grandchildren and great-grandchildren about him.

He was eminently a social creature always, liked people of all sorts — to have them in his house, chat with them, laugh with them, frolic with them. His acquaintance was vast, included everybody. In Europe and America he fraternized with high and low. Samuel Rogers and the Bishop of London jested with him. Mark Twain and Matthew Arnold visited him. He would walk or talk or work or play with whoever happened to be his companion at the moment. 'As a host he could not be surpassed,' says one who visited him often. 'He knew the sources of comfort — what to omit doing, as well as what to do for a guest. He had the supreme art of making you really free, as if you were in your own house.'

As in his human relations, so in his intellectual traits, Barnum was an average man. He was quick, shrewd, immensely keen to grasp the practical bearing of a problem. If he interested himself in any speculative matter, he would clarify it speedily, or let it alone, as not worth clarifying. He was an expert mathematician, at least as concerned dollars and cents. But he had little education and little real interest in abstract questions. It is curious to note that, although his business kept him in close contact with all sorts of animals, his *Autobiography* does not show the faintest trace of scientific curi-

osity. Neither does it indicate any affection for a single one of the numerous creatures who must have come more or less directly under his observation.

Matters of art did not take any more real hold of him than matters of intellect. It is true, he is careful to inform us that his own taste was much above the Museum. 'I myself relished a higher grade of amusement, and I was a frequent attendant at the opera, first-class concerts, lectures, and the like.' His admiration for the beauties of nature shows itself in a delicious tirade against those who mar such beauties by advertising. 'It is outrageous selfishness to destroy the pleasure of thousands for the sake of a chance of additional gain.' But I do not find evidence that either the painting of Botticelli, or a quiet walk in the fields, afforded him any particular ecstasy.

Also, his religion was of a good, practical, working quality, rather than of mystical depth. It often appears in queer connections, and disappears in queerer. But, after all, in this muddled world, whose religion can be consistently counted on? Barnum's was, I am sure, sincere and genuine at bottom. His little pamphlet on the principles of the Universalist faith shows some reading and a good deal of serious thinking; and he said shrewd and tender things about life and death, both. 'Of his own death he would not speak,' says Mrs. Barnum; 'of death in the abstract, he said: "It is a good thing, a beautiful thing, just as much so as life; and it is wrong to grieve about it, and to look on it as an evil."' As to life, and the beliefs back of it, he remarked with keen insight, 'If the fact could be definitely determined, I think it would be discovered that in this "wide-awake" country there are more persons humbugged by believing too little than too much.'

In his relation to the affairs of the community at large Barnum was always an active and a useful citizen. Here, again, he himself is liberal with information and commendation; but his testimony is amply supported by that of others. He was mayor of his own city, Bridgeport, and a member of the legislature of Connecticut; and as such, he fought abuses and advocated reforms, and was always a conspicuous and sometimes a significant figure. He was a candidate for Congress; but, according to his own account, party considerations defeated him. Perhaps the voters did not wholly relish being represented by a man whom the world at large could not be persuaded to take seriously.

General reforms attracted this zealous nature as well as political. Above all, for many years he preached — and practised — total abstinence. His story of his conversion and final adjuring of alcohol is most edifying. He lost no occasion of lecturing on the matter, with an abundant and fervid rhetoric. 'In the course of my life,' he says, 'I have written much for newspapers, on various subjects, and always with earnestness; but in none of these have I felt so deep an interest as in that of the temperance reform.' And again, in his later years: 'At my stage of life I confess to a deeper interest in the noble cause of temperance than I ever had in the largest audience ever assembled under canvas.'

And he worked and gave, as well as talked. As his wealth grew, he dispensed it with broad and wise liberality, especially contributing to the development and improvement of the city in which he lived. If I cite his own evidence, instead of the abundant corroboration of his admirers, it is simply because of its delightful naïveté. 'I speak of these things, I trust,' he says, 'with becoming modesty, and yet with less reluctance than I should do, if my fel-

low citizens of Bridgeport had not generally and generously awarded me sometimes, perhaps, more than my meed of praise for my unremitting and earnest efforts to promote whatever would conduce to the growth and improvement of our charming city.'

But, though Barnum's avocations and amusements may have been politics and philanthropy and reform, his real life was in his business. From his infancy his thoughts were devoted to making money, to getting a good bargain, to turning a penny shrewdly, even on a small scale. As a child, he was given pennies by his grandfather, 'to buy raisins and candies, which he always instructed me to solicit from the storekeeper at the "lowest cash price."' The boy concentrated all his mental energy on the study of the qualities that would enable him to get and keep. He was born with a natural instinct in such matters: 'I usually jump at conclusions, and almost invariably find that my first impressions are correct'; and he improved his natural instincts to a point that made him a phenomenon.

Note, however, that the driving force in all this was not the mere money-greed itself. In this side of his nature Barnum was distinctively and thoroughly American. Foreigners are always accusing Americans of idolizing the dollar. They misunderstand. In reality, the American man of business cares nothing for the dollar. He has not the miser's passion for accumulating, as such. He is just as ready to spend as he is to gain; to fling away the dollars for amusement or benevolence as fast, almost, as they come in, unless retaining them is clearly necessary, to get more. What he idolizes is not money, but success; and success in business, in money-making, is the crude, obvious form that appeals to a nation which has not yet wholly grasped the finer issues and interests of life. This was eminently true of Barnum. To call him avaricious or penurious would be absurd. To be sure, we have to discount a little when he says, 'You are much mistaken in supposing that I am so ready or anxious to make money. On the contrary, there is but one thing in the world that I desire — that is, tranquillity.' But it is certain that, after he had assured himself against want, what he sought was to carry out his projects. Those projects happened to involve money-making, and he made it.

He did not even care greatly for the things that money gives. He could — and when it was necessary, he did — live with the utmost simplicity. When money came, he spent and, no doubt, enjoyed being eminently human. Besides, great spending, even personal, was great advertising. But he did not need dollars for luxury any more than for the mere pleasure of possessing them.

I wish there were detailed evidence as to the most important of Barnum's business qualities — that of dealing with men. His relations with them must have been vast and successful; but he himself throws little light upon the question. Now and then, however, there are glimpses of singular tact and aptitude; and I find one observation, from a man who knew him well, that is illuminating: 'In the management of business he was both skillful and acute, but what surprised some was the fact that he habitually asked advice of you, whoever you were, on every matter he had in hand that could be disclosed. In this way he got all sorts of opinions, studied their value, and struck such a balance between them as his own judgment led him to think was the correct one.' Such methods of procedure go a long way in accounting for a successful career.

It cannot be denied that the most

conspicuous feature in Barnum's business activity was the instinct of speculation, of venturesomeness, of taking a chance. Earning was well. Saving was well. But using your brains to make a big profit out of a small investment was far better. 'My disposition,' he says, 'is, and ever was, of a speculative character, and I am never content to engage in any business unless it is of such a nature that my profits may be greatly enhanced by an increase of energy, perseverance, attention to business, tact, and so forth.' In his youth lotteries were much in fashion. They suited him exactly, and he loved to embark in the wild lotteries of others, and to invent wilder of his own. Even after he had left the lottery, the same gambling instinct clung to him. Only he himself used and enjoined upon others that combination of iron restraint with boldness which alone can bring speculation to success.

As to the moral element of such dubious ventures, Barnum's career offers a most curious and interesting study. That he did not mean to delude and defraud is obvious enough. But his infinite delight in Yankee shrewdness often blinded him to the fact that such shrewdness is too apt to mean plain cheats and lies. He was brought up in an atmosphere of petty trickery, which he himself analyzes with the keenest insight; and his final comment on it is: 'Such a school would "cut eye-teeth," but if it did not cut conscience, morals, and integrity all up by the roots, it would be because the scholars quit before their education was completed.' He wrote a huge and curious book on the *Humbugs of the World*, mixing and confusing all sorts of trifling deceptions, elaborate frauds, and political and religious delusions and hallucinations. His deduction from this study was that mankind liked to be humbugged and always would be; that some humbug was legitimate and delightful, and that precisely such was his.

Humbug or not, it must not be supposed that his success, or his wealth, was gained without bitter struggle. As he himself sums it up, with his luminous complacence: 'A life with the wide contrasts of humble origin and high and honorable success; of most formidable obstacles overcome by courage and constancy; of affluence that had been patiently won, suddenly wrenched away, and triumphantly regained.' To tell the story in more detail, he began poor, worked hard, though he hated work, wandered widely. He kept store, he ran nomadic shows, he dabbled in journalism, which landed him in jail, whence he emerged with a gorgeous ovation that tickled every fibre of his soul. By feeding men's wonder with strange sights, he gathered a considerable property. Then he became involved, through what seems incredible carelessness, in an investment that practically ruined him. He took disaster with admirable equanimity, set to work with energy and independence to reëstablish himself, rejected offers of help, milked the world's gullibility once more on an even vaster scale, paid his honest debts, and shone out in the end far more prosperous than when ruin overtook him.

You could not shake his confidence or his hope. His Museum was burned and burned again. He laughed, and rebuilt it. Competition beset him. The very nature of his business required extension and ever extension, and his closest followers were often alarmed and ready to draw back. Not he. He laughed, and told them that the desire for amusement was the one passion that was inexhaustible. You might tap it more and more deeply, and never find an end. At one time he thought he had got enough and done enough. He would give up and rest, and let others do the

work and get the profit. But nature was too strong, and back he went again, and kept at it till he died. His last words to his secretary were, 'What were the receipts yesterday?' and when told they were good, with the figures, he remarked that they were not up to the receipts of the Olympia in London.

II

It will not be disputed that the greatest element in Barnum's success was advertising. The rapid development of journalism in the last half of the nineteenth century made it preëminently the age of publicity, and few human beings have ever lived who enjoyed publicity, or understood it, or profited by it, more than Barnum did. He recognized this, himself, at all times. In 1855 he wrote: 'Fully appreciating the powers of the press (to which more than to any other one cause I am indebted for my success in life), I did not fail to invoke the aid of printer's ink.' Twenty years later he declared, 'Without printer's ink, I should have been no bigger than Tom Thumb.' By unfailing, unblushing proclamation of the merits of his goods, he drew the whole world about him; and so enormous was the force at his command, that even he did not appreciate it fully. On one occasion he remarked, 'I lost a large amount of money that day by not having sufficiently estimated the value of my own advertising.'

Every agency of direct, paid publicity was, of course, set constantly to work, with all its resources of flare and glitter. Once convinced that he had something worth public attention, he did not hesitate to arouse that attention by all that printing and painting could devise. In his homely way he says, 'Advertising is to a genuine article what manure is to land — it largely increases the product.'

But direct methods were the smallest part of the matter. It was the cunning and subtle psychological suggestion of every sort and kind that counted most. Barnum speaks with delight of a sign he saw one day on which was written, 'Don't read the other side.' Every human being did read the other side, and bought in consequence. It was the ingenuity of such things that charmed him, quite as much as their profit. Reporters? 'Approachable, democratic in every way, and shrewd, he fairly melted to the interviewer, whom he frequently did not wait for, but sent for.' Mystery? Infinite are the uses of mystery. Keep people guessing and you keep them interested. Crowds? They bring other crowds. Only make a man feel that his neighbor wants to enter your door, and he will jostle the world to get in himself. Elephants? Big, strange creatures, are n't they? Good advertising anywhere. But if we buy a farm, in plain sight from a great railroad, and set elephants to ploughing it, what a stir we shall make! Pickpockets? You might think them a nuisance about a show. So they are. But if you catch one and shut him up, and tell everybody that a live pickpocket may be seen for a quarter, you will draw fools, and some who are not. Barnum did it. Religion? We have the greatest possible respect for religion. But if a minister attacks our show, and we can speak up for ourselves and tell his congregation that he is mistaken, and that we are one of the greatest moral influences of the age, well, religion will make as good advertising as anything else — and better.

On the dishonest, the fraudulent side of advertising, Barnum is inexhaustible and delightful. The ingenuity of his resource is equaled only by the sophistry of his defense. The fierce and solemn reprehension of the great English magazines as to the first edition of his *Auto-*

biography should be read and enjoyed. But, after all, these attacks affected chiefly one or two conspicuous frauds, which Barnum himself in later years did not regard with much pride. Joice Heth, the one-hundred-and-sixty-year-old nurse of Washington, the Mermaid, and the Woolly Horse were not creditable adventures. Barnum confesses that he lied about the age of Tom Thumb, and in the earlier *Autobiography* (omitted in the later) insists that, so long as Tom was really a dwarf, it made no difference. Exaggerated statements, more or less deliberate misrepresentations, ingenious and far-fetched suggestion, had confused the great showman's conscience to such an extent that, so long as the atmosphere of publicity was rosy, its haziness did not greatly disturb him. Yet when it came to actual business transactions, his substantial honesty seems beyond dispute. The whole history of his dealings with Jenny Lind, told from her side as well as from his, supports this. Moreover, he was firmly convinced of the great principle of advertising, which he never loses an occasion to emphasize: it only pays to advertise a good thing. Make the public feel that it has got its money's worth, and you may tell it what you please.

As to the speculative aspect of publicity, the necessity of outlay and the uncertainty of return, Barnum is most interesting and instructive. No one had studied the intricacies of the subject more thoroughly than he. Yet he admits that, with all his experience, it is impossible to tell what will pay and what will not. '"The public" is a very strange animal; and although a good knowledge of human nature will generally lead a caterer of amusements to hit the people, they are fickle, and oftimes perverse.' Nothing pleases him more than to combine advertising with practical utility. When he was conveying Tom Thumb through France, the railroad service proved inconvenient, and it was necessary to substitute other conveyances. The number of the attendants and the various accessories made a great display of vehicles indispensable. But Barnum consoled himself with the thought that it all helped to create interest. 'It was thus the best advertising we could have had, and was really, in many places, our cheapest and, in some places, our only mode of getting from point to point.'

And always, when he was anxious to inform the world, he believed in spending without limit, even if the gain was not directly visible. A man complained to him once that he had a good article and had advertised it, but could not sell it. 'How did you advertise it?' 'I put it in a weekly newspaper three times, and paid a dollar and a half for it.' And Barnum's comment was: 'Sir, advertising is like learning — a little is a dangerous thing.'

If it was a question of getting himself and his wares before the public, Barnum was perfectly ready to appreciate the value of abuse as well as of commendation. Few men have been more scolded, more criticized, more lavishly and scurrilously ridiculed, than he. But his skin was thicker, apparently, than that of his own elephants; and so the world talked about him, he did not much care how it talked. He wrote his book to expose the humbugs of history, and he was quite willing that anybody who wished should expose him. A woman came and tried to make him buy up a pamphlet in which she had found fault with his procedure. My dear madam, he answered in substance, write what you please; 'only have the kindness to say something about me, and then come to me and I will properly estimate the money value of your services to me as an advertising agent.' — 'It 's a great thing to be a

humbug,' he quotes from a kindred spirit; 'I've been called so, often. It means hitting the public, in reality. Anybody who can do so is sure to be called a humbug by somebody who can't.' Again and again he returns to this point: 'The object was accomplished, and although some people cried out "humbug," I had added to the notoriety which I so much wanted and I was satisfied.' Finally, in one precious and perfect phrase, he sums up his whole attitude on the matter: 'After all, it was a good advertisement for me, as well as for Higginson; and it would have been pretty difficult to serve me up about these times in printers' ink in any form that I should have objected to.'

Nor was he satisfied with working through the newspapers, or through the tongues of others, or through a hundred subtle, indirect agencies of every kind. He was always ready to appear before the world in person; to tell it of the merits of his shows, and incidentally — and largely — of his own; to talk anywhere, illimitably. He assures us of his imperturbable coolness on the platform. You could not upset his equanimity or exhaust his patience. His golden, or brazen, abundance of words was unstinted, whether with tongue or pen. He could talk on any subject, telling stories, quoting authors, making points of all sorts, and always attracting the attention of wider and wider multitudes to the incomparable excellence of the Greatest Show on Earth.

And it cannot be denied that he made words serve his purpose with a deftness and facility calculated to increase the distrust of even one who regards those subtle agents with the extremest skepticism. He spoke and wrote well, with lucidity and energy, about politics, finance, temperance, general virtue, even religion. That he did not always live up to the high level of his eloquence is of less account, because a verbal standard so lofty would have been beyond the reach of any man. But, if you take the words by themselves, they do tell. The little pamphlet in which he, for a wonder concisely, expounds his Universalist beliefs, is a statement of singular vigor and directness. Do not sentences like these snap and sting? 'The force of habit is indeed strong, but this argument overloads it tremendously. . . . If a man cannot will to obey, he cannot sin. He is not a responsible actor. If death does this, we are all alike unmanned. There can be neither heaven nor hell; we are not men, but things.'

And it is everywhere evident that the man was not going before the public simply for business motives: he loved it. The advertising instinct was bound up in his nature with an extraordinary childlike vanity. You can see it written all over him. A huge, benevolent, inimitable expansiveness radiates from every portrayal of his face and figure. He liked to talk of himself, had a large, clever gift of narrating all sorts of adventures in which he was the hero or the butt — at any rate the significant personage. He boasted of everything, even of his modesty. Of one of his earlier undertakings he says: it 'led me into still another field of enterprise which honorably opened to me that notoriety of which, in later life, I surely have had a surfeit.' But if surfeit means enough, it does not appear that the point was ever really reached. With what joy does he record the arrival of the time when 'visitors began to say that they would give more to see the proprietor of the Museum than to view the entire collection of curiosities!'

And all the vanity, all the love of popular applause, or even abuse, is poured out in the immense, singular

document called *Struggles and Triumphs*, the bulky *Autobiography* which sets forth so many things that happened and that did not happen, and makes the wide world revolve around that jovial heap of kindly egotism. To be sure, the power of self-observation is not quite equal to the infantile candor. Yet what a book! What a collection of books! For it was revised over and over, and printed and reprinted in half a dozen different forms, all ingeniously adapted to entice dollars from purses fat and lean and ragged and gorgeous. How he did love it, how he thought over it and worked over it, the precious record of his abounding and world-agitating self! Not Henry James could have given more care to the revision of his earlier writings to suit his later glory, than did this busy and, in a sense, illiterate showman. The crude anecdotes, the crowding vulgarisms, of 1855, are *chastened*, to use his own favorite word, in the editions of the seventies, so that they may not profane the transformation from thousands to millions. Heaven knows there are still enough left. Up to his death he added a yearly chapter, that not one precious act might be unnoted; and he enjoined upon his disconsolate widow the melancholy completion, which unhappily he could not set down himself.

So, from the cradle to the grave, his impulse was to keep always before the people. In Mr. Conklin's excellent book about the circus, there is a vivid picture of Barnum, showing how he reveled in the opportunity of exhibiting himself to applauding crowds. 'Soon after the show began, he arrived, in an open carriage drawn by two horses, with a coachman and a footman in full livery on the box. The whole performance came to a stop while he was driven slowly around the hippodrome track. At intervals he would have the carriage stop, and would stand up in it, calling out in his squeaky voice, "I suppose you came to see Barnum, did n't you? Wa-al, I 'm Mr. Barnum."' For fifty years he had been proclaiming through a megaphone to the admiring universe, 'I 'm Mr. Barnum.'

III

The palliation for all this immense and undeniably vulgar egotism, the excuse which made the world tolerate it and makes those who read about it tolerate it still, was, first, the man's benefaction to humanity in public entertainment. Here, again, no one can state his own merits more emphatically than he does. 'Every man's occupation should be beneficial to his fellow man as well as profitable to himself. All else is vanity and folly.' — 'Men, women, and children, who cannot live on gravity alone, need something to satisfy their gayer, lighter moods and hours; and he who ministers to this want is in a business established by the Author of our nature'; which is certainly putting the circus under respectable patronage. But that Barnum did labor to amuse mankind, as well as to enrich himself, cannot be disputed.

As to the quality of the amusement, there may be some question. Critics of what, if he had lived fifty years later, he would have called a 'high-brow' order, are unsparing in their condemnation. If he did not degrade and deprave public taste, he at least appealed to much that was degraded and depraved in it. If he was careful to avoid conflict with the more obvious principles of morality, he at least fed the idly and vulgarly curious with entertainment that tended to crowd all that was fine and noble out of their lives. I should not undertake to determine the truth of this complicated charge, merely pointing out that some of the reprehensible features of Barnum's shows

gradually gave way to what was more wholesome, and that, since his time, diversions have evolved to a stage that makes anything he could conceive innocuous. The interesting thing is his own complete self-complacency in the matter. To his mind all that he furnished the public was beneficial and improving in the highest degree, and every shade of the harmful was carefully eliminated. I do not know how this can be urged with more force than in the concluding words of the 1880 edition of his *Autobiography:* 'When it is evident that the public, old and young, are not made wiser, better, and happier by the recreation which I provide for them, my efforts in that direction will cease.'

As to the quantity of amusement furnished, there will be less question than as to the quality. 'Taken altogether, I think I can, without egotism, say, that I have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager who ever lived.' So writes this creature of infinite self-content. And he proceeds to give figures to prove that, in all, he had exhibited to over eighty-two million persons. This, of course, as he is careful to point out, may include the same visitor many times. But, even so, it is a vast total of human delight. And while the majority must consist of the youthful and the uneducated, we know that young and old, high and low, man and woman, the millionaire, the scholar, the preacher, all alike meet at the circus and the menagerie. The child is the pretext, but the immortal child in all of us is the explanation. Who has been such a benefactor to children as Barnum, and who like him has teased the child out of the weary and fretted and forgetful man?

Moreover, we forgive much, not only to his faculty of entertaining others, but to his own exuberant delight in what he was doing. Some entertainers are anxious and worried, like the rest of us. They make amusement a business like another, dry and shrink up in a back office, while the huge, mad riot of the world is going on about them. Not so Barnum. It was his riot and his world, and he savored every thrill of its enjoyment as if it were his own. He could himself perform, if necessary, could do sleight-of-hand tricks, or black up and sing coon songs — anything to divert the waiting multitude, if occasion called for it. He could plunge into strange antics, for the mere zest, as when he visited the South of France in time of vintage. 'While I was there, desiring a new experience, I myself trod out a half-barrel or so with my own naked feet, dancing the while to the sound of a fiddle.' But most of all he reveled in the glory of exhibiting glory. He knew it was second-hand, knew it was mere reflection. With a pretty mock-modesty he sometimes tries to shrink into the background. But why? It was Barnum who pulled the wires, Barnum who set these puppets dancing and doing their clever tricks, and all the world knew it, and he was Barnum. Why not enjoy it?

The truth was, he enjoyed everything. Life was a huge joke, and jokes were the spice that seasoned his whole existence. From the first page of his *Autobiography* to the last there is a succession of jokes, some clever, some vulgar, some monstrous, but all side-splitting — or so he found them. The taste was inborn, he says; and from his cradle, his grandfather and all his family made him the butt of a jest about an inherited mud-patch called Ivy Island. The germ caught in his system, and for seventy years he played jokes on all about him, and expected them to be played upon him. His splendid health, his ever-abounding spirits, all conspired to keep him daily and nightly in the mood of this perpetual frolic.

Note that there is no particular wit or element of intelligence about this fun of Barnum's. Now and then he strikes a happy retort; as when the Bishop of London expressed the assurance, at parting, that they would meet in Heaven, and Barnum said, 'If your Lordship is there.' But in the main it is the unfailing outflow of a vigorous temperament, taking the form of so-called practical jokes, rich with the suggestion of a large, luscious, animal felicity, but not especially diverting in the record, and quite often degenerating into dullness.

Also, there were worse elements than dullness. The practical joke, as everyone knows, runs too easily into cruelty, and Barnum's were not exempt from this feature. Mr. Benton insists that 'his audacious performances and jokes were always good-natured.' So they were in intention, no doubt; but Barnum himself says of the town where he passed much of his youth, 'A joke was never given up in Bethel until the very end of it was unraveled'; and we all know what that means. It was immensely humorous to send forged dispatches at Christmas to all his employees; but the man who was informed that his native village was in ashes and his own homestead burned could not have passed a pleasant hour. It was a rollicking jest to tell a ticket-taker that an angry student had challenged him to a duel. But 'as he expected to be shot, he suffered the greatest mental agony. About midnight, however, after he had been sufficiently scared, I brought him the gratifying intelligence that I had succeeded in settling the dispute.' Read in cool quiet, these things do not altogether amuse. And I feel still more the callousness they suggest, in Barnum's apparent complete indifference to the semi-humanity or subhumanity of the horrible creatures that he often exhibited. One would think that a nature with a shred of sensitiveness would have recoiled from the public display of these monstrosities and the sickening, morbid curiosity they fostered. Sensitiveness of this kind Barnum had not.

Even worse than the mixture of joke with cruelty is the mixture with dishonesty, because the combination is more easily effected and more insidious. Barnum's preoccupation with this side of the matter is always evident. When, as a boy, he was a clerk in a store, and tricked his customers, he remarks that some of them 'were vexed, but most of them laughed at the joke.' When he has advanced much further in experience and success, he comforts himself for various odd procedures with the reflection that 'the public appears to be amused even when they are conscious of being deceived.'

The earlier chapters of his elaborate study of 'Humbug' are largely occupied with a specious apology for his own career. With extreme and far-reaching ingenuity, he argues that humbug and swindling are very different matters. With all respect for his cleverness, however, I think the average honest man will hold that humbug in everything even remotely connected with money does mean swindling, and nothing else. The peculiarity of humbug is that it is swindling with a sense of humor, of practical joke, in it. This is what makes it tolerable to the American public, and this is just what fascinated Barnum — profitable practical joking. But it may be questioned whether either the precept or the example was of advantage to American youth.

Yet, in spite of all the callousness and all the trickery inherent in the joking habit, there was at the bottom of the jokes, in Barnum's case, a vast and jovial good-nature, which you cannot help admiring and liking and enjoying.

Tried by the final test of the joker, that of being willing to take a joke on himself, he comes out with an unfailing cheerfulness and a hearty sense of reciprocity which always command respect. He tells innumerable pranks that were played upon him, in full detail and with huge impersonal relish. To be sure, he usually contrives a sequel by which the rash jester is amply repaid. But it must be admitted that he does not hesitate a moment to show himself in a ridiculous light, even when he has been placed there by his own folly. And this is only part of the general, winning candor of self-confession by which, so far as he sees, which perhaps is not to the very bottom, he places his whole heart before the reader of his pages. At times, as is apt to be the case with such candor, he reaches a point of joking self-depreciation that is misleading, and might easily tempt the critic to judge him more severely than he deserves. Thus it was that, in his later years, after a life of far-extended beneficence, he could say publicly, 'Mine is usually a *profitable philanthropy*. I have no desire to be considered much of a philanthropist in any other sense.'

When it is finally analyzed, a good deal of philanthropy brings its profit in one way or another. But few people have had the kindly instinct of spreading and promoting joy more fully than Barnum. He believed that the Americans, 'with the most universal diffusion of the means of happiness ever known among any people,' were unhappy, and he wanted to make them cheerful. He believed in laughter, wanted to make people laugh; and 'men who had not laughed for twenty years, or maybe never, held aching sides when it was their good fortune to meet P. T. Barnum in a merry mood.' He loved children, above all things loved to make them happy, and did it; and, next to becoming like a little child,—and Barnum was not unlike one, — is there any surer passport to the Kingdom of Heaven? He turned his whole circus parade out of its route to amuse a sick boy who had dreamed for days of seeing it. To be sure, these things sooner or later found their way into the papers, and made famous advertising, and the philanthropy was profitable. But the philanthropy was there, just the same; and some men like the profit without it.

So he lived and died, the great showman of the world; turning the world into a show, making a show of everything in it, and all the time himself furnishing the greatest show of all. And he knew it, reveled in it, was as ready to turn himself into laughter as anything else. The glorification of laughter has its weak points, the weakest perhaps being that those who laugh easily are inclined to laugh too much and quite out of place. But in the world as it is, a good many of us might laugh, or smile, a little more; and Barnum at least did his part toward diffusing the habit.

It is true that at moments he tried to pull a long face and emphasize the solemn trumpet tone of the Koran sentence: 'The heavens and the earth, think ye that we have created them to be a jest?' With his inimitable verbal facility he could reproduce this tone, as he could many others: 'The endless ages of immortal life are not given to sit on a flower-bed and sing and play harps, but for the endless development of immortal souls.' But this was not his natural vein, was not in the essential temper of his spirit. If he lingers in history at all, or in the memory of his American fellow countrymen, whom he amused so vastly, it will be as a trifling bubble of riotous and somewhat vulgar laughter on the stream of the Infinite Illusion.

INDIA IN FERMENT

BY C. H. VAN TYNE

I

We Americans have a vein of sentimentalism which leads us almost intuitively to sympathize with any people that strives for self-rule. The living traditions of our own struggle for independence account in part, no doubt, for that tendency. We ask no questions; we consider no facts; we merely give our approval on the general principle that it is good to be free. We greeted China, free of the Manchus, with glad acclaim; we shouted joyfully over Russia, free of the Romanoffs; those of us who were not making our living or our political capital out of the troubles of Ireland sighed with relief when the 'treaty' secured the 'Irish Free State.' That the real tribulations of the Irish had only just begun we were gloriously unaware.

To-day, just as our wearied sympathies seem relieved of the burden of Ireland, they are set all quivering again by the report that India is aflame with revolution. Men who claim to be the representatives of three hundred and fifteen millions of people, of one fifth of the inhabitants of the globe, declare that those mute masses are trembling with desire to be free from British rule. Here in America, a certain section of the press is spreading, among millions of ignorant American readers, stories of British misrule — in most cases utterly without foundation. Imported agitators appear on the platform. We are told that the Malabar tragedy in India was caused by an English officer putting poison gas in the car with the imprisoned moplas, a yarn which even the most lurid agitator in India never thought to invent.

This unique situation in India, without a parallel in the history of the world; the opportunity to study the new creation by the British Government of the Indian Legislative Assembly, a Parliament in embryo; and the promise of a friend that 'every door in India' would be open, tempted me to go and see the situation for myself.

Of India, the great continent, with its many races, religions, and castes, with its varied climates, soils, and products, a lifetime does not suffice to gain fullness of knowledge; but if there is value in a survey at a moment when political agitation has touched the masses of Indian peoples, for perhaps the first time in their long history, it may not be overbold to assume that the results of the survey are worthwhile.

II

India challenges the world's attention as never before. Great and inevitable changes are going on there, beyond the power of any viceroy to check or even to retard. The political tides of the world are sweeping the Indian people on to goals unseen, perhaps to rocks and shoals they know not of. It is a most pathetic situation. Indians, great and good men, yearn for self-rule — *swaraj* — as it is called. Spiritually, as

they insistently claim, the educated classes might be ready for it; but practically, the outlook is very dark. If it came suddenly, to-morrow, as Gandhi would have it, all logic suggests chaos, invasion, famine, plague, internecine war; and yet it can be argued that the very habits of peace and order which the British have given India, the very lessons of sanitation and hygiene which their régime has taught, might tide the experiment over to a better day. The risk is great, the goal most alluring. High-spirited, impatient Indians, with no fortune to lose, wish to dare all; cautious, judicious, conservative men, with worldly goods and social positions to be risked, urge delay.

When I saw the 'squalid splendor' of Benares, and passed down to the river bank through throngs of pilgrims who parted timidly before me when my guide (a miserable little rat who would have passed unnoticed alone) shouted, 'Make way for the Sahib,' I said to myself, Can this timid cowering herd ever hope to win and maintain self-rule? But later, at His Excellency's dinner at Government House in Lucknow, I walked among nawabs and rajahs and talukdars, glorious fellows, proud of carriage, with full-orbed glistening eyes, dark sleek skins, black haughty moustaches, who dressed in long, close-fitting coats of smooth velvet, ornamented with gold chains, and whose fine heads were wrapped in rich dark turbans. I wondered, as I saw that stunning sight, whether my former doubts were justified. Again, at Viceregal Lodge at Delhi, as I sat at the state dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales, and looked with admiration at the noble forms and aristocratic bearing of rajahs and maharajahs, and famous Indian ministers of state, and noted their strong, dark faces, and recalled from the previous day the long columns of splendid Punjabi soldiers, I began to waver and to admit that the problem of India has many aspects.

As I sat in the great canopied space before the noble hall of audience of the old Delhi Fort, where, on a peacock throne, the Mogul Emperors had once ruled, and saw the barbaric splendor, the gleam of jewels, and the riot of color in the dresses of forty Indian princes ranged on either side of the raised dais where sat the Prince of Wales and the Viceroy of India during the great Durbar; as I looked below them to the members of the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State sitting at their feet, it was startling to reflect that all over India the subjects of these absolute despots, of these princes sitting there covered with dazzling jewels, whose price had been wrung from their poor peasantry, were giving unquestioning obedience; while, throughout British India, the people for whom the British had lately devised a representative system, which was intended to give them a share in their own government, were seething with discontent, and dreaming if not actually practising 'civil disobedience' against the laws enacted by the Viceroy in Council with this legislative body before me. Was all the Indian unrest based after all on race hatred, and not at all on unsatisfied political aspirations?

It would require a thick volume and a patient reader if we should attempt to trace all the causes of the present Indian ferment. One might go back to the famous Indian Mutiny, or further, to find the source of that trickling stream of discontent which has now become the swollen torrent of race hatred and passion for nationalism. The formation of the Indian National Congress, as long ago as 1885, and its evolution from a fairly conservative organization — led at times by men who are today the chief supporters of the Government — to a body now wholly in the

hands of extremists, would seem an essential part of the story. I have read of it in books, I have heard it from the suave lips of the sweet-spoken Pundit Maliviya, President of Benares Hindu University, one of the three or four greatest Indian leaders, who has, in my opinion, the best brains of them all. He is sane enough to keep out of jail, though a minister of state at Delhi assured me that the Pundit was a very viper in his hate of the English, and that for twenty years he had been at 'the bottom of all political deviltry in India, but concealed his part under a cultivated exterior.' Maliviya, I should add, asserted solemnly to me that he did not hate the English, that he would 'be ashamed to hate any human being.' I heard the story very differently told by His Excellency, Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, sitting with legs curled up in an easy-chair, and his head thrown hard back as if to relieve a nerve-strain. There in his office, whose windows looked out over the Arabian Sea, he told me with perfect frankness his Tory political background, his original lack of sympathy with the aims of the Government of India Act, but his present perfect loyalty to its purposes.

This slight man, of medium height, with thin, keen, alert face, black hair, brown eyes whose lids almost close as he talks earnestly, and whose voice grows thin and falsetto as he becomes earnest, is a most interesting ruler of men. His mind is alert, incisive, positive. He graces his speech with apt literary quotations. Indeed he has the face and delicate emotions of a poet, but the clear decisive action of a ruler — as he is, of 22,000,000 people, and the protector of 20,000,000 more. He is always courteous, but unyielding; 'a definite, determined, little fighter,' as a friend said of him. With a slight drawl that hastens on to a rapid-fire utterance as he grows intense, he soon convinces you that he feels what he says. You would take his word if a kingdom were at stake, but you would admit that he might see clearly only one side.

I have sketched him at some length because he has handled very ably one of the most difficult situations in India during the past few months, and I have every reason to believe that he and Lord Willingdon, Governor of the Madras Presidency, have been the determining forces that led to the final arrest of Mr. Gandhi. For his seizure, indeed, Sir George takes full responsibility. Neither have liked the policy of drift and 'watchful waiting.'

III

The history of the growth of the Indian Congress, and of the processes of education by which the British Government carefully trained the body of Indian agitators, which seeks to overthrow it, is not within the scope of this article. I cannot tell here even the fascinating story of the early stages of the Government of India Act, as it was told me at the fireside in the office of Sir William Marris, Governor of Assam. Sir William described the early discussions of this subject in the 'Round Table' group, the great influence of Lionel Curtis, the discussions with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and the criticisms of Sir Sankaran Nair, Indian member in the Viceregal Council — all of which preceded Lord Montagu's taking a hand, and the ultimate Montagu-Chelmsford report upon which the Government of India Act (1919) was founded. In that Act the British Parliament tried to provide the Indian people with legislative machinery that would enable them at once greatly to influence, if not wholly to control, their own government, and led them to expect from time to time further grants of power leading ulti-

mately to full self-government. It was made plain to the Indians that, if they should prove faithful over a few things, they might ultimately be made rulers over many things.

The Act provided that in the Government of India at Delhi, the new capital, the Viceroy's Executive Council was hereafter to have three Indian members out of a total of eight; and in the Secretary of State's Council, in Whitehall, there were to be three Indian members. A Legislative Assembly in Delhi was to have a large majority of its members freely elected by Indian constituencies having as broad a franchise as conditions permitted. An upper house, the Council of State, was also to have a good majority of Indian members, some elected, some nominated, a few ex officio. The Government of India was not, it is true, to be responsible to these Indian-dominated legislative bodies, but to the Secretary of State in London, and through him to Parliament, itself responsible, of course, to the British electorate. Nevertheless, though the Governor-General in Council cannot be overthrown by an adverse vote, and though he may override his legislature, 'certifying' that items which it may have refused are essential to the welfare of India, the fact remains that this power has not been exercised. The men who govern India will scarcely run the risk of wrecking the new scheme by creating a direct conflict between the Assembly and the Government.

More important, perhaps, are the provisions as to the provincial governments under the Government of India Act. The Act provides for a 'devolution' — an unfolding of powers formerly rolled up in the attributes of the provincial Governor in Council. In Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and five other divisions of British India, Indian ministers, acting with the Governor, acquire control of certain matters subject only to the approval of a Legislative Council wherein there is a large Indian nonofficial majority. These subjects — education, sanitation, public works — are called 'transferred subjects' as against the 'reserved subjects' concerned with peace, order, and good government which are still vested, as of old, in the Governor, now assisted by one Indian and one British member of Council. This curious device, the last resort of ingenious minds driven to desperation by a baffling problem, is called 'dyarchy.' Sir William Marris, who has one of the ablest and most interesting minds in India, admitted to me that it was an effort to poise government, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. 'Dyarchy,' he said, 'rests on the assumption that some departments are more concerned with essentials than others. I believe there is more error than truth in that assumption.' He had proposed departments which would be placed under one councilor (an Englishman), and one minister (an Indian); the councilor to interfere, as does the British resident in a native state, only in case of absolute necessity.

Finally, the makers of the Act tried to change the eternal laws of political science and to divide sovereignty, which after all was no greater task than was attempted by the makers of the Federal Constitution in the Philadelphia Convention in 1787. This division of sovereignty includes both the arrangements which seems to make Government responsible to the Indian people, when it is actually responsible to the British electorate ultimately, and the division of the functions of provincial government into reserved and transferred subjects. One other peculiarity, almost incomprehensible to the American mind obsessed by the idea of proportional representation, is the plan

of communal representation, by which certain Indian minorities, the Sikhs in the Punjab, the Parsis in the Bombay presidency, the non-Brahmans in the province of Madras, the Mohammedans in various parts of India, the European business-interests everywhere, receive a representation in the legislative bodies wholly out of proportion to their numbers. In a word, nervous and clamorous interests, castes, or religious sects are given representatives, because it is assumed that candidates known to belong to that group, caste, or sect would have no chance of being elected in a contest where a simple majority of the electorate determines the contest. It is as if the Baptists and Methodists of an American congressional district, and the representatives of the automobile industry, regardless of their proportionate numbers in the whole body of citizens, should be entitled to elect some one of their number to go and represent their interests in the national government. The arrangement is only one of the many evidences of the great part that religion plays in Indian politics. There has not developed in India that sense of common citizenship which territorial electorates assume to exist.

IV

Anyone who imagines that India is ready for our democratic ideas of rule by a majority should read the addresses presented to the Montagu Commission by the farmers of the Deccan, by the zamindars or great landholders, by the depressed classes, by European business men, by Mohammedans, by Indian Christians, and by interests of various kinds, pleading that in the new representative system to be set up they should not be left at the mercy of any mere numerical majority. It is as if the Christian Scientists, the Scandinavians, the Jews, the tobacco-growers, the Greek shoeblacks of the United States should protest against their minority interests being left to the mercy of a majority decision in the American Congress.

Those who devised the Government of India Act frankly say that their purpose was to give the Indians experience in self-government while providing, during the immediate future, against any foolish or inconsidered action injurious to Indian or to British interests. The doctrine of letting them learn by suffering was seriously considered at one time, but then abandoned. It would be leaving to their own devices those who feel the shoe-pinch but least know how to ease it, said the opponents. The answer was, 'Indians may not do things well at first, but they can learn only by trying. They will find out how to do things well by suffering the discomforts caused by doing them badly.'

At one stage the idea of extending the states of native princes, and turning the rule of British India over to them was considered; but Indian protest was as bitter then as it was recently when a desperate British publicist suggested that solution of the Indian problem. Indeed, the governor of a great province told me that in many cases where Indian princes had claimed territory of British India which formed an enclave into their dominions, he had offered to yield the claim if, by plebiscite, the people dwelling there would express a desire to become subjects of the prince. In every case the people voted against a transfer of their allegiance. It was admitted during the discussion of the new plan of government that, under the native princes, Government was less efficient than under the British rule; but the reply was that, under the latter régime, 'law and order was almost too perfect for India; the high

standard of public life almost too good for it.' Finally, however, the present scheme, with all its imperfections on its head, was put through all the perils of a parliamentary debate and, with a provision for progressive revision from time to time, was made a law. In February of 1921, the Duke of Connaught inaugurated, at Delhi, the new Legislative Assembly — 'worthy daughter of the Mother of all Parliaments,' as a proud Indian orator christened it.

There was a strong effort by the Extremists, the 'Noncoöperators,' to make a farce of the Government of India Act by getting the Indian electors to stay away from the polls. It was urged that nothing had been given that was worth while, that it was a hateful thing, not to be touched. They were only partially successful in keeping voters away, and not at all so in preventing a very respectable body of representatives from being elected to the provincial councils and to the Legislative Assembly and Council of State at Delhi. Their main accomplishment was the prevention of a complete trial of the new plan, because the members are chiefly moderates, the Gandhi radicals having stayed out. They might greatly have increased the troubles of Government.

While attending a number of sessions of the councils in the United Provinces, and in Bengal, and spending about ten days with the Legislative Assembly in Delhi, I became convinced that every effort is being made by the British Government to carry out the Government of India according to the spirit of its best wishes. 'Dyarchy' had in fact become, in most cases, a unitary government in which the Governor sat in Council with all of his ministers, those responsible for the 'transferred' subjects as well as those concerned with the 'reserved.' In the main, Government's action was determined by the views of the majority. Though the Governor might 'certify' items in the budget and insist upon his views prevailing, he had in fact refused to place himself in opposition to the will of his Council.

Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal, managed with great adroitness a situation which developed over a bill concerning the salaries of the Calcutta police. Though seemingly almost compelled to 'certify' the bill and go ahead, he induced the Legislative Council to pass the once negatived bill after he, with great tact, gave them a way to save their faces. His whole régime in Bengal was a masterly exhibition of statesmanship.

Agitators complained to me that when Indians became ministers they went over body and soul to Government; but ministers assured me that when they became responsible they saw things in a very different light from when they stood outside and were in opposition to Government. Agitators complained that Government knew how, by showing social favors and by granting flattering titles, to win over even elected Indians to do its will; but when I suggested, in a meeting of some twenty 'nationalists,' that they get the Council to pass a resolution forbidding Indians to accept titles, they protested that such a resolution would not pass because so many *hoped* to get titles!

All I could answer to that was that they must pray for Roman virtues. The opposition argued that Indians had gained only negative power; but as I read the Government of India Act, I would ask nothing better, if I were an Indian, than to seize the opportunity there offered to bring Government to a standstill when it asks for new taxes. The British at least have the grace to be sensitive to the world's opinion, and I doubt if any British minister, in order to meet such a situation, would repeal

the Government of India Act and go back to the old methods of absolutism. He would be far more likely to grant concessions to Indian demands and ask in return Indian votes which would set Government in motion again.

Moreover, the mere passage of the Government of India Act has wrought a change in the attitude of Government, Provincial and General. No longer being able to rely upon the 'wicked old system' of the 'official block'—which arrogantly carried all Government measures over opposition — Government has become more careful of expenditures. Under the old conditions, with the best intentions in the world, if Government thought anything ought to be done, it went ahead; but now it takes thought of the criticism of a jealous council or assembly.

V

To an American, an Indian legislative body is very entertaining, and the most picturesque parliament in the world. The provincial councils I will let pass, but the Legislative Assembly at Delhi must be described. It was disappointing to find not over one third of the members present. It was overrun with absentees, to use an Hibernian phrase. Some had offered a resolution against Government and then become alarmed; some did not wish to commit themselves on a vote that would make them unpopular; some refused to sacrifice private business to public interests; and others, I was told, were disgusted with the whole affair and thought it not worth the candle.

I first noted the superficial aspects. Dark Indian faces greatly predominated; some black with white moustaches, some black with white beards, others just plain. There were eight white turbans, one gold embroidered, one red fez, two black ones, and one dark red and gold. One had a gold and red and white scarf, and near him was a Hindu with a large V-shaped caste mark on his forehead. Circulating among them were men-pages, *chiprassis*, whose red robes were gold-trimmed and whose turbans were white and gold. Most prominent on the Government benches were Sir William Vincent, home member, and Malcolm Hailey, finance member. With them sat Sarma and Sapru, Indian members.

Presiding over them all, and with a bemedaled, black-and-gold liveried sergeant standing behind him, sat Sir Frederick Whyte. With all the dignity of the Speaker of the House of Commons, he sat in black alpaca robe, trimmed with dark red silk, a white cravat hanging six or eight inches from the white collar. A gray judge's wig framed Sir Frederick's strong, handsome face, always dignified, but on occasion lighted up with a shrewd smile which often preceded a dryly humorous comment upon his ruling. Always fair and just, and sure of his House of Commons precedent, his rulings are accepted with the best grace possible by a House pleased to a man with the admirable equity, mastery, and high purpose with which Sir Frederick has guided the early faltering steps of the Assembly. Ranga-chariar, one of the most notable members, said of him, 'He maintains the dignity of the House with watchful and unswerving impartiality, with an austerity that is not oppressive, and an accessibility that cannot be presumed upon.' His clear, strong, firm voice, and his serene mind, always cool and unperturbed, compel confidence in his decisions. He has drilled and disciplined this embryo parliament in the best traditions of the House of Commons. It will ever be indebted to him for bending the twig in the way that any parliamentary tree might take pride in being inclined.

As one listens to the debates carried on, with few exceptions, in English, — the only tongue which all can understand, — certain peculiarities come to the fore. Although the Government benches represent an irremovable executive on the one side, faced by a large constitutionally irresponsible Indian majority on the other, there is manifest an eagerness to explain fully the Government's aims, and a strong desire to meet the opposition desires if it be politically possible. Indeed, to my knowledge, there has been no direct ignoring of the will of the majority since the new régime opened. The Indian members who at first came half-fearful to the Legislative Assembly, doubting as they came from the elections whether they really did have anything, have begun to gain confidence, to lose their apologetic frame of mind, and to assail Government from every side. One of the first speeches I heard was from the eloquent Ranga-chariar, twitting Government for maintaining an army to protect it against its own people. Indeed, army expenditure is so constantly assailed that one suspects that the eagerness of the Indians to reduce the army has back of it the desire to weaken the military force until it can be overthrown. I had expected to find the clashes chiefly between the Indian-elected members and the representatives of Government, backed by the European members; but the bitterest debate I heard was between Mohammedans and Hindus on the resolution to withdraw martial law from the Malabar region. The Indians were afterward plainly chagrined at this exhibition of their lack of real unity. Three or four debaters were masters of relevant, cogent, and moderate argument, showing debating talent of high order. Some were unable to do more than read monotonously speeches which, one suspected, were written by their baboo secretaries. Such efforts soon emptied the House. The Madras members showed the highest debating talent, with Bombay next, and Bengal a low third, though in the Bengal Council I had heard Sir Surendranath Banerji make the most compelling speech that I heard in India.

Yet brilliant as was some of the oratory, and subtle as was some of the thought displayed by the members of the Assembly, I should not like the task of having to pick an Administration out of the body. They will need years of experience and drill before they can give the concentrated attention, the ceaseless watchfulness, the devotion to details, the tireless hour after hour, day in and day out attention which makes an efficient Administration. The English bring new blood constantly from the invigorating air of England. They, too, would lose force and vigor if they were to stay generation after generation in India.

The chief weaknesses of the Legislative Assembly as a whole are the failure to organize a strong political party in spite of Mr. Gour's vigorous efforts to that end, and the manifest unwillingness of the Indians to assume political responsibility. Nevertheless, Sir Frederick Whyte left the chair on the last day of the first session 'a confirmed optimist.' The fact that created in my mind the greatest doubt of the success of the new venture, was the poor attendance and the nature of the motives which one was driven to believe had kept the Indians away. Nevertheless, men whose judgment I value and whose knowledge was far greater than mine were not so pessimistic.

VI

The judgments passed on the Government of India Act are as varied as the endless varieties of people that pass

one daily in an Indian city. The young Englishmen regard the Act, with its promise of rapid Indianization of the services, as the death knell of all their hopes and ambitions. They blame Lord Montagu for it and hate him accordingly. As they see it, they have trained for a career which seems doomed to vanish. All the old promises of good pay, high pensions, polo ponies galore, have gone glimmering. 'If a real estate agent had put out such a blue-sky advertisement,' I have heard them say, — referring to the Government when it lured them into the services, — 'he would have been fined and imprisoned for fraud.' Government has no sympathy with them, they declare. It does n't tax as it ought, and salaries are utterly inadequate. The Indian Civil Service is robbed of all its charm. In the old days a man was independent, acted with confidence, did his best, and expected backing; but to-day there is constant criticism — one is always worried lest there be criticism from above. It was all an awful mistake, they hold. Like the unlucky hero in the *Arabian Nights*, Montagu has let the monstrous evil genie out of the bottle, and not all the political magic in the world can get it back in again. They cannot see that Government must ignore the assumed rights of these hopeful young men if it is to do a manifest justice to the three hundred and fifteen millions of Indians.

Aside from the young men, the official class in general looks with favor on the Act, and all are loyal to it. A few look upon it, said Sir Frederick Whyte, as the Duke of Wellington looked upon the Reform Bill, 'ready to take the damned thing and let it pass, because the King's Government must be carried on.' Such think more of British capital and the future of British officialdom in India than of the future of its brown masses of humanity.

There is a saying at Calcutta, where the Scotch merchants predominate, that India is a country conquered by the Irish to the end that the English might govern it for the benefit of the Scotch. That epigram is too clever to be taken seriously, but it cannot be denied that many English and Scotch merchants and manufacturers have little sympathy with the Government of India Act, and they dispose of it with impatient denunciations as 'all d—d nonsense'; but I must say that I found American business and professional men in India just as eager to preserve the old British régime, and just as intolerant of any suggestion that the Indians can rule themselves. Their watchword in the present troubled times is, 'sit tight on the valve.' That section of the Indian press which most assiduously represents the opinion of the European commercial and manufacturing interests, complains the loudest against the democratic tendencies in India. These journalistic Cassandras, who can write better than they can think, cry aloud in the street, filling the ear with the mournful strain: 'Melancholy, indeed, is the state of India. She stands at the brink of a great catastrophe. The air is heavy with coming disaster, and the material progress of the last century is threatened with destruction.' Indian society is 'rotten,' the 'new Indian is a bastard monstrosity and there is no truth in him.' Every evil that visits India now is laid to 'new and popular government.'

An Englishman who has had immense influence on India, but whose reply to the protest of capitalists was given me in confidence, said: 'If British capital were sunk in India in a belief that the country was always going to maintain the same form of government, and with the same power of *Hukim* (command) to a vegetable pop-

ulation, then the capitalist acted with a lack of foresight which characterizes the British capitalist in almost every country of the world. If Indians have made statements which show that they are hostile to British industry, then the fault largely lies with the Anglo-Indian community which has held itself aloof from their desires, which has been contemptuous of the life of the country in which it lives, which has taken no steps to identify Indian interests with its own.' This struck me as rather acrid, and while I was in India I did not find this type of man in the saddle. He may regain power if reaction sets in, and that would seem to me a great misfortune. British rulers are heading into a stormy sea, thick with disaster, if they follow those who stubbornly insist upon autocratic rule, to the end of time, for those mysterious millions who, in the past, have bent to their will. It means breasting the democratic tide which is sweeping the whole world on to a destiny none can see. Not even British pluck can carry on against that current.

But the distrust of the liberality of the Government of India Act comes not alone from Europeans and Americans. Many of the native princes shake their heads dubiously over it and the Maharajah of Alwar thinks the English are mad to have entered upon such a plan. I was immensely impressed with Alwar, who had the most brilliant Indian mind I found. He invited me to come to his 'camp' in which he lived during the Prince of Wales's visit to Delhi. There I found several large tents and a number of small ones, commonplace enough outside but most amazing once I had entered. The walls and ceilings were hung with rich silks; the floors were spread with beautiful Oriental rugs, and the chairs and sofas were sumptuously upholstered in the richest materials. Carved tables and screens there were, as in a settled abode, and scattered about were charming objets d' art, as if the prince had settled there for a year instead of a short week. The Maharajah invited me to go on a two weeks' tour of his domains, and said this splendid camp would be moved from place to place as was his custom. Except for his palatial exteriors, Aladdin could have done no more with his magic lamp. When His Highness had motioned me to a seat at one end of a narrow sofa, and had seated himself at the other, an obsequious, richly clad but barefooted servant brought cigarettes, and I settled down to an hour-and-a-half's enjoyment of the most amazing monologue to which I ever listened. In vain I wished again and again that I could place a dictaphone before those tightly drawn yet sensuous lips, speaking the most perfect English, with an exquisite sense for the exact word to express the most exalted thought. As I studied this scion of an ancient royal family, descended from the Solar dynasty, I noted first his caste mark, token that with all his education and European culture he is still an orthodox Hindu. His fine, serious eyes seemed to have looked deeply and cynically into life's mysteries, and induced perhaps the knitted brow and reluctant smile. The brow was well forward of the ears and perfectly moulded. The dark face looked a little careworn. They say he has his troubles. He is not a 21-gun maharajah, though his titles are like those of Monsieur Beaucaire which it took a strong man two days to pronounce.

He rules some three thousand miles, and in mentality only can he rival his fellow princes. A polished, quick, crafty ruler, he brings the methods of Solomon into the twentieth century and, in his small domain, makes the laws, executes them, and sits in judgment on all

disputes. He said to me that the personal element had gone out of modern government quite too much and at the great cost of real and quick justice. Law, men had now, but not justice. His Highness is quite contemptuous of the reformer class which has come to the top in India, and though not at all eager for intimacy with Europeans, he is quite convinced that the British rule is best for him and all small princes. I can recall only the outline of his argument, not the charm of his diction, the range of his thought, the wealth of his illustration. The British Government, he declared with conviction, is engaged in an impossible undertaking, trying to set up democratic institutions, perfected by generations of struggle under English conditions, in India where caste is the very basis of the Hindu religion. The caste system is one which attempts to regulate *dharma*, or the dominant sense of duty, by establishing fixed groups to do the various tasks of life. It creates satisfied groups of people willing to do their duty within their own sphere. The democracy which the British seek to set up, Alwar declared, would destroy all the foundations of caste and with them the Hindu religion. In a word, if caste remains, democracy will fail; if democracy succeeds, caste falls and with it the Hindu religion. Such a political system would fail because it would have no basis in religion, the only firm foundation of any civilization. One could not substitute, within a generation, a new basis of civilization, a new religion.

'Can you tell me,' Alwar asked dramatically, 'anywhere in the East where democratic institutions have been engrafted upon Oriental life and been a success? Not in Egypt, not in Arabia, not in Persia, nor China, nor, if carefully analyzed, in Japan.'

I remember but one of Alwar's beautiful illustrations and of that only the frame. He said the British folly was like his own when, years ago, as part of a great irrigation scheme, he had planted certain needed kinds of trees, in a certain order and under scientifically favorable conditions. In spite of every care, the plan failed and in disgust he hedged the area about and left it to itself. It grew up, in time, a natural jungle of fine trees, serving the same purposes which he originally had in view; but Nature had her own way, as she always will in the long run. It was this natural growth that he hoped for in India. Here the two peoples were side by side — British and Indians; the one stressing the material side of life, the other stressing the spiritual side, and brought together by Providence, which moves in inscrutable ways, to the end that the most perfect civilization which the world has known may be evolved. The British qualities must predominate on the political side, and the Indian qualities on the religious side. Each will complement and be indispensable to the other, and there should be no envy, no race hatred. Each is superior in its own way; both are needful for a perfect civilization.

This was a maharajah's view. The princes are loyal supporters of the British régime. It is their shield and buckler. The Gaekwar of Baroda, one of the most advanced of all the Indian rulers, talked to the same end. I did wonder why he quizzed me for an hour, while we were at tea, as to the causes of the American Revolution; but perhaps he only wished to know how to head off such cataclysms, or, even more likely, he was trying to be polite to his guest. The princes Bikanir and Patiala took the same loyal attitude, and one maharajah, a Maratha, whose ancestral home is the Deccan, said that his wise old father counseled him on his death bed, 'Stick to the English to the last; but if they ever

fail you, fly to the Deccan' — in other words, to his own people.

Alwar's dream was a very different reading of the hand of Fate from that given me by Gandhi and his followers; different, indeed, from all the factional Indian views. Although I had found many shades of opinion, all might be grouped into conservative, moderate, nationalist, and 'noncoöperating' factions. Even the Conservatives had national pride, and dreamed of some far-off day when great masses of Indian people should have been trained to political experience and when the task might with safety be taken over wholly by India's best political talent. But they fully realized the magnitude of the undertaking to raise over three hundred millions of people from the depths of mediæval ignorance and superstition to a degree of civilization fairly commensurate with that dominant in those parts of the world where democracy is a success.

The second group, the Moderates, like Sir Surendranath Banerji, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, and Lord Sinha, were often found in high Government positions or had a large stake, economic or social, which curbed their eagerness for *swaraj* (self-rule). Nevertheless, they wished the march to go on apace. They hoped in their own lives to see the Promised Land. The Government of India Act was very good for a start, but more must come. They uttered many complaints against the British *raj* (rule), but thought it the only safe one at present. They had more confidence in their own people than was shown by the Conservatives, but it was not boundless. The 'grand old man of Bengal,' as his friends called him, Ananda Chandra Roy, said sadly: 'It will be long before my people will be ready to take up the burden of their own government. With very few exceptions they have not shown capacity to manage big business. But government *is* big business. Indians must learn to take responsibility for big things in business before they try to manage a vast country with hundreds of languages, hundreds of different states, with great rivalry between Hindu and Mohammedan, with caste distinctions and other conditions that make for disorder. Only the Tatas — and they are Parsis — have shown marked capacity. In Bengal, the zamindars (great landholders), in spite of their big incomes, are all bankrupt.' Similar confessions were made to me daily by high-minded and sincere Indians whose patriotism I could not doubt.

But there were two other classes of Indian leaders, Nationalists and 'Noncoöperators,' who aimed at the same thing, but would attain the goal by different means. The Nationalists, bitterly denouncing the Government of India Act as utterly inadequate, would nevertheless enter the Legislative Assembly or the provincial councils and, fighting the British by constitutional methods, force further concessions. The Gandhi followers would refuse to have anything to do with the Government of India Act, and by noncoöperation with Government bring it to a standstill. Both wanted swaraj at once. Some would keep the British, some would drive them out; but both would have them give up their claim to the right to determine when the Indians were ready for swaraj. 'We are as competent as they to decide that question,' the Indians bitterly asserted. Some would admit that they would be glad to profit for a time by the British experience in governing. Many had the curious idea that the British would give them naval and military protection while surrendering political control. The British, in a word, were to 'keep the ring' while the Indians

played at politics, serenely free of the ultimate responsibility of governors. When I asked what motive the British Government would have for assuming such a burden, they seemed surprised at my cynical ignorance of altruism. Besides, they explained, we would protect British capital and interests in return for the security they would give us. 'You expect, then,' I said, 'that *all* of the British people will assume a military burden and expense in order that a very *few* may have their Indian property protected.' Our Filipino fellow citizens I found entertaining like ideas. But there are other Indians of the Extremist factions who, like Mahatma Gandhi, their leader, are ready to wash their hands, if need be, of all British contracts. It is they and their leader who most challenge the world's attention.

MAHATMA GANDHI

BY EDMUND CANDLER

I

To the Western mind, uninitiated in the Hindu religion or Indian politics, the title Mahatma has, until quite recently, carried with it a spiritualistic significance. Mahatmas appear at séances — or they did in Madame Blavatsky's time; and it was rightly concluded that their occult powers were acquired by the practice of an asceticism understood only in the East. One met mahatmas at Benares and Buddh Gaya, but one did not associate them with politics. Exactly when Mr. Gandhi became Mahatma Gandhi, it is difficult to say, for mahatmahood is not conferred on one after passing an examination; the word implies saintliness, and is the spontaneous tribute of a nation. Officially, I understand, this inconvenient saint, or politician, is still Mr. Gandhi.

Probably there is no figure in contemporary history who means so many different things to so many different people. To the incurious Westerner, the name of Gandhi calls up the picture of a saint, or a charlatan, an ascetic, fanatic, or freak. If he reads many newspapers, the Mahatma will appear in turn as patriot, martyr, high-souled idealist, and arch-traitor; evangelist, pacific quietist, and truculent tub-thumper and revolutionist; subverter of empires and founder of creeds, a man of tortuous wiles and stratagems, or, to use his own phrase, 'a single-minded seeker after truth'; generally, in the eyes of the tolerant who are without prejudice, a well-meaning but misguided politician. Certainly a complex figure. Probably very few, even of the Anglo-Indian community on whom his personality impinges directly, a very substantial incubus, have made up their minds which of these things he is.

It calls for more than a little sympathetic imagination in an official of the dominant race to recognize the good

points in a rebel. Nevertheless, Gandhi's honesty of purpose has been generally admitted by the Indian Government, by the Viceroy, as well as by the Secretary of State. The rage of a certain section of the British press with Mr. Montagu, when he admitted that Mahatma Gandhi was his friend, is understandable.

It was not easy, even for the Englishman in India, who knew something of the undercurrents of Indian politics and of the personalities who pulled the strings, to believe in his sincerity. To the man in the street, of course, the Mahatma was the incendiary, with the torch in his hand, and his gospel of nonviolence a not very ingenuous formula to protect his person while he applied the spark to the train that was to blow up the citadel. He inflamed the passions of the mob and invoked forbearance; to the ordinary Western mind these were the tactics of an arch-humbug. Did he really believe that the unlettered hordes in whom he instilled this festering race-hatred would submit tamely to their real or imagined wrongs? Even if he were an honest visionary in this, Christian Europe could only be shocked at the picture of 315,000,000 people constrained by the Mahatma's soul-force into the posture, enjoined by the Gospels, of turning the other cheek.

When I met Mr. Gandhi, I suggested that it was idle to stir up violence in the heart and to forbid violence by the hand. But he regarded me pityingly, as a materialist groping in the outer darkness, yet with the embracing sympathy which he extends to all creatures. He believed that it was possible — possible in the spiritual East. And I knew that he was sincere.

In visualizing leaders of men, one illogically expects to find the alphabet of power or grace written in capital letters over their features. Gandhi bore no inscription. He looked as if he might quite possibly be a saint; he might equally well be a politician. I thought of him in the midst of ecstatic millions, and remembered hearing that he had only to lift his hand if he needed quiet, and the uproar of excitement that followed him everywhere would die away like the rustle of wind in the trees. I looked for the imprint of this forcefulness: it was not there. I understand now that the Mahatma's sway over the common people proceeds from no direct influence, but from rumor and the magnification on all men's lips of his saintliness.

II

In the West the man who is acclaimed a hero in his lifetime is generally a man of action, probably a general or a capitalist; holy men are, or used to be, canonized only after their death. But in the East, where spirituality is the standard, the mahatma is king. The masses, only in a less degree than the intelligentsia, are hero-worshipers. To their seeing, the physical frame of the elect, though it be a mere shell, is divinely charged when yet on the horizon, and they are prepared to prostrate themselves before him. If he be lean or fat, tall or short, such is divinity.

But there was nothing in Gandhi's appearance to discount his saintliness. He rose from the floor to receive me — a spare figure, enveloped in homespun blankets; a man of middle age, or so he appeared, bareheaded, with strong, close-cropped iron-gray hair, without the *bodi*, or Hindu tuft; very large ears, pierced in the centre of the lobe, — the punctures for earrings? — the only physical relic of vanity, if it had ever existed; the chin fine and clean-shaven, expression alert, eyes penetrating, glance direct. He greeted me with gentle courtesy. His English idiom and accent were perfect. When I was seated, he subsided into his blankets again. He

was not in the least voluble. His inclination was to give me the lead.

I had been drawn into controversy with him in the press, — or he with me, — and we had exchanged several open letters. The point at issue was the Khalifat question. If it was hard to believe that the Apostle of Peace was innocent of the incitement to carnage, the association of the Mahatma with the Khalifat party [1] was still more difficult to explain away. The inveterate cleavage between the Mohammedans and Hindus has always been recognized by Indian patriots as the main barrier to the attainment of *swaraj*.[2] The politician who could unite these incompatible currents in a combined stream would have won half the battle of independence. Thus the Hindu-Moslem Entente, from the Indian point of view, is the most important political movement of the century.

When, on November 24, 1919, the Hindu, Swami Shradhanand, ascended the pulpit of the Jama Masjid, at Delhi, and addressed the people, the precedent was described in the Mohammedan press in India as the most remarkable event in recent Islamic history. Then in December Gandhi was elected President of the Khalifat Conference at Delhi. It was about this time that the political catchword, '*Allahu Akbar* and *Om* (the mystic Hindu formula) are one name,' began to be repeated everywhere, and the Mussulmans, to appease Hindu sentiment, forsook the slaying of kine. This was only the beginning of Gandhi's association with the Moslem extremists. At a later stage he became so far the champion of Islam as to make civil obedience to the Government of India contingent upon the rectification of the Treaty of Sèvres.

Gandhi, of course, was morally entitled to throw his whole force into the Islamic movement so long as his belief in the righteousness of the Turk's cause was sincere. To his critics, however, he appeared to be backing a cause which he must know to be wrong, out of political expediency.

What conceivable traffic can there be between the apostle of gentleness, — the liberator of his own people, — and the truculent Turk, that he should join in a campaign to perpetuate a régime of repression like the Osmanli's? But Gandhi was quite frank about his position. He did not pretend to be interested in the Turk. As for the subject races, he still believed, in spite of the Turk's record of massacre-made majorities, that Christians, Arabs, and Jews might enjoy their birthright and remain autonomous within the Ottoman Empire, under the protection of guaranties. 'By helping the Mohammedans of India,' he said, 'at a critical moment of their history, I want to buy their friendship.' And so long as he believed in their wrongs, it was a perfectly straight deal. The Hindu-Moslem Entente was the first essential in Indian nationalism.

III

I must confess that I never entirely believed in Mr. Gandhi until I met him. His punctilios I was inclined to put down to sophistry, though I was ready to believe that he was more honest than most politicians. If I had followed his career more closely, I should have been less skeptical; but the splendid fight he put up for his countrymen in South Africa in his campaign of passive resistance, and the true facts as to his sincerity, consistency, and courage in it, had come to me only in the shape of rumor. I smiled at first when he blandly explained that he had no wish to embarrass Government, but that 'sometimes one's right conduct does embarrass

[1] The party pledged to the maintenance of the temporal power of the Khalif.

[2] Self-government.

those who do not for the moment appreciate it.' So, 'in the relentless pursuit of truth and in the conduct flowing from it,' he had, like other reformers, embarrassed those dearest to him, but he was 'no more anti-British than anti-dear-ones.' 'My stubborn opposition to certain acts of the British Government must not be taken for unfriendliness.'

From an Englishman this might have savored a little of cant; but Gandhi in his unselfconscious detachment is transparently devoid of pride or affectation. I could believe him when he told me that he had a host of English friends. The thing which more than anything else separates the Mahatma from other Indian extremist leaders is that he has the courage to stand up in a great assembly and utter unpalatable truths. He does not flatter his own people; the herd follow him because they recognize that he is without moral or physical fear.

In one of his speeches he reminded his countrymen that they were offering battle to a nation which is 'saturated' with the spirit of sacrifice whenever the occasion arises. He asked them to go through the sacrifice that 'the men, women, and brave lads of England went through.' Indians believe him now, when he tells them that Government is material and godless, and that it is sinful to associate with it, because two years ago, when he still had faith in the Reforms, he had dared to say creditable things about it.

'I do not blame the British,' Gandhi said. 'If we were weak in numbers, as they are, we too would perhaps have resorted to the methods which they are now employing. Terrorism and deception are weapons, not of the strong, but of the weak. The British are weak in numbers; we are weak in spite of numbers. The result is that each is dragging the other down.'

A few years earlier, in December, 1914, Gandhi declared that it was his dream and hope that the connection between India and England might be a source of spiritual comfort and uplift to the whole world. He was convinced that, whatever might be the motives of the British rulers in India, there was a desire on the part of the nation at large to see that justice is done.

Until the year 1920 Gandhi was a consistent loyalist. In the Boer War, in spite of his treatment by the Colonials, he formed and led an Indian Ambulance Corps. In the Zulu Rebellion he again volunteered, and was given the command of a Bearer Corps, with the rank of Sergeant-Major. Then, in the Great War, in December, 1914, he raised the Indian Ambulance Corps in England, and would have served in it but for his broken health. This is a remarkable record for a rebel.

To follow the phases of disaffection in the Mahatma during the last two years would make too long a story; the point to remark is that Gandhi's growing intolerance of British rule, and his discovery of the satanic nature of Government, have synchronized with the development of the reform scheme by which India is to attain, by progressive stages, complete self-government within the British Empire.

The stages may be too slow for Mr. Gandhi's liking, but the Indian Parliament or Legislative Assembly, with its large nonofficial, popularly elected majority, has been in existence now for more than a year, and there was nothing to prevent the extremists capturing the polls at the last election and working or wrecking the machine from within. It is open to them to do so constitutionally in two years' time, instead of boycotting the reforms.

The virtual supremacy of the Legislative Assembly is already established, in spite of official safeguards in the form of checks and vetoes which, as might have been foreseen, are never likely to

be applied. Whatever the new Councils decide, Government will pass as law. The Indian legislators have the power to repeal any act they like and to complete the Indianization of the administration. They have got swaraj; only they will not see it.

To Mahatma Gandhi and his irreconcilables, liberty is not to be accepted as a gift: it is the birthright of the people. 'Councils are no factories to make stout hearts, and freedom is miasma without stout hearts to defend it.' To Mahatma Gandhi the Reforms are only a subtler method of emasculation. In his fanatical passion for sacrifice and self-purification, he refuses all association with the satanic Government. How is it, the stranger will ask, that a government which appears to be dealing out liberty with both hands has suddenly become, in the eyes of the Mahatma, satanic? It is a question that is being answered every day in India, in no indefinite terms, wherever two or three are gathered together. Gandhi never tired of proclaiming the offense from the housetops until the prison doors closed on him.

Two things have inflamed his countrymen — 'the Punjab wrongs, and the breach of faith against the Mohammedans.' Until Government repaired the breach and repented of the wrong, Gandhi declared a fight to the finish. He pledged himself to preach disaffection openly and systematically until it pleased Government to arrest him.

IV

Unfortunately for Englishmen and Indians, the Punjab wrongs and the Khalifat grievance are two mountains which neither faith nor penitence can remove. The wrong in the case of the Punjab, the massacre at the Jallianwala Bagh, the crawling order that was issued at Amritsar, and other humiliations upon Indians, is irretrievable. The blot, too, on our good name is irretrievable. These actions have been condemned and repudiated by Government, though too lightly. Nor has the onus of official displeasure fallen heavily enough upon the offenders. Nevertheless, it is obviously impossible for any government to revise the scale of punishment two years after judgment has been passed in response to popular clamor.

As to the alleged breach of faith in connection with the Khalifat, the threat to England that, if the *status quo ante bellum* were not restored to Turkey by the Allied Powers, she would forfeit her claim to the Mohammedans' allegiance, is, on the face of it, preposterous. Even if England were the sole arbiter of the destiny of Turkey, the interference of Indian agitators could not be tolerated.

But we do not believe in this alleged breach of faith — the assurance to Mohammedan India, in order to appease Moslem soldiers, of the integrity of Turkey after the war. The truth is that millions of Indians were sore about the Khalifat, and the political exploitation of religious sentiment was an opportunity not to be lost.

The brothers Mahomed and Shaukat Ali maintained that Islam would be divested of all its dignity and glamour and prestige by the fall of its spiritual head. Turkey was the last stronghold. Every other Moslem kingdom had been swallowed up by the rapacious Christian Powers. To present England as the enemy of Turkey and Islam, thereby giving a religious color to a political agitation, was their trump card.

Gandhi, I believe, that champion of wronged peoples and lost causes, was captured by the fanatical leaders of the Khalifat movement, the plausible Ali brothers, and persuaded of a dark conspiracy to destroy the spiritual forces of Islam. That he believed in the justice

of the cause of his Mohammedan allies there can be no doubt; and it calls for little imagination to understand with what bitter humiliation the Punjab wrongs have troubled his spirit. Yet I cannot think that Gandhi has repudiated his allegiance beyond compromise on these two counts alone; that, because of them, he prefers anarchy to association with the British in attainment of swaraj. Doubtless, the Mahatma has persuaded himself that this is so, in spite of the long-drawn patience and conciliation of the Government; but the estrangement goes deeper than that. I do not believe that, if any god out of the machine could arise, to resettle the Turkish peace terms in such a way as to leave the Khalifatists no grievance at all, and to prove that there had been no massacre in the Jallianwala Bagh, or crawling order, and that the Punjab wrongs were an ugly dream, the irreconcilables would be reconciled to any scheme of self-government which did not involve complete dissociation from the exploiting foreigner.

It ought to be perfectly easy for us in the West to see the Indian's point of view. But we are singularly lacking in imagination. It is a matter of shame to Gandhi and his irreconcilables that a hundred thousand foreigners should rule and exploit three hundred and fifteen million Indians, emasculating them, indoctrinating them with the spirit of materialism and a sense of their racial unfitness. So it appears to the Mahatma. He has learned to distrust the British and the gifts they bring. He hopes to wean England from the downward path she is treading. Salvation can come only from within.

V

But to return to the discussion of Gandhi's sincerity, which, after all, is the vital question.

Gandhi's spirituality has been discounted, on the ground that he is a politician. Yet every seer or founder of a creed, or system, has been a politician. Gandhi has his own answer to these imputations on his good faith. 'Jesus,' he said, 'in my humble opinion, was a prince among politicians. He did render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. The politics of his time consisted in securing the welfare of the people by teaching them not to be seduced by the trinkets of the priests and Pharisees.'

Gandhi argues that the system of government is so devised as to affect every department of the national life. 'If, therefore, we want to conserve the welfare of the nation, we must religiously interest ourselves in the doings of the governors and exert a moral influence on them by insisting on their obeying the laws of morality.'

Gandhi regards himself, not only as a national leader, but as a missionary of civilization to the West. Not that he tilts at Western culture; he draws his gospel from Tolstoy, and is only less indebted to Ruskin and Thoreau than to the Bhagavadgita and the Sermon on the Mount. It is modern civilization that he abhors — the curse of industrialism, the hurry and drive of mercantile competition, the multiplication of luxuries, our gross material activities destroying simplicity, killing the ideal. Mills, factories, telegraphs, motor cars, railways, though he uses them and admits his inconsistency, are his abomination. He believes that economic progress is antagonistic to real progress, and that India may again become the religious teacher and spiritual guide of the West.

The pathetic thing about the racial issue in India is that each party is trying to elevate the other. It is a duel in altruism. While the British regard the uplift of India's backward millions as a

sacred trust, Mahatma Gandhi hopes to conquer the greed and cruelty of the West by soul-force. 'The moment the Englishmen feel that, although they are in India in a hopeless minority, their lives are protected against harm, not because of the matchless weapons of destruction which are at their disposal, but because Indians refuse to take the lives, even of those whom they may consider to be utterly in the wrong, that moment will see a transformation in the English nature in its relation to India, and that moment will also be the moment when all the destructive cutlery that is to be had in India will begin to rust.'

And Mr. Gandhi's faith in the civilizing power of soul-force is so great that, when the timid draw a picture of India overrun with warlike frontier tribes on the departure of the British, he is still confident. 'If India returns to her spirituality,' he says, 'it will react upon the neighboring tribes. She will interest herself in the welfare of these hardy but poor people, and even support them if necessary, not out of fear, but as a matter of neighborly duty.'

Probably no utterance of Gandhi has put him so far outside the pale of practical politics as that. The Mahatma appears insincere to the unimaginative, because he believes that things which ought to be are, or can be. It might be said that he has pursued, almost to the point of unscrupulousness, the intensive cultivation of his optimism as to the efficacy of goodness. Thus he has taught himself to believe that soul-force can turn the knife of the Pathan, change the heart of the Turk toward his subject-races, and so gentle the brute in man that angry hordes, inflamed with the sense of injury, will bottle up their passions and win a peaceful victory over their oppressors, not by violence, but by self-purifications. If it is insincerity to have made himself like that, when it was open to him to recognize the inhibitions that hedge about our earthly Utopias, then he is so far insincere. But his is an insincerity that will never lack admirers.

There is no room for expediency or fear or half-measures in his gospel. 'Cut yourself off from the evil in disregard of all consequences. Have faith in a good deed, that it will produce a good result. Be prepared to lose all, and you will gain everything.' That in Gandhi's opinion is the Gita doctrine of work without attachment.

VI

The Mahatma has sadly disappointed the masses. His superhumanity now is open to suspicion. He may be bullet-proof; nevertheless, he 's in jail. And he has lost *izzat*, — the Indian word is much more expressive than our English 'prestige,' — because he failed to bring about swaraj in one year. This is perhaps unfair; for Mr. Gandhi swaddled his promise in conditions which, as any intelligent disciple could foresee, must have suffocated the germs of fulfillment from the start.

Swaraj could be established in one year, he said, if there were sufficient response from the nation: that is to say, if politicians would cease to stand at the Councils; if Government officials would give up their posts and title-holders their decorations, litigants forsake the law-courts, pleaders devote themselves to national service, and everyone abjure foreign cloth and cultivate organizing ability and the virtues of discipline, self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-control, confidence, and courage, and, what is more important, forbearance in the face of wrong; if the soldier could lay down his arms without violence, and the common man keep his hands off the officer who came to execute the law; if, in fact, his countrymen's baser human

clay could be transmuted into mahatmahood, then India would have swaraj in a year.

But of all this the masses heard only, 'Swaraj in a year.' At the end of the year, the Mahatma told them that they had not been through enough suffering to learn to acquire control over themselves. The soul-force for mass civil disobedience was wanting. The response of the nation had been inadequate.

The Mahatma is now charged with misleading the ignorant masses with false promises. Certainly they were misled. But he told them no lies. In his simple idealism, he could have had no intention to deceive. The white heat of his fervor forbids such a calumny, and the iteration of that long, equally forbidding, conditional clause disproves it.

The intelligentsia, at any rate, cannot complain that they were misled. Three months after his noncoöperation scheme was promulgated, Gandhi repeated in Calcutta exactly what manner of discipline the ordeal imposed on them. His disciples had not bargained for these sacrifices.

Later, he enjoined abstinence to the point of celibacy. 'Being a nation of slaves, it is our duty at the present moment to suspend bringing heirs to our slavery.' And he instructed Indian parenthood as to the practical ways and means for the segregation of the sexes.

VII

It argues a blind instinct of hero-worship in the Indian that the word of this picturesque idealist, as he has been called by one of his own countrymen, should have become law. Mahatma Gandhi became a greater autocrat than the Viceroy. For a year or two he was the virtual dictator of the intelligentsia, and issued manifestoes and ultimatums to Government. While his noncoöperation propaganda was brewing, not one of the hard-headed nationalist leaders, many of them astute business men, dared openly defy his authority. There was more in it than personal magnetism and mahatmahood: Gandhi was indispensable. The saint who had captured the popular imagination was the one person to see the scheme through, not to its Utopian realization, of course, but to the 'preliminary' anarchical stage, in which the complete stoppage of the administration would paralyze Government and bring it to a standstill. So far — that is to say, if one left out pastoralism, idealism, spiritualism, the repentant lion couched beside the convincing lamb — the Mahatma's scheme was eminently practicable. And so far it commended itself to the majority of the revolutionaries.

The cynical, of course, are convinced that this is exactly how far Mahatma Gandhi intended it to go; while the more tolerant of his opponents regarded him as not so much a tactician, as a dupe. But the Mahatma was perfectly honest in his optimism, and believed that he was eminently practical. He even claimed that his proposition was based on a mathematical calculation. Swaraj he defined as 'a state in which we can maintain our separate existence without the presence of the English.' The Indians, he explained, had bound themselves with their own chains; it was easy to cast them off. No government could exist a day without the coöperation of the people. 'Dissociate yourselves from the satanic administration, and you will bring it to its knees. You will not have to lift a finger, let alone a stick or stone.'

In all his talk and speeches, Gandhi comes back to *Ahimsa*, the Hindu doctrine of the sinfulness of taking life. In his conversation with me, he was very earnest in his efforts to prove that his *Satyagraha* movement led to no

bloodshed. He maintained that there had been no violence in the Punjab until we opened fire at Amritsar. His Mohammedan allies, he admits, believe in methods of violence; but he associates with them only so long as they pledge themselves to Ahimsa.

'As soon as India accepts the doctrine of the sword,' he said in Madras, 'my life as an Indian is finished'; and he repeated his threat that, if ever his country gave itself over to violence in the pursuit of liberty, he would retire as a penitent into the solitude of the Himalayan forests.

But the Mahatma has not gone to the Himalayas; he has chosen the prison-house instead, openly challenging Government to arrest him, and pledging himself to his campaign of disaffection to the end. Probably he thought that the picture of fetters and gyves in the minds of his disciples would better help the cause.

For a long time the policy of the Extremists has been one of provocation to intensive oppression. But the Government of India, in its well-meant efforts to disappoint them, hesitating to create an atmosphere unfavorable to the success of the Reforms, and hoping that the agitation would wear itself out, consumes itself in its own smoke; appears to have been almost as futile and pathetic in its trustfulness in human nature as Mahatma Gandhi himself. Its scruples, of course, were attributed to timidity or impotence.

As a result of the Khalifat agitation, India has had the Mopla rebellion, in which one heard of babies 'torn to pieces as if they were banana skins,' and old men hacked to death; as a result of the noncoöperation movement, the riots at Bombay and Madras during the Prince's visit, and the hideous outbreak at Chauri chaura, in which the wounded police were roasted alive.

Mahatma Gandhi in the meantime is becoming more and more intransigeant, more and more fanatical. The strain on his spirit is too great. His peculiar gentleness, in speech, at any rate, is not what it was. He appears, even to those among his political enemies who admire him, to be deteriorating. He is possessed by the demon of sacrifice; and in his reformer's vision, his eyes are cast beyond the Indian horizon. He sees the world purified by his gospel. 'England is to be conquered,' he says, 'by the shame of any further imposition of agony upon a people that loves its liberties more than life.'

But England believes that the only liberty she denies the Indian irreconcilable is the liberty of plunging his country into anarchy while she is handing over the reins of government. It is a subtle revenge to compel her to put good patriots into jail — a revenge which argues an understanding of Christian mentality quite in keeping with the Mahatma's optimism as to the inherent goodness in man.

For there is nothing more offensive to the Christian than the habit of turning toward him the other cheek. The left cheek, too, when the right has not been smitten — to the soldier this is a blow beneath the spiritual belt.

And it is most unfair to talk about patriots baring their breasts to bullets, when the men behind the rifles would give their lives to save the patriots from turning their motherland into another Russia.

Happily, or unhappily, the common man in the street does not understand Ahimsa or Satyagraha. To him this art of spilling one's own blood instead of spilling that of one's opponent seems to be only another way of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

Much wrong is done to the cause by Gandhi's disciples; for the spirit of the Mahatma does not dwell in their councils.

After the periodic outbreaks that occur in districts where the wrongs of the people have been explained to them by noncoöperators with counsels of forbearance, Gandhi has imposed upon himself long periods of fasting and penitence, which are duly proclaimed. He denounces the violent, calls upon them to offer expiation, admits that he has underrated the forces of evil, and prepares to give the doctrine of Ahimsa another trial.

Gandhi has awakened the national consciousness in a way that no other man could awaken it; at the same time, he has unloosed forces that he is unable to control. Let us hope that his fanaticism may not destroy what he has given.

It is not in reason or logic that we must look for the quality of the man. He is an incurable optimist, visionary, and dreamer, of the order of those who achieve great things because they have not got the logic in them to see that small things are impossible. Before the faith of such, mountains glide imperceptibly away, while the molehills that the worldly-wise and practical attack daily crop up again as soon as they are leveled by the rake.

But Gandhi has done nothing, it may be objected; his influence is waning; he is a spent force, a broken man, in prison; his gospel of noncoöperation is discredited. Exactly. He is the 'high man,' who, 'aiming at a million, misses a unit.'

But he has lighted a candle. Swaraj will not be attained by his scheme of progressive non-violent noncoöperation; nevertheless, because of his idealism, India is infinitely nearer swaraj. In Mahatma Gandhi the youth of the country have their own national hero now — a man to whom they can point, without moral or physical fear; like Garibaldi or Mazzini, only saintlier; a man whose spirit is unclouded by anger or envy or pride. When they listen to him, they feel that the Vedas and the Bhagavadgita are no legends. To them, Mahatma Gandhi embodies the essence of the selfless spirituality that is personified in their sacred books; he is the living incarnation of the spirit that once made their country great.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

BY AUGUSTA GUDHART[1]

If you will look at a map of western Asia, you will see a ragged edge of mountain range lying on the borderlands of Persia and former Turkey. Beginning here, and extending as far west as the Taurus Mountains and north into Armenia, is the region known as Kurdistan, where live, and have lived since the days of Nineveh, a wild and troublesome people called the Kurds. The name is found in the excavations as that of one of the prominent peoples of the Assyrian Empire. On the rocks at Behistun they are inscribed as among those subdued by Darius. They are the Carduchi of the Anabasis, who rolled great stones down the mountain sides upon the Ten Thousand as they fought their way back to the sea. The Great Shah, Abbas, of the days of Queen Elizabeth, was harassed by them during his wars with the Turk; while the Turks, who have ruled the and since the Osman invasion, have never held them in more than nominal suzerainty.

Their origin is unknown. Against the ebb and flow of countless migrations which from the dawn of history have crossed and recrossed this country and left it a hopeless tangle of interlocking races, creeds, and tongues, they have maintained themselves, their race and stock with a tenacity which to-day leaves them socially at odds with their neighbors, a fruitful source of irritation, disturbance, and antagonism. The diplomacy of the East pits brother against brother; and when the Armenian Nationalist movement began, in 1891, the Turks organized bodies of irregular Kurdish cavalry as a counter-irritant. In the massacres of those days the Kurds had a prominent part. The extremely bitter feelings aroused then have never been overcome, and the Great War, far from solving the problem, has left the country in a more disturbed state than before, with any hope of conciliation far below the horizon. With the breaking-up of the Turkish Empire the last curb vanished: the ambition of these wild folk has been fanned into a consuming flame by the pronouncements of President Wilson concerning self-determination for small peoples; four years of war have made their passions bloodthirsty; and Bolshevism has furnished them a next-door example of license and unrestraint. They seized an excuse for demanding lordship over all the land they surveyed and for driving out their neighbors, with an accompaniment of excesses for which there is no parallel in either Russia or Europe. It was these Kurds who killed Mar Shimoon, the ecclesiastical head of the Syrian nation, and it is they who to-day prevent the Christian populations from returning to their ancient homes around Lake Urumiah.

When the Turks invaded northwest Persia during the war, numbers of these Kurds came with them. Some were at-

[1] In writing the tragic story of her experiences, Miss Gudhart had the assistance of Mr. Elgin Groseclose, who was stationed in the spring of 1920 at Tabriz, Persia, whither he was sent by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. His work has brought him into close touch with Miss Gudhart. — The Editors.

tached to the army; but for the most part they were hangers-on and looters. Following the evacuation of this territory at the Armistice, and before the Persian Government could reassume control, they, under the leadership of a certain chieftain named Ismail Agha, or Simitko, as he is usually called, made themselves masters of the country and the land formerly held by the Syrian and Armenian Christians. Their pretext is independence and their war cry is '*Ashirat*,' the Kurdish equivalent for Bolsheviki. They know no principles of government except extortion; the hapless villagers have all their cattle and grain taken from them, and are left to live as best they can, or are shot. The city of Urumiah, Persia, containing between fifty and a hundred thousand people, was sacked and looted, and great numbers of its Syrian and Persian inhabitants were massacred. An American mission founded in 1835, maintaining a college, hospital, and press, was destroyed. The gardens surrounding the city, upon which the people depended for sustenance, were cut down.

The Persian Government has been too feeble to resist these marauders, and they have grown in arrogance and boldness until they are no longer content with the territories they have seized, but harass by raids the whole surrounding country. They are afraid of nothing, and indeed they have nothing to be afraid of. With their fierce swarthy faces, heavy hooked noses, and long silky moustaches; their carelessly wrapped turbans; their huge frames, encased in baggy and much more huge trousers; and the enormous protuberant belts they wear, made of many yards of cloth wrapped round and round, and stuck full of knives and pistols, they present an appearance that may well strike terror to the hearts of their more peaceful neighbors. Their leader, Simitko, is a man of some education, who has served in the Turkish army, and has demonstrated his ability to maintain his people in fighting unity.

A short time ago the Persians sent out their latest expedition, in an attempt to repress the invader and retake their lost territories. It was while this army was circling the northern end of Lake Urumiah, trying to encounter the foe, that the crafty Simitko seized the opportunity to hasten south and there commit the most terrible depredation that has yet been laid to his credit.

Just south of Lake Urumiah, in the foothills of the mountains which the Kurds inhabit, is the little city of Souj-Boulagh. It is small, but being on the caravan road around the foot of the lake, it was deemed important enough for a Persian garrison of about seven hundred men. Its population was a mixture of Persians and Mamoush Kurds, non-nomadic tribes, which lived quietly under the Persian flag and in perfect amity with their neighbors. A number of years ago the Presbyterian Mission Board established a station there; but a few years later it was turned over to the American Lutheran Board. During the war there had been no force on the fields; but, in the early part of 1921, Mr. Bachimont, his wife, and three young unmarried women came out to reopen the work.

For a number of days rumors had come of possible trouble. On the evening of the sixth a runner came, with word that three thousand Kurds, under Simitko himself, were in the hills just beyond the city. It was already dusk, and there was no time for conference or for the little mission to take any action. A few of the inhabitants of the city gathered up their children and fled for the plain; but the mass of the people only huddled into their houses, locked the gates behind them, and waited for the storm that was to break.

They did not wait long. By nine o'clock the hills reverberated with the rattle of rifle-fire and the whizz of bullets.

A month later, when the four women of the mission arrived, worn, haggard, and bedraggled, in Tabriz, Miss Gudhart, the senior in point of service, told the following story of how it happened.

As soon as we received word that an attack was coming, I determined to save something from the looting which I knew was sure to follow if the Kurds succeeded in entering the city. On account of my medical work, I was living in a separate house, or court, about a hundred paces up the narrow street, and next door to the governor's gate. With Javahir, my Bible woman and housekeeper, and the gateman, I began to dig a hole in the *ambar* [cellar] in which to put one of my trunks. We had nothing to work with, except the knives and forks from the table, and nothing in which to carry out the soil, except the aprons of our skirts. We worked frantically, for we did not know at what minute the Kurds might be in the city. When I went out in the open with my loads of soil, I could see the flames from the near-by Persian rifles, and hear the clatter of the Kurdish shots over the roofs. They had a machine gun which emitted an awful rattle distinguishable above the hand-pieces. The Souj-Boulagh garrison had one decrepit cannon, I think, which at intervals would burst out in a tongue of flame and a roar that shook the tiny window panes throughout the house. The ineffectiveness of its aimless shooting in the dark would have been laughable had it not been so deadly serious.

The soil was extremely hard, and it seemed hopeless work trying to get a hole big enough for one steamer trunk. We finally finished, however, and the trunk, filled with the things I considered most precious, was dragged downstairs and shoved into the opening. We covered it over with dirt, and on top of this piled faggots of firewood. The morning constellations were now beginning to appear, and the tranquillity of their steady glow was in vivid contrast to the wild scene below. There was no time to prepare another hole, so we put another trunk in a corner and covered it over with firewood. It was then four o'clock in the morning and the Kurds were still firing from the near-by hills. It seemed impossible to sleep through the noise of battle, but the weariness of the night's work must have overcome my fears, for I remember dozing until daybreak.

The firing still continued, but at nine in the morning the Kurds began to break over the nearest hills. Within a few minutes they were in the city. Pandemonium reigned. The air was full of shouts, mingled Kurdish and Persian oaths, and rifle-fire. I remember hearing the hoofbeats of galloping riders on the cobbles before the gate, and wondering at what minute they would be upon us. It was not long. I heard a wild bombardment, and before the door could be opened, it was smashed in, and several Kurds were in our compound, with guns pointed and knives drawn, shouting, '*Ashirat, ashirat,*' and '*pul — zer*' (money, give).

They rushed through all the rooms, smashing furniture, breaking open cupboards, ripping up the carpets, carrying out everything that pleased their fancy, and loading their horses. I tried to remonstrate with them, hoping that the magical word, 'Americans,' would stop them; but it only increased their madness. In a few minutes they were gone, and in a few more minutes another party was in. When they saw that everything of value had been taken, they took my clothes from me. When I resisted, they beat me with their muskets, until I fell down half senseless.

When I recovered from my daze, Javahir threw one of her garments around me — they had spared her, not thinking her clothes worth while. My anxious mind told me to get out before still others came. I do not know what time it was. I had lost my watch, and time was nothing. The firing had now ceased, comparatively, but when I looked out of the gate, I saw the street jammed with Kurdish horsemen. They were before the governor's gate, trying to batter it down. Although the other compound was only a hundred yards away, it seemed infinitely distant. I do not know how we got through: I try to remember now. Wriggling between pawing and neighing horses, and crouching along the wall, we finally reached the other gate. The Kurds were so busy that they apparently did not notice us.

What I saw here I can hardly tell. The door was open and the keeper dead near the gatehouse. The two young women were running through the house naked, pursued by two Kurdish soldiers. One of them had caught his intended victim by the hair and was struggling with her, when I rushed up and began to tug at him. Javahir intervened between the other two, and by some miraculous means we forced them to desist, and they went off. Bachimont had been killed, and Mrs. Bachimont was nowhere around. There was no time to learn what had happened. We knew that we must leave at once, or suffer death, or perhaps worse. Poor Javahir's back was again robbed to provide clothes for the two, and through a rear *darbend*, or alley, we made our escape. The streets were now quieter, — the inhabitants all dead or indoors, — and the Kurds busy carting away the loot. In the streets were dead bodies over which we had to step to get through. There is a small river curling around the edge of the city, and to this we made our way, hoping to cross and find some shelter among the rocks on the other side. It was useless.

In a sort of *maidan*, or open space, on the outskirts of the city, there is a small hill, and from where we were, we could see that here the Kurdish chief had made his headquarters. Here his share of the booty was being piled up. Once upon a time I had met Simitko, when he was not so war-mad. Then, in his smooth French, he had asked us to establish a mission among his people, that they might be educated and learn the ways of civilization. He had expressed a great admiration for Americans. Now, with this recollection in mind, we determined to take a dangerous and hazardous step — to go to the chief himself and demand his protection. If he refused, we should probably be carried off to the seraglio of some of his lieutenants; if he granted his protection, it would be no certain safety; for Oriental minds are capricious at best; but if we did not go, we should probably meet a terrible fate.

Our feet were cut and bleeding from walking on the rocks; our backs were blue from the beatings we had received, and we were shivering from the chill wind that blew. Our hearts were so filled with the horror of the things we had seen and the constant fear that any moment might be our last, that we had no thought for our bodily pains. If we had made a decision to go, we did not know it; for on every hand seemed death, and to go toward the tent of the chief was perhaps only another way of being killed. But if death seemed near while we were in the streets, it was imminent as we stepped into the circle of terrible Kurds who thronged the maidan. And if it was imminent then, we seemed to be in its grasp as there came before our eyes the last and crowning horror of all. As we mounted to the top of the hill, and the opposite slope appeared before us with the river flowing at its

foot, we saw the captured Persian garrison being led forth in small parties, and shot down by machine-gun fire. All of them were stripped to the waist and barefoot. Some were made to crouch on the ground, while the rapid fire raked them over. Others were made to stand in rows and sing the 'Moharram,' or national song of Persia. As they sang, the machine gun swept them down like some invisible scythe. The gun was turned so rapidly that in one case it took also a number of Kurdish soldiers standing at the end of the line. One cannot conceive of men having so little regard for their own companions as to shoot them down in this manner.

I do not know how I remained standing when I saw this. I was transfixed with horror, a horror that would let me neither faint nor turn away. Just then Simitko emerged from his tent. It seemed an age before he spoke. Would it be life or death? He said a few words to us, regretting what we had seen, and declaring that 'it was war.' My heart uttered a prayer of thanks when he ordered some of his soldiers to take us back and give us aid.

We were taken to the customs house, where we stayed during the night in one of the empty storerooms. There was a guard at the door, so we felt reasonably safe. It was very cold, and we had nothing over us except a dirty blanket we found, too poor for any Kurd to carry off and filled with creeping things. There was fortunately some loose cotton in a corner, and in this we snuggled. We were terribly worried about Mrs. Bachimont, but we could not stir abroad to look for her. As the day had been one of plunder, so the night was to be one of pleasure for the insatiable Kurds, and a thousand nameless horrors were perpetrated. The cold, our distress about Mrs. Bachimont, our fears as to our own security, and the physical strain of the day, were all too much for our bodies, and we were unable to relax in sleep.

It was then that I learned how Mr. Bachimont had met his fate. Even with the Kurds in the city, he had felt a peculiar trust. The Bible lesson that morning had been, by chance, Isaiah 43, 1: 'But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.' If these verses were a comfort to him, they were also a prophecy concerning him, for within an hour he had gone to join his Maker. Kurds had burst in, as everywhere, demanding money. Mr. Bachimont had tried to tell them that he had none; indeed, the little mission-safe had been for some weeks rather lean. They went all through the house, ransacking everything, but finally went off, carrying everything of value. In a few minutes two other men came in. When they saw that all the apparent wealth had been carried away, they began to demand the 'hidden treasure.' They took Mr. Bachimont upstairs to search, and when they found no treasure, they shot him in their fury. He lived long enough to get downstairs, and die at his wife's feet. With the only man in the house dead, the two Kurds began the foul attack which Javahir and I had intercepted.

Early next morning we determined to find out whether Mrs. Bachimont had been carried off, or was perhaps somewhere in hiding; and we were soon successful. Javahir came calling that she had found the *khanum*. In the rear of the garden, crouching behind a pile of rubbish, completely hidden, Javahir pointed her out. She had run and crept there during the attack of the two Kurds, and had remained in that posture for twenty-four hours. She was dumb from terror, and unable to move from cold. We carried her into the

house and somewhere found a few rags with which to cover her. Some of our native friends whose backs had been spared gave us enough clothing to clothe us decently. Somewhere we found a few utensils, in which we might cook our food. There were some boxes in the storeroom, and with these we made a rough coffin for Mr. Bachimont.

By night most of the Kurds had gone, carrying off what plunder they had gathered. People now began to appear furtively on the streets, seeking their lost ones, trying to take up again the thread of life. A small Kurdish force had been left in the city as a rear-guard and to look after the wounded; but they molested no one. Indeed, there was no one left to molest except their Kurdish cousins of the city. Every Persian found in the city had been killed; the dead of the garrison, unburied, lying there in heaps on the river slope, numbered about seven hundred according to a count made by my gateman; while in the streets lay the dead bodies of men and horses on which the dogs came and fed. Women had been violated, and children had been left fatherless and hungry. Every house, whether Kurdish or Persian, had been sacked and looted. Our house had nothing in it but smashed and battered furniture, papers scattered everywhere, and crumbling walls which had been prodded in attempts to find secret recesses containing money or jewels. I went below, to see if they had found the hiding-places of my trunks. The one in the corner had been discovered and broken open, but the earth over the other had not been disturbed.

The next day (Sunday, October 9) we held a simple funeral service for Mr. Bachimont. We could find none of the natives who would help us prepare the body, since they thought that to touch the dead body of a Christian would defile them. But we finally induced some of them to dig a grave and to carry the coffin to its resting-place. We found one of our Bibles still intact, and from it we read the service.

That afternoon we deemed it safe enough to unearth the trunk. By stretching here and pinning there, we made the garments I had stored away fit us all. We straightened up the house as best we could, and then began to turn our minds to the problem of getting away. That evening, however, the Kurdish chief who had been left in charge of the wounded learned that I was a *hakim*, and sent a politely worded request that I come and nurse his sick.

I now had the task of looking after some thirty-odd wounded Kurds, and we were treated with outward respect; a bevy of guards did duty at our gate, but we were virtually prisoners. To every request that we be granted permission to leave, we received a courteous refusal. While the Kurdish picket was fair protection for us, the court was constantly full of men, ostensibly to see the hakim, but really to set eyes on the light-haired women. Me they respected because of my medical knowledge, but the others I had to keep hidden in the inner rooms during the day.

Mrs. Bachimont's condition as a result of her night's exposure was very bad, and was not improved by our constant fears and her brooding over her husband's death. She began to grow worse; and at last we decided again to brave the worst and try to escape.

One of our Kurdish neighbors was the owner of a near-by village. He had been quite a warm friend to us, and we enlisted his assistance in our attempt. We made our few belongings into small bundles, and on the night of the thirteenth some of his men smuggled them out. We got ready to go the next night. The following day I went to the chief for the last time, for permission to leave the city. Fortune smiled on us.

A Syrian doctor had been found, and the Kurd, tired no doubt of our importunities, consented to relieve me. He even granted us a guard to see us on our way.

We were not long in departing. That afternoon we started out afoot for the next village, several miles away. The relief we experienced on passing the outskirts of the city is indescribable. It seemed as if we were emerging from Inferno into the light of day. The dead bodies of horses and men were still lying in the streets, where they had fallen the week before. We could see the heaps of dead on the river slope. Those in the streets had been eaten by the dogs; the bodies of the garrison had been worried by the wolves. Only the coldness of the weather prevented a putrid stench from rising. I saw one or two bodies being buried by the Kurdish police. They were being dragged away by ropes around their necks. As I looked, the whole week passed in review before my mind; I could hear the awful percussion of the rifles, and the clattering of horses through the streets, and the screams of women that first night; I could see again from the maidan the Persian garrison falling before the machine gun.

For several hours we trudged along, while our guards gallantly rode beside us, scanning the horizon for a possible enemy. When we came to the village where we had deposited our bundles, we dismissed the guards, preferring to face the dangers of the road alone rather than in their company. We had only twenty *tumans* among us, — a little money which, fortunately, I had put in the trunk, — and this sufficed to hire a donkey to carry our baggage, but not ourselves. Hiring a donkey in Persia includes the driver, so we were not without the semblance of a man-servant. For four days we plodded over the plains and hills of the desert country north of Souj-Boulagh. The trail was extremely rough and at every step our loose native shoes kept dangling from our blistered feet. Our limbs were sore, and so weary that we could hardly keep pace with our tiny beast. When night fell, we would curl down in a bundle beside the road, with our few blankets over us, while the donkey driver would go off to find forage for his animal among the scant grasses of the desert. At this altitude and this late season of the year the nights were extremely cold, and we had no fire. The cold, our exhaustion, and the vague dread which even the empty desert conjures up gave us little rest.

The fourth day we reached Bokhan, a village of some importance, from which there was a postal service to Tabriz. We found the chief a comfortable-looking Persian hadji, surrounded by a retinue of lazy servants. He had heard of the Americans, and when he learned who we were, he showed a tremendous solicitude. We were taken to his house and given quarters in the *anderun*, with the female members of the household. Word was immediately sent to the governor at Tabriz, and to our friends there, that we were safe. We knew that a carriage and a detachment of the governor's men would soon be on the way to meet us, so we remained under the roof of our Moslem host, resting and recuperating for the further journey. A number of the village elders came to us with a present of some thirty-five tumans, which they had collected for the *khanums* — holding them out with both hands as a mark of respect. These, they hoped, with many expressions of benediction from 'Allah,' would bear us on our journey. The simple cordiality of these people did much to restore our disturbed outlook on life; and when, ten days later, we were bundled into the conveyance that had arrived to take us on to Tabriz, there was some sweetness mixed with the gall.

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN

BY LEROY PERCY

I

One of the strangest aberrations in American life since the war is the growth of the Ku Klux Klan. In the North that organization, when considered at all, has been thought of as a colossal buffoonery, a matter unworthy of the time or thought of intelligent folk; and, indeed, for the average American, with his common sense and his appreciation of the ridiculous, any other attitude would seem unlikely. But because in certain sections of the country, notably the South and Southwest, the attitude of numbers of people has been quite the reverse, and the consequences of that attitude evil and seriously dangerous, a consideration of the purposes of the Klan and of its effect, intentional or otherwise, is worthy of the attention of the country's best citizens.

The present Ku Klux Klan should not be confused with the secret order of that name, which a disorganized system of justice in the South during Reconstruction days in a measure justified. The original Klan disbanded when its purpose had been served. The new order has appropriated, without leave or license, the name, the disguises, the mummery of the old, — intended as childish but effective means of terrifying the imaginative and newly emancipated negro, — without appropriating either its aims or its ideals. This theft was designed to advertise the upstart organization; in this it has been successful. Among Southerners a romantic tradition of patriotism and terrible justice hallows the memory of the old Klan. Thoughtless enthusiasts have joined the new because of that tradition. Among the negroes the very name is still a thing of nightmare terror, and such an attitude of mind perfectly suited the plans of the founder of the new order.

And what were those plans? What reason could there be at this time to drag from its grave this old Southern bogey, with its secrecy, disguises, masks, Kleagles, Wizards, and fee-fi-fo-fum clap-trap? Why was the new Klan formed? The easy and half-true answer is: 'For profit.' The initiation fee is ten dollars for each Klansman. Without that high incentive, certainly no clannish brotherhood would have been attempted. But it may be that the professed ideals of the founder were sincere, and undoubtedly many good men have joined because of them. Therefore, a brief examination of those ideals is necessary.

The Klan excludes from membership negroes, Jews, Catholics, and foreign-born, whether citizens or not. In its own phrase, it is the only Gentile White Protestant American-born Organization in the world. It is secret. Its membership is secret, in that respect differing probably from every other secret society in America, though like enough to many in Russia. When asked if he is a member, the custom is for a good Klansman to evade, more rarely to reply in the negative, but in any event not to avow his membership.

The *Congressional Record* prints in full the Klan's ritual, and the exceedingly verbose, emotional, and silly explanation and defense of it by its founder, styled the 'Grand Wizard.' The principles there set forth — support of the Constitution, allegiance to the government, preservation of the public-school system, protection of the chastity of women, and the rest — are neither new nor open to condemnation, with two important exceptions.

Section One of the Oath of Allegiance (testimony of Grand Wizard Simmons, in the Ku Klux Klan hearings before the Committee on Rules, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, First Session, reads: —

> Section 1. *Obedience.* — You will say, 'I,' — pronounce your full name, and repeat after me, — 'In the presence of God and man, most solemnly pledge, promise, and swear, unconditionally, that I will faithfully obey the constitution and laws, and will willingly conform to all regulations, usages, and requirements of the —— which do now exist or which may be hereafter enacted, and will render at all times loyal respect and steadfast support to the imperial authority of same, and will heartily heed all official mandates, decrees, edicts, rulings, and instructions of the I—— W—— thereof. I will yield prompt response to all summonses, I having knowledge of same, Providence alone preventing.'

This oath makes obedience to the orders of the Invisible Empire obligatory, with no guaranty that those orders will not be unwise or un-American or even criminal.

Section Four of the same oath reads: —

> 'I swear that I will keep secure to myself a secret of a ——sman when same is committed to me in the sacred bond of —— smanship, the crime of violating this solemn oath, treason against the United States of America, rape, and malicious murder alone excepted.'

And its viciousness becomes glaring on considering the fact that this Klan makes a special effort to enroll in its membership county and city officials, and even the members of the judiciary.

But not from its ritual will the true purposes and methods of the organization be learned. That information is given by its itinerant paid speakers, who are now touring the South and West, soliciting membership. The individual assigned to Mississippi for this work is Joseph G. Camp, formerly a lyceum lecturer, now dubbed 'Colonel.' His speech, wrung dry of its oratory and its indefinite but ardent praise of 'one-hundred-per-cent Americanism,' may be accurately summarized in two paragraphs.

First. The Jews, the Catholics, the negroes, the alien-born are organized; they are a menace to American institutions; it is necessary to combat their pernicious influences; the sole weapon to hand is the Ku Klux Klan; therefore, if you are a true American, join the Klan.

Second. The morals of the country are in a parlous condition; sexual vice, bootlegging, gambling flourish; the Klan loveth righteousness; if you are on the side of the angels, join the Klan.

The first part of the programme is effected by moulding public sentiment, by watching wayward politicians, by combating the sinister propaganda of the press, which is under the control of Jews or Catholics or negroes or foreigners. The second part of the programme is the real work of the separate local Klans. It is accomplished in this wise: each Klansman is a 'detective'; he goes about his community 'with eyes and ears open,' spying on the morals of his fellow citizens, the objects of his scrutiny being serenely unconscious of it, as only Klansmen know who are members of the Klan; then, at the next meeting of the Klan, the various members report the bits of information they have

collected; the assembled body passes on the guilt or innocence of the accused (naturally, in his absence), and takes such course as seems necessary and proper.

That course is not direct action, — an order to leave town, or a coat of tar-and-feathers, or a whipping, or worse, — as the hired press reports; but selected members remonstrate with the delinquent on the evil of his ways, even warn him; then, should he remain froward and unregenerate, they report him and his sins to the officers of the law, volunteering to those officials, usually spineless, the Klan's aid and comfort; and if they then fail to act, the Klan's duty is to see that they are retired from office and their places more worthily filled, preferably by Klansmen.

The Klan speakers seem always to stress that part of their address outlining the regulation of private morals, and that part is very much the same wherever delivered. But the remainder of the address appears to vary widely from one section of the country to the other, to suit the outstanding prejudice or antipathy of the particular audience being exhorted.

It is said that in California the anti-Japanese feeling is the basis of appeal; in some localities the Jew is referred to in a manner to rejoice the heart of Henry Ford; less frequently, white supremacy as an anti-negro appeal is eloquently defended. But it appears the Church of Rome is never scanted. Always she is represented as the deadly enemy of American institutions, to be crushed not so much for her religious tenets as for her dark and unexplained political machinations. Colonel Camp regaled Mississippi audiences with references to 'that old dago on the Tiber,' and 'that slick and slimy cardinal who had more power in America during the war than the President of the United States.'

II

Such are the principles and methods of this amazing society which, calling itself Protestant Christian, preaches an aggressive bigotry, a venomous intolerance, abhorrent alike to Luther and to Christ, and, appointing itself the watch-dog of private morals, dares assume that rôle only in anonymity, its members masked like clowns, sheeted like servants of the Inquisition. What then is its effect? Granting that its every principle is high, and the every object of its hate deserving of that hate, what happens for better or for worse in the town or countryside where the Klan has gained a following? That, after all, is the only question of importance. Jewry and Rome need no defense, at least from this writer.

A word may not, however, be amiss as to the effect of the Klan's activities upon the negro population in the agricultural sections of the South. The struggle in these sections is to retain the negro population. The industrial system of the South is built upon this population. The loss of it means that the lumber-mills will lie idle and the cotton fields, cornfields, and sugar fields will revert to the wilderness. The steady trend of the negro population is away from the South to the industrial centres, because of better wages and better economic conditions than agriculture can compete with. This trend cannot be arrested. It can easily, however, be so expedited as to afford no opportunity for readjustment to changed conditions, resulting in industrial paralysis and ruin. This is one of the terrifying potentialities of the Klan's work in these sections. True it is that their orators avow, in their public utterances, that the Klan is the friend of the negro; that they will not hurt him, 'if he does what is right.' The answer to this is twofold: first, that the negro can

never be assured that he is doing what is right according to the Klan's conception of right; and second, the original Ku Klux Klan was created solely for the purpose of terrorizing the negro; he has never heard of it being associated with any other purpose, and it is impossible to reassure him on this point. It would be as easy to go through a sedge field populated with rabbits with a bunch of hounds, and to satisfy the rabbits that they were in no danger, but that you were intent upon fox-hunting alone. The reply would possibly be: 'I never heard about your doing much except hunting rabbits. You look like you are fixed for hunting rabbits. What you say may be so; but even if it is, I see seven or eight young hounds in that bunch that might break away and start to running rabbits anyway. The best thing for this rabbit to do is to start to running now.' Anyone who knows the blacks of the South, and the strange indefinable terror which surrounds the name of the Ku Klux Klan in their minds, knows that, following one of the sheeted parades of the Klan, it would be almost impossible to get close enough to a negro to reassure him. This grave menace to industrial conditions is without compensating advantages of any kind.

There is another respect in which the Klan has, perhaps unwittingly, inflicted a wrong upon the negro. The negro, especially in the rural sections of the South, derives great pleasure from an extravagant nomenclature. The more meaningless, the better. Often I have seen the solemnity of a court-room ripple into mirth as a case for or against 'The Sons and Daughters of Isaac and Jacob of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia' was called; and yet how flavorless is this language compared to the ordinary efforts of the Klan. I quote the beginning and end of an official document issued by the Imperial Wizard, William Joseph Simmons, notifying the Klan of the selection of Mary Elizabeth Tyler as his Grand Chief-of-Staff: —

> To all Genii, Grand Dragons and Hydras of Realms, Grand Goblins and Kleagles of Domains, Grand Titans and Furies of Provinces, Giants, Exalted Cyclops and Terrors of Klantons, and to all Citizens of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan — in the name of our valiant, venerated Dead, I affectionately greet you. . . .
>
> Done in the Aulic of his Majesty, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, in the Imperial City of Atlanta, Commonwealth of Georgia, United States of America, on this, the ninth day of the ninth month of the year of our Lord, 1921, and on the Dreadful Day of the Weeping Week of the Mournful Month of the Year of the Klan LV.
>
> Duly signed and sealed by his Majesty.
>
> (*Signed*) WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS
> Imperial Wizard.

They have wronged the negro by getting 'a corner' on the gibberish of the English language, and they exclude him from the organization, when he would derive peculiar delight from, would fairly revel in, its official language.

But aside from its effect upon the negro population, which cannot be overestimated, the fruits of the Ku Klux Klan are a heavy harvest and evil, all of them. It is a lawless organization, judged alike by its ritual and its activities. As will be noted from the oath, a Klansman swears to keep the secrets of a fellow Klansman with the exception of four crimes, namely, violating his Klansman's oath, treason against the United States of America, rape, and malicious murder. For everyday purposes the first two exceptions may be disregarded. There is no crime which is to be or has been committed by a Klansman, and which is revealed to a fellow Klansman, which he will not keep sacred, except rape and malicious murder. He pledges himself

to be willing to be an accessory, before or after the fact, for every crime that can be committed by a Klansman, and this whether he be an ordinary American citizen, whose duty it is to uphold the law, a sheriff, whose sworn duty it is to enforce it, or a judge, whose duty it is to administer it.

In what way have the activities of the Klan evinced themselves? Wherever they have gone, there has been a trail of lawless deeds and violence done by them or by those masked in the garb which they have rendered possible. An organization which breeds violence, either by deeds done or by the opportunity for lawlessness which it offers to the criminal element of a country, is an evil thing. Innumerable instances can be given, taken from the daily press, where men, without the ceremony of a trial, have been taken out by masked men, tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated, and usually ordered to leave the community. I will simply give two typical illustrations, one of the Klan at its best and one of the Klan at its worst.

The daily press carried a telegram of February 27, 1922, from Helena, Arkansas, reading as follows: —

HELENA, ARKANSAS, *February* 27, 1922. Silently and without looking to right or left, four robed and hooded figures stalked into at least four of the down-town churches last night, stopped at the chancel, and handed the minister a slip of paper containing a typewritten message.

If the minister was startled by the sudden appearance of the silent figures, he betrayed it only by a look of surprise at the interruption. He asked if they desired to have the printed message read to the congregation; the robed figures bowed and stood mute as the minister read as follows: —

'We who stand thus silently before you are more than a million strong; we are friends of this minister, this church, and this congregation; we stand for the Christian religion, for the protection of womanhood and for the everlasting supremacy of the white race. As such we most earnestly ask your friendship and your prayers.

'(*Signed*) KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.'

Similar dispatches were published from a number of places. These men walked into a place of worship. They stopped the services of the church. They stalked down the aisle and handed a message to the preacher. Would four citizens have done it who were not masked? Hidden behind masks, they interfered with the solemn worship in the House of God and asked to be prayed for because they were a million strong. That was the message they were carrying; and they say that 'we stand for Christianity, for the protection of womanhood and white supremacy.' Did they have to be masked for that kind of declaration? Since when has Southern womanhood needed to be defended by men in masks? Must the men of the South clothe themselves in sheets and cover their faces with masks in order to defend their homes?

Another illustration of the activities of the Klan: on February 22, 1922, at Texarkana, Texas, Judge D. A. Turner, in a special charge to the Bowie County grand jury, directed that an investigation be made of the activities of masked men in the county, with special attention to the case of a party which on the night of February 11, obtained P. Norman, a negro, from the custody of Deputy Sheriff W. T. Jordan, and lynched him. In his charge to the jury Judge Turner declared that there was now more lawlessness in Bowie County than ever before during the fifty years he had sat on the bench; and he denounced the Ku Klux Klan as an enemy of constituted government. He did not charge that the Ku Klux Klan had any connection with the activities of the masked men, but declared that the very nature of the organization opens the way for any lawless element to

operate, seemingly with very little molestation.

It is proper to say that the Klan has denied its responsibility for this crime. It usually denies responsibility for all acts of violence committed by men in the Klan's garb. But whether such denial be true or not, there is no escape from the moral responsibility for the acts so committed; and I have heard of no criminal in the garb of the Klan who has been brought to justice by the Klan, who alone can know whether he is a member of the Klan or not.

The Grand Wizard is profuse in assurances that the Klan will assist officers of the law. When officers of the law in any community become so helpless and impotent that they have to be backed up by sheeted Klansmen at night, that community is in a bad way. The garb of the Klan does not lend itself to uphold the law; it never was devised for that purpose. The men who first devised it devised it to conceal their identity when doing the lawless deeds that they felt justified in doing. Men who are aiding officers of the law in doing a right thing do not disguise themselves and go about after nightfall. This organization tries a man on hearsay evidence, without giving him an opportunity of being confronted by his accusers, and without lawful authority proceeds to enforce its judgments. The foundation-stone of government and constitutional liberty in our land is the right of a man to be confronted by his accusers and to hear the evidence brought against him.

III

This organization poses as the representative and sole defender of Protestant Americanism. Its methods bear no semblance to those of any government except Bolshevist Russia. A decree of the Ku Klux Klan, handed down by Simmons of Atlanta, is as abhorrent to democracy and Americanism as a decree of the Soviet government handed out by Lenin. One is as much a menace to orderly government as the other. One is as undemocratic and un-American as the other. Either is a menace to law, order, and freedom.

What is the lure that draws men to membership in such an organization? Why do they fall such easy victims to the cheap oratory of hired itinerant speakers? Partly because of the 'jining' proclivities of the American people. Partly because of the desire of exercising power in secrecy and without responsibility. They wish to 'get even' with some man or class of men. But in this section and in others the chief appeal has been to religious intolerance. Good men, Christian men, pastors of churches, have enrolled themselves as members, feeling that in some way through this mysterious order they would be able to combat the forces of evil, and especially the political activities of the Roman Catholic Church, portrayed in such lurid colors by these new evangelists. There has been a recrudescence of that puritanical meddlesomeness which seeks to regulate the habits, lives, and consciences of other people. The secret methods of the Inquisition all but destroyed the Church of Rome, and for hundreds of years, Protestants, whatever might be their denomination, have gloried in freedom of discussion and publicity; prayer and Christian suasion have been recognized as the means of reaching the erring sinner; yet, to-day, Christian ministers are found endorsing the idea that men can be made more righteous by a tar treatment applied at night by masked inquisitors.

Assuredly no word of the Man of Galilee can be quoted in extenuation of the unutterable cruelty and cowardice of such treatment. The incident in

the Bible which more nearly parallels midnight operations of the Klan than any other is the one in which they came at night to take Jesus, and He said: 'Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me? I was daily with you in the Temple, teaching, and ye took me not.' Since when, among Christian peoples, taking men at night has not been in good repute. They have been told by their chief instructors — Wizards, Kleagles, Genii — that the Knights of Columbus, as a representative of the Great Catholic hierarchy, is on the eve of catholicizing America and destroying our educational institutions; and instead of fighting this hobgoblin, created by their leaders for profit, in the open, according to the manner of their forefathers, they seek to overcome the powers of evil by donning a clown's garb, swearing to conceal their identity, and marching behind an Imperial Wizard, whom they are sworn to obey. They fail to realize that our government has been established by free American people, who will handle it without interference by, or dictation from, church or clan; that it is to be governed by neither priest nor wizard, knights nor klansmen.

The most malign effect of the organization is the destruction of the spirit of helpfulness, coöperation, and love in the community where it intrudes itself. In a community composed of Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, white and black, where the life and progress of the community has been marked by helpfulness and cooperation, friendship and harmony, this organization comes to plant discord, racial hatred, religious dissension, and intolerance. Whatever may be its aspirations, it can breed only suspicion and distrust among the members of a community. It paralyzes all spirit of coöperation. It is violative of every principle of Christianity, repugnant to every sense of right, justice, and fair dealing between man and man. Good citizenship should actively and openly oppose its entry into any community.

The evils of the organization should be pointed out, so that good men will not join it, and active war should be made upon those who do join it.

Because of failure to pursue this course, thousands have become members of the organization in Arkansas, Alabama, and Georgia, and the great state of Texas is rent asunder over a Klan fight. It will be a dominant issue in the next political campaign there. A candidate for lieutenant-governor has a daily paper openly espousing the cause of the Klan; and it is said that ten thousand Klansmen recently assembled at a meeting in that state. When this organization seeks to find lodgment in a community, the common sense and patriotism of the people should be appealed to. The shams, sophistry, un-Americanism, and evil of the organization should be exposed. The light of publicity should be turned upon the trappings, tomfoolery, and gibberish of the Imperial Wizard.

SEVEN HOURS IN ROME

BY MARY PRESCOTT HATCH

When the minstrels woke me yesterday afternoon, playing under my window, I opened my eyes, and for a moment hardly knew where I was; but the light coming drowsily through the shutters, and the cheery crackle of the fire beside my bed, soon reassured me, and I went quickly to the salon to find Jack and rejoice with him that we were truly alive and well. He was sound asleep in his easy chair before the fire. He, too, had slept over two hours without realizing it.

As all the world knows, 'yesterday,' Sunday, February the twelfth, was the day of the Pope's coronation. We were wakened at five-thirty, and hurriedly made a fire in the salon while we dressed; first Jack tried, then I did; and it went out, as we had no kindling. I could find nothing but the wastebasket and the back of the bookcase that would do; so we took the bookcase, and it gave us a warm flame in a short time. We had a copper kettle of strong broth, and some rolls which had been sent up the night before, and they were soon piping hot and ready for our early breakfast. I never was more excited in my life, or in greater haste to be off.

The motor had not come, but we found a carriage with an aged horse, who took us to St. Peter's as fast as he could go. He, too, seemed to feel the excitement, for he did not walk a step, but, from the jerking of the carriage, I should think he cantered. It was dark, but we could dimly see the immense crowd before the entrance to the steps as we approached. We drove past the fountains of the courtyard, which sprinkled us with their spray, as if they, too, wished a tiny bit of themselves to go with us into the church, to whose approach they had added charm by their spiritual beauty for so many hundreds of years.

There was but one tiny entrance, in the middle of the steps, the rest being barred by high fences. We tried to enter the small end of the wedge at the left, instead of the broad crowd in front. Soon we were in the crush, which became almost unbearable just at the gate. I was turned completely around and tossed in, back to; no one could have told if I had a ticket or not, and no one could have stopped me, for everyone ran up to the doors, and in, as if they were sheep being driven into their respective pens.

This was exactly six-thirty, and the doors had opened only half an hour before, but the church was crowded; we have heard since that many spent the whole night there in the square. We could get only half-way up the aisle between the tomb of St. Peter and the entrance, far at one side; and as we stood wondering if it were best to stay there, or to go further back, we were swept to the front, and a huge mass poured in on top of us, so that in three minutes we could not move. We could not raise a hand, or move an inch, unless the entire mass moved us. We looked at each other, but said no word, except that we prayed that we might be able to keep together. We had pictured ourselves as sitting on our

comfortable camp-stools during the three hours' wait which was before us; had we known how it was to be, we should never have gone. We were crushed to such an extent that we thought we could bear no more, and then, behold, we were crushed again and again.

For an hour and a half I had a dear brown monk behind me — a young man with one of the most spiritual faces that I have ever seen. He had come from France, we surmised, for he used French in the few words we spoke together. His face showed a calm peacefulness such as I never remember to have seen before. Twice his breathing became so quick and hard that I thought he was being overcome; then he did as I had done, and had urged Jack to do also: he looked above the crowd, at two saintly figures which stood high over head in niches. One held a huge book, and must have learned much from its pages; for the statue expressed perfect poise and assurance, as it put one foot forward and leaned from the niche to watch the mass below, as if to reassure us, and to bring to our attention the fact that, in the ages that it had stood there, it had witnessed just such things before, and that they had not spoiled its trust and faith that all would be well in the end. The lower one stood firmly on a prostrate figure, which writhed in its futile attempt to get away. It helped give courage, for if he could feel such conviction of victory over evil in such a live form as he had under foot, we could surely have faith that a bit of crushing would not be too much for us.

We watched the light of day silently creep into the church, and dim the candle-light. Once I was able to get my arm up, but there was nowhere to put it, for the place where it had been was squeezed tight; so I draped it around a strange man in front of me. He said it made his neck hot, and wished I would take it away; but I only laughed. A man behind me had a hat which he got up from depths below, and finding nowhere to put it, landed it on the back of my head, where it stayed until I was able to shake it off upon my shoulder. I wore Aunt Clara's Spanish lace scarf, and Beatrice's black fur coat. Someone fainted, behind us, and had to take the place of two as she doubled up, with the result that the whole crowd pushed an added push to accomplish the feat. Something had to give way, for there was no such space there. Somehow or other I was the thing chosen to give up my place on earth. I was completely taken off my feet and carried up in the air above the crowd.

I shall never forget the expression of absolute helplessness on Jack's face; for the wave that had taken me up had driven him the other way, and we were far apart. Something happened, I know not what, and I found my feet once more coming down, until the tip of one toe touched the pavement. It was a long time until I found a place for the other foot to come alongside. Three or four times such waves came when people were taken ill or fainted — we had no means of knowing which, for we could only hear the murmur of the crowd; we could not turn to see. One man was lifted over the railing in front, and carried off by the soldiers.

At half-past eight, we heard dim sounds of music and cheering, and knew that the procession had entered the chapel behind us, where the Pope was to change his robes. It took one more hour before the silver trumpets sounded, and we could see the high waving white ostrich fans which were held above the Pope. He was carried high on his golden throne, and stopped just in front of us for at least five minutes. He looked the sickest man I have ever seen: his face was perfectly

gray, his head went to one side, and I feared he could not sit erect again. I had seen him near to on Monday, when he was rosy and smiling and the picture of health. An intimate friend of his has since told me that he was so ill the day before, from the fatigue of the ceremonies, that they feared the coronation must be postponed.

He waved his right hand from time to time, on which was the most enormous ring I have ever seen, worn over his white glove. I think the regular fisherman's ring is one colored stone engraved; but this was clearly a diamond or crystal, I should think an inch square. He finally pulled himself together and sat straight, as they turned the corner and took him down toward the chapel opposite us. He wore a gold mitre, and gold robes then; when he came out and was carried up to the high altar, he had changed, and wore white, encrusted with gold and precious stones. He sat more erect, and blessed constantly as he went; but always with the gray deathlike mask of a face, which never smiled or changed expression.

When he had passed us, the crowd loosened, and we were able, by throwing our entire weight and strength ahead, to get out from it into the back of the church; there we found an improvised hospital, where we saw them carrying unconscious people in, feet first. We sank down on our camp-stools and, half-choking with excitement, managed to swallow down a bit of chocolate.

After we had sufficiently recovered to look about, we were amazed at the sights before us. The confessionals were full of people, who had climbed up outside and were sitting and hanging from the tiny roofs. One most respectable tailor-made woman, with a well-fitting suit and mannish hat, stood on top of one of the highest roofs, leaning forward, looking through lorgnettes as if she were gazing into a shop window on Broadway. On one peaked roof balanced a young girl, beautifully dressed in velvet and feathers. The popes' tombs, which have their figures in stone on top, were overrun with men. One brown monk, with his knotted-rope girdle, was struggling over the back of a crouching cherub and trying to reach the hand of an angel, whose stomach he wanted to stand on at the time. Some young boys had reached the angel's head and were firmly seated there, laughing at the monk's efforts to get a footing. A nun, with white winged cap-ends which hung down either side of her face, clung by one hand to the side of a coping, above an altar, and with a field-glass watched the Pope at High Mass, taking his communion. The altars at the sides were full of people.

We found a nice airy place at the side of the altar where, by standing, we could see the Mass distinctly. I sat quietly on my stool most of the time, however, listening to the Sistine Choir, and the silver trumpets as they played. The singing was restful and beautiful, and I closed my eyes and enjoyed as much as I could, surrounded as I was by a bevy of noisy schoolgirls who jumped up and down like monkeys, fearing they would lose something of the show. The Mass lasted an hour and a half, and as the Pope read, we could hear his voice distinctly, clear and sweet as it had been on Monday from the balcony. That lasted from half-past ten until twelve. They took his crown from the altar and went away with it, and the next thing we knew they had put him once more on his throne, and he was being taken down the main aisle, with his gold canopy over his head, and the white plumes waving in front. We thought it all over, and were much disappointed

that he was not to be crowned after all; so took our stools and wandered down the side aisle parallel to him.

Jack decided that he would mount his stool and take one last good look, as we were then quite near the throne; and, behold, the Pope too stopped, just in front of the tomb of St. Peter, and almost beside his statue, and the coronation ceremony began. It was most lovely. We could not have had a better place to see. The choir-boys in their white laces lined the steps of the altar behind the throne, and the candles burned above them, under the canopy which rises just beneath the dome. The pillars were hung with crimson brocade and gold; the statue of St. Peter wore garments of solid gold, a jeweled crown sat on his head, just like that the new Pope was to wear, and on his finger he wore the huge jeweled ring. He had a special guard of honor all to himself.

After the Pope's throne had been let down on a raised platform, and he had been kissed by some of the cardinals, a book was brought, and the ceremony was read by Cardinal Vanutelli, who stood straight and tall with his snow-white hair and thin figure, a great contrast to all others. All the Cardinals had taken off their hats and red under-caps. After the reading, the Pope's cap was removed, and he brushed his hand over his thick black hair before the crown was lowered to his head. It was very broad and sat over a head's height above his head; it was of gold, studded with huge precious stones, and must have weighed very heavily on him. He was able to read the few lines of blessing to the multitude, and absolution for all sins — or, at least, he should have read it; but there was some mistake and a fearful commotion when it was discovered that they had the wrong book; and before the right one came to hand, the Pope had said his blessing, and forgiven all sins in his own words, pronounced clearly and sweetly. Then a vellum scroll was handed, and the attendant was too nervous, by that time, to hold it, and it fell and had to be picked up and presented a second time. Then Cardinal Vanutelli came forward and kissed the Pope's ring, and descended the five very steep stairs of the platform. They tried to assist him, but he shook them off in a most peremptory manner. He is eighty-five years old, and is at his desk each morning at five, we hear. Indeed, he needed no helping.

The Pope seemed to feel better, and bowed his head and waved his blessing several times on the way out.

We went to the altar, to watch the forty-two thousand persons moving toward the door, and found that people were taking the flowers from the edge of the crypt — lilies and begonias. When we reached the front of the church, we found the entire square packed. People had stood there for three hours, it seems, to have a sight of the Pope; and sure enough, soon the Cardinals appeared on the balcony and the papal banner was hung out, and the Pope, fans, crown, and all, came out and blessed once more his people, the city, and the world. The fountains played, the cavalry lined up, the soldiers at attention, the sky all blue and gold — a picture long to be remembered.

We found a carriage, which brought us home for luncheon, at half-past one, just seven hours since we had left our cozy fireside; but historical hours, which would fill many leisure minutes in times to come with memories of a day in Rome.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

Now it can be told. For years I have kept my secret to myself, unwilling to jeopardize the conduct of the war, or to weaken the morale of the American Army of Occupation, by imparting it to the world. But the time has come when I must speak out, let the international consequences be what they may. My favorite book, my first choice for quiet reading on that desert island on which every literary critic expects some day to be cast up, my fireside friend in the long winter evenings, my solace in time of trouble, is Baedeker's *Switzerland*. Karl Baedeker may have been a German, but I for one am willing to waive that. He wrote a prodigious book.

Don't think that I would state dogmatically that his *Switzerland* is his finest literary performance. I myself confess to a liking for Baedeker's *Great Britain*. I am intrigued by his *Canada*. I have not a word to say against his *Northern Italy* or his *Eastern Alps*. I even find a strange relish in reading his *United States*. But in these matters a certain latitude must be granted to individual taste. After a day spent at the office, in the sort of arduous mental effort for which I am noted, it is not to the British Museum that I would have Mr. Baedeker conduct me, as I sit comfortably by the fire, too weary to read connectedly, but not too weary to let my imagination travel to far places; nor even to the 'Boston *Subway, a wonderful piece of engineering designed to relieve the traffic of the congested districts by affording an underground passage for the electric cars.' No, Switzerland is my choice.

Sometimes, when I pick up the little red-covered volume, with its red and green bookmarks, I work up sufficient ambition to plan a trip through Switzerland, and soberly I decide between Route 71 and Route 85, and plan my ascents, and judge whether it would be better to stop at the '**Hôt. Pension des Alpes*, or the *Stern & Post* (well spoken of)'; and wonder how all that I want to do and see in Switzerland can be packed within the possible limits of even the most exaggerated vacation. But more often I simply browse. I begin anywhere and ramble along, opening out the long engraving of the 'Panorama vom Eggishorn,' and feasting on the remembered outlines of the Bernese peaks; or examining the quaint maps, with their reddish-brown caterpillar-lines indicating mountain slopes, their clusters of tiny dots indicating groups of chalets, their fine shadings of light blue indicating snow fields and glaciers, and their tremendous resounding names. And I take little walks with Mr. Baedeker through the pages of his text.

It must be granted that Mr. Baedeker's descriptive style is not of the highest order. When he feels it incumbent upon him to lavish an appreciative paragraph upon the view, his best efforts are about on a level with those of the publicity man of the Boston and Maine Railroad. But happily he does n't often let himself go. His technique is different. His passion is for facts.

'The path,' he writes, 'descends over débris and patches of snow into the *Augstbord Valley*. We then skirt the Steintalgrat, to the right, where soon (8060′) opens a magnificent *Panorama: to the left the Ticino Alps and

Monte Leone; straight ahead the Ried Glacier and the Mischabel, then the Lyskamm, Brunegghorn, and Weisshorn; far below lies the Nicolai valley. We now descend past the junction of the path from the Jung Pass (see below) to (2¾ hrs.) *Jungen* (6390′; p. 402), and (1½ hr.) the rail. station of St. Niklaus (p. 402).'

Now you see his method. It is that of suggestion. Let me give you the facts, says Mr. Baedeker, and you may use your imagination for yourself. And I, recalling how the Lyskamm looked as I saw it from the slopes above Zermatt eleven years ago, seem, as I read, to feel under my feet the roughness of the débris and the slippery softness of the snow, as I swing down along the slope into the Augstbord Valley. The sun is hot on my neck; my boots are soaked from sloshing through melting snow; my pack thumps on my back. Watch your footing there — the rocks are loose underfoot! Careful of the edge of that snow-patch; this is no place to slip, and sprain an ankle. Here we are out on the grass again, still high above timber line, with the pinnacle of the Weisshorn touching the blue sky above us, and with a little gravelly path to follow to the Steintalgrat, where the Alpine flowers cover the hillside. Pull out your Baedeker and find out what those snow-peaks are at the head of the purple valley. The path begins to zigzag here as it dives into the deep woods, and we plunge into the cool shade, bound for St. Niklaus —

I have never in my life actually been to the Augstbord Valley, and in all probability I never shall go there; but the painstaking Mr. Baedeker has set my imagination free to roam there, and already the tinkle of cowbells is in my ears, and I am watching the afternoon shadows creep along the mighty ridge of the Mischabel.

One of the most amazing qualities of Mr. Baedeker is his omniscience. No fact concerning Switzerland is too unimportant for him to include it. Would you wish to know about the Engadine Valley, its topography, its vegetation, its climate, its transportation facilities, its roads, its paths, its peaks? He tells everything. Every statement is backed up with exact figures. He describes the dialect spoken by its 11,773 inhabitants; he gives tables of comparative temperatures.

'The forests,' he explains, 'are chiefly of larch and the *pinus cembra*, or Swiss stone pine (Ger. *Arve*), a stately tree sometimes called the "cedar of the Alps," but commoner in the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and the south of Siberia than in Switzerland. Its light, close-grained wood, white in color and of a pleasant fragrance, is very durable, and is much esteemed for cabinet-work. The kernels of the cones have an agreeable flavor, not unlike that of the pineapple. On the higher mountain-pastures a rich display of Alpine flowers delights the visitor in spring and early summer.'

And so on. How Mr. Baedeker collected all these facts it is impossible to guess; but while I am willing to admit that he may have taken somebody else's word as to the esteem in which the wood of the stone pine is held for cabinet-work, I like to think that he himself tasted the kernels of the cones, and made a special trip to southern Siberia to see whether there were more stone pines there than in the Engadine. What is more, I am perfectly certain that, if Mr. Baedeker had felt there was any doubt on this question, he would have personally counted all the stone pines in southern Siberia and have given us the complete statistics, very quietly and without the slightest fuss. 'The stone pines,' he would have written, 'are commoner in the south of Si-

beria than in the Engadine (414, 352 as against 395,269)'; and then he would have passed on quite simply to his discussion of the mineral springs of St. Moritz (strongly impregnated with carbonic acid and alkaline salts, and extolled by Paracelsus as early as 1539, though not systematically used for medicinal purposes until 1853).

But Mr. Baedeker is not only omniscient — he is an author of sober judgment. It must be a nervous time for Swiss hotel-keepers when he is about, counting the beds in their hostelries, compiling his figures as to the price at which they serve meals, and deciding whether to mark them with the asterisk, which is his token of highest commendation, or to dismiss them with the dismal word 'unpretentious.' I picture the proprietor of the Hotel Oberalp & Post sitting in a perfect blue funk while his good wife feverishly turns the pages of a new edition of Baedeker. Are we starred? No — *and the Bellevue is.* We are merely 'well situated above the town.' What have we done to deserve this? Do you suppose that that solemn gentleman who complained of the coffee can have been Mr. Baedeker? Well situated, indeed! That reprobate who runs the Bellevue will get all the business. Yes, it must have been the coffee.

Mr. Baedeker speaks with a mighty authority. Climbers know the difference between 'guide 8*fr.*, not indispensable for experts,' and 'difficult, for adepts only, with capable guides.' And when he declares that 'the *Albula Gorge amply repays a visit,' one feels that Cæsar hath spoken; the future of the Albula Gorge is secure.

As I write, with the Baedeker lying open on the table before me, I realize how absurdly impossible it is to explain to anybody who has never seen Switzerland the magic which this book has for me. I suppose I ought to have labeled this dissertation, 'Only for Those Who Love the Alps: All Others Excused.' For certainly there is nothing magical in the way in which Mr. Baedeker presents the facts which he collects by the wayside, as with deliberate and ponderous foot he marches through the mountains. 'We now reach the (½ hr.) Restaurant Bodmen (5800′) on the shady Almagell path, with fine view down the valley.' What is there in that sentence to get excited over? And yet, if you ever took rolls and honey and coffee at the Restaurant Bodmen, as I did, and have not forgotten the little ironwork tables and chairs on the terrace, and the sheer white peak which rises beyond the pines; or if you ever stopped at any one of the innumerable other tea houses which make Switzerland a land flowing with milk and honey, that awkward sentence does the trick. It calls the whole thing back. You may not stir from your chair all the evening long; all that you see with the physical eye may be the page of a small red book, the tables and chairs and walls of your own house, the windows that look out on the darkened street of an American city; but with the eye of the spirit you will see the white spire of the village church below you in the valley, and the snow shining clear on the summits of the Alps.

BOOKS AS THEY ARE READ

People blessed with a stable residence are apt to think reading a simple matter. That is because they can select their books. We who must spend our time more or less on the wing, a few months here, a few months there, always in foreign countries, and nearly always where the language spoken is not our own, have difficulties of which stay-at-homes never dream. Our books are selected for us — there 's the rub.

With an author of your own choice,

there is no need for ingenuity. You begin with the first page and read to the end. His thought fits your mind as a made-to-measure suit fits your figure. But try one of those hand-me-down novels which find their way into the bookcases of the Continental *pension*, and see if it does not gall you into despair. These books are invariably left behind by transient *locataires*. Naturally, they take the good ones with them. Equally of course, the management wastes no money buying literature.

Buy your own? It can hardly be done after leaving England. Beyond Paris it cannot be done at all. Books are like driftwood, the lighter they are, the farther they float. In the provinces, in Italy, Austria, and beyond, the only books in English offered for sale are those long since dead at home. Even in the small English departments of the subscription libraries the same law of distribution shows itself. The catalogue of the Literatur-Institut of Vienna, for instance, devotes a full page to Mrs. Alexander, a page and a half to Mary Elizabeth Braddon, nearly two pages to Florence Marryat, and is liberal with Frank Frankfort Moore. But it has not a full set of Kipling, says nothing about Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and as for anything recent — go to.

Three things are left to do: read French, read the language of the country you are in, or 'reconstruct.' I omit a fourth and a fifth thing, — 'read twaddle,' and 'do not read at all' — for they are both, in the long run, quite impossible. As for books in the language of the country, if the country happens to be Austria, I find the newspapers a strain enough in that direction. As for French — it is delightful; but after all, one has an American soul to be fed. Italian and Modern Greek? You might as well say Russian, and be done with it. Hence the necessity of what I have called 'reconstruction.'

I pick up a copy of *The Grey Knight*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Under ordinary circumstances I would not pick up *The Grey Knight*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. But I am in Vienna. The employees of the Literatur-Institut are out on strike, and I am reduced to loans from the collection of a local 'teacher of English,' seventeen years resident in Austria, with whom I sometimes manage to converse — through the medium of the German language. So, as I said, I pick up *The Grey Knight*, and read the opening paragraph: —

'A woman rested upon a bench placed beneath a gayly striped awning in the front court of a small French provincial hotel.'

Obviously, it won't do. The woman and the bench are the only substantatives unescorted by adjectives in the whole sentence. Invidious distinction. Why not a 'small' woman and a 'large' bench? Why any woman, or any bench, at all? It is easy to see, with these 'gayly striped awnings,' and this 'front court,' and this 'small French provincial hotel,' that we are at the beginning of a long descriptive passage, which has an accurate relation, no doubt, to some one small French provincial hotel visited by the author, but which will visualize nothing at all for the reader — who would be glad enough for the soul of the provincial French *pension*, the French *pension* in general, laid before him in a defenseless position, where he could slay it.

I skip to the middle of page 138, as I should have done in the first place, and read: —

'"Anna, before I go, won't you congratulate me and say you are glad?"

'"Glad is n't the word," said Anna, gruffly. "It 's a load off my mind: I don't think you 're at all the sort of person who is suited to live alone, and any

kind of a husband is better for you than none."'

That 's better. One is interested in Anna immediately. We must look for more of her, and turn, say, to page 195: —

'She has been in the chapel, which is like an ice house; that 's why Margaret went in there. Something has happened.'

It says nothing about Anna, though, for all we know, it may be Anna speaking. Yet it seems hardly likely. The rich feminine frankness of Anna is missing. There is something more youthful here — as of a *backfisch* still able to extract pleasure out of the possibility of impending disaster. Of course, it may be a young man speaking. There can be no sex-differentiation discernible in a mind still capable of comparing a chapel to an ice house. One thing is certain, however: that delightful 'something has happened' refers to something satisfyingly material — a throat cut, a body hanged, a fainting fit at the very least. Anna, with all her humorous charm, would have meant nothing more than a psychological crisis.

But is n't the book already vastly improved? How far we have come from striped awnings beneath which nothing can happen. Intended by the author for a hammock tale, we have transformed it into a detective story, fit to read in the dead of winter before an open fire.

The same 'reconstruction' method will work wonders with the next book — it happens to be *Peter, a Parasite*, by E. Maria Albanesi. Let us plunge into the midst of the eighth page: —

'Why the deuce had Cochrane brought up that old business of the Chessinghams? It was really rather absurd of him to imagine that Peter should have kept in touch with them.'

And then, on page 9: —

'I hope Sybil Cochrane will not try and unearth Mrs. Chessingham. I must nip that intention in the bud.'

Quite obviously we are in the presence of the villain. Just as obviously, at the foot of page 24, we are in the august company of the heroine, and may skip, —

'No matter how tired she might be, she never brought anything but a cheery, bright atmosphere into her mother's presence.'

It is not pleasant to have one's own shortcomings thrown into relief in this way. Besides, it is one of the cardinal principles of 'reconstruction' to leave out the hero and heroine parts entirely. The subordinate characters and wicked people — unless one of the latter chances to be a regular 'heavy' — have some traces of humanity. But the hero and the heroine — no amount of skipping backward and forward suffices usually to save *them*.

Try the method over on your own library. Don't live and die with the idea that the dictionary and the encyclopædia are the only books which require discrimination in their perusal. Browning once spoke of 'sundry verses of St. Paul, which, read directly, sanctify the soul, but muttered backwards cure the gout and stone' (I quote from memory). The transforming influence of reconstructive reading was never better set forth.

ON GIVING AWAY ONE'S PHOTOGRAPH

THE roots of my skepticism and raillery are to be found, I imagine, in a certain huge cardboard box still to be seen on the topmost shelf of a rather inaccessible closet in the old home. A film of dust lies upon it; a length of pale, fuzzy string binds it about; and within it are photographs, numberless and, for the most part, anonymous. Most of

them picture babies, — for my father was a physician, — babies with vague eyes, expressionless features, and a terrifying hold on life. Mingled with the infants linger unknown grown-ups and adolescents, holding violins or prize books. There are 'cabinets,' warped, uncompromising, board-like memorials of the eighties; a number of the first timid and frightful metropolitan 'folders' of the early nineteen-hundreds; and even a score of the giant ducal portrait photographs which are the rage to-day. Unvisited, forlorn, and mostly nameless, the collection dwells in its paper tomb, pointing a moral on the vanity of humankind and the ingratitude of time.

O photographs, to what uses have I not seen you dedicated! I have seen you snatched from the mantel shelf to amuse babies without number; I have beheld you cut up for cardboard, and serving as mats for home-framed pictures; I have seen you facing a broken pane; and a kinsman, whom I know to be a cynical but entirely veracious observer, once saw a large expensive modern form of you serving as a dustpan!

A dreadful catalogue to be sure, but who among us shall cast the first stone? For after all, what *can* one do with the giant photographs which Clorinda distributes annually, 'registering' the while that modesty which good form requires of givers of their own likenesses? Of course, Clorinda is a dear good sort, we are touched by her testimony of friendship, but bless us, we can't have an almost life-size Clorinda forever posing on the mantel! Such a privilege is for rich uncles alone. What can one do with Clorinda's photograph, once one has accepted it — and whoever had the audacity to refuse a photograph? Almost the size of a casement window, the affair seems far too grand and costly to destroy in any casual manner; and moreover, Clorinda, who is given to tours of inquisition, may visit you, to see what you have done with her gift. Then waits Clorinda unusually long at the front door (one can see her through the Victorian design on the glass), while somebody or other rushes around upstairs like a crazy thing, and disinters Clorinda's picture from under a pile of *National Geographic* magazines laid flat on the lower shelf of a bookcase. There follows a hurried rearrangement of bric-a-brac, during which Clorinda never fails to ring the bell a second time. Next, the maid is unleashed, and Clorinda, entering, meets Clorinda face to face.

Dreadful hypocrisy, you say? Look within your own heart! Where, O guilty one, is that photograph which Strephon pressed upon you when you called on him last June? You know you would have a time finding it! You remember the morning he offered it, — the parlor table laden with pearl-gray and wood-brown folders, the goings to the window to get a better light, the wise comment on expressions, the judicial lookings from Strephon to the photograph and from the photograph to Strephon, and the desperate feeling which seized you as you felt yourself being manœuvred into 'taking your pick,' — but where is it now? Did you put it *with the other photographs?*

There are clubs and societies, too, with a passion for photographs, and individual members who buy them, frame them, and hang them in their dens. You never fail to find at least one example in the furnished cottage you hire for the summer. Dinner-groups are huge favorites. Those vaguely human pin-points, apparently three slanting miles from the camera; those queer folk in the foreground, with flat, steam-rollered faces; those curiously immobile and frozen visages, with staring eyes transfixed above a cloud of tables; the inevitable waiters who *would* get in — who can they be?

Your host will tell you, if you give him a chance, 'This man here [the moving finger rests] is the biggest frozen-fish man in the northeast!' And one tries to look impressed. Beware, however, of showing too flattering an interest! Believe it or not, there are actually people so abandoned that they will offer to give you a copy of the group; and you will find yourself staggering home with the frozen-fish man under your arm.

But enough of raillery. The truth is that we have another box of photographs, of photographs eagerly sought and affectionately retained; and this box is locked away in the family safe, no less. I doubt if there is an heirloom we prize more highly than this handful of amusing, beloved, pathetic, and slightly ridiculous likenesses. When the collection is unveiled, I always look at my own, and thus learn to practise humility.

Oh, that awful one with the pepper-and-salt suit! To think that I was misguided enough to scatter it abroad!

But I must draw my moralizing to a close, for I hear the bell ringing. Bless us, 't is Clorinda with a photograph!

SERMONS IN SYMPHONIES

THE other day, while I was hearing an orchestra play (and watching it work), I found myself rather tritely moralizing that all the world 's a band, and all the men and women merely players; and that many of us who feel ourselves competent to perform upon the first violin may consider ourselves fortunate if we are allowed to play second fiddle.

Does anyone, I wonder, ever think of the home-life of the drummer or of the horn-player? (Perhaps the domestic lives of their wives would even more demand the passing tribute of a tear.) No — as little as of a postman or a railroad conductor, do we think of them as having any private or personal lives of their own. The drummer and the trumpeter exist only to provide a fine sonorous background of sound in an orchestral production, even as the postman and the conductor exist only to deliver our letters and to punch our tickets. The individual is submerged in his profession.

Of foreordained *virtuosi* in Life's orchestra, there are but a few; the great majority of us are ensemble players, none of whom seem of any great importance to the general result; yet the power to mar — if not to make — the desired harmony lies with the instrumental *Hoi Polloi*. Eliminate the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals from an orchestra, and all the charity in the world will not save the piece in which parts have been given to instruments in a great impersonal chorus. Not as individuals, but as members of a massive orchestral unit of sound shall we attain self-expression; yet, if the plaintive piping of the wind instruments — nay, even the unmelodious rumble of the kettledrum — does not come in with perfect precision, absolute rhythm, the smoothness of an entire symphony is marred. Of course, no one notices our individual contribution to the general harmony, but let us strike a wrong note, or be heedless of the tempo, and we have importance thrust upon us by a squirming, wincing audience.

It is undoubtedly a very negative rôle that most of us are called upon to play — simply to abstain from doing the wrong thing, and so to detract from the harmony of the whole. We are not even allowed to choose our own instruments. He who would fain take up the Harp of Life, is perhaps given a prosaic trombone. Perhaps Jones may have the Soul of a Soloist, but alas! his technique is such that he must needs play his humble part in the great instrumental chorus where his deficiencies will not be noticed. Smith may

seem to play upon a magic flute, so far as purity of tone and correctness of technical skill are concerned; but where is the breath of genius which makes the listener's heart thrill in sympathy, as the hearts of poets have thrilled to the song of the nightingale? How rare is that Heaven-endowed soul who can exclaim with the simplicity of truth, —

> 'I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing.'

The bitter truth is that few of us live our lives either with technical skill or artistic finish, and that the majority of us will never be heard from individually, save by discords made by unhandy plucking at our harps.

> Our thumbs are rough and tarred
> And the tune is something hard.

In *The Story of an African Farm*, a rather colorless character is described by her far more vivid cousin (who could never have played second fiddle to anybody) as being like the accompaniment of a song; and the description often comes to my mind as defining a certain type of person, sympathetic, adaptable, self-effacing, quick to perceive and to respond, never a soloist, but often, as Olive Schreiner's heroine puts it, 'far better than the song she is to accompany.'

Of course, the orchestra of sound has one great advantage over the orchestra of life. It has a visible leader, who remembers each obscurest instrument, and signifies — perhaps by a lifted eyebrow, perhaps but by the twiddle of a little finger — that it is time for that small unimportant voice to quaver out the note for the utterance of which he has been created.

As we listen — and perforce contribute — to the symphony of life, it sometimes seems as if we were part of a leaderless orchestra. The air is rent with dissonances — our ears are deafened by cacophonies rather than soothed with melodies. Each little instrument wishes to play a solo, regardless of what other instruments are doing. We are in an orgy of individualism — anarchy, rather than harmony, rules. Terrified and bewildered, whom are we to follow in the adventure of daily life, through dark passages where we are conscious of no leader? If no conductor's wand dips toward our humble corner, what wonder is it that panic strikes our breasts, and that we utter false notes, out of time and tune, and so contribute to the general pandemonium?

There is just one thing to be done by those unhappy but honest souls (of whom the number does not decrease as the world grows more complex) who cannot be conscious of a leader, visible or invisible. They must fix their eyes on those steadfast companions in Life's orchestra, who, through their finer sensibilities, are conscious of unheard harmonies, and feel a rhythm of life more true than the beat of any visible baton. To them, heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter. Their ears are attuned to cadences to which, perchance, our own are deaf. Amid the din and discord of their fellows, these men of true genius play on in ordered beauty and with high authority. Since their power of interpreting so far transcends our own, why may not the vision also be more exalted? We ourselves do not need to see the leader if we are willing to follow those who do; and even Realists must acknowledge that there are some whose inward eyes have sight.

Had there been an orchestra in the Forest of Arden, the moralizing Duke would unquestionably have found sermons in symphonies, instead of in stones, and he might have uttered, through the liquid music of a lute, what I have tried to pound out, with clumsy insistence, on a drum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The new letters of **David Livingstone** were presented to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions by Charles Livingstone, of Denver, the nephew of the great missionary and the son of that other Charles to whom the letters were written. The *Atlantic* prints them through the courtesy of the American Board. For many months the friends of **Madame Emma Ponafidine** feared that her silence would never be broken again; that she and her family had been blotted out in the Russian Terror. But, late in 1921, tidings came through of her escape to Finland with two of her sons; and she and they are now in America. Baron Ponafidine and the eldest son have died, victims of the Revolution. Madame Ponafidine is an American, and could have left Russia earlier if she had been willing to leave her sons behind. Her story of life under Bolshevist rule was begun for *Atlantic* readers in July, 1918, and February, 1919, when we printed her early letters. In 'Peasant Masters' and two successive papers, she will carry that courageous story to its triumphant conclusion. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** brings to her essay on conservatism a provocative and stimulating point of view. **Edith Kennedy** has made a study of the happiness of working girls, in a questionnaire answered by four hundred girls, upon the query, 'Are you Happy, and Why?' 'Glamour,' is one of several sketches written from her experience as Stamps-Saving Visitor in the South End House Settlement in Boston. Again **Frances Lester Warner** refreshes us with what one of her admirers has called, 'a keen dissertation upon the little things that irritate.'

* * *

The suggestive letters from the **Reverend H. W. Kellogg** of the Ohio State Reformatory, and the **Reverend Oliver C. Laizure** of San Quentin, are proof, if proof were needed, that no one comes closer to the prison problem than the prison chaplain. **Viola C. White** writes of 'the other side of clearness,' a companion piece to Fannie Stearns Gifford's sonnet in the *Atlantic* for March. Miss White's volume of verse, *Horizons*, appeared last year in the Yale Series of younger poets. **Robert M. Gay** adds to his pleasant interpretations this sketch of Mrs. Noah. **Charles Rumford Walker,** who works the 'twenty-four-hour shift' in this number, is a Yale graduate who went to work in a steel mill to learn the steel business. In this and other industries Mr. Walker put in a year in overalls, on all kinds of jobs, from roller to hot-blast man. Subsequently, he has done personnel work for a large brass and copper company and written on labor for government publications.

* * *

William Trufant Foster, who gives us the paper on the gold standard, will be remembered for his indictment of intercollegiate athletics in an earlier number of the *Atlantic*. Formerly president of Reed College, Oregon, he is now devoting his time to the study of economic questions for the Pollak Foundation. Letters have come to us from Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Tennessee, and Washington, D.C., in praise of 'Cunjur and 'Suasion,' and we think the admirers of **Eleanor C. Gibbs** will take equal delight in 'The Bible Quilt.' **Joseph Auslander,** one of the younger poets of America has been spending the past year in Europe. **Lucy Furman** of the Hindman School, in her third story of the 'Quare Women,' gives us a vivid picture of a 'safe and sane' Fourth of July in the Kentucky mountains. **Channing Frothingham,** a well-known Boston physician, is on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School and the staff of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. During the war he was Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps, U.S.A.; at one time Commanding Officer, Base Hospital, Camp Devens; at another, Chief of Medical Service, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C. **Gamaliel Bradford** needs no introduction to *Atlantic* readers.

Claude Halstead Van Tyne is the head of the Department of History in the University of Michigan. His opinions and reflections upon the Indian situation are the fruit of a leave of absence from his university, during the past winter, when he went to India, on the invitation of Sir Frederick Whyte, the President of the new Legislative Assembly of India. He writes us: —

In India I talked with representatives of all points of view, from Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest of Indian leaders, to Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India. It was my privilege to sit at the Council table with the bitterest enemies of the British régime, to listen to the most seditious talk about it, and then, midst the pomps and vanities of Government House, to sit with governors of provinces and with their ministers of state, and to get their 'angle of vision.' In Allipore jail, in Calcutta, I enjoyed two hours of confidential talk with C. R. Das, the great Bengal leader of the Extremists, and not long after, I sat in the Bengal Legislative Council watching at their work the lawmakers for forty millions of people. In Delhi I listened for two weeks to the debates in the Legislative Assembly, and held converse with members of every faction in it. I talked with rajahs and maharajahs and nawabs. I went with collectors and subdivisional officers into villages, and there, through the munsif, or some other local officer, asked questions of the assembled villagers. Into courts, high and low, into offices of collectors and commissioners, wherever Government touched the people, I pried, in the hope that I might learn for myself the facts in the strangely complex problem of Indian politics.

* * *

Edmund Candler, an English traveler and author, has a long record of service with the Indian Government, in educational work. He accompanied the Tibet Expedition of 1904, and was severely wounded at Tuna. He was Correspondent in France, 1914–15, and Official Eyewitness in Mesopotamia, 1915–18. Among his books are *The Unveiling of Lhasa*, and *The Mantle of the East.* Although Europe is again at peace, and the Oriental Express running uninterrupted across its length from Stamboul to Cherbourg, there is one corner of the globe by whose people the war was unasked and to whom it brought as much suffering as to anyone, and where it still continues with apparently unabated fury. As a result of the hatreds which it fanned and did not appease, there occurred in the little-known and less-frequented city of Souj-Boulagh, Persia, on October 7 last, a massacre unequaled by any of the atrocities of the late war, in which between seven hundred and a thousand Persians were shot down in cold blood, an American mission was looted, four American women were maltreated, and George Bachimont, an American missionary of French citizenship, was murdered. Our account of this massacre was written by **Elgin G. Groseclose** from the vivid details given him by **Augusta Gudhart** on her arrival at Tabriz, after her terrible experience. Mr. Groseclose is a native of Oklahoma, now engaged in missionary work in Persia. Miss Gudhart was born in Russian Poland and came to America at the age of sixteen. She received her nurse's certificate from St. John's Hospital, Pittsburgh, and entered the mission field in 1912. Of the five missionaries in Souj-Boulagh at the time of the massacre, she was the only one who had mastered the Kurdish dialect.

* * *

The Ku Klux Klan is a continuing menace, but it is difficult for those who are beyond the radius of its activities to grasp their seriousness to a great section of our country. The **Honorable LeRoy Percy,** was United States Senator from the state of Mississippi. **Mary Prescott Hatch** lives near Boston. Her piquant description of a great and memorable event makes history live for us.

* * *

To Samantha Whipple Sharp, of San José, we owe this recondite information on the late Queen's petticoat: —

I have been waiting for some one of my contemporaries to explain to *Atlantic* readers what a balmoral was, ever since reading the story of the New England lady who owned one, but knew not its purpose nor the reason of the name. The balmoral petticoat was the outing-costume of the girl of the later eighteen-sixties, as khaki knickers are of the girl of the early nineteen-twenties. It was — or was reputed to be — the invention of Queen Victoria, and was named for Balmoral Castle, her favorite summer home in the Highlands. The balmoral was voluminous, of necessity — it was worn over a hoop three or more feet in diameter. Its adaptation to mountain-climbing consisted in the fact that it was very

short — it came only to the ankles. The dress was looped at half-mast above it, in a series of festoons.

When, her mountain-climbing over, the fair athlete returned to the village pave, one pull at the cord of the ingenious appliance that did the looping, released the dress-skirt, and its hem fell decorously to one-half inch from the sidewalk. Thus the lady was enabled to proceed along the street with dignity and modesty.

Anyone who owns a copy of *Leslie Goldthwaite*, with the original illustrations, can see the counterfeit presentment of a fifteen-year-old girl, properly ballooned and festooned for ascending a mountain.

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In response to numerous requests, the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research has reprinted an article from the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Waddill Catchings, entitled: 'Our Common Enterprise: One Way Out for Labor and Capital.' Copies may be obtained upon application to the Pollak Foundation, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

* * *

The 'Anecdote for Authors' still brings in recruits for the Club of the Hoodwinked.

The Oxford Street gentleman of bookish tastes, whose manipulation of his 'sister's hungry children,' waiting in the railroad station, and of the innate vanity of writers more or less 'well known' was so cleverly described in the May *Atlantic*, scored on me also.

In my case he got no cash, because I never have on hand enough money to feed a hungry family; but he did get my endorsement on a check of his for ten dollars, which came back from the New York bank with the report 'No Funds.' Inasmuch as it is obvious that this man, Alan Cooke, is a perfectly definite person, it would seem as if the time had come for charges to be preferred against him.

Apparently he got all he could out of Boston authors. I wonder how many writing people in other states helped him work his way back to the middle New York town where he apparently receives his mail. I know that the Oxford Street address is not fictitious, because I have since written to him there in an envelope which would otherwise have come back.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

* * *

Miss Repplier never fails to promote discussion:

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No one more readily grants the charm and authority of most of the words of the distinguished contributor who, in your April number, gives us her views on 'Education.' And my pained amazement is therefore the greater when I read: ' . . . too many boys are taught too long by women. . . . A boy is destined to grow into a man and, for this contingency, no woman can prepare him. Only men, and men of purpose and principle, can harden him into the mould of character.'

For sixteen years I heard and accepted such statements; they sounded so reasonable — like the Chinese dictum that a pea in the centre of a blown-up bladder will be found exactly in the bladder's centre, maintained there by the atmospheric pressure, equal upon all sides.

And, as the president of an impecunious Board of Education, I deeply deplored 'the difficulty of obtaining male teachers,' and the resulting loss to our boys.

Then, for a year and one month, I was with those same boys overseas and saw them face death. I had the opportunity of comparing them, amid conditions as trying as one could ask for, with the man-trained boys of England, and France, and (later) of Germany. And I felt then, as many another man did, that the behavior of our boys had banished forever, banished and buried, the notion that they were less manly, or less strong of character, than were the boys of any other nation on earth.

Does the war record of these two million boys offer no light on the solution of this vexed question?

FREDERICK HALL.

* * *

Not often, even among those who 'would not want to be anything else, but an American,' does one find an application for naturalization papers with a footnote as significant and beautiful as this letter sent in by a contributor.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As you have set forth the views of a number of the strangers within our gates, I enclose the following. It was written by a woman, now in the thirties, whose birthplace was in the Tirol. Strange to say, in contrast to Anna's enthusiasm, ever since the beginning of the late war, one of the American ladies active in bringing her to these shores has seen nothing good in our Constitution, government, or institutions, and she speaks of them only to blame. She has drawn these views largely from the so-called 'progressive' periodicals, whose outlook, in the opinion of some, is most selfish and narrow.

Yours truly,

— — —

VERY DEAR AND KIND LADIES, —

To-day I come to ask you for a favor.

You have helped me to come to America, and now I beg you to help me to become an American. God will surely bless you for this kindness. I filed my petition, and I will not get my second papers unless I have the statement of two persons which will testify that they have known me since my arrival in America. You and your relatives know me the longest.

I love to thank you with my needlework, as with my poor words I am not able to express what my grateful heart wishes to tell you. You gave me the start to the road of success, *all* I owe to you, and I would oftener write to you, but fear it would annoy you. Since July, 1920, I have a position where I just have to work 8 hours a day — each week I get a day off — I get all laundered, am fed and boarded and my salary is $70 a month. I got twice a raise, and they are lovely to work for. I am surely thankful for the high wages as it enables me to help my people and my friends on the Alps.

I would not want to be anything else, but an American, and with God's help I'll be a good one. I have all the reasons to stand by America, it is a great country and it has done more for me in a few years as Tirol all my life; but I am proud just the same that I was born in I——, which surely is the nicest spot on earth. I also love my country people, but since I lived in America, I would not want to live in any other place, and I want to be what they are, as I eat the daily bread with them. I can assure you that I am anxious to become an American with heart and soul. I only wish I came here when I was young, but better late than never.

Yours forever thankfully,

ANNA E.

* * *

Against portions of Mr. Peattie's paper on the oil fields, Tulsa, Oklahoma, has risen as one man. Some others feel quite properly that an article by the oldest inhabitant might paint a truer picture.

We should have been glad to read in manuscript the article by a provincial correspondent, during his few weeks spent in the Cushing oil fields, which 'so entertainingly described the life that he peopled a small city within a short time. The glamour of romance which he threw around the oil-field teamster and his horses caused the son of an eastern millionaire to come west for the purpose of becoming a teamster in the oil fields.'

Anecdotes about the *Atlantic* sometimes remind us of the lady who thought Botticelli was a cheese.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I teach English in a high school. A few days ago it became necessary to test the attainments of a class which had been studying Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*. In answer to a question regarding other products of the author's pen, I received the startling information that Hawthorne wrote *The Purple Letter*, *The Scarlet Faun*, and the *Great Atlantic Monthly*.

HATTIE L. HAWLEY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of the 'plain but estimable woman' and the 'yellow-back novels,' I am moved to relate the following incident: a pretty and 'estimable' neighbor of mine was wandering about my library one afternoon recently, when she came upon a narrow niche containing shelves filled with *Atlantics* of the past dozen years; glancing from ceiling to floor in apparent consternation, and at me with unveiled suspicion as to my taste in literature, she exclaimed, 'Mercy! look at all the novels!'

But praise from Pine Mountain pleases us best!

Not everyone views the *Atlantic Monthly* with the high favor of those correspondents whose letters so frequently appear in the 'Contributors' Column.' A small boy who had had to dust the living-room table morning after morning had drawn up his own notions of that periodical, and was quite surprised to be interested by the story 'Pioneers' when it was read to a group of children one night. 'Why, that book *is* some 'count, haint hit? I 've studied 'bout th'owin' hit away a heap o' times, when I 've seed hit a-layin' on the table, 'cause hit never had no pictures, but hit's some 'count after all, haint hit?'

* * *

Many readers have been puzzled by the 'wayward girl' in the 'Masque of Loved Ladies.' They seem to have missed the clue that her lover's name was 'writ in water.' It may help them further to know that he loved his love with a B, because 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.'

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

In May, 1921, the Atlantic Monthly Press published *The Founding of New England*, by **James Truslow Adams.** In May, 1922, this book won for its author the Pulitzer Prize of $2000 for the best work on the history of the United States produced in the course of the preceding year.

The Shop-Talker proclaimed the unusual merits of this book when it first appeared, and has not scrupled to refer to them, in that subdued manner which is natural to him, on several later occasions. As one authoritative scholar and critic after another, both in America and in England, confirmed the opinion of Mr. Adams's book held in this office from the time it was first seen here in typewritten pages, it is needless to say that our confidence in it as a genuine contribution to historical literature suffered no shrinkage. Now that three such responsible judges as Mr. Worthington C. Ford, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Professor John Bach McMaster, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor Charles Downer Hazen, of Columbia University, have united in honoring it with the Pulitzer Prize award, the Shop-Talker would be hardly human were he not heard to whisper at least, 'I told you so.' Since *The Founding of New England* was the first and is still the only historical work published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, who will wonder at our pleasure in Mr. Adams's success?

The circle of readers he had already made is obviously destined to extend. It will, therefore, be good news in many quarters that he has been working hard on a second volume which will carry the history of New England through the War of the Revolution, and that he has already written a considerable portion of it.

* * *

The Atlantic Monthly Press wishes to repeat its invitation printed in the 'Shop-Talk' pages of the June *Atlantic*. We ask all members of the National Education Association to make free use of our rest rooms during convention week. Here in our office on the Atlantic coast we recognize that we are, spatially speaking, far away from the schools of the Pacific, and even of the Middle West and South. Academically speaking, we believe that we are in reasonably close touch with distant schools and colleges, but we want to meet these visiting teachers face to face, to grasp their hands, and speak them our cordial welcome. We wish to know their present needs and to anticipate their future requirements. Through personal conversations we hope to learn how we can be of direct and progressive service to the cause of education in America.

* * *

Boston Common! What varied thoughts, we wonder, will come to the N. E. A. visitors who are to have this month their first sight of this historic spot. Almost three hundred years ago, its forty-eight acres of pasture land cost the town of Boston about a hundred and fifty dollars. Who is there who would now be so bold as to place a financial value upon this field, enriched beyond price by all the historic and literary associations that have been accumulating since 1630? The one person in Boston who can tell you most about Boston Common is **Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe,** who has vividly and accurately recorded it all in his book, *Boston Common*, with its historic illustrations and its truly descriptive subtitle, *Scenes from Four Centuries*. There is no more appropriate souvenir of a visit to Boston than this little volume on the Atlantic book-list.

* * *

In last month's comment on the award of prizes in the Atlantic Short-Story Contest for college and high-school students, no mention was made of the fact that the winning stories are to be printed in a pamphlet for distribution among the schools and colleges represented in the competition. Besides the many who will thus receive it automatically, there may be more who would like to see it, and copies will be gladly forwarded to these on application.

* * *

There is nothing more comforting to a publisher, who naturally adds to his list only the books in which he believes, than to find his belief supported by those who know. Of course he thinks *he* knows — and sometimes he does. But his confidence is materially reënforced when, for example, a little book on Shakespeare calls forth from Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr. of Philadelphia, son, namesake, and successor in scholarship of his father, the most eminent of American Shakespeareans, such an expression as the following: —

'I cannot speak too highly of **John Jay Chapman's** *A Glance Toward Shakespeare*. The whole work is so clear in exposition, so lacking in all dogmatic assertion, that the reader feels his interest grow with each chapter. Particularly notable is the chapter on 'The Sonnets.' That these need not necessarily be regarded as the keys with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart, Mr. Chapman demonstrates by reasons both sound and logical.'

Another Philadelphian, Mr. Owen Wister, has been writing about Mr. Chapman in the *Yale Review* — apropos of his *William Lloyd Garrison*, of which the Atlantic Monthly Press published a new edition some months ago. 'Mr. Chapman,' says Mr. Wister, 'stands alone among our present generation of writers, by far the most gifted and least realized of all. Even disagreement with him, which befalls at times, is more awakening than agreement with most authors. His shelf of thin volumes is known but to a few, and he is more justly valued in Europe than here.'

Of course 'the most gifted' will not remain permanently 'the least realized' — unless there is something hopelessly the matter with American taste and its arbiters. The Shop-Talker does not happen to believe in the permanence of what Sir Thomas Browne liked to call *Pseudodoxia*. If there are mistaken ideas with regard to Mr. Chapman's place among contemporary writers, *A Glance Toward Shakespeare* will contribute to their removal. Shall we then be called upon to pity the few for their submergence in the many?

* * *

Here is the kind of thing we rejoice to read about one of our new books. It is taken from a notice of *Wild Folk*, by **Samuel Scoville, Jr.**, in the *Chicago Daily News:* 'We heartily recommend this book of talks about wild animals to all who care for well-written stories that are free from cant and trite situations. The imprint of the *Atlantic Monthly* alone would be a guaranty that they are unusual, were not the author's name itself a guide.'

Since the author is not at hand to rise and bow for himself, may we execute an obeisance of double profundity?

* * *

When you choose a title for a book, you try your best to make it express the drift of that book's intention. One measure of your success is to have the title and the book so completely identified in the public mind that nobody will ever think of one without thinking of the other. Another measure is to convey an idea, even if the word with which you sought to express sometimes goes astray. For example, the Atlantic office knows perfectly well what is meant when one correspondent writes to order a copy of 'Reconciled,' and another calls for 'Machine Tools.' In the first instance, it was evidently *Consolation*, a reprint of an *Atlantic* article which has truly consoled and reconciled many readers, that was wanted. In the second, there was no doubt that *The Iron Man*, by **Arthur Pound**, was meant. Of this book, by the way, the Shop-Talker learns that its final chapter, 'God and Man,' has so impressed one of the secretaries of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations that he is calling Mr. Pound's volume to the attention of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries in the industrial field. From many employers and industrial managers who read the portions of it which appeared in the *Atlantic*, the office received such expressions of interest as to establish a firm confidence in the breadth of its appeal. The early reception of the book is fully bearing out this expectation.

* * *

The English publishers of **Mr. Charles Boardman Hawes's** story, *The Great Quest* — for this book by the author of *The Mutineers* is now on the list of William Heinemann — have sent to the *Atlantic* office a little essay, or composition, by a seventeen-year-old English boy after reading the book. The circumstance might pass unnoticed but for the fact that the boy happens to be the son of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, and may therefore be regarded as possessing, through all the rights of inheritance, a good instinct for adventure. It is accordingly significant to find this youth declaring: —

'Those of us who love an adventure story will find in *The Great Quest* the epitome of all our desires. . . .

'The main theme of the story is adventure, pure and simple; it is well told and the style is that of a man who loves his subject. There are many people who draw a distinction between style and subject matter, but it often seems, as in this case, that the two elements are indivisible; for a story sincerely and clearly told by a writer who believes in his creations must of necessity have good style; for style is sincerity. . . . It is a refreshing yarn, and will not be put down till read from cover to cover.'

Incidentally, the young critic's command of thought and language can hardly help provoking comparison between the English and American schoolboy.

NEVER BE WITHOUT SOUP IN YOUR PANTRY

Meaty, marrowy Ox Tail joints
delicious vegetables
nourishing barley

Just the aroma from Campbell's Ox Tail Soup as it simmers in the saucepan is a challenge to your appetite—it is so rich and savory. And the minute you taste the first spoonful, you realize what a treat is ahead of you. The sliced ox tail joints are the very tenderest and finest the market affords. Their rich tasty broth is blended with diced carrots and turnips, puree of luscious tomatoes, hearty strengthening barley, ox tail joints (not used in making the broth), a dash of French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms. Real, substantial food —and how delicious!

Soup so good you 'll want to sing
Dance and play and everything,
For it is made the Campbell's way
Which means the best, as you will say!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

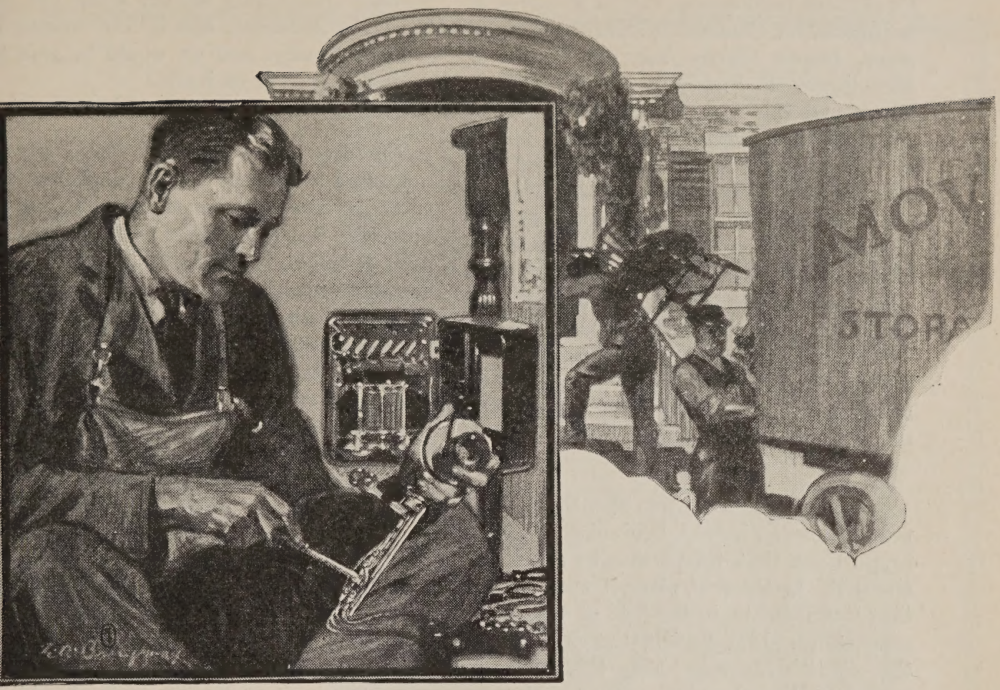
'As the frivolous chatter of the Syracusan ladies in Theocritus is still to be heard at every Hyde-Park review, as the Crispenus and Suffenus of Horace and Catullus still haunt our clubs and streets, as the personages of Chaucer and Molière and La Bruyère and Shakespeare still live and move in our midst — so the "Will Wimbles" and "Ned Softlys," the "Beau Tibbs's" and the "Men in Black" are as familiar to us now as they were to the bewigged and be-powdered readers of the *Spectator* and the *Citizen of the World*. We laugh at them; but we sympathize with them, too; and find them on the whole more enduringly diverting than dissertations on the "Non-Locality of Happiness" or the "Position of the Pineal Gland."'

So wrote Austin Dobson, best of interpreters and lovers of the Eighteenth Century. And what he suggested here in prose, he displayed again and again in verse — the permanent fascination of the century dominated in English letters by the ursine figure of the great Doctor, and brightened throughout its course by scores of more nimble shapes — masters and mistresses of the fancy of posterity. The Nineteenth Century folk were too much like us — God save the mark! our youngest Georgians will exclaim. Their predecessors of earlier periods are too remote to seem of anything but distant kin. Heaven knows, our Eighteenth Century forbears are far enough away from our own modernity; yet their wit and feeling have a piquant quality, a flavor of romance, which, for all their grandiosity, lie within our very reach and grasp.

So it is that books which picture the Eighteenth Century hold their sway. The old music of 'gigues, gavottes, and minuets' rings through their pages on our ears. And here in this 'shop' of ours we like to catch the tunes and play them on new instruments. The old rhythms made themselves heard through **Mr. Newton's** *Amenities of Book-Collecting* and *A Magnificent Farce*, contemporary as their author is with to-day — and to-morrow. They sound again, bewitchingly, in **Professor Tinker's** *Young Boswell*. And before the autumn of 1922 is far advanced they will be heard, with a peculiar clearness, in *'The Ladies!' A Shining Constellation of Wit and Beauty*, by **E. Barrington.** Readers of the *Atlantic* have made a preliminary acquaintance with 'The Walpole Beauty,' 'The Mystery of Stella,' and other remarkable blendings of fact and imagination which are to be brought together in this spirited volume, a charming product of fancy and scholarship. It will be a book — with its reproductions of old portraits — in which the heart of Austin Dobson himself would have found delight, perhaps all the more for not confining itself too strictly to the Eighteenth Century; for at one end it slips back into the Seventeenth through its dealing with Mistress Pepys, and, at the other, forward into the Nineteenth, in company with the 'immortal Jane's' Elizabeth Bennet. Yes, Austin Dobson would have relished it; and the Atlantic Monthly Press holds the happy belief that the Eighteenth Century books which it is gradually adding to its list will make a permanent place in the affections of many readers.

* * *

In that these books are primarily biographical in character, they relate themselves to a field of literature in which our 'shop' has a special interest — the field of biography. The *Letters of William James* and the *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson*, published respectively in 1920 and 1921, represent a type of publication to which the Atlantic Monthly Press, quite deliberately, is devoting particular attention. Within the readily discernible future, other books of this general character may be expected to issue from the *Atlantic* office. Among the first of them, scheduled



820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day". Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than $15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact, in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

for October publication, will be *Memories of a Hostess: A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships, Drawn Chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields*, by **M. A. DeWolfe Howe.** Of this more anon. More also of *Meade's Headquarters, 1863–1865: Letters of Colonel Theodore Lyman from the Wilderness to Appomattox*, which we are about to publish on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society. And more anon of a second book by the author of *Collector's Luck*, **Alice Van Leer Carrick,** of two Christmas juveniles with colored illustrations, and of three Christmas 'booklets' of the same family with *Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill.* There are too many things to be talked about all at once.

* * *

The list of Atlantic Monthly Press publications is, indeed, beginning to attain proportions that tempt one to generalize about it. In the first place it may be said that it represents, in the field of books, the same standards and spirit that characterize the *Atlantic Monthly.* May this be interpreted by the observation that an intelligent interest in the realities of life and thought is not of necessity forbidding, and that many things hitherto reproachfully associated with a certain altitude of brow may be treated in the manner not inevitably productive of headaches? That, unless the Shop-Talker is much mistaken, is what many readers of the *Atlantic* have been discovering for themselves.

* * *

Now and then comes a lively reminder that the world does not change very much. It came to the Shop-Talker not long ago when he found, among some old manuscript letters he was looking over, the following, dated 'Pittsburg, Pa. 8 Nov. '67.'

'Publishers Atlantic Monthly: —

Will you permit some of the constant readers of the *Atlantic* to suggest to you, or the Editors, the propriety of withholding the remainder of "Rose Rollins" from any further exhibition of herself. For the reputation of the Magazine, the patience of its readers, and the pocket of the Publishers we 'd suggest this.

'The story is a disgrace to "Beadle's Dime Novels," containing neither sense nor respectable nonsense, but is low, coarse & intolerably silly, and we would be glad to see it strangled at its birth.

'Readers of Atlantic.'

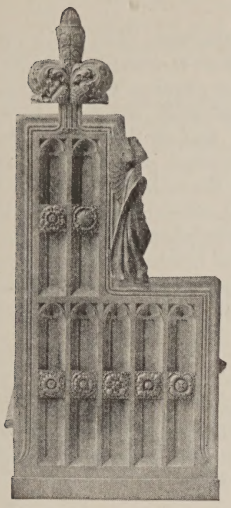
Fifty-five years ago! If there was a magazine in ancient Egypt, doubtless the editor received similar communications on papyrus. But were one of these to come to light it might be difficult to identify the story to which it referred. In the present instance nothing could have been simpler than to consult an index and learn that the unspeakable 'Rose Rollins' — '*The* Rose Rollins' it really was, the name being that of a boat — proceeded from the pen of so blameless a writer as Alice Cary.

But stay! Is there any possible connection between the protest from Pittsburg and the classic sentence from a school composition on Whittier? You remember what the pupil wrote: 'Whittier had many fast friends. Alice and Phœbe Cary were among the fastest.'

Their good name has survived both letter-writing and composition — and publishers go on, remaining in business even after failing to please everybody.

* * *

It is not often that a first edition turns out to be a second; yet something of this sort has happened in the case of **William Lyman Underwood's** *Wild Brother.* A California reader of the story has written to Mr. Underwood, telling him she heard him lecture several years ago at the Museum of Natural History in New York and relate the story of 'Bruno,' now widely known through his book; she was writing letters at the time to our soldiers in France, and made this 'Strangest of True Stories from the North Woods' the subject of one of them. She had been sending out the latest theatrical jokes, and the like — 'And then,' she writes to Mr. Underwood, 'came the Bear story and they went wild over it. A captain, now a major, in Nevada, tells me he has part of the story I wrote. Says that at the time they had had no magazines or papers, and my letters were eagerly devoured and treasured and the Bear story went down the line. So you see, you did not know it, but your book is a "second edition."'



Detail of Choir Stall End

All of the elaborate wood carving in the cathedral here shown was executed in our studios.

Chancel and Nave Looking from Sanctuary of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. F. Schweinfurth, Architect

Sermons in Wood

IT is a well recognized fact that no material lends itself so effectively to the adornment of the church as beautifully carved wood. Some of the most interesting art treasures of the past are preserved in this expressive medium.

The giving to the church of a pulpit, an altar, a lectern, or other suitable fitment in carved wood, either as a memorial or simply as a tribute to beautify the edifice, is an old and revered custom.

A recent publication of our Ecclesiastical Department is intended to show both the scope of our work and the wealth of opportunity for effective pieces of all kinds, available from our wood carving studios.

This book will be sent upon request to those interested

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. 8vo, viii+375 pp. $5.00.

KING RICHARD II has gathered many recruits from our own time for that immemorial and ghostly company who sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the passing and the death of kings. The Crown Prince has elected to think upon these things. Three hundred days out of every year, fog and rain and storm drive across the little island in the Zuyder Zee where his memories and meditations have taken form. The stage-setting could not be bettered.

Two years and a half were spent in getting the story down. Each added chapter is prefaced by a soliloquy which finds its interpretation in the light of final event. The writer is his own Greek Chorus announcing in advance the tragic note and destiny.

The tale is either very naïve or subtly sophisticated. One hundred per cent advocates of the Versailles Treaty will find here a shrewd bid for the restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and will be inclined to insist upon doubling the guards on the dock at Wieringen. Those who are interested to reread the story of the War from the other side of No Man's Land will find much that is interesting and illuminating and, in the record of events at Spa, the authentic note of tragedy.

The key to the whole is found in the writer's unwavering and impenitent devotion to a single human type and ideal — the Prussian officer. The Crown Prince tacitly assumes for himself, from the first, the white flower of this blameless life. And he confers it upon only two other figures in his tale — Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

For the rest, the case was foredoomed from the first. The All-Highest appears here as a remote, ineffectual, impotent figure — a caricature of what a Kaiser ought to be; for this Absalom does not hesitate to say what he would have done had he been king. The various chancellors and civil officials pass as a muddle-headed and muddled phantasmagoria of compromisers. Troops that entered the war shining in the reflected light of the Prussian tradition turn out to be 'muddy shirkers' when contaminated by the revolution.

Here is a picture of an economically unprepared Germany, drawn helpless into the maelstrom in the wake of Austria, opposed by the nations who incarnated those Prussian principles of unified and remorseless militarism — 'my country right or wrong' — that Germany herself failed to achieve. The perspective of events is always foreshortened. And the squint of the eye contracted at Potsdam has not yet been corrected by a Dutch parsonage. The major premise of the Prussian officer is unchallenged and uncriticized. The minor premises of the argument introduce much historical material that is thought-provoking. And so this soldier chant, bitter and yet unconverted, goes up from a little sea-girt island, while the mainlands of the world are in danger of being seduced by the siren 'melodies of those rogues or madmen who sing the alluring lay of universal brotherhood in the paradise of internationalism.' Which of these songs the morning stars sing together for joy is yet to be discovered.

WILLARD L. SPERRY.

The Great Adventure at Washington: The Story of the Conference, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1922. 8vo, xi+290 pp. $2.50.

'THAT inspired moment . . . that fateful Saturday,' and 'Unique in history' are the respective captions of the first and last chapters of this book. They, and the title itself, suggest the spirit in which it is written. Very American indeed is that spirit in its hopefulness and faith in human progress; and the fact that the caption words are quoted from Mr. Balfour shows that others share that faith. This confident looking-forward to better things is like bracing mountain air, in contrast to the tepid enthusiasms and languid cynicism that make the records of European conferences such low-barometer readings.

But Mr. Sullivan has given us something very different from an international-uplift message with the Washington Conference as a text. He has written one of the simplest and plainest analyses of our harassing foreign problems that the post-war period has produced. Possibly the discussion of these problems is clearer for the average reader because his interest is held close to the subject by the dramatic setting in which it is presented. International evils appeared at Washington like prisoners in the dock at a great state trial. And, albeit there was some compromise with justice, verdicts enough were delivered and executed to gratify the public conscience.

The incidents of the Conference are described with the art of the trained press-writer rather than with the pen of the historian. As the author says, in speaking of the introductory session, 'the vividness of scenes like this is the advantage that the contemporary historian — even though a hurried journalist, with no pretense to exhaustiveness or authoritativeness, or even to absolute accurateness — has over the formal

The Revolt Against Civilization

By LOTHROP STODDARD

The grim blight which destroyed the great civilizations of the past has been diagnosed correctly only in recent years. In this book the author of THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR shows how our own civilization may escape it.

"How any one with an interest in the future of the nation can fail to read studiously the questions he very lucidly raises it is difficult to conceive."—*New York Herald.*

$2.50

Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany

Written during his exile in Holland

"Those persons who begin these memoirs are very likely to read them through to the end. They are sympathetically written; they are often naïve and always human."—*New York Herald.*

"We found the memoirs fascinating. . . . They take on a human quality which gives his ex-highness a new rating as a man."
—*New York Mail.*

"A most interesting book from every point of view."
—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

Illustrated. $5.00

My Memories of Eighty Years

By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

"The book is one big storehouse of anecdote. . . . Most emphatically an entertaining volume."—*The Outlook.*

$4.00

The Cowboy

By PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS

"This is an important book, and a charming book, and an enthralling book. . . . It is curiously atmospheric. . . . You feel as if it had been told to you from horseback."
—STRUTHERS BURT in the *New York Herald.*

$2.50

The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals

By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director of the NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

"One of the most interesting books ever written," the *Chicago Tribune* proclaims this book by a foremost American naturalist.

Illustrated. $2.50

The New Heavens

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historian who must depend on documents.' Even the anecdotal passages often have a homely vividness that makes them worthy of permanent preservation. The author carefully sets forth the sources and limits of his information, and where he resorts to surmise to supplement recorded evidence, the reader is duly cautioned of this fact. The portraits of the principal actors are clear-cut and arresting, the interplay of personal and national motives and sentiments is vividly pictured and generously interpreted, and many revealing sidelights, which a more formal and official record would probably lack, are thrown upon actions and decisions.

Briefly, the nine chapters deal with disarmament by land and sea, following the successive phases of the subject as these were brought forward in turn by France, Japan, and then France again; with the Four-Power Treaty, which is described as a by-product of the Conference; and with Japan in Siberia and China. Failures to reach every objective originally set are not minimized, but in each instance we close with some ground gained. Naturally a few of the author's conclusions are debatable, and now and then a careful reader may jot an interrogation point on the margin, less in a spirit of controversy than of further inquiry. But upon the whole this is, within its professed limitations, a very dependable book. A good index adds to its value as a permanent library volume.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

The Iron Man in Industry, by Arthur Pound. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1922. 12mo, pp. xiv+230. $1.75.

AT Flint, Michigan, where Mr. Arthur Pound has been engaged in newspaper work, he has seen the amazing development of the automobile industry through the use of the automatic machine — the 'Iron Man.' Watching the Iron Man turn a village into a city and a state into a workshop, Mr. Pound has tried to visualize the social significance of the automatic machine to the masses. The thought stimulated by an environment dominated by the Iron Man is crystallized in this book.

The old bar to easy entrance into the skilled trades of the city, the apprenticeship necessary to skill in a craft, has been broken by the automatic machine whose operation can be learned in a few hours or days. This fact, as Mr. Pound shows, makes a transition from country to city work simple, and gives rise to a constant shifting of population in response to the flow and ebb of industrial tides. Furthermore, by eliminating the requirements of skill, the Iron Man tends to level all wages, first among factory workers, then among office forces, and finally in all society. The machine thus becomes potent in the realization of the socialist's dream of equalized incomes.

But the new machinery fails to satisfy the minds of workers, since it calls for monotonous, standardized, repetitive operations without variety and with no incitement to intellectual curiosity or mental ingenuity. Two results follow. On the one hand, the hours of work must be reduced and the leisure time spent in furnishing the mind with the activities it craves. As a consequence of the latter, young people must be educated to use their leisure beneficially by guidance away from obsolete vocational training toward the artistic, the ethical, the philosophical, the literary, and the religious. On the other hand, without properly spent leisure the Iron Man will lead to lowered mentality, the employment of the subnormal, the survival of the unfit, and the final submergence of our Western white civilization.

Inasmuch as the automatic machine is peculiarly affiliated with the corporate form of business, it is necessary to reason about the relationship of the corporation to the state, as well as to consider how men may be trained as executives who shall manage these corporations in such a way as to make them of most social good, and most democratic in their relation with their employees.

This is a book that challenges attention. It ought not to be read in a hurry, but thoughtfully. Nearly every page gives material for much deliberation. Yet, unlike most such books, the *Iron Man* is readable; the author has an easy humorous style, and is especially gifted in the use of unusual figures of speech. A wide audience may be predicted for it.

Nevertheless, this review would be incomplete if the reviewer should fail to indicate his feeling that Mr. Pound has committed a logical fallacy by assuming a whole from a part, and making generalization from a particular. Automatic machinery is not now, nor is it likely to be, universal in American manufacturing industry. It happens that the automobile industry, with which Mr. Pound has been most intimately associated, is the outstanding example in the use of the Iron Man. But some of our important industries are still in the hand-stage, and there will always be enough new industries to furnish stragglers in the industrial procession. Consequently, the promise of universality for the Iron Man, upon which Mr. Pound proceeds to reason, results in exaggeration.

The book serves a useful purpose, however, in throwing tendencies into high relief, so that one may more accurately judge their import, but one must not be misled into believing that magnification never distorts.

MALCOLM KEIR.

The Vehement Flame, by Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1922. 8vo, 378 pp. $2.00.

IT is hardly necessary, at this late date, to say of one of Mrs. Deland's novels that it is interesting in plot and character, serious in conception, skillfully written, and expressive of a characteristic ethical idealism. *The Vehement Flame* is all this, and has, moreover, several impressive scenes, written with fervor. The author has never been afraid to grapple with 'difficult situations,' but

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WHILE the two novels described below are probably the least known of all Mr. Hergesheimer's books, they cannot be ignored by any admirer or student of his work. Certainly neither of them has had in the United States anything like the sale that might be expected for the author of such popular novels as *Java Head, The Three Black Pennys,* and *Cytherea.*

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MOUNTAIN BLOOD has just been published in London and the following tributes are characteristic of its reception by the English Press:

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never, perhaps, has she set herself a more difficult, artistic and moral problem than here.

Eleanor, a woman of thirty-nine, permits herself to be swept into marriage with Maurice Curtis, a boy of nineteen, to find, almost immediately, that the disparity of their ages is the measure of a disparity of interests so great that in all matters less engrossing than love mutual understanding is impossible. Instead of trying to understand her husband, she is jealous of his youth, of his friends, even of his 'kid cousin,' Edith; and he tries, for a time quite effectually, to establish a monopoly of his affections, his society, his time. But at last he becomes so bored by her alternate suspicions and endearments that he seeks other female companionship, finding it for the moment in Lily, a pretty little creature of more charms than virtue, with whom he manages to entangle himself disastrously. Meanwhile Edith has been growing up, and she now comes forward in the story to complicate still further poor Eleanor's efforts to hold her husband by her autumnal beauty and her rich singing voice. The rest of the novel is an account of growing estrangement, leading to a solution which readers will or will not like, according to their temperament.

A male reader, somewhat puzzled by the feminine absorption in love expressed throughout the book, also finds it a little hard to decide whether Eleanor's woes are due mainly to her age, her jealous disposition, or her simple stupidity. The study of her jealousy is, however, detailed and acute, and at times subtle; and it may be the author's view that such jealousy as hers is explicable only by her age or her lack of intelligence. However this may be, her very soul is turned inside out and is found to contain nothing but an emotion. She is described as beautiful and as having a beautiful voice; but throughout she never makes an intelligent remark, has no interests in life apart from her husband's love or coldness, makes not a single attempt to render his domestic life bearable. On the two occasions when she acts unselfishly, what she does savors so strongly of hysterics that she perhaps receives more credit for it than she deserves. Hers is a somewhat terrible exhibition of what unmitigated eroticism can do to blight a life and all its surroundings. Her doings on the occasions when she rises above herself are admirably narrated, however, and make upon the reader's mind an impression more lasting than any other incidents in the book, except, perhaps, the scene on the roof of the boarding-house during the eclipse.

The story is the story of Eleanor, and it is this fact which makes one wish that Mrs. Deland could have found it in her heart to illustrate the raging flame of an awful passion in a soul less petty. For the devastating power of a passion cannot be fully revealed in a small soul. The resulting lack is what one perhaps feels most in a novel otherwise so excellently written.

R. M. Gay.

The Ninth Vibration, by L. Adams Beck. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 1922. 12mo.

What would imagination do without the Orient? Ever since the time of Kim, it has taken refuge there from our Western worries; and no one has swung the magic portals open more invitingly than has L. Adams Beck in this collection of stories.

Once within, we can take our choice of routes. We may visit a dream Japan, revel in little gray pots filled with iris, and see the glory of the Goddess of Mercy flash from the ugly countenance of a poor blind girl. We may betake us to China, land of 'The Incomparable Lady' and 'The Round-Faced Beauty,' and enjoy romantic satire demurely wrought, as the Pearl Empress or the August Aunt converses in a ceremonious manner which ought to be genuine if it is not, and which imparts a new flavor to human speech. Or we may choose India, and there find thirst assuaged at immemorial sources of beauty and mysterious peace.

The first two stories, which fill more than half the book, challenge comparison with the work of another moving worker in the occult, Algernon Blackwood. But they are more convincing. Blackwood loves his Alps, and once, in 'The Centaur,' he gave us the freedom of a noble dreamland of classic mountain; but, as a rule, his realism lacks distinction. Mr. Beck, on the other hand, is one 'for whom the visible world exists.' His method presents the vague and awesome charm of the Orient through a delicate precision of detail; the touch is firm and fine. Should we visit Cashmir, we might not be privileged to pluck the fadeless white moonflower; but we too could appreciate the boat-woman — could 'look at the hundred rat-tails of her hair, lengthened with wool, and see her silver and turquoise jewelry.' The effect of the writing is as of choice enamel, with translucent glaze through which strange forms are gleaming.

There is no flesh and blood in the book. The heroines of the chief stories might change race and name and no one be the wiser; the people are shadows. But, apart from the exquisite realism of the setting, there are fair glimpses to be gained of Krishna, the Flute-player. Can we trust the record? Are we shown, in these deeper ways, the authentic Orient? Few of us are competent to say. The author writes in an interesting page: 'It is very clear to me that, in every land, when the doors of perception are opened, men will see what we call the Supernatural clothed in the image in which that country has accepted it'; and the question rises whether those doors will open quite in the fashion of the country to men of alien race. The writer of this book is in some ways frankly Occidental. He is saturated with his Browning, he does not scruple to quote Meredith, Mrs. Meynell, Irish folklore; and the allusions sometimes seem irrelevant to the atmosphere. Yet hybrids can be lovely; a Western mind, infatuated with the East, has a

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quality of its own; and the passages quoted always are in the same 'vibration' with the rest.

Mr. Beck has written a delightful book. It has dignity, restraint, and a sense of fun; it not only chronicles but reveals beauty. The treatment of the occult is free from the exotic mawkishness which often spoils stories of reincarnation and of ancient deities beheld by devout emancipate eyes; it rises above the usual level of the psychic tale which achieves a facile thrill, not through the quickening of spirit but through the titillation of nerve. For the author observes his own caution: 'Remember always that the psychical is not the mystical, and that what we seek is not marvel, but vision.'

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

If, by Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. 12mo, pp. x+185. $1.75.

The Image and Four Other Plays, by Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. 12mo, pp. iii+253. $2.00.

THE writing of a play should involve, fundamentally, a consideration of the stage. Otherwise the thing created becomes merely a series of dialogues, variously bound together and with varying success. Conversations from the greatest novel, jotted down in order and transferred to the stage, would hardly prove even a mediocre play. This is primarily, and quite naturally, because the conventions adopted for the word as printed to be read are not those for the word as written to be spoken and heard. Unless a play cry for production and, in itself, demand performance in order to realize fully its potentialities, then it might better have been written in some form other than drama. It is in this choice of a medium of expression that Irish writers have, seemingly, unerring instinct and judgment. One never feels of the writing of Synge, or of Lady Gregory, or of Lord Dunsany, that this play had been better as a story, that story as a poem, or this verse as a play.

A new Lady Gregory volume of plays and the first long play of Lord Dunsany's to appear in America have recently been published. Both books give more than their weight's worth in golden enjoyment and satisfaction, yet no two more widely separated genres could be represented. All of the plays are rich in musical and colorful speeches, deliciously worded and imagined, and absolutely true in characterization. Yet one play is conceived of fancy, the others compounded of fact. In 'The Image' and her three other plays, Lady Gregory writes of Ireland's children. She is at her best when farthest from plotting or playmaking — when her men and women take matters into their own hands and talk themselves alive. On the other hand, Lord Dunsany's finest work lies in the lands of his imagining, decked with his marvelous names. There is nothing nationalistic in his writing save only the running whimsy of his tongue.

Two of Lady Gregory's plays are in three acts: 'The Image,' a finely spun comedy with the merest wisp of a plot, and 'Shanwalla,' a spirit play with humanity and pathos wreathing its robuster story. The other two are quaint fragments of humor, touching upon common foibles with the tenderness of a mother's hand. 'The Image' tells, to the accompaniment of continuous chuckling, how the citizens of Druim-na-Cuan, through their love of talking for its own sake, found themselves pledged to spend some expected community wealth in erecting a statue to a certain hero, who, in the end, proves to be only a legendary figure. Since the wealth does not after all come, there is no harm done. It is not in the tale but in the manner of the telling that its charm lies, and in the lovableness of its people. 'Shanwalla,' with more of melodrama, tells how the ghost of his bride returns to save Larry, the stableman, from a false accusation of having poisoned his master's race-horse. In 'Hanraan's Oath,' a poet plans to keep silent a year and a day as penance for a supposed wrong done a friend, and the playlet makes merry over his difficulties. 'The Wrens' shows in a fanciful bit how it may be that the chatter of some servants and strolling singers caused the passing of the Bill for Union, in 1799, by one vote. The short plays are trifles, but are based on a complete understanding of the Irish people. There is a depth in all the characters and a joyous lilt in their talk.

Lord Dunsany is a poet, dreamer, and creator of atmosphere; but in the four acts and ten scenes of 'If' the dramatist in him sometimes nods. His story is of a magic crystal which gives a man a chance to do one thing differently in his past. John Beal chooses to catch a train he once missed, and all but the last scenes recount how this one incident changed his whole life. In reliving the past, he goes questing to the East, is enmeshed by politics and a strange Englishwoman, Miralda, and escapes death at the hands of many conspirators to return home to his wife. It has all the weirdness of a dream, but one is left with the lurking suspicion that it may be true as Lord Dunsany wrote it! The play as a whole seems hastily done; it goes by fits and starts, in ups and downs. The first part one imagines Milne doing more effectively, but later the writer is at his best.

One lays aside these two books with a sigh of regret, and turns back to the everyday clatter-and-bang. We are hemmed in and cowed by turgid problem-plays and sourly cynical comedies; we suffer the yoke of plays with a mission, and we squirm before sickly erotic farces. Thinking of these plays, of Yeats and Synge, of the novels of Hannay and the wonder-tales of Dunsany, we crave an Irish invasion. It might bring the flush of health to the pallid cheek of our suffering literature.

JAMES W. D. SEYMOUR.

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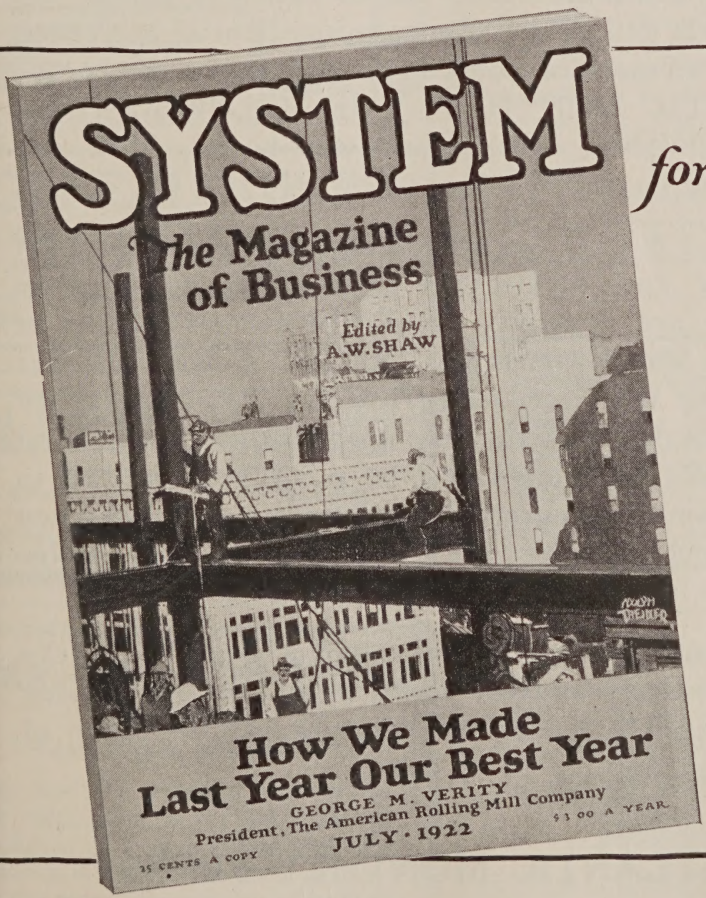
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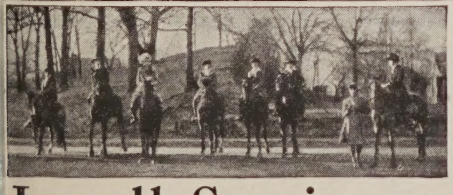

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1922

BEYOND THE BARRIER

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE

I

I OPENED my eyes. On the white lake above my head, silver fish were swimming, in curious geometric designs that elaborated the forms of their bodies. Now there were five; now, at the close of a bewildering interweaving of flashing bodies, there were six. The curves grew wider; they opened; a seventh entered. The mystic number was complete.

I looked at my nurse. Without raising her eyes, she took up a piece of linen upon which she was embroidering strange scrolls. Even as I looked, a curve began to crawl. I turned hurriedly back to the pure white lake above my head, fearful lest I had lost some movement in the intricate puzzle of silver light; distressed lest, through the relaxing of my will, the wandering of my attention, those mystic symbols of my faith might cease to be. One by one they were extinguished on that cold hard lake of white. I had failed them.

'The fishing boats are coming home. It is very pretty. Don't you want to look at them? How many can you see.'

Why was my nurse trying to test me out in this hateful calculating way? She could read my every thought. That was one of her cruel advantages, for on her forehead, as on the forehead of my doctor, was pricked in smudgy red the sign of souls that were lost — the cross of the hypocrite, that was no true cross, strong in its uprightness, but a crooked slanting ugly scar. In spite of my deplorable weakness, I was still permitted to struggle against such spirits of darkness as these.

And those boats. She saw, and she knew that I saw, against the cold light of a winter sunset, four; and now there were six. Soon perhaps would come the mystic seventh, upon whose presence their safety hung. They were making valiant headway against a strongly ebbing tide. Their sails were furled, their engines silenced by distance; but there was no magic in the power that drove them home; they were spluttering in, as usual.

She knew, too, that I saw, though perhaps she did not see herself, — she was fortunately sometimes blinded; or was she only oblivious from sheer stupidity and obstinacy, — the dark hulks that shadowed them. Red lights were breaking out upon them as they swung idly to and fro, casting no anchor within the breakwater, held by desires stronger than wind or tide. Their leader was long and low, and her masts shot skyward at bow and stern. The green

of her starboard light was as full of malignant life as the eyes of a hungry brute; the red was cruel as blood.

The short winter twilight was almost gone. While I could still trace the serpent-like outline of the craft, I must act. By the absolute concentration of the power for good still left in me, by a supreme act of self-forgetting will, I might make it burst into flames. I set my mind to the task. The flames burst forth. They died away. The night was black. It sucked me in.

The next day I was called upon to pay the penalty for my defiance of the powers of evil. At my head stood a strange woman. In a smooth French voice, from which the nasality had been wiped out by the broken English she was talking, she read aloud my thoughts as they jumped from one estimate to another of my husband's ability to pay for the boat which I had burned. It would beggar him, if my thoughts betrayed the truth; it would worse than beggar him, if I thought too high a figure. Seven hundred, a million, nine hundred and ninety-nine — the sums tore through my mind with a recklessness that was betraying their falsity, was numbing my hope of concealment. Her smile was as faultless as the arrangement of her hair. It never left her lips as my figures rose and fell in breathless irregularity, but always, in spite of my frantic effort, toward higher levels. And always, in mockery of my misery, I could hear the rhythmic explosions of a gas engine at work.

'Can't you make them stop that noise?' I asked my nurse.

'They will stop soon,' she said. 'It is almost dinner-time. Have you ever been in the shipyard? And seen the subchasers they built during the war?'

'Yes,' I replied, as casually as I could; 'their designer was so good as to take us over one, and I have met them outside on their speed tests.'

So answering, I thought bitterly of the speed for evil that the boat which those fiends had already started rebuilding at my husband's expense would have. She would rush down the open lane of water that her own fires burned clear of ice, loaded with the souls of the despairing, of those responsible for their despair. Would my own daughter be among them? Her father imprisoned for debt, who would save her? As hostage for the payment, they would claim her.

That night they took her. But before they had bound her fast in the lowest hold of that deep ploughing bow, I had followed her in her flight through darkness that was seared with flames.

When I came to the crossing under the turbulent current of the channel, choosing my way blindly among caverns where whispered the voices of many waters, I lost her. Yet twice already I had threaded those caverns — twice, naked of body. Now I had failed, because it was my soul that was perishing of the cold. I threw what was left of me upon the darkness.

A man stood before me with a kindly wrinkled face and mild blue eyes.

'There is one sacrifice for her salvation that you have not yet made. It lacks but this test. Will you dare it?' He laid his gnarled hand gently upon my shoulder.

'Only tell me,' I gasped.

'We are making the sacrificial bread,' he said. 'For the kneading of it, human strength, human hands are required. The heat of it is as white as is the bread. You will live, but brave men will shrink from looking on you. Will you — '

I fell upon the task. With the flesh crackling from my hands, I tore at that surging mountain of bread. It engulfed me; I was lost in pain. The light grew more intense. I saw as in a mirror against its glowing side the seared

horror that was my face. I fell into nothingness.

I found myself. I was in pursuit of that ship. I rushed from land to land, from shore to shore, and knew only that now I was in a harbor, searching wildly, now on the docks, hunting among staunch ocean-going steamers for a phantom ship. At last I reached the far edge of the world, where a forest clothed its last and most awful of precipices, the trees clinging to which had been turned to stone. The light of the forest was cold as stone is cold, and of a gray such as the sky in its mercy never makes known to men. It was the color of their corpses mouldering in the earth. Chained to a branch which, even as it bent before the blast, had been turned to stone, was a bird. It sang, and I knew it for the soul of the singer whose voice, my mother said, had made women weep. I, too, must soon take my place upon those granite boughs. Would it be granted to me once and again in the empty months to sing? Probably not. I had not consciously added to the flood of women's tears.

But even now the precious moments of my freedom were slipping by me in selfish speculation. I looked wildly about me, and there, casting anchor on the sea at the mountain's inner rim, was the ship. Into an opening in her bow, I slipped all that was left me of what I had brought — a pair of waterproofed shoes. Seeing those, would my child know that I had done what I could? At least she would be spared the sight of my face. Perhaps when I was turned to stone, the scars of my disfigurement might flow together. But now I was grateful that she would never have to see me as I was.

II

'You must eat. See, I have here the lamb chop which you yourself asked for. Nothing can cure you but eating. Why, then, will you not eat?'

I looked at my nurse in amazement, and then realized that the muddy red sign had slipped from her forehead. In her human stupidity she had asked the question, for her power to read my thoughts was for the moment gone. It was a lamb chop which she offered me. How could I, who had kneaded the sacrificial bread, eat of the symbol which the world's Saviour had made his own? I refused to eat.

'Some fish, then?'

Did the woman's blasphemy know no bounds? They were the reincarnation of the crew of that phantom ship — evil spirits whom I had sunk, but not annihilated. Eat them, and by coalescing their spirits with mine, weaken my own miserable power for good, strengthen the world's power for evil? It was unthinkable.

At the end of countless repetitions of her foolish formula: 'If you eat, you will get well,' she took the temptation from me, saying reproachfully, —

'You cannot realize, perhaps, that for an hour and a half, three times each day, I stand here by your side, trying in the only way we know to make you well — through food. You are making it hard, not only for me but for the maids in the kitchen, who are not through with their work till your tray returns.'

I took a spoonful of the fruit in great haste. That amount of poison I could, no doubt, assimilate. I was sorry for her when she was human and tired, and for the maids. It did seem strange, however, that all my food could be poisoned without their coöperation.

That night, my daughter came to me. It was very cold, and the windows, heavily frosted, were only partly opened. Noiselessly she opened the one beside my nurse. Instantly I felt the sudden current of cold air that always

warned me of danger. The nurse turned on her cot in the corner. I saw my child change before my eyes into a big black slimy creature, with a broad flat head. She passed round and round the cot of my nurse in ever-narrowing curves, and from her body fell glistening ropes that lay on the bed like taut drawn snakes, holding my nurse fast in unconsciousness. Then, from the window, she drew in her coils a boat of curving prow and stern, lined with soft white fur, its rails filagreed in silver.

'I have come to fetch you, mother,' she said, and her clear young voice never faltered. 'You never cry, mother. Your eyes are too hard and bright. You must plunge into the sea. Don't shrink away like that, mother. It is cold, but see the fur in my boat. I thought even of that. And when you come back, your eyes will be soft with water that will look like tears. O mother,' — her poor voice broke pitifully, she was my child again, — 'tell me quick — you are not afraid?'

'I cannot cry, child,' I said. 'My eyes are parched with pain.'

But all she answered was, 'Are you coming, mother?'

I sprang from my bed. Of course I was going where she went.

My nurse clutched me as I fell. She had been sleeping with the eye that her evil spirit controlled toward me. So I had failed.

The night wore on. I could not sleep. I was watching the window. Over and over again in my mind was tossed the ugly doubt: did my child think that it was fear which had held me back? Poor little soul, she despised fear so cruelly. And I had n't been really afraid at all, only inexplicably slow.

'Why did you try to get up in the night? Do you not realize that you have not strength to take safely one step unsupported? If you should fall, before I could reach you, you might break your hip.' My nurse's tones were insistent with worry.

Because she had been asleep, it was obvious that she had not been able to read my mind. The advantage was mine. I would not yield it. So I turned my face to the wall.

'If you have any wish, you have only to mention it,' she continued more kindly. 'That is your husband's order. Of course, you do not realize that I am on double duty now, because nurses are so scarce on account of the influenza. I am doing my best. Usually, when you stir, I waken; but last night, on account of the awful storm, I found it hard to go to sleep at first. I was glad to see that you were sleeping peacefully.'

'I did not want to waken you, you looked so tired,' I said. 'How long have you been nursing?'

And she answered as clearly and distinctly as before: 'Since the Middle Ages I have been in his service. Four hundred and twenty-one years it is that I have worked for him. Nurses have ever been the handmaidens most favored of the devil, the instruments best adapted to work the more subtle of his purposes.'

'Won't you come to my bedside?' I asked. While she was honest, I need not be afraid of her. 'Yet your eyes,' — I looked long and questioningly into them but without understanding, — 'your eyes are as blue as God's own skies. But your face — it is so strange that they did not more cleverly blend your face and his. That upward curve on your cheek is so blatantly characteristic, is n't it? One gets so tired of seeing it on the stage. That was why I liked that last Mephistopheles I saw. He was in that haunting shade of faun that the woods have in the spring, that certain spirits — '

I shut my lips firmly. Ignorance was never power; it behooved me to guard her ignorance.

'And yet you can talk so logically,' was all she said.

The petty logic of everyday life, of course, I thought impatiently; but when it came to an understanding of the deeper problems of life, I was becoming more and more hopelessly incompetent. If only in my wanderings I might run across Royce. He would n't be like Seneca and Epictetus, and even Marcus Aurelius, who never looked up, only drew closer together beneath the pale shadows of the aspen trees when I passed by. He must surely remember me. Besides, he was the only one that James had thought really believed in his own philosophical theories, even in summer. 'Even in summer.' Professor James had told me so himself. And it was cold now; it was n't summer, it was winter, and he would be spared the extreme test. So Royce had believed something all the time that he seemed to me just to be comforting his doubts with the wealth of words that his imagination loved. If only I had not been too young and timid to insist on his telling me just what it was that he actually could call true! It might help me now, it might, it might — And yet, an immortality that was not of time. What could that mean, anyway? And the *ding-an-sich* — one must n't talk German any more; that, at least, was true.

Across my misgivings, broke a clear voice, sweet as the honey that orange-blossoms yield.

'It is I, mother. Ask what you will. Only this time you must be quick, mother, quick!'

'Teach me something, child,' I faltered, 'something — '

'O mother, mother, you have lost me! You should have asked for something to eat. I have brought the apple with me. And now you cannot even look on it. And it is a snow-apple, too. O mother, do you remember that night when the moon had dropped from out the sky and was hanging just above the cypresses?'

'But how can you remember that when you were not there?' I questioned her. 'I missed you so! And coming up the coast, when the ship lurched and the oranges dropped in showers from the trees in her hold, I used to wait for you to come running to pick them up. But you never came. The air in the hold was close and sweet — '

'Would you like the windows opened, madam? The room seems fresh to me.'

The child was gone, and that cloying odor of exquisite sweetness under a dewy night was gone with her.

That night she returned again, but not to me. Though I pressed my head against the door beside my bed, the door that opened into the superintendent's room, and though I stopped breathing that I might hear, I caught only the sound of gold and yet more gold falling with a soft clink upon a stone floor. At last their voices rose: —

'I have given you all that I have, and yet you will not tell me what to do. Everything is so strange, so different here; but you 've seen so many people die, some of them must have come back to tell you all about it. They have, have n't they? And you 'll tell me all you know —'

The child's voice dropped to a caressing cuddling tone. 'What have I done already? Why, I have been to see mother, of course. Poor mother, she is so serious, she wants to know what no one ever knows. I'd have more gold to give you if this is n't enough, only —

'Well, you see, I could n't help it. He was walking without legs, and he had medals on his breast. I'm afraid he was a German. Oh, don't look at me like that! I know I ought n't to have given him anything. Do you think that

is why I've lost the way — to punish me, I mean; and so I can't get back to mother?

'You know, and you've got to tell me. If you don't, I'll make you wish you had: I'll choose to change into you! You think I can't? But that is what we do here all the time. Everybody changes into everybody else, and people get so diluted and thin and queer, that they don't know themselves. That is the way it will be with you. Only I won't let you be cruel, then, and I'll know what you know — the way to mother.'

'Don't worry about me, dear,' I cried as loudly as I could. 'But tell me, is it a moral as well as a physical confusion?'

'How did you know, mother?' she questioned eagerly. 'That is just the trouble. This hidden world of realities, behind the veil of causality, where there is no *where*, and where the *when* is not. Oh, why did men dream such foolish dreams about reality? because, what man, dreaming, wills, that becomes reality itself.

'It is awful, mother. We are always bumping into each other, and we never know ourselves at that. Oh, that's our house I smell burning! And father — mother! mother!'

The child's voice rose to a shriek of more than mortal terror. She snatched me up, and we flew together down the wind toward that long white line of smoke.

Her father lay on the narrow couch he always loved. The cool white sheet was folded close about his neck, the blankets turned back about his hips. One of the blankets had a tear in it. The flames entered the room, first in one corner and then in another. The smile deepened on his dear face. But even as I stood in an agony of helplessness, the flames fell upon it. They ate it away —

III

'If you shriek like that, you will disturb the other patients. Did you have a bad dream?'

I could not answer. A big black gate was slowly opening in the corner of my room. Now the whole side of the room was falling away, and beyond it was the abyss into which worlds fell when they were lost. It swallowed them without a sound because it was nothing, nothing at all: black, soundless, sightless nothingness. They could not, should not, must not push me there. I measured the seconds of my life by the strength of my will. I struggled wildly.

'Don't try to raise yourself. Let me help you. It is lunch-time now. Today you will want to eat everything that I have brought you.'

'How delicately you serve my food,' I said, scrutinizing the tray of dainties, 'and how very patient you are!'

'And my reward?'

I raised my glass of water. On its surface was a lake of quicksilver. In its depths rested an ivory dagger set in turquoises, but in their hearts red fires played.

'Would you prefer grape juice or orange juice? Your husband has had an ice chest set just outside your door. You see how you are worrying us. Why did you refuse to drink your eggnog this morning? Do you not know that in pellagra you must have vitamines?'

'Pellagra' — 'vitamines,' — the words were worse than Greek to me. Now Greek — on the wall above the window I watched the pretty letters twine and untwine among laurel wreaths, silver or green like moonlight on moss. Now they were dancing, and a *phi* was bowing to a *kappa*. Pretty soon the *beta* would come and try to separate them. What was it she had asked about eggnogs? I would not

drink them? Of course I would not, when they were thick with gluey poison. Poison and quicksilver — how could the devil expect to catch me by such childish tricks as these! 'C'est à rire,' I murmured wearily.

'You will not drink, you will not eat. What shall I do? Can you suggest anything that you would eat or drink?'

'An egg,' I said at last, 'boiled four minutes. And please be sure that it is brought to me in the shell, unbroken.'

In ten minutes, by my wrist watch, it was brought to me. I broke it. The yolk was lying against one side of the shell. In that short time the devil had acted. I did not explain my refusal to eat the tainted thing. Of course not. She could read, when her attention was focused upon me, my most fleeting thought.

In the night, I awoke. I was alone, alive, on a vast plain strewn with the bare bones of all mankind. Someone was pressing a warm cup against my lips. I took it. I had to; for in me alone remained the source of life of all the generations of men still waiting to be born. The bitter edge of the cold blunted. I began in trembling haste to pick up those scattered bones, and to arrange them one by one in the decent pattern they had had before their coffins had rotted away. It was getting bleaker and colder, but the light was changing.

Suddenly I saw my nurse. She looked so frail, and yet so pretty, in her flimsy night-robe.

'Have you anything on your feet?' I asked quite crossly; for I could not but be anxious about her.

She breathed a sigh of relief as I drained the last drop, and for answer pattered off to bed.

I spent the rest of the night on whirling spheres, and found each sphere a life nearer to the perfect life, a sphere nearer to the perfect sphere. And now at last I had reached the limit of my possibility of perfection.

A voice broke over me: 'You have failed and yet you have not failed. It was written that they should sacrifice a mother, too.'

'But I was too poor and weak to choose,' I faltered.

'There is no choice,' was the sad answer. 'Of the primary atom you were the only direct living descendant. The time had come. You have never failed to struggle; that was all that we could expect or demand.'

'And now?'

'The world which you know is in ruins behind you.'

'And yet —' I strained my eyes into the dark distance. Gradually, far below me I made out a long slide of white thrown across the confusion.

'All that science has taught men has been swallowed in the abyss of their cruelty, of their barbarity.' The voice became almost a wail. 'And that which you see is the only attempt at antisepsis which it has occurred to their bewildered minds to make. It is chalk. Watch the devils blacken it.'

Of a sudden, the barrenness was swarming with swarthy, leering black men. In their midst a father was trying to cover with his own body his son.

'But that is hell,' I gasped.

'The hell that your rarefied New England atmosphere has never suffered you to consider except as an intellectual absurdity, an age-worn bugaboo for children and simpletons. But here you see it in all its loathsome crudity. Curious it is that, in spite of your idealism, you have never properly evaluated the creative power of fear, the —'

'They're pinching the child!' I shrieked.

'Why should n't they?' he demanded. 'Your world destroyed, there is nothing else for them to do.'

I woke to hear an infant crying. The

nurse said that a nice lusty little fellow had just been born. I thought of my child in the hold of that ship of iniquity, and stifled a groan.

'If he disturbs you —'

I was wondering what flowers the mother would like best. The world had need of mothers now. Just why, I could not seem to remember. Oh, yes, it was the war, and France's decadent mother-spirit that was not responding to the strain.

IV

The next morning I wondered why it was that, on waking, I could not always remember what I had agonized over the day before. And if I could not remember, was it really worth the agonizing?

This, in spite of what they tell me was the curiously precise logic of my conversation, was, I believe, my first rational thought, the opening wedge that forced the gate of the barrier.

I tried to turn over. I hunted for my body, and when I found it, it was nothing but a shell, with fold on fold of burning flesh clinging to it. I tried to crawl into it, but first I had to tear away the flesh. I could not find the shell. Yet there was nowhere else that I could go —

In the middle of the night, I awoke with a start. The light was very dim. In one awful moment I knew why. A monstrous black bird was covering it. His eyes were white as hot iron is white, they were brilliant as sun striking on ice, yet they were cut like diamonds, and sparkled maliciously as he turned his heavy head from side to side. In his claws he held a bird whose breast was as blue as the sea, whose wings were as white as its foam. His hooked beak plunged into the tender flesh, his black head was hidden in the drift of feathers falling from her breast. And the feathers were all red with blood. I struggled impotently. He looked at me and jabbed again.

'It is nothing, I do not mind —' It was my child's voice I heard, in stifled agony. 'If only mother need not know! She is sick, she is dying —'

I lay as one paralyzed, frozen with horror. If I moved, he would murder her.

She clung to the electric cord, then cuddled nearer to him, with body all relaxed, inviting the attack. He fixed his blinding eyes on me, made as if to launch himself, and then I saw her fall across his pathway, and heard her cry: —

'I am young. You shall stay with me. She is — mother!'

Was it only my own shriek I heard? I was staggering across the floor.

'You have had an unusually good night's sleep. You have not moaned at all. See, I have fixed the grape-fruit a new way this morning. If you eat, you will get well, you know. And you will eat? You must not forget that every day I have to write down exactly what you have eaten. You really cannot imagine how eagerly your husband hopes each day —'

'I will try,' I said, 'though why I should have the luxury of grape-fruit at this season of the year, when they are starving in Europe, I do not understand.'

'You do not have to,' the nurse said kindly. 'Only eat. That is all you have to do.'

I took the grape-fruit, determined by the broken cells the two sections in which my medicine was hidden, and then courageously ate all but that. Only the day before I had caught on the arm of the chair in which my husband had sat a glimmering of that hateful red symbol of evil. Somehow they must have succeeded in corrupting his staunch integrity. And so I could n't take his medicine. I did n't mind

starving my body, of course, if I could save my soul.

When I awoke, I was really afraid to breathe. I ordered my nurse to rush for sheets and to stuff them against the cracks beneath the doors. Yet she hesitated when I insisted peremptorily on her throwing wide open the windows.

'It is very cold outside,' she said, 'but I am going to do what you ask. Please don't make me do things that are either too dangerous or too foolish, will you?'

'It is not foolish,' I answered, not stopping, of course, to go into needless explanations. She knew as well as I that the night before, my poor husband in desperation had transmuted his spirit's essence into a marvelous white light, which in brilliancy had exceeded his extreme calculations, but in curative power had not only failed utterly, but had been followed by a poisonous gas. It was strange that he had not realized that the forces of evil would of necessity rush into the vacuum created by the defeat of the positive forces of good. On the window-ledges were standing pools of queerly colored snow that was not snow at all, but the chemical which, through its constant evaporation, was filling the room with floating discs of poisonous matter.

I tried accurately to gauge the currents of air. Close to the southeastern window, where the air seemed to be moving most rapidly, I had her place my chair. Her eyes were so very blue. I told her so.

'And yet you will not eat to please me. Or,' she smiled cheerily, 'will you? What shall it be?'

I could only turn my head away sadly, even bitterly. Her hypocrisy was so commonplace, so crude. From the well of the centuries she had drawn no subtlety; yet in experience she had found a superficial sort of sympathy. And the conscientious attention she gave me night and day was duty well done, if only it were not done in the service of such a master!

My thoughts were rudely diverted by the sounds which I dreaded above all others to hear. They told me that my husband and, perhaps, my daughter were yet once again undergoing the tortures that, bravely borne, suffered them to come before me. I could hear the wild singing of the screws, the creak of the steel ropes, the heavy descent of the rollers that crushed and crushed yet once again their outstretched bodies. For the first time, I heard them force my husband to complain. He was growing older with every hateful day; he could not know that I might hear him. 'I can — not.' Had he failed of strength to say the 'not'? Had I imagined it? The rollers began to rise —

And then the door opened and they stood before me, rosy-cheeked, slapping off the snow. But the ice of torture that had bound their spirits no human warmth could melt. Their eyes told me that.

'You never saw anything like it, mother! It's up to your neck, and such fun! The oldest inhabitant and that is old Doctor — Why, mother, what is the matter? Do you want something?'

Held close in a chair of cunningly wrought silver, I was rising as gently as if in a dream toward a sky veiled in shining light. Behind me, another day was breaking for mortals, and the low hills glowed purple against crimson clouds. I floated higher. Below them stretched the sea, its foam shimmering like stars fallen from a brightening sky. A marvelous sense of exhilaration flooded over me. At last, in very truth, I stood free, alone in the presence of a beauty which through its impersonality, could know no cruelty, could be neither vicious nor false.

And then, in a flash, I saw my loved

ones, and they were searching for me. Yet where I had gone, they would not know; where I was, they could not follow, not though they strained their eyes to blindness, and emptied their hearts with grief. From the marvelous glory above me I turned my eyes. I dropped through the waiting air. With infinite anguish I again took possession of my body. It was dead. And then, upon the pane of the window that looked out upon the hills I had seen against the dawn, I watched in bitter sorrow, but not in indecision, the bright bubble of silver that was my chair grow smaller and smaller, until the moments for its recall by the exercise of my will, of my desire, had passed, and it was gone. The scar that it left upon the glass I could see when the light was willing.

V

Because of the indisputable evidence which was accumulating from day to day as to the poisoning of my food, I, of course, found it more and more necessary to refrain from both food and drink. In this, I found my determination lamentably weak. The parched condition of my mouth was so insistently disagreeable, that I yielded too often to the pleading in the sweet blue eyes of my nurse; I permitted myself to be beguiled by the clarity of her arguments. When these failed her, she would turn to me and say very slowly, very distinctly, —

'If you care for your husband, you will eat.'

This argument unnerved me sometimes, but not always. I grew rather more and more easily to see through its wicked speciousness.

My husband and daughter stood in the door. Striding into the room, my husband gathered me into his arms. They had come to take me home! But my nurse was to go with me. I was in despair. I refused to go, myself. They insisted on dressing me, and she went with me. She did not stay over the night, however. At last they realized the profound antagonism between us, which militated against any hope of my ultimate victory.

The drive home was frightful — not because of physical discomfort, though my bones seemed to puncture my skin as the automobile jounced through the snowdrifts, but rather because of the way in which the inner secrets of men's minds, the inner significance of nature, were revealed to me.

We passed some young women at a crossing. I heard the very disparaging remarks which they made as to my nurse's past, although I could see from the passivity of her face that she remained in agreeable ignorance of them.

'Hi, there, you've done your work well, you have!' some teamsters yelled.

She ignored their remarks so creditably, that I was again quite sure that she had not heard them.

At the station, we had to wait for the train to pass. This was the most unfortunate incident in an unfortunate ride. It enabled a number of homeless, but pettily malignant spirits from the city to fasten themselves upon our car. I fought against their entrance into my home and into my room, and finally lost them through ignoring them in the stress of more important struggles. As my silver chair had left its impress upon my window, so they left the scars of their presence on the framework of the doors of our car.

At home, I found the field of conflict broadened. The entire daily life of my husband, and more especially of my daughter, centred for good or ill upon the strength of my faith, the power of my will. When, for example, my husband went for the mail, there was a certain shadowy bend in the road where

evil spirits lay in wait for him. They hid in the body of a dog, in the trunk of a tree, in the heart of a hillock; and when they felt him coming — but through my courage and the firmness of my faith in denying their power to injure him, he returned to me in safety day after day, his hand at the steering-wheel of his car held true in spite of their malevolence.

The fact that in my constant companionship my family lost the ability to read my thoughts at critical moments, greatly increased the difficulty of my position. My daughter would start down to the barn for her saddle-horse. Of course, I at once took up my station at an open door. With fixed gaze, with set attention, I watched her safely past the swaying forms that lurked among the trees, down to the stable door. Eagerly I looked for the first sight of her horse as she opened the door that led directly into his stall — eagerly but not in doubt. Though he died in the early morning hours, yet, praying for the return of his spirit, I had never failed to be rewarded by those sounds of life which close in so abruptly upon the silence made by death. No, I did not question that the horse was there, that his spirit would not leave him until another morning. But the moment that my daughter entered into the shadowy stall, beside the white figure of her horse I saw her wrapped in a garment of glistening white. I saw it dissolve into waves of light. And I knew that the last wave would sweep her forever beyond my reach.

At the instant of its passing, it was vouchsafed to me, through an agony of willing, to bring her back to the earthly body that rode forth so jauntily, quite as if no miracle of reincarnation had supervened.

'You cannot sit in that open door. You will get your death of cold.'

My poor, poor husband!

In the evening, and especially during the small hours of the night, my faith was at its lowest ebb, my struggles were sorest because most despairing.

Just before daylight, the air became so crowded with all sorts and conditions of spirits, that the confusion of the conflict was maddening.

But at the moment when I lost all hope of being able to follow the struggle, when the air grew dimmer and thinner, and the spirits began to fade away like ghosts, I would hear my husband walking about the room, would see him flashing his light into its farthest corners, would catch, as from a great distance, the sound of his gentle voice bidding me watch how easily he could make the shadows shift.

But in the end I would feel so sorry for him, so cruel in my forced negligence of his patient effort, that I would open my eyes. Then, because of the look in his eyes, he would seem to me to belong for an appreciable time to the world beyond the barrier, and in his strength to be about to dominate its wickedness. But soon upon my attention would be focused the room in which he moved. It was without substance or depth, flat and empty as a house of cards. Just as my body had no feeling, so it had no meaning. Slowly my husband moved his light about. The queer beings in the room moved, too, flaunting their grotesque shapes quite shamelessly around him. He called them shadows. He said that the chairs and the tables were casting them.

One day, I was lying on my couch, feverishly studying on my wall the diagrams of the world I had known, pondering the full fatality of the interlocking of the two lower spheres. For this partial union, this interaction of planets and of lives, I was responsible. A mortal, I had walked among spirits. My world was trying to cast me forth,

in fear of my knowledge. Their world was locked with it in the refusal to receive me. Homeless, a wanderer between worlds for all eternity, I raised my eyes in desperation.

Across my room I suddenly saw wafted the most intricate insignia of the Roman Catholic Church — the replica in silver and gold and age-old ivory of the designs which I had seen on vestment and on altar-cloth, in marble on mosaic floors, in wrought iron on cathedral doors. The breezes that bore them were more exquisitely scented than those which had soothed my doubts, had stimulated my imagination on her feast-days. Closing my eyes, I heard her choirs chant, resistlessly because monotonously, their voices blending and swelling for the drowning of my questionings.

But I was born of Puritan stock; I had been trained in metaphysic. Their subtleties, their crudities, their emotional artistry, their superstitions, made as little fundamental impression upon me as did their flaming gold, their purple that was crimson as their pride. And so, in discouragement, the care of my soul was entrusted to lesser, meaner souls.

Instead of twisted gold and frosted silver, of carved and stained ivory, of leather tooled in gold, the mystic symbols of the Church accepted for their fashioning straw clumsily braided by peasant hands. They came to me, not on clouds of sweet incense, but among the wet clinging fumes of suds which, for spirits of such low estate as these, must serve for godliness. Sometimes the fumes were soggy with the pungent smell of cabbage good for sturdy bodies such as theirs had been. Instead of chanting, I heard voices that were toil-worn and thin, yet honest and earnest withal.

I failed them both. The sadness in the Pope's voice made me realize the depths of human experience which he must have sounded in his prison of the Vatican, although all that he said was, —

'We have done what we could.'

The others simply frittered away their lesser powers of concentration, too easily discouraged even to recognize defeat. But I was grateful for their willingness to help me. The road which my soul must travel was not theirs, that was all.

Around me the old legends now began to weave their spells. I was sitting alone in the library. The house was strangely still. In a panic of horror, I realized that I was forever shut off from the living. Perhaps, once in a hundred years, some traveler, sensitive to suggestion, would be permitted to come upon my home and me, sitting, as now I was sitting, gaunt, stiffened into unconsciousness of my body, but not lifeless because living in a world of sinister shades, of menacing shadows.

There was a sudden sharp sound. It was the wind blowing a broken shutter loose from the clutches of overgrown ivy. The house, as a matter of fact, had no shutters. The next day I remarked that, examined with pride my luxuriant but carefully pruned ivy, and welcomed effusively a delivery man whom I chanced to meet coming up our walk.

I smiled when I saw his apparent pleasure. I laughed when I thought that he was the traveler permitted to discover my haunted house at the end of a hundred — or was it a thousand — dead years.

At last, one day, I suddenly found myself standing as it were without the confines of my own mind, and watching in quiet happiness a complete shifting of its scenes. And yet, that is not what I saw. Among the mountains I have watched dark shadows chase across their valleys, and, disappearing, leave

them basking in the sunshine. Even so it was with me. I saw the shadows pass.

I turned my face to the wall where had been the diagram of my clashing worlds — for I was lying on my couch. There were only a few imperfections on its surface! Gone from out my life was the bitter tragedy of those vanished spheres. Ah, no, it had never been.

I looked at my hands. They were white and thin; they were n't disfigured at all. And all that curious pattern that malicious spirits had pricked upon them when I was weak and cowardly — it was absurd. Or, rather, it was pellagra! If only I could have known what pellagra was! If only I might have had something comfortable and understandable, like typhoid fever!

I ran to a window. In the sunshine the sea was breaking and the wings of white gulls were flashing above its foam. Among the woods that rimmed the blue inlet of its waters, where, in the late winter, on a white glare of snow, the blackened tombstones of the dead of all the ages had mocked me with the mystery of their presence, the shadows of tall trees were lying soft upon the grass. The dead had been but the deeper shadows that the light had cast.

Beneath my windows, in my garden, the wallflowers had survived the winter, my sturdy pansies were blossoming in the friendly shade of cool gray walls, and tulips were spreading their glowing cups to the sun. The birds were twittering in the lilac hedges. In the stable I heard the impatient whinny of a hungry horse and my daughter's cheery answering call.

I was home again!

THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

I

The breakfast-table had been drawn into the bow window to catch all that was possible of the pale December sunlight. Its three occupants were doing themselves well, knowing that a long day lay ahead of them, and that the prospect of any lunch, save the cold bacon sandwiches which their saddle-boxes would contain, was practically negligible. The three of them were in riding clothes: Philip Colford's a rather heterogeneous collection, consisting of field-boots, khaki breeches, a worsted-embroidered waistcoat, tweed coat, and an ascot, which accentuated rather than concealed the heavy lines of his jowl and neck. His twin daughters, Laura and Phyllis, were in neat black habits, which showed evidence of service.

Seen together, the two girls were easily distinguishable; apart, their likeness was sufficient to cause confusion. As little children, it had been more arresting; but now, with two decades behind them, personality and character were beginning to stamp themselves

on the delicate features and blond prettiness, making an intangible difference. Laura gave a curiously combined effect of greater vitality and less staying power — qualities which would have been determined by physique had a young hunter been up for inspection, but which in a girl were recognizable only in expression and manner. Phyllis, in contrast, appeared more sober, less brilliant; what was really a dawning sense of the responsibilities of life was best summed up in her father's definition of his daughters to a friend: —

'If I were goin' in for show horses I 'd buy that filly [indicating Laura], and guarantee to beat any horse in the Garden; but for a day with hounds in open country, I 'd choose her sister.'

At breakfast, as usual, except when the unpleasant topic of home economics was under discussion, the Colford family talked horses and hunting. The season had opened auspiciously and the girls, limited to one horse apiece, would be put to it to find mounts for the three days a week that the Leith County Hunt offered. Philip, who rode unbelievably vicious horses and sold them as soon as he had mastered them, — granted, of course, that that occurred before he killed them, — was always supplied. Until Christmas, both Laura and Phyllis knew they would be the frequent recipients of borrowed steeds; they were admirable horsewomen, and either a friend who was long on horses, or a dealer who wanted to offer well-broken ladies' hunters to the Northern market, was eager to mount them. But with the holidays, when a hard frost might destroy the hunting from Massachusetts to Maryland, there would be an influx of visitors ready to job or to buy horses, and the Colford girls would be forced to conserve their resources, Brown Betty and Minoru.

'It 's one of the real tragedies of life,' Laura said, 'that during the cubbing season and the six weeks before Christmas, Phyllis and I could be mounted six times a week; but when the real fun begins, it 's all we can do to get two days out of our own hacks.'

'They ought not to be asked for more than three times a fortnight,' Phyllis put in; 'and it 's particularly bad luck this year, because with the Worship Valley Hounds coming down for January, there 'll be better sport than ever, and so many people to buy horses we won't have a look-in.'

'Is it decided they 're coming?' Laura asked with sudden animation.

'It 's decided all right,' her father answered. 'They 'd had instructions at the kennels yesterday, and their Master's written Gee-Gee.'

Gee-Gee was their own beloved M.F.H., so nicknamed from the initials which his name, George Grahm, contributed, as well as from his profession.

The twins looked at each other — swift, pregnant glances. Laura 's conveyed: 'Then he *is* coming back!' and Phyllis's answered: 'Go in and win, old dear — *if you can.*'

There was to be no quarter — asked or given.

'They 'll be here for the Hunt Ball, then,' Laura offered, as a remark which required confirmation.

'I reckon so,' Philip said. 'Gee-Gee tells me that he 's put it off from New Year's Eve to New Year's night, to make certain. That reminds me,' he added, with a certain elaboration of expression which betrayed the fact that he had never forgotten, 'I 've got somethin' for you-all.'

He produced from the inside pocket of his coat a voluminous and bulging wallet, which contained always a great many things that are not intended to be carried in wallets, and very little, usually, of what is. This time, however, he took from it two one-hundred-dollar

bills, and tossed them carelessly across the table.

'Pip — you darling,' Laura grabbed her share, and had both arms round his neck. 'You darling old darling!' she continued rapturously in his ear.

Phyllis remained in her seat, her eyes brooding on the green note on the white tablecloth. Suddenly she raised them to meet her father's.

'I suppose an outsider won,' she said. He nodded, his mouth buttoned in to render his opinion of himself less obvious. He looked, Phyllis thought, with his handsome, weak face, very like an adult Jack Horner.

'Decent odds?' she asked casually: 'five to one?'

He loosened his lips to allow 'six' to escape from them.

'Here 's two hundred,' Phyllis continued, 'and I reckon you 've paid Gee-Gee what you lost at Fryeville: that ought to leave another couple of hundred to straighten things out here.'

'And where do I come in?' Philip demanded, his mouth relaxing into an obstinate smile. 'Does n't your poor old daddy get anything out of this? I spotted that chestnut of Longstreet's when he was a yearling, and I had the courage to back him in his first race; now I 'm savin' a bit of this pot if he starts at Uniontown.'

'It 's a brilliant idea,' Phyllis — a little tired and contemptuous of her father's gambling proclivities — answered; 'only we happen to owe the money.'

'I reckon we owe a damn sight more than this pittance.' Colford was approaching anger. 'If I win anything at Uniontown, we 'll pay 'm off and start fresh; if I lose, I 'll go without, and they can go without, too, damn 'em!'

'I don't mind the tradespeople,' Phyllis went on wearily: 'they can attach the property again if it comes to that; but it 's a little hard on Dan'l and the house servants. They have n't seen cash for months.'

'Well, neither have I,' her father responded, his good humor suddenly restored; 'neither has Laura; have you, Baby?'

Thus appealed to, Laura, nearer her infancy than Phyllis by twenty-seven minutes, flew to his defense.

'You 're so ungrateful,' she said to her sister. 'Pip divided it all beautifully, and you don't even thank him for your share.'

'I thank him,' answered her twin, 'for everything he gives me — that 's his to give.'

'I won it, did n't I,' Philip retorted, 'and I 've given it to you. Now, if you choose to pay Ca'line and Dan'l, you 're welcome to make that hundred go as far as you can.'

'Yes,' said his daughter, securing the bill and thrusting it into the pocket of her habit, 'I 'm going to.'

She got up from the table and proceeded to the sideboard, where she began to cut the bread for their lunch-boxes.

Philip contemplated her back for a moment; then, with a characteristic little shrug of his shoulders, he, too, rose from the table, announcing as he left the room: —

'I 'm goin' down to help Dan'l saddle. Remember we 've got a five-mile road hack and the meet 's at ten.'

Laura kissed her hand to him, but remained seated on the arm of his chair, where her demonstrations had landed her. When he was out of earshot she addressed her sister.

'Phyllis! You did n't mean it?'

'Mean what?'

'You won't give your hundred to Ca'line and Dan'l?'

Phyllis turned and faced her.

'I certainly will,' she said. 'It 's no more Daddy's to give to us, when he owes money to every single soul on this

place, than the mare I 'm riding to-day is mine.'

'Do you expect me to give mine, too? Laura questioned, in a dangerously quiet voice.

'I hope you will.'

How desperately she hoped it, only Phyllis knew. Not only would she, as housekeeper, welcome the money to pay the patient servants, but she wanted Laura to feel — to prove that she felt — that it was theirs.

'Well, I 'm not going to,' Laura answered, in the same quiet tone, drawling her words a little. 'I 'm going into town to buy me a whole cloth-of-silver dress and some silver shoes and stockings and a little fillet of rhinestones for the Leith County Hunt Ball; and,' here her voice broke and became loud and quick, 'if you 're not a skunk, you 'll do it, too!'

Only the manner in which Phyllis returned to her manipulation of the bread-knife implied that she had taken this insult to heart. Laura, who knew her, who knew her silences, realized that an explanation was awaited.

'We 've always dressed alike,' she said, 'and what sort of figures shall we cut, do you think, if I have a new dress and you turn up in that filthy black rag we 've worn for the last two years? O Phil, please be human just this once; there 'll be all these strangers at the ball, and we do want to look nice,— really nice, — like the women they see in New York and Philadelphia; not just two fresh-faced country girls, whom they can't imagine any place out of Leith County. Please, Phyllis darling, let 's look nice just this once!'

She was almost crying in her eagerness, her lovely little face flushed with the intensity of her feelings, her eyes dark with tears which awaited their shedding for her twin's answer.

Phyllis delayed it for a moment, then she said soberly: —

'I won't take Dan'l's money for a silver dress; but I 'm perfectly willing not to go to the ball, Lolly, if you think that, without it, I 'd detract from your effect.'

'I 'm not asking you to give up the ball,' Laura rejoined; 'only not to wear that awful black again.'

'And as I have n't anything else to wear, you might just as well ask me not to go. I see your point perfectly, and I entirely agree with you that we had better both wear black, or one of us go in silver.'

'I suppose you think I 'm a pig,' Laura said, 'and I reckon I am; but one 's got to look out for one's self in this world, and it may never happen to me again that I have the money and the ball in the same month. I 'd almost steal the money to get a new dress.'

'Then for heaven's sake get it!' said Phyllis, wishing Laura would clear out. It was much easier to make a sacrifice, she thought, than to be pleasant about it afterwards.

Her sister offered a few more remonstrances, but, meeting no response or encouragement, drifted out of the room.

II

Phyllis, having cut sufficient bread for six lunch-boxes, began the sandwiches. Her heart was very heavy, partly with young sorrow for her disappointment over the ball, and partly with old grief for Laura's willingness to accept her sacrifice. Her mind revolved in little circles between the two; but she continued to work swiftly, and she was conscious that she was listening with a small, detached part of her mind to the words of a song the two colored maids were singing in the kitchen.

The cook, in deep, pleasant contralto, and in very free verse, was repeating the story of Elijah, working up to a chorus in which Caroline joined her,

which announced and reiterated that —

'Elijah was a witness foh de Lo'd.'

In turn, Ca'line sang the history of Daniel and the lions, and in the ensuing chorus the cook proved positively that —

'Dan'l was a witness foh de Lo'd.'

Then, suddenly, as if all the intermediate history of the world was of slight import, they reported in unison, —

'Ma soul will be a witness foh de Lo'd.'

Phyllis had loved this song from childhood; and even now the primitive rhythm and fervent rendition brought her some measure of solace and amusement.

Having packed up her sandwiches, she gathered up the boxes, together with gloves and crop, and proceeded to the stables. Laura and her father were already mounted; they accepted her contribution, and slipped the tin containers into the leather cases that were fastened to their saddles; but, except for a word of thanks, they made no effort to speak to her, and Phyllis concluded that Laura had enlisted sympathy. She turned to look critically at her borrowed mount — a keen, little mare that she had ridden before, and would gladly have bought for herself had the Colford finances warranted the purchase of any horses in which Philip could not see a swift and certain profit. She loosened the chin-strap, which Daniel always would pull too tight, and made various futile adjustments, hoping that her father and sister would take the opportunity to slip off without her.

Philip called, 'We 'll start along, you can catch us,' and hardly waited for her nod of agreement.

Daniel, the sixty-year-old stable 'boy,' put her up, giving her a fluent biography of her beloved Minoru for the past twenty-four hours.

'I 'll see him when I get in,' she said, 'and see you treat him well. I 've got a month's wages for you in this pocket, and you 'll stand a poor chance of getting it if Minoru is n't fit.'

'Dat suttenly am fine news, Miss Phil,' Daniel answered. 'Ah got a opportunity foh a first-class investment, if ah can obtain de captilization.'

'That means you 're going shares in a horse again,' said Phyllis with some severity, not at all deceived by the high-flown language. It struck her as doubly cruel that the proceeds of her sacrifice should go for a negro's gamble. 'But, after all, it *is* his money,' she thought; 'only I do wish I could get it changed quickly and divided between Dan'l and Ca'line.'

She kept purposely behind her family during the long hack to the Forge Crossing, where the hounds were meeting. There was a phase of the situation existing between Laura and herself which she had not yet considered; but, although she was reluctant to meet it, she was accustomed to ride straight and to face her fences squarely.

The year before, when a few straggling members of the Worship Valley Hunt had discovered Leith County, the most enthusiastic and attractive of their number had been Warren Arnold. Both by his horsemanship, which was noticeable even in a community of good horsemen, and by his charm, which was distinguishable among a people whose charm was their major asset, he had become the most popular stranger who had hunted the County for years. Golden things were said of him, of his position, his wealth, his increasing importance among men of affairs; but, in the happy-go-lucky atmosphere of the Leith County Hunt, these things counted for far less than his own personality.

He had become a warm friend of the Colford twins, and had the romantic and impulsive neighborhood ever been

able to determine which one he liked the better, there would have been plenty of kindly, well-intentioned gossip flying about before he had returned North. Even the twins themselves had never decided which of them he preferred. They had admitted freely to each other, in those days of unguarded intimacy, that he was the only man they could ever, ever love; but their feeling for him had never interrupted the pleasant routine or the healthy enjoyment of their lives. They had been almost always together on the occasions when they saw him, either hunting, or, after a day with hounds, when he came home for tea with them, or at a dance or dinner at a neighbor's house. After he had left, he had written them both — friendly, amusing letters, equally free from sentiment. Yet in the heart of each was a conviction that it was she whom he more nearly more than liked.

The twins had 'hunted in couples' always; but Laura had this morning chosen her own line and the old partnership was dissolved. Slim and tall in the silver frock, she would greet him on the night of his arrival at the Hunt Ball, while Phyllis sat at home alone — a Cinderella, without a godmother, pitted against Diana.

She was too normal, too keen an enthusiast, to let her thoughts interfere with her day's sport once she arrived at the Forge Crossing. The little mare carried her easily, and she and Laura were soon in happy rivalry in the field. But in the days that followed, when her bank note had been divided and the halves swallowed in the black palms of Caroline and Daniel, it was not always easy to discuss with Laura the relative merits of silver cloth and *crêpe météore*, a bandeau in Greek-key design and a wreath of stephanotis. However, she succeeded in playing up, evolving the philosophy that what is given grudgingly is better withheld.

III

The day of the New Year dawned fair and cold. Phyllis and Laura spent the morning about the stables, giving Brown Betty and Minoru, who would be called on for a hard day to-morrow, a little gentle exercise and a great deal of petting. They put their tack in the best possible condition, and impressed upon Daniel the importance of their being well turned out for their first day with the Worship Valley Hounds, which had been imported by invitation to hunt the County.

They lunched alone, as Philip was at the Kennels with Gee-Gee and the visiting Master; and afterward Laura went upstairs to rest, preparatory to the evening's festivities. Phyllis put out the ingredients she knew her father would demand when he returned, with several of his cronies, for one of his famous eggnogs, laid out his evening clothes, — for, in spite of his good looks, Philip never cared in the least what he put on, and would appear a regular rag-bag were it not for the ministrations of his daughters, — and curled herself up before the library fire with a book.

She may have read a chapter, she may have dozed a bit, she may have done both, before Caroline presented a grinning face at the door and announced: —

'Tha 's a gemman here, honey.'

Before Phyllis could straighten herself out, Warren Arnold was in the room.

How enchanting he was! When a girl of nineteen idealizes a man, he is cruelly apt to disappoint her at twenty; but Warren was exactly as she had visualized him all these months.

'I 've popped in for only a moment,' he said. 'I must have a look at my nags before dark, and I 've only just arrived. I wanted to know if you would have supper with me to-night at the party.'

For a moment Phyllis hesitated. She

was wondering what would happen if she should put on the old black dress and go to the ball; and she was wondering whether, if Warren had found Laura curled up before the fire alone, he would have asked her the same question.

'I 'm not going to the party,' she answered at last. 'I 've been rather done in lately, and I 'm conserving all my energy for to-morrow.'

Whether he would have asked Laura or not, his face expressed genuine regret.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'sorry you 're not going and particularly if you 're not fit. You look as right as rain.'

'Oh, I 'm quite all right,' she responded. 'I 'll prove it to-morrow, when I leave you all at the first fence. Laura 'll have her innings to-night, but to-morrow's mine.'

'To him who hath,' he quoted. 'I 've got to-day, and I 'm going to have to-morrow, too. Give Laura my love, and tell her I 'm looking forward to seeing her like anything.'

He said good-bye to her and started to go out, but returned suddenly and added in a concerned voice, 'You really are all right?'

'Right as rain,' she repeated, with her happiest smile.

This time he did depart.

Caroline and Phyllis helped Laura dress. The former was loud in her appreciation of the flowerlike beauty that blossomed under her hands, and vehement in her criticisms of her assistant.

'Wha 's de sense in yo'-all stayin' home like pore black trash?' she demanded. 'Wha 's yo' angel dress an' dem shiny business foh yo' ha'r? All dis nonsense wid ho'ses knock yo' clean silly.'

'Well, Laura rides, too, you know,' Phyllis protested meekly.

'Don' interfere wid her sense none,' Caroline retorted. 'Don' interfere wid her settin' her cap for a husban', does it?'

Laura giggled, which prevented a couple of hooks from being adjusted for a moment. These done, Caroline remained on her knees to worship.

'Yo' suttenly am a witness foh de Lo'd dis night, chile,' she said, with something very near reverence in her voice, 'Yo' stay jest like dat till ah call Cook.'

Cook and Philip arrived together, from their respective quarters. They were equally complimentary, and Phyllis added generously: —

'I 'm very proud of my family; you 're both beautiful.'

Her father turned to her in the hall, where she was helping him with his overcoat, and said suddenly: —

'You 're a good girl, Phil. God bless you!' the futile, facile tears of a weak man suffusing his eyes.

Laura said: 'Phil, I can't bear it, leaving you like this'; but she did bear it, and departed with her father.

Five hours later found her sitting on Phyllis's bed, reciting the triumphs of the evening. Everyone had been wonderful, everything had been perfect, except the absence of her twin.

'They 're some awfully nice men,' she said. 'The Master 's an old duck, and there were three or four women who seemed rather dears. Warren introduced me to everyone, and we had supper together on the stairs. A friend of his joined us, — a man named Winston, — who danced with me a lot. He asked in fun if there were any more at home like me, and when I said there was — one — just exactly, he wanted to know all about you and why you had n't come; so, when Warren said you were ill, I — I told them the real story. You don't mind, do you, Phil?'

'It does n't make much difference whether I mind or not,' Phyllis answered, 'and it does n't matter much,

I suppose — everyone round knows we 're poor as Job's turkey. It 's only a question of taste how much you like to talk about it.'

She did not mean her voice to sound sharp, but she had been wrested from her first hard-won sleep by Laura's enthusiastic entrance, and it seemed a trifle unnecessary that her sordid little sacrifice should be used as copy for the supper-party from which it had debarred her.

'To-morrow's *mine*,' she thought to herself over and over again, when Laura left her. She had been saving up Minoru for her first day with the Worship Valley Hounds; and knowing the pluck and ability of her little horse, she knew that no country and no pace could dismay her.

IV

Daniel shuffled in when the Colfords were gathered at a late and hurried breakfast, his seamed old face and stupid, devoted eyes exuding trouble.

'Miss Phil! Minoru 's done gone an' lamed hisself — cast hisself las' night and can't put his off hin' fut to the groun'.'

'Minoru!' There followed questions, explanations, and a breathless trip to the stable.

Philip, who knew horses as he knew little else, pronounced the final judgment — his hand on the feverish hock, his eyes full of real feeling: a horse and his girl were suffering equally.

'Wrenched a tendon: he 'll be all right, Phil, but you 'll have to lay him up for a bit.'

Phyllis put her arms around the horse's neck and hid her face against it. She wished that her father would not feel obliged to put a heavy arm about her shoulders, and that Laura's voice would stop reiterating: —

'She can ride Brown Betty; she 'll have my horse; Dan'l, put Miss Phil's saddle on the mare.'

She shook off the arm and turned to them.

'No, I won't ride Brown Betty. Thanks, Laura; I know you want me to, but I 'd rather not.'

'There 's nothing of mine,' her father said miserably, 'that I could put you on, or you 'd be welcome to the lot — you know that.'

She knew: knew that, if it were possible, he would impetuously sacrifice the whole string, which represented his entire working capital, to provide her with a decent mount. But it was not possible, and she did not want to talk; fate — destiny — wanted her to suffer, and she would deliver herself bound and gagged.

'Hurry up, you two, or you 'll be late,' she said; 'one day's hunting more or less does n't matter. It 's only I 'm so damned sorry about Minoru.'

Her voice broke, betraying the spirit that had forced the expletive — an annoying break that brought renewed persuasions from Laura and heavy caresses from her father.

Only Daniel, the dumb, stricken look in his eyes, — eyes like Minoru's, — seemed to understand and hurry the preparations that would ensure a swift departure of the unwanted comforters. It was a relief to Phyllis when they hacked out of the stable-yard, her father's distress and Laura's protests dying in the January air. It was a relief to help Daniel prepare and administer a cold-water bandage to the injured tendon. But when she rose from the straw of the box, and viewed the habit that she had cleaned and pressed with the purpose of looking so smart, all wrinkled and covered with bits of bedding, the thought came to her, and the tears with it: 'My day — *this* is my day!'

She went out in the stable-yard and stood on the granite tiles, leaning

against the door of Minoru's box. It was a big yard, for the formation of the stalls and the coach-house made a court, and in her grandfather's time the stable had held thirty horses. Now the left wing, which had housed the mares and foals, and the big coach-house had fallen almost to decay; for Philip Colford only made a pretense of keeping up the right wing for his own hunters, Brown Betty, Minoru, and the tack-room.

Phyllis stood there, cold, disheveled, miserable, yet knowing that the return to the house could only improve her physical comfort, which her young stoicism refused to tolerate.

Suddenly Daniel appeared beside her.

'Miss Phil,' he said, 'what yo'-all say to ridin' Pollyanna?'

'Pollyanna?'

'Ma horse,' he explained proudly. 'Leastways mine an' the boys. Bought her down to Fryeville in the sellin' plate — hain't been hunted none, but she 's a mighty likely little mare.'

He shuffled across to the dilapidated box that had once housed Romany Girl, mother of the great Gypsy King. Phyllis, wondering, followed across the court, and saw him lead forth by a rope halter the little bay mare he called Pollyanna. She knew the negroes were always gambling on horses; that they frequently formed a pool to buy cheap young selling platers, hoping that, if they failed on the track, they might bring in a small profit as hunters. But the quality of the little mare surprised her, though it was obvious why she had fallen into these hands; she was too light of bone to sustain speed on the track, or to support weight in the field — a rangy, ill-kempt little creature; but her breeding was evident — a mistaken progeny from some famous strain.

Daniel went over her points lovingly, adding: —

'Hain't been jumped much, Miss Phil, but ah reckon yo'-all 's so dumb miserable you would n't have no quarrel with a fall.'

Phyllis thought: 'This is my day — I take what the gods provide,' and said aloud: 'Bring my saddle; we 've got to hurry like lightning.'

The mare had never known a double bridle, and resented it hotly; she resented, too, the slim attempt that was made to groom her; and, most of all, she objected to finding Phyllis on her back.

'Ma Gawd, what 's dis ole nigger gone an' done now?' Daniel found himself saying aloud, as Phyllis and the mare shot out of the stable-yard. 'Why can't ah keep my mouf shut an' not go makin' offertorys o' no-'count nigger's horses?'

He was in for a bad day with not only the safety of his adored Miss Phil to worry him, but also the wrath of the joint owners of Pollyanna, should harm come to her.

Phyllis had need of all her wit to control the mare; strength was of secondary importance, but it promised to be no easy matter to teach Pollyanna, in the six miles which lay between her and the hounds, that she was in lighter, firmer, more exacting hands than those of the half-grown colored boys who had galloped her on the track.

Gee-Gee had offered the Worship Valley Hounds his best covert for their first day's hunting in Leith County. They would meet at Farwell's Corner; but Phyllis knew that her only chance of joining the field lay in picking them up after the hounds had gone into cover, but before they found; or, should the fox break at once in anticipating his line and in keeping well away from it, in waiting until the hounds passed her. With this in mind, it was necessary to ride the last couple of miles, before she could come in view of Farwell's Woods, cross-country.

The little mare, who had proved fairly tractable on the road, became restive directly she felt the grass beneath her feet; and Phyllis, for the first time, became conscious of what a tremendous undertaking lay ahead of her in attempting to manage so green a hunter in a crowded field. For her own safety she was not at all concerned, — even a nasty spill was preferable to a day at home alone, — but she knew that she had no business projecting Pollyanna into the thick of the other riders. There was one chance in a thousand, if the little horse could jump, that she could keep up with the very first flight; otherwise she would have to hold back with the local farmers and colored boys, who flocked to the meet on any equine specimen which could carry them there, and were lost forever with the initial gallop behind hounds.

Pollyanna's performance over the first fence encouraged her; her form left much to be desired, indeed almost left Phyllis the participant of a strangely misnamed 'voluntary'; but she cleared the barway easily. They went better after that, the desire to be over that fence together had established a common purpose between the two, and the adjoining fields were traversed so pleasantly that Phyllis's spirit soared. A couple of walls, which lay between her and the far side of the woods, were sufficient to prove the metal of Daniel's gamble: she was quivering and white with lather once they were behind her, but she had learned to trust the light hands, which gave her her head whenever a barrier lay between her and the Elysian field beyond. Landed, she must perform a bit, show what else she could do, sidle along with her head turned clear around, stand with equal dexterity on fore or hind legs, kick out like a Russian dancer, or do a very creditable imitation of the modern Jazz; but here the firm hands never relaxed their control, nor did the soft voice falter in its loving, appreciative monologue; and after a few rods it was more comfortable to settle into the narrow, straight path that hands and voice approved.

V

It had taken Phyllis longer to cover the six miles to Farwell's Woods than she had expected. As she approached, she could hear the hounds in covert and recognize the voices of a strange pack working toward her. It was hard to hold Pollyanna in the corner of the field she had chosen for herself — chosen because, should the fox break, she stood no possible chance of crossing his line unless he should decide to double back into the woods, in which case it was highly to be desired. The filly danced incessantly: this new music pleased her, she had steps to suit it; also, it occurred to her that she could do them better without the present incumbent on her back — ridiculous to confine one's self to a corner, with the ballroom of the world free to dance upon.

Something soft and red stole out of Farwell's Woods. Then, disliking the prospect of those smiling fields, loath to exchange them for the dark security of his own earth, the fox, running along the edge for a bit, doubling in his own track to deceive the hounds, who were well behind him, suddenly caught sight of Phyllis and changed his mind. The woods were full of enemies; better to trust the open country and his own active legs. He turned sharply and set out for the horizon.

Pollyanna heard the soft voice break, and an amazing 'Tallyho' was thrown against that other volume of approaching sound.

Other noises intervened — the crackling and breaking of underbrush; some heavy body being forced against resist-

ing bushes and branches, which resented this disturbance of their long winter's nap; a horse's hoofs snapping dead wood that lay in his path and interfering with the disintegrating process of fallen leaves; an expressive 'damn!' as some twig smote the rider.

Warren Arnold, emerging from the woods, immaculate in the attire of a Worship Valley whip, save for a slight abrasion above his left eye, put his horse neatly at the wall and joined Phyllis.

'Who said "Tallyho"?' he demanded, with no preliminaries.

'I did,' she answered, trying to keep Pollyanna within speaking distance; 'the fox came out by that big chestnut tree, tried to double back, could n't, and went away over the hill there.'

'We 'll wait here,' he said. 'The hounds picked it up cold and are way behind him.'

His big, clean-bred bay was in admirable control; he sat, as if carved in marble, waiting for the hounds to break covert and pick up the thread of scent that unwound from the fleeing fox. Phyllis felt that his eyes were occasionally upon her, that he had taken in every detail of her weedy little nag and her own appearance, which had not been improved by the difficulties of the morning. Excepting the little cut over his eye, Warren, in his pink coat with the velvet collar of the Worship Valley color, his white breeches and well-boned boots, might just as conceivably have emerged from a bandbox as from Farwell's Woods. He presented as distinct a contrast to Phyllis as his beautifully groomed and glossy Top Form did to Pollyanna.

The hounds, well packed, scrambled over the wall, singing their glorious processional, which turned into a series of dismayed questionings where the fox had crossed his own line.

'Whip 'em on to it, Phil, you 've got a lash,' Warren commanded, trying to ride off the lead hounds himself.

It was all that Phyllis could do, however, to manage Pollyanna, who, at the sight of those enchanting white objects roving at will through the pleasant meadow, was made more resentful of restraint than ever. When, with great yelps of joy, the hounds picked up the true trail, Phyllis was congratulating herself that she had remained mounted, less because she anticipated the run than because it occurred to her how hideously bored Warren would be if, at this enthralling moment, some mischance befalling her should demand his attention. She loved his concentration on the game he was playing, his oblivion as to who or what she might be, once granting her an enthusiasm as keen as his own.

They waited for a moment, careful not to crowd the hounds. Warren said, breathless with excitement, —

'The field must be hung up somewhere. I believe we 're going to have this alone'; and they were off at a gallop.

Whatever Pollyanna knew of foxhunting must have been bred in her. Perhaps her mother had in her day gone well and wisely, and standing, heavy, at the pasture-bars, had heard the hounds, and her quickening blood had imparted some knowledge to the foal within her. Phyllis felt an added thrill as she became conscious of the long, easy motion which carried her well up with Warren. Top Form gave her a lead at the first fence; but apparently his rider had turned to watch her take it, for she heard his commending, 'Well over — I say, Phil, where *did* you get that horse?' But the pace was too swift to render an answer necessary.

The fox was making for a distant warren, and a long stretch of open country lay between him and his goal.

Phyllis knew this run well; knew, too, the barriers which must be overcome by anyone who chose to ride it. The blight that had devastated the chestnut trees some years previously had led the more enterprising farmers to conserve as much of their wood as possible in the form of fencing; and the cornfields and big pastures were bounded by stiff lines of post and rail. Had only Minoru been beneath her, her cup of happiness would have been overflowing; no other run in the country asked so much from a horse, and she doubted if all the nerve the little mare displayed could prove, in the light of her inexperience, equal to the demand upon her. And Phyllis was desperately anxious to go well; never again in a long life of hunting could she hope that the present opportunity would repeat itself. Often and often she might ride that country again; but the real joy of the immediate present lay in sharing the thrill with Warren, of doing the thing she liked best alone with him. It was an adventure to be courted valiantly; like all great adventures, to be wrested from life in the face of difficulties, and made so complete, so utterly satisfying, that no past or future bitterness could render it nugatory.

The checkerboard of fields, green with their crop of winter wheat or the gray-yellow of dead grass and cornstubble, stretched before them clear to the low-lying hills, where the fox was seeking his earth; and always a couple of fields behind him, the hounds sent up their pæan of praise to the lord of scent.

VI

In the meantime, the other riders, hung up by wire on the far side of Farwell's Woods, were greatly wroth. No explanation is acceptable to a company of sportsmen who have heard hounds go away, and have been prevented from accompanying them by a nearly invisible but none the less fatally deterrent barrier. That the wire fence was new, and unmistakably set up by the owner of the covert in redress for some ancient grudge, placed Gee-Gee, trying to explain the situation to his guests, in a no more enviable position.

He had waited, expecting the fox to double into the woods again, not knowing of the chance encounter with Phyllis; nor had anyone followed Warren when he had ridden back to the Corner, hacked along the turnpike, and reëntered the woods on the other side of the wire. Even Laura, who was tempted, did not dare risk pursuing a whip in covert. For a moment, it appeared that the Master's surmise was correct; the hounds could be heard in disagreement as to the line the fox had taken; then their music had become fainter through distance, proving that he had made the break for the open. There was no choice for the field but to follow ignominiously behind Gee-Gee and Philip Colford, who knew the country, hoping that some happy chance would bring them up with the hounds.

'I reckon the fox has gone clean away to Parson's Folly,' Laura told Winston. 'It 's the best ride in the county, but the Hunt had a lawsuit with Farwell over some damages, and we have n't drawn this covert since. However, the Farwell boys have been out a couple of times lately, and Gee-Gee thought everything was quite pleasant again.'

'Where do we go from here?' Winston asked, despondently, in spite of the popularized phrase that was his invariable form of wit.

The field regained the road and hacked smartly along; a man driving a Ford met them and gave information concerning the hounds: he had heard them a couple of miles beyond, headed for Parson's Folly. It was possible, Grahm knew, by following the roadways

and lanes which bounded the farmyards, almost to make up the distance; for the fox would choose the more circuitous route, to ensure avoiding human habitation.

The Master set a pace which was difficult to follow over the rutted surface of the country road, through narrow lanes, where the field, all eager to be abreast with him, crowded and interfered with each other; through farmyards, where strange half-bred dogs attacked them with canine cursings, and frightened fowl scuttled to safety with shrill expostulation. Old workhorses, put out to grass for the slim Southern season, when their services were valueless on the farm, galloped the length of a pasture with them, pretending, until arrested by the fence, that they, too, were of the hunt.

Eventually Gee-Gee left the farm covert behind and made for the long fertile valley. Over the fences there were the usual number of casualties, — refusals, a fall or two, whose participants could hardly expect to rejoin the field, — but for the most part the body of the two Hunts sailed serenely on, and were rewarded presently by a glimpse of Warren's scarlet coat — a vivid blot of color against the monochrome of dead grass. He was more than a mile ahead of them, galloping steadily up the valley; but that they were gaining on him became apparent when, beside him, a small figure in black was discernible.

'Who is it?' Laura sacrificed her breath to ask of Winston. 'None of our people — everyone who could go this country is accounted for.'

'No one I know,' he answered. 'It 's a woman, and there are only three of ours — all here.'

Philip shouted to his daughter: 'Laura! What in hell 's Phyllis riding?'

His question answered hers; but the new problem it presented could be solved only by narrowing the strip of country between herself and her twin.

Either the hounds were hovering, or Warren's horse had already tired himself, for the field gained steadily; they could see his coat take shape, surmounted by the black dot of his velvet cap, his white breeches astride his big horse; they could easily distinguish Phyllis now, but what she rode remained a mystery. They could see the hounds, to most of them mere moving blobs of white; but Gee-Gee, his eyes trained to watch them at great distance, announced huskily to his huntsman: —

'Their heads are up — they 've viewed the ol' fellar. Gad, to think we 've hunted that fox five seasons, an' we 're goin' to miss the kill!'

Suddenly those watching saw a flash of light and, a second later, so much swifter does light travel than sound, the report of a shot fell on their ears.

Philip cried in anguish: 'They 've hit my girl!' and increased his pace.

The black figure and the little mare had become invisible, but Warren could be seen dismounting and stooping at the spot where they had disappeared. His horse, left free, ran on a bit, then turned and waited reproachfully.

As the riders drew nearer, the prone body of the other horse could be viewed, and, a little away, thrown clear, lay Phyllis. The Hunt servants pulled apart from the field, making for the direction from which the shot had been fired; the strangers, by common instinct, held back, their early disappointment obliterated by the shadow of real tragedy.

Philip and Laura reached her first; but half a field away Warren's voice had come to them.

'She 's all right, she is n't hit — the devils got her horse.'

And as they dismounted and crowded about her, Phyllis sat up and smiled wanly at them.

Philip found relief in swearing, Laura in tears; those who joined them, in action or questionings, according to their bent. The little mare was done for: the bullet had entered her lungs and there was only one kind and certain course to pursue.

Phyllis, on her feet again, having explained Pollyanna to her family, kissed the white star between the dimming eyes, her own blinded by sorrow and remorse.

'Dear, brave heart!' she whispered: 'poor little glad girl! I 've brought this to you when you had given me so much.'

The huntsman rode up and reported to Grahm: —

'It 's them Farwell boys, sir: they 'd come out to shoot foxes, laughin' to think how they 'd held up the field in the woods. Then, when they seen the gentleman an' Miss Phyllis, they was howlin' mad, thinkin' the whole field was behind 'em, sir; and they planned on shootin' the fox before you all; but there was an argyment and an accident sir — an' to think Miss Phyllis is n't killed at all!'

Gee-Gee nodded. 'Thank God, she was n't; it 's a nasty business though. Best get along after the hounds, Simonds.'

The man touched his cap and galloped off, most of the field following.

'Everybody better go on,' Philip had said; 'there 's nothing to be done. I 'll stay with Phyllis, if you 'll send back something to pick us up.'

'I think, if you don't mind, Mr. Colford, Phyllis and I 'll see this through together,' Warren put in. 'We had the run together, and I 'm sure we 'd both prefer to do what little we can.'

Something in his tone communicated to Philip that remonstrances would prove futile.

'As you like,' he said. 'I 'll send some men with a team, and — and a pistol,' he added, though the stream of blood coagulating in front of the little mare suggested that this, too, might be unnecessary.

He patted Phyllis as she continued to kneel by the dying horse. 'It 's all right,' he whispered. 'I 'll whip off these thrusters, and you and Warren can put this through alone.'

He turned to his other daughter, offering to put her up. 'Come, Laura,' he said significantly, 'the best thing we can do is to clear out. Hint as much to Gee-Gee, will you?'

Someone had recaptured his horse, and Warren stood, with his arm through the reins of the bridle, his eyes on the little figure before him, until the last straggler had disappeared.

Then, 'Phyllis,' he said very gently, 'was I right in saying you 'd rather see this through alone with me?'

She turned anxious eyes upon him. 'But you 'll miss the finish, Warren,' she said. 'I don't want to ruin your day, too.'

'My dear,' he answered, 'don't you know the only things you can ruin for me are the things you won't let me share with you. Be as penitent as you like for last evening, but to-day — you said it was to be your day, Phyllis; will you make it a very happy one for me?'

Top Form, finding himself free again, wondered what on earth they had discovered that rendered them oblivious of him and of the hunt.

'CHANGE CARS AT PAOLI'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

But why? the reader will ask; and where is Paoli? I address myself to those who may be coming to Philadelphia or New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, before the Government laid its icy hands upon it, advertised itself as the 'Standard Railroad of America.' Of course, not everyone comes to Philadelphia; many persons going from Chicago to New York are so ill-advised as to take the New York Central; and some, who want to come the worst way, take the B. & O., as the old music-hall joke has it. Or, if you are living in, — Boston, say, — you may take the same intellectual interest in Philadelphia that we take in, — Norfolk, for example, — and won't come at all. Nevertheless, Philadelphia is a great city, and I am going to ask, if you approach it from the west, that you leave the train at Paoli, and continue your way by motor along what was for more than a century the Lancaster Turnpike, now the Lincoln Highway, spanning, or destined to span, the Continent.

The complaint which is frequently brought against us, as a nation, is that we are not interesting. 'It is a wonderful country, but it is not interesting' — so Matthew Arnold said when he was here; and he continued: 'The very names of your towns and streets are lacking in distinction and suggest nothing: Washington is a beautiful, some day it will be a magnificent, city; but fancy living at 17th & K Streets!' I heard Matthew Arnold lecture on Emerson when he was in Philadelphia; but the only impression I retain of the lecturer is that he spoke with a pronounced English accent, and that he wore ill-fitting clothes; consequently, I was very much amused the other evening when I came across the following anecdote. On his return to England, Matthew Arnold called on Mrs. Procter, the mother of 'Barry Cornwall.' The lady was old, but not too old to be witty. He expected to be asked his opinion of America; instead, she asked what was America's opinion of him. 'Well,' Arnold replied, 'they said that my clothes did n't fit and that I was very conceited.' To which the lady made response: 'Matthew, I think they were mistaken about the clothes.'

We, who live along the 'main line' of the Pennsylvania Railroad, know that Matthew Arnold's charge will not lie against us. Two hundred and more years ago, when the early English and Welsh settlers came here, they brought their old-world names with them. And in addition to names like Merion, Radnor, and Bryn Mawr, we have some beautiful ones indigenous to the country around us, — Indian names, and names which carry us back to Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary times. The railroad runs along a ridge of hills, almost parallel with the great highway, which is, in effect, a high street, dotted with taverns and road-houses, which administered hospitality to man

and beast — what time it was not illegal to slake a thirst.

It is said that there were as many as sixty of these life-saving stations, or one to a mile, between Philadelphia and Lancaster, — for this was a busy road in the good old days when George III was King, — and they were of all grades, high and low. Authorities differ as to the best, but they all seem to be agreed that the worst was the 'Blue Ball,' near what is now Daylesford station. And among the Balls of various colors, the Bulls and Lions and Spread Eagles and Sorrel Horses, there was an inn with a foreign name much favored by the aristocracy — 'The Paoli.'

'How curious!' you may say. But listen. We are back in 1769. At that time, Pasquale Paoli's name was one to conjure with: freedom was in the air; wherever men congregated, liberty was being discussed; and Paoli, then at the height of his fame, was known as the Liberator of Corsica; the unfortunate and not very important little island in the Mediterranean, midway between France and Italy. So, when we out here at a cross-roads in the country were busying ourselves about securing a license for the sale of intoxicants in the new road-house, as yet without a name, what more natural than that the name of Paoli, synonymous with Liberty, should be given to the tavern? The old house, and the more famous one which replaced it almost a century later, are now gone; but Paoli, the settlement which sprung up around the old landmark, is now a thriving town, the terminus of strictly suburban railroad traffic. Many express trains from the West stop at Paoli, and I think all will, if the conductor be properly approached; but as to this, I must not be quoted; for the officials of the railroad are neighbors of mine, and I want to live at peace with them.

Starting due east, almost before you have had time to get up to speed, you will pass the Tredyffrin Country Club; men, and women too, will be playing golf; I shall not be among them, for, although I once was president of this club, when it was discovered that I did not know the difference between a foursome and a brassie, and that the nineteenth hole was the only one I could put a ball into, I was given the choice between resignation and expulsion.

But, as I was saying, as you pass the club house, turn sharply to the right, cross the first road you come to, and a few yards farther on, turn again to the right, and go down a tree-bordered avenue. In a few minutes, in a few seconds, in a swiftly moving automobile, you will come upon one of the finest old colonial houses you have ever seen. It is the birthplace of Anthony Wayne, 'Mad Anthony,' as he came affectionately to be called after the recapture of Stony Point from the British; subsequently Major General and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. His career as one of Washington's most trusted officers is clearly written into the history of the Revolutionary War; and, if you had time, it would be a pleasant thing to swerve somewhat out of your course and visit his final resting-place, a few miles away, in the churchyard of 'Old St. David's' at Radnor. But you must hasten on; for you are on your way to Valley Forge, where you will see much that will interest and delight you. So content yourself with strolling around the fine old Wayne mansion, and reading the tablet let into the south wall; then enter your motor and return to the Highway. In a few moments you will be spinning by the concrete piers at the entrance of a drive that leads to the home of the writer of this paper.

If you observe, as you may, that these concrete piers are somewhat out

of plumb, be advised, dear reader, that this fact has been called to the attention of the owner many times; the explanation is that they were erected, in his absence, by several colored brothers, who had been defying successfully the provisions of Mr. Volstead, his Act.[1] Had he been sure of the hour of your passing, he would have been at home to bid you welcome; indeed, he would have met you at the station and would gladly have acted as your guide; it is a great delight to him to show visitors the strip of country which lies between Paoli and Philadelphia. Indeed, it is only when approaching Valley Forge, the spot upon which was recited the winter-long soliloquy of the great Washington, that he feels his heart beat with patriotism; elsewhere he is somewhat too inclined to question the workings of democracy; but never here; for, as someone has said, no spot on earth is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge. But you still have several miles of good riding before you.

As you approach the Devon Garage, with a picturesque log-cabin alongside it, take a sharp turn to the left, and after climbing a short hill, you will descend into the Great Valley. The road is picturesque and, at the moment, — thanks to the policy of our enlightened Governor Sproul, — is in excellent repair. As you go, you will pass the Great Valley Baptist Church, which has been standing for well on to two centuries in a large, well-cared-for, and well-populated churchyard.

[1] My friend McLanahan, whose whiskey is such a solace in these days of drought, observing that these posts were out of plumb, was much too considerate to call my attention to the fact, but asked me if I remembered the story of the Irish mason building a wall: someone came along and said, 'That wall is out of plumb.' 'You 're a liar,' said the mason, and getting a line on it exclaimed joyfully, 'Sure, it 's more than plumb!' — A. E. N.

At this point I usually tell a story. Years ago, I had a distant relative, a poor and intensely proud old lady whose home was in Virginia. She was once walking in Richmond with a little girl who called her cousin, when, as they passed a small frame structure, the child remarked, 'Cousin Nannie, what kind of a church is that?' The old lady, looking down at the child, replied, 'That is not a church, that is a chapel.' And they passed on. Presently the child remarked, 'Cousin Nannie, what 's the difference between a church and a chapel?' After a moment came the reply: 'A chapel is where Baptists worship.' A few moments later, the child put a final question: 'Cousin Nannie, is it a crime to be a Baptist?' 'No, my dear,' was the answer; 'it is not a crime, but it is a great social misfortune.' The finest Christian gentleman I ever met I have brought up on this story. Need I say that he is a Baptist?

After a run of a few miles over an undulating road, with trim, well-kept farms on either side, there will come into your view a fine equestrian statue of Anthony Wayne; and a moment later, a large, well-proportioned arch, a memorial to Washington and his officers; and if you are properly attuned to the occasion you will begin to murmur to yourself, —

> 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!'

for you will be in Valley Forge Park.

II

And now, if you will, forget the motor car in which you have been luxuriously gliding over smooth asphalt or macadam roads; forget the friendly farms which dot the landscape, and imagine this hilly country, bleak and

cold as it was during the awful winter of 1777–78. The attack upon the British at Germantown, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, had ended in failure; General Sir William Howe had settled down to spend a pleasant winter in Philadelphia; and Washington sought a place, where, by taking advantage of the protection afforded by a river, a stream, and a range of hills, he might remain unmolested until his army, starved and half-naked, men, might, with the coming of spring, once more take the field.

The history of this country — of all countries, perhaps — is the history of individuals overcoming the obstacles put in their path by groups, either willfully, or acting in the belief that they are helpers in a cause. One whose service to America has never been sufficiently appreciated, Tom Paine, the English radical, was here too, endeavoring with his pen to enhearten the fast declining spirits of the colonists. In ringing phrases, 'These are the times which try men's souls,' and the like, he ably seconded the efforts of Washington, dividing his time between the Headquarters of the Army at Valley Forge and York, Pennsylvania, where a body of men calling itself the Congress was sitting. The six months, from December 19, 1777, to June 19, 1778, were undoubtedly the darkest in American history. During that time it is estimated that several thousand men perished on these Valley Forge hills; and while the soldiers were dying of neglect, Congress talked, thus setting an example which has been followed right down to the present time.

Again, if you will, forget the awful misery and suffering suggested by this gloomy picture, and in imagination come with me a short distance, less than twenty miles as the crow flies, to the city of Philadelphia, and witness a very different scene. Despite the Declaration of Independence signed in the State House only eighteen months before, Philadelphia was largely Tory. Many of the Quakers were for non-resistance. Society was frankly pro-British: that is to say, many a pretty girl, whose brother or lover was, or should have been, fighting for his country, was flirting industriously with the British officers, while the tradespeople generally preferred the golden guineas of the British quartermaster to the constantly depreciating currency which Congress was issuing as fast as printing-presses could turn it out.

In those days, war was the chosen profession of the European gentlemen; but it was not of a quality which we have recently come to understand. It was a game played by men, gloriously uniformed in scarlet and gold, during those months of the year when the weather made life in the open possible, if not pleasant. With the coming-on of winter, the campaign closed; the army went into winter quarters; the men gave themselves up to vice, drinking, and cards, while the officers beguiled the time with cards, drinking, and vice.

It was about the middle of October that Howe moved his forces into Philadelphia, and, after throwing up some few entrenchments to protect his army from possible but unlikely surprise, — for he was kept fully informed of the condition of the army under Washington, — he with his brother officers settled down to enjoy a pleasant winter in what then was the gayest city on the continent. Severity in dealing with the colonists having been tried without result, a policy of reconciliation had been begun, and little or no damage was done. Clubs were formed, concerts and dances planned, money and the essentials of life were plentiful. 'We have all that is necessary and much that is superfluous,' wrote home an

officer, under date of January 18, 1778.

But Howe was tiring of chasing elusive Americans from place to place; he complained that he did not have the confidence of his superiors at home; and, finally, he wrote and begged that he might have His Majesty's permission to resign. When this was accorded him, he turned over his command to Sir Henry Clinton and, after a fête of great magnificence, known to all Philadelphians as the Meschianza, given him by his brother officers, he returned to England. Those of our ancestors who took part in this historic pageant — and mine were among them — were glad to avail themselves of the skill of the ill-fated Major André, who planned events, painted scenery, devised costumes, and worked so indefatigably, that the affair was so successful that it was said no general of modern times had ever been so honored. At the end, a setpiece of fireworks was exploded, and a legend, 'Thy laurels are immortal,' was revealed against a background of night; but it has been observed that, when General Howe arrived in London, these laurels were already faded.

III

A century passes. Washington, having overcome all obstacles, wears laurel that is indeed immortal. He is the Father of his Country. The hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge brings a crowd, including generals, orators, and, alas! poets, to the place. A few years later, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania acquires certain tracts of ground at Valley Forge, 'to be reserved for a public Park.' From this small beginning grew the present large and beautiful reservation maintained by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in honor of Washington and the Continental Army forever.

At the time of the celebration of the one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the departure of Washington and his 'contemptibles' from these historic hills, there appears upon the scene a young clergyman, well known and loved by those who know him, by others considered visionary and likely to get himself into trouble. When a man is called visionary, it usually means that he sees further than his fellows. Such a visionary was the Reverend W. Herbert Burk. At the time I am now considering, he was the rector of a small church in Norristown, a town in no respect different from a thousand other small towns, except that it is just across the Schuylkill River from Valley Forge. In All Saints' Church at Norristown, on Washington's Birthday, 1903, Dr. Burk preached a sermon, in the course of which, speaking of Washington having been discovered at prayer, alone, on the hills across the river, he said: 'Would that we might on those hills rear a wayside chapel, fit memorial of the church's and the nation's most honored son.' From saying 'Would that we might,' to erecting, in enduring stone, the most beautiful ecclesiastical monument on this continent, is a long and bitterly exhausting proceeding; for, having dreamed his dream, Dr. Burk awoke and proceeded to put it into effect.

Of what use is it to recount difficulties when they have been so largely overcome? *Pour encourager les autres.* The difficulties which beset Dr. Burk were many and sundry. The Bishop of the diocese could see no reason for erecting a chapel in a place where there were few people; and, above all things, a chapel which, before it was finished, might cost — millions. He smiled benevolently, as bishops do, and put his ecclesiastical foot down. Both feet. So did everyone else whom Dr. Burk consulted, that is to say, everyone who

could by any chance have assisted him in his undertaking, among them the writer of this paper. Then, people having neither judgment, experience, nor money, came to his assistance — and made his work more difficult. It is altogether possible that, without the example of Washington himself, Dr. Burk might never have overcome the obstacles which confronted him.

Have I suggested that he is a marvelously fluent talker; that he knows what he wants; that he is a psychoanalyst, if that commits him to a study of the weaknesses of others and to the development of his own strength; or that he has the energy of half a dozen men? Little by little, men, and women too, came to believe in him. From having everyone against him, everyone was now for him. He went steadily on. He was careful to make no mistakes. Finally, after several years' preparation, a committee was formed, and architects' plans were invited, which, at the suggestion of Dr. Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, were referred to Professor Warren P. Laird, the present Dean of the School of Fine Arts of that University, whose trained judgment led him to select the plans of Milton B. Medary, Jr.

This architect had, after careful study, decided that Perpendicular Gothic architecture was best adapted for the building; and Professor Laird, in his report said: 'The chapel dominates the group,' (for the chapel that one sees at present is only the first of a series of buildings connected together by cloisters, galleries, and the like,) and, 'while not overpowering it, is sufficient for its purpose and is placed at the right point to complete and balance the mass.' . . . 'The chapel, while pure in historic character and fine in proportion, has an expression of dignity, repose, and strength, which it would be difficult to carry further.'

In due time the cornerstone of this fabric was laid, by the Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by some two hundred clergy and choristers, who then marched away, leaving Dr. Burk with the plans for a fine building and a well-laid cornerstone on his hands. But Dr. Burk had only begun to fight. Prayer and advertising is his slogan. Every patriotic society in the country was appealed to: Colonial Dames, and Daughters, and Sons, and Descendants of Sons, were invited to contribute, and most of them did. The thirteen original states were shown how they could honor themselves by joining in the undertaking, which, by this time, had become national in its scope. By slow degrees the building rose out of the ground. What was done was well done; and after a time the stone walls reached to the bottom of the sills of the great gothic windows. Then temporary walls and a roof were erected, so arranged that the final structure could be carried up to its full height without interfering with the use of the chapel, in which the first service was held on Washington's Birthday, 1905.

Almost ten years, years of struggle against obstacles almost insuperable, were to pass before the full beauty of the Washington Memorial Chapel could be seen and understood by persons not in the confidence of those who were privileged to undertake the work. Now that the chapel is practically complete, its beauty is patent to all. Whose creation is it? Dr. Burk's, whose dream it was, or the talented architect's? — who, I am sure, has been inadequately paid, if indeed he has been paid at all, for his services. I venture to give the palm to Dr. Burk. It was his idea; to it he has dedicated his life, to the exclusion of all else. And if you were to ask him from whom he had received the greatest assistance and encouragement, he would say, 'From Dr. and Mrs.

Charles Custis Harrison, without a doubt.' It is possible that without their efforts the beautiful chapel would still be far from completion. As it is, the tower only remains to be erected. This work, it is hoped, will shortly be undertaken, at the expense of the bankers of the country, in honor of Robert Morris, the nation's first financier. In it will be placed a chime of thirteen bells, which will be rung upon special occasions, and special occasions are of almost daily occurrence at Valley Forge.

As we come suddenly upon this finely proportioned cathedral in miniature, — I am inclined to think that its site could have been better chosen, but bishops are only men with frocks on, and must have their way, — lifting itself up along the roadside among the trees, we rub our eyes in amazement; and when one is told that the completed scheme calls for a museum, a library, a large assembly, and dining-rooms, where learned, patriotic, and other societies can be suitably entertained, one is astounded at the scope of the plan, and increasingly respectful of the man whose life-work it is.

Leaving our motor by the roadside we approach the chapel on foot; immediately our attention is challenged by a fine cloister which, we are told, is the Cloister of the Colonies. It consists of thirteen bays, adjoining the chapel, immediately to the west; all of these are at present completed, with the exception of those named after the states of Georgia and North Carolina. New Jersey has the honor of being the first state to erect its bay.

It has frequently been my privilege to watch the reaction of visitors upon entering the chapel, especially those coming from Europe, most of whom never heard of Valley Forge. One leaves the glare of day and of the present, and enters a shrine of exquisite, if subdued, color. Everything is in perfect taste: the ceiling is of paneled oak, each panel revealing in carving and in colors the coat-of-arms of one of the states of the Union. The pews are oak, with beautifully carved ends, in which color has been used, with great discretion, to heighten the effect. The stained-glass windows are of almost overpowering beauty. My friend E. V. Lucas, that sympathetic wanderer in Paris and elsewhere, on seeing them, immediately exclaimed: 'They are as lovely as the windows of Sainte Chapelle.' It gave me pleasure to tell him that they were made by an Italian artist of great distinction in Philadelphia. The wrought-iron work might have come from the hammer and chisel of Benvenuto Cellini; it also came from Philadelphia. No detail has been slighted, nothing has been overlooked; everything means something; everything has some historic significance.

In the chancel is an organ, a fine instrument, the keyboard of which is never locked. Some day, someone will come forward and give a sum sufficient to provide an organist who shall for an hour or more every day make that organ peal forth its glorious music to those who may wish, in the delicious beauty of that Chapel, to forget the cares and perplexities which press so constantly upon us. I have often heard the martial strains of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' or 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' wafted through the open door on a fine Sunday afternoon. What a delight it would be to feel that these hymns, and others like them, are to be played daily on that instrument — forever!

It was a glorious vision that appeared to Dr. Burk twenty-five years ago! How thankful he should be that he was permitted to see his dream-chapel take form and substance. He has worked hard, he has overcome difficulties understood only by those in his confidence;

but he has been permitted — not to complete his work; a century or more may elapse before 'finis' can be written; but — to set a standard for what remains to be done. We quickly discover, as we listen to him, why he has accomplished so much. He is positively irresistible: one must do as he wills. If he wants the President of the United States to make an address, he goes to Washington and gets him. In this way Roosevelt was brought here some years ago; and a few months since, President Harding, having said that he could not and would not leave Washington on account of important business, nevertheless came, and upon his departure had increased his admirers by the eight or ten thousand people who saw him enter the Chapel, and who later heard him address them from the pulpit under the trees. President Harding was the first President to occupy the pew set aside for the nation's ruler.

A visit to the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge is a patriotic duty; for, as Lord Bryce, that great Englishman who understood us and our institutions so well, said in a letter to Dr. Burk, written only a day or two before his death: 'No memory ever deserved more universal honor than Washington's; we have, as you know, recently erected a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, one of the best positions in London.'

We leave the Chapel and look around us: near-by, just beyond a grove of trees, on the hillside overlooking the Schuylkill, is to be a large cemetery. It is sparsely populated at present — we are hardy folk out here in the country; but some day it will be densely crowded. Farther on are well kept roads sweeping over the hills, giving vistas of beauty; while here and there are little cabins which serve as guard-houses, erected in the same manner and of the same proportions as, if more substantially than, those built by Washington's soldiers. The lines of intrenchments, earthworks thrown up by the soldiers, as much to occupy their time as to afford protection, are still to be seen skirting the hillside; while down by the river is the little stone house which served as Washington's Headquarters, very much as it was when he occupied it. The monuments and markers here and there might detain us, were not time flying.

In reply to your question as to who attends this Chapel, I would call attention to the little hamlets through which we have passed, and may tell you that there is more quiet comfort, and unostentatious elegance between Paoli and Philadelphia than anywhere else I know. Consider the immense extent of this surburban country — not taken up by a few magnificent estates, but occupied by tens of thousands of prosperous citizens, whose motors bring the Chapel easily within reach. Besides which, there is a constant stream of visitors from all over the world.

May I recount an experience I had at the Chapel several years ago? It was at a time when we had been highly stimulated by propaganda to hate the Germans and love the French, — the natural reaction from which we are now undergoing, — that someone had the happy idea of celebrating Bastille Day, which fell upon a Sunday, at Valley Forge. A company of marines was to be brought from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, whose patriotism was to be stimulated with sandwiches, cake, ice-cream, and coffee. It fell to my lot to preside at this part of the function. The services of a local band were requisitioned, and later there was to be a presentation of flags. Dr. Burk agreed to preach a patriotic sermon; I suspect that he would rather preach a sermon than listen to one.

'Bastille Day at Valley Forge' was well advertised; people for many miles about came in their motors; never before had there been such a crowd. It was midsummer, July 14; the weather — typical Philadelphia weather for that time of year — as hot as blazes. As the crowd gathered, it was decided that it would be best for Dr. Burk to make his remarks to as many as could hear him under the trees, from the open-air pulpit, an architectural feature of the cloister. The marines arrived: at a word of command they charged upon and overcame the refreshments, while the band played French and other national airs with involuntary variations.

The crowd increased; it grew hotter; the sky became overcast; it looked like rain; and I began to fear for the success of the meeting. The Chapel might hold two hundred people; there was an attendance estimated at twenty times that number, most of whom had come in motors which had been parked on the roadside for a distance of a mile or more: no one had thought of the necessity of regulating the traffic.

At length, at the appointed hour, Dr. Burk began to speak. 'The trees were God's first temples,' he said. There was a flash of forked lightning, followed by a crash of thunder which suggested that God's first temples were being torn up by the roots. Then it rained as it rains only in Mr. Conrad's stories. Instantly, there was a rush for the Chapel, which had already been sought by the wise ones; then there was a counter-rush for the motors, and the ceremony was at an end. *Sauve qui peut* became the order of the afternoon — but few could.

I had been given five words to say: La Fayette, we have went,' or some such matter; but there was none to listen. It poured in torrents for twenty minutes, until we were all wet to the skin; then the rain ceased, — the sun came out, — and it was hotter than ever. There were a hundred cars between me and my motor; my wife, having been despoiled of her refreshments, was trying to save her china in a cabin far away, crowded to suffocation. I saw that it was from the circumference that help must come; I was at the centre and could do nothing. Weary and wet, I opened the door of somebody's limousine, and sat down, determined that nature should take its course — which it did, in the direction of a heavy cold. I may be mistaken, but I have always thought that my wife blamed me for that thunderstorm.

IV

Before finally taking leave of Dr. Burk and his glorious creation, I must refer to an order I received from a lady several years ago, to write a paper calling attention to the beauties of the Chapel — an order which I am only now, tardily, obeying. It was during the war, shortly before her death, that Mrs. Cassatt, the widow of the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad (we are back to the railroad, you see), sent for me and said: 'Are you aware of the greatness of the work that Dr. Burk is doing in your community, and of how shamefully you are neglecting him? Do you know that he is depriving himself of the comforts, of the very necessities of life, in order that his work at Valley Forge may go on? A physical breakdown is imminent. I have sent him away for a month or so; when he returns I wish to hear' (she was an autocratic old lady) 'that some of you men, prominent in your community, have agreed that in the future he shall be properly looked after. Are you one of his vestrymen? You should be: you live not far away.'

'But,' I replied, 'how about your son?

He lives nearer Valley Forge than I do.'

There was just the merest trace of a smile on the face of the old lady as I referred to Colonel Edward Buchanan Cassatt, the most picturesque character in our neighborhood, a distinguished sportsman, possessed of every charm that one would not expect to find in a vestryman. (How he laughed when I told him of my encounter with his mother!)

'The fact is, madam,' I went on to say, 'Dr. Burk selects his Board of Directors with the same care with which your husband used to select his; and neither of us, I fancy, sizes up to his requirements, although I dare say —' But no, I must not write it.

I got one hearty laugh out of the old lady when, in reply to her question as to how some money could be raised, I asked her if she was willing to invest in Dr. Burk's newly planned graveyard and make it a live concern. The enterprise had just been started, and I had bought a lot to help the scheme along; but this was not enough. What Dr. Burk wanted was interments, and so he told me very plainly. 'You 're little or no use to me,' he said, 'except under a handsome monument — something I can point to.' I verily believe that he would cheerfully bury his best friend, if by so doing he thought he could add to the beauty or interest of the landscape. Such are the workings of his enthusiasm. It was quite a relief when, the last time I saw him, he told me I might go on and live forever, for all he cared: things had been coming his way very satisfactorily.

And now, unless you are considering investing in cemetery lots, I need detain you no longer at Valley Forge. Let the impression of what you have seen sink in, and you will wish to come again. As you roll along the well-kept roads leading to Philadelphia, you will pass through the country of which we Philadelphians are so proud: those towers belong to Bryn Mawr College. That is the Merion Cricket Club. Philadelphia is the only place in the country where cricket is played with enthusiasm. In a few moments, you will cross the city line and enter our justly famous Fairmount Park, disfigured here and there with some bad statuary, but otherwise very beautiful. You are approaching a specimen now. I never see a bit of bad statuary without thinking of that supremely wise and witty essay by George Moore, 'Royalty in Art,' in his volume, *Modern Painting*. Take it from your shelves, reader, get it from a library, better still, buy it; if you do not enjoy it, I will take it off your hands. The statue before you is of a soldier of our Civil War; he is of life-size, doubtless, but he is mounted on a tall, granite pedestal, so heavy that the figure which surmounts it looks like a letter seal. Who and what can it be? The man is in the uniform of a private; he has a long drooping moustache of granite, and he leans upon a rifle of the same. Curiosity will cause you to stop and read this: —

DEDICATED

TO THE
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF THE
CIVIL WAR

Did they succeed?
Let this monument be their answer.

Do not laugh, dear reader; hurry away, save your risibles for something worthy. As you pass the Memorial Hall, a relic of the Centennial Exposition, you will come upon and pass through a meaningless architectural bit, a sort of glorified gateway leading nowhere. On either side is a very tall granite shaft, something over one hundred feet high, and on the top of each

shaft is a statue; but observe that one of the figures is *walking*. One foot is raised; should he do the obvious thing and put his foot down, he will plunge headlong into the shrubbery a hundred feet below. I wish that he might. I have passed this artistic abomination half a dozen times a week for years. Has no one on the Fairmount Park Art Commission, or whoever it is that has authority in such matters, a sense of humor? Surely everyone must see how absurd it is. A man with courage and a rope could bring that statue to the ground in a jiffy — I have the rope. What is it that Max Beerbohm says? 'Only a sculptor and his mother would maintain that sculpture is not a lost art.'

Yonder is Philadelphia. No longer a clever, green town built by Quakers, but an enormous manufacturing wen which calls itself the Workshop of the World. Perhaps it is. Certainly it is a city of foreigners; the Quaker has disappeared, the American is submerged. There are whole districts where, for blocks, — squares we call them, — only Yiddish, or Polish, or Italian, is spoken: where a newspaper published in the English language cannot be had.

Is this democracy, or, simply, anarchy? I sometimes wonder — I am given to wondering — whether this holy experiment, as Penn called it, of democracy would be thought successful by its founders. When I consider how clumsily we have solved, if indeed we can be said to have solved, our governmental problems, I am inclined to doubt. Washington fought for, and secured for us, a continent. Are we not foolish to be robbed of our noble inheritance by the anarchist and the agitator? In letting down the bars, — perhaps it would be more exact to say, in erecting no bars whatever around our possessions, — we have placed in jeopardy our most precious institutions, and in exchange we have secured — what? Cheap labor, nothing else. We mistake the rapid exploitation of this continent for a logical operation of democracy.

I wish that we might pause and take stock of ourselves. Is it not time for us to go slow, to 'stop, look, and listen,' as the railway signs have it, at dangerous crossings? I wish that we might descend to a higher order of living. I wish that we might not fell all our trees, burn all our coal, exhaust all our mines. Let us leave something for our children. As I look about me, I see much that disturbs me: the influence of the stock of Washington disappearing, and in its place two great political parties, bankrupt of ideals, led by rival demagogues interested only in securing or retaining power. I see one gigantic 'Main Street,' a Corso along which is a reckless race for wealth. I wish that we might close our doors and keep them closed until we have assimilated our enormous foreign population.

I remember Goldsmith's lines: —

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

I wish that an intellectual and property qualification limited the franchise, which politicians refer to as our most precious possession. I suppose that it is for this reason they have given it to men who do not speak our language or understand our institutions; who are permitted to vote practically upon their arrival on our shores. Will 'votes for women' remedy this condition, or aggravate it?

Emerson says somewhere that 'When God thinks of Kings, he smiles.' May He not also sigh as, looking at us over the rim of the world, He says to Himself: 'My children down there are always going to extremes'?

JAZZ: A MUSICAL DISCUSSION

BY CARL ENGEL

I

JAZZ is upon us, everywhere. To deny the fact is to assume the classic ostrich pose, head buried in the sand, tail-feathers to the sun. To shout alarm hysterically from the housetops, is to exhibit over-confidence in clamorous indignation as a purifier of morals, if it be not wholly to ignore historic precedent.

The situation we are facing is not new. It offers many problems which are grave, yet seemingly not more perplexing than those which have arisen, under similar conjunctures, in the past. True it is that the dance to which jazz music has been coupled is not precisely setting an example of modesty and grace. True, also, that certain modern dance-perversions have called up music that is as noxious as the breath of Belial. Only by a bold stretch of fancy can this delirious caterwauling be brought under the head of music proper — or improper; as noise, its significance at times becomes eloquent to the point of leaving little or nothing to the imagination.

However, let us remember that the worst of our present dances are not beginning to approach in barefaced wickedness the almost unbelievable performances of our forefathers, for which we need not seek much further back than the time of the French Revolution, when the 1800 dance-halls of Paris were not enough to hold the whirling pairs, but dancing went on gayly in churches and in cemeteries. And let us admit that the *best* of jazz tunes is something infinitely more original — perhaps even musically better — than the so-called 'popular' music that America produced in the 'good old days,' that golden age which lives only in the mythology of disappointed sinners.

My ideas on the dance and the possible causes of its recurring degeneration I have set forth in an article, 'Why do we dance?' which appeared in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1920. I shall merely remind you that almost every race and every age have known social conditions which result in an unloosing of instincts that nature wisely has taught us to hold well in check, but which, every now and then, from cryptic reasons, are allowed to break the bounds of civilized restraint.

Such excesses have not infrequently attained to tragic madness. The silly, lewd gyrations for which jazz is held responsible by some are the release of tension in a witless, neurotic stratum of society. But such dances were common long before the word 'jazz' was coined. Our latest dance craze has known the Tango, the 'shimmy,' the various zoological trots, to much the same purpose that now cries out for jazz.

Whoever wishes to reform the dance must break the grip that clutches partner against partner, in shuffling, wriggling ambulation. Abolish the comparative intimacy of that twofold company; make room for the benign third party that turns company into crowd; devise a dance in which there is general

participation, as there was in the quadrille, the figure dances, the milder forms of country reels, and you will not only improve the tone of public amusements, but possibly you may open a way for dance-music to resume a swifter, ampler, and more sweeping gait, instead of the repeated, jogging, stubborn motives which lead to stupid, short, reiterated movements.

For the present, I am not concerned with dance reform, nor am I interested in jazz as an accompaniment to Terpsichorean atrocities; it is rather the musical side of jazz — how it originated, what it represents, and what it may lead to — upon which I shall try to throw a little light.

II

To a great many minds, the word 'jazz' implies frivolous or obscene deportment. Let me ask what the word 'sarabande' suggests to you? I have no doubt that to most of you it will mean everything that is diametrically opposed to 'jazzing.' When you hear mention of a 'sarabande,' you think of Bach's, of Handel's slow and stately airs; you think of noble and dignified strains in *partitas*, sonatas, and operas of the eighteenth century. Yet the sarabande, when it was first danced in Spain, about 1588, was probably far more shocking to behold than is the most shocking jazz to-day. The sarabande seems to have been of Moorish origin. Then, as now, the oriental, the exotic touch, gave dancing an added fillip. When Lady Mary Montagu, writing from Adrianople in 1717, described the dance that she saw in the seraglio of a rich Mussulman, she made allusions which leave no uncertainty as to the exact nature of these proceedings. Something of that character must have belonged to the earliest sarabandes. They were the proud Hidalgo's hoolah-hoolah.

A French author, Pierre de Lancre, wrote in 1613: 'The courtesans who mingle with the players have given this dance such a vogue on the stage, that there is hardly a young girl in the country who cannot copy them to perfection.' How truly the same might be said of our generation; it is the stage that starts a novel mode of dancing, the public which is alert to ape it and outstep it. Father Mariana, in his book *De Spectaculis*, published in 1609, devoted a whole chapter to an attack on the sarabande, accusing it of having done more harm than the bubonic plague which devastated Europe in the Middle Ages.

Again, we hear it alleged that the moral corruption worked by jazz is vastly more calamitous than was the material havoc wrought by the World War. And yet, as we know, this once objectionable sarabande finally became a matrix wherein the greatest musical composers have cast some of their loftiest and purest inspirations. Dances, popular and no doubt shocking in their day, have furnished the soil for the cyclic growth from which has sprung, by way of the concerto and sonata, the grandest form of absolute music, the orchestral symphony.

What the waltz was when first it set Vienna spinning, when it turned Paris into one big whirlpool, has been variously chronicled by pious and blushing witnesses, none of whom was more perturbed than the impious poet, Lord Byron.

> Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
> Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
> Not Cleopatra on her Galley's deck
> Displayed so much of leg or more of neck,
> Than thou, ambrosial Waltz.

Yet Weber was to vest such bareness in the spacious mantle of his art, and Chopin crown it with the coronet of quality.

I have taken the license of rapidly

rehearsing these few historical facts, to answer those who might question my saneness in bestowing upon the musical side of jazz so much as a particle of studious thought. Without speculating what the future development of jazz may be, what ultimate contribution to musical styles it may make, there is an excuse for believing that long after the dance known as jazz will happily have vanished, investigators in the field of musical history will have occasion to search for the inception of these peculiar tunes, to seek for traces of contemporary opinion on their merit or their faults. I frankly think that it would set us down a rather jaundiced lot, if those investigators were to discover no sign of unbiased appraisement, nothing but wholesale ranting against a laxity of morals which was inveterate before the frenzied beaters of pots and kitchen kettles became entitled to full membership in the Musical Union.

Let me emphatically state that I in no way sympathize with these perpetrators of infernal din, who are giving a poor imitation of the admirable savage, with his highly perfected and astonishingly diversified art of sounding pulsatile instruments.

The savage stands far above the clownish tricks of rubbing sandpaper, blowing shrieky sirens, or hitting at random a battery of gongs. The savage is immeasurably more cultured than the person who belabors a piano with his whole body and, thrumming two or three ill-assorted chords, frantically fumbled together in endless and stale repetition, tries to tell you that he is playing jazz. As a matter of fact, he is doing nothing of the kind.

Like any other type of music, jazz can be bad or good. I am not defending bad jazz any more than I would defend a bad ballad or the bad playing of Beethoven. I have no intention of standing up for the insolent plagiarists who misappropriate and disfigure Rimsky-Korsakof, Puccini, and that superlative master, Johann Strauss. One of the most audacious in this little game is said to be a good musician, conductor of a practised band, the son of a respected Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of Denver. (So says the *New York Times*.) I am certain that the apostle of vulgarization who should try to rewrite Shelley's poems in slang would be broken on the wheel and quartered. And I should be delighted to help set up the punitive machinery, if musical barbarians were to be similarly executed.

So much, then, to clear the stage, and range into a solid background these protests and restrictions, upon which I shall ask you to fix, from time to time, a reassuring glance, while I step to the proscenium and speak my little piece. The burden of it is this: there exists such a thing as *good* jazz music, and *good* jazz is a great deal better, and far more harmless, than is a bad ballad or the bad playing of Beethoven. And, if you are open-eyed in surveying our musical tendencies, you cannot pass blindly over the unspeakable riff-raff of our male and female balladists: the 'Smile' songs; 'Bubble' songs; 'Mother,' 'Mither,' and 'Mammy' songs; the sloppy 'Sweetheart' drivel; above all, the unpardonable maltreatment of the classics by the multitude of amateurs — offenses infinitely worse than good jazz. And to the latter I now come.

III

Jazz, as a state of mind, is symptom, not malady. Jazz, in the guise of music, is both anodyne and stimulant to the afflicted. To the immune, it is an irritant. The term jazz, as applied to music, is rather elastic. It embraces not only the noisy-noisome sort, the jumble-jungle kind, but a type that

refines upon and meliorates the racy stuff of wilder species with matter of a distinctly and engagingly musical nature. Good jazz is a composite, the happy union of seemingly incompatible elements. Good jazz is the latest phase of American popular music. It is the upshot of a transformation which started some twenty years ago, and culminated in something unique, unmatched in any other part of the world. Fifteen years ago we had progressed to the insipid 'Waltz me around again, Willie,' to the Coon-song and Rag-time factories in the back parlors of the West Twentieth streets of New York. With the period of 'Everybody 's doing it, doing it, doing it,' about 1912, we reached the short insistent motive which was to usurp the prerogatives of songfulness.

Then, one fine day, in 1915, — or fine night, I should rather say; for, if I remember correctly, it was in the second act of a mildly entertaining operetta, — we were treated to 'The Magic Melody.' A young man, gifted with musical talent and unusual courage, had dared to introduce into his tune a modulation which was nothing extraordinary in itself, but which marked a change, a new régime in American popular music. It was just the thing that the popular composer in the making had been warned against by the wise ones as a thing too 'high-brow' for the public to accept. They were foolish prophets. The public not only liked it: they went mad over it. And well they might; for it was a relief, a liberation.

Gradually, the courageous young man found imitators more daring than himself. Harmonic richness and variety entered victoriously where stereotyped cadences, barren and threadbare progressions, had reigned *ad nauseam*. Mind you, I am not setting milestones with the tunes I have named; I merely wish to suggest to you different stages of a continuous evolution, by songs which were typical of each.

I have not given the subject sufficient study to say definitely at what point the course of popular American music took a new turn, but, unless I am very much mistaken, 'The Magic Melody,' by Mr. Jerome Kern, was the opening chorus of an epoch. It is not a composition of genius, but it is very ingenious. While it is almost more tuneless than was 'Everybody 's doing it,' — if that be possible, — and largely adheres to the short, insistent phrase, it stands on a much higher musical plane. Its principal claim to immortality is that it introduces a modulation which, at the time it was first heard by the masses, seized their ears with the power of magic. And the masses, for once, showed excellent judgment.

Mr. Kern subsequently proved to be one of the most fertile, tasteful, and characteristic composers of light music. When he tries to be purely melodic, he is apt to fall back upon cheap sentimentalism, tinged with spurious folk-song color. But his little harmonic device had a hue all its own; and popular parlance decided that it was 'blue.'

A veil of mystery covers the first dark deed that went by the name of 'Blue.' Forever hidden, perhaps, is the identity of the melancholic culprit who perpetrated it, although stout hearts are ready to cite the man, the place, and the tune. They are not apt, however, to tell you of an ancestral and *bona-fide* 'blue chord,' which Richard Wagner deliberately chose in order to make more graphic the word *blau* when Tristan, in the beginning of *Tristan and Isolde*, refers to the green, but distant, shore as shimmering still in a blue haze. That is the sublime instance.

The ridiculous one is the maudlin *glissando* on ukulele and steel guitar, the tear-duct of popular music. What

stainless ears considered a rather weird turn of the melody, a morbid shifting of harmonies, entered the dictionary of professional jargon as 'blue note,' or 'blue chord.'

I am under the impression that these terms were contemporary with, if they did not precede and foreshadow, the period of our innumerable musical 'Blues.' What the uninitiated tried to define by that homely appellation was, perhaps, an indistinct association of the minor mode and dyspeptic intonation with poor digestion; in reality, it is the advent in popular music of something which the textbooks call ambiguous chords, altered notes, extraneous modulation, and deceptive cadence.

The trick had irresistible charm; everybody tried it. It was in the preludes and interludes of the popular songs that the radicals began to break down the old order — that is, in those measures where the voice did not interfere with their freedom. The hackneyed 'Till ready' was mercifully dispatched to limbo, and superseded by some dexterous harmonic tricks that not only stood, but demanded and deserved, rehearing. Instead of the traditional sequence of dominant diminished-seventh, and dominant-seventh harmonies — which formed the timeworn transition into the refrain and accompanied the chanted announcement: 'When he to her did say,' — there sprang up a diversity of the freshest, most unexpected modulations, which fell upon the ear like drops of evening rain upon a parched and sun-baked soil. The various shades of blue, in which untutored harmonists indulged, ranged all the way from faint cerulean to deep indigo. The last could often be more fittingly compared to mud.

Between the earlier 'rag' and the 'blues,' there was this distinction: the rag had been mainly a thing of rhythm, of syncopation; the blues were syncopation relished with spicier harmonies. In addition to these two elements of music, rhythm and harmony, the people — who in the beginning had known but one thing: melody, fastened upon a primitive and weak harmonic structure of 'barbershop' chords — the people, I say, who had stepwise advanced from melody and rhythm to harmony, lastly discovered counterpoint. And the result of this last discovery is jazz. In other words, jazz is rag-time, *plus* 'Blues,' *plus* orchestral polyphony; it is the combination, in the popular music current, of melody, rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint.

IV

Each of these four ingredients bears racial features which are unequivocally American. Yet this Americanism is not exclusively a tribal one; it is not content to borrow from the negro, to filch from the Indian. What marks of oriental inflections it shows hail from the Jordan rather than from the Congo River. While the primitive syncopation was taken over from the colored man; while the Semitic purveyors of Broadway 'hits' made us an invaluable gift of their more luxurious harmonic sense, the contrapuntal complexity of jazz is something native, born out of the complex, strident present-day American life. Where did you hear, before jazz was invented, such multifarious stirring, heaving, wrestling of independent voices as there are in a jazz orchestra? The saxophone bleats a turgid song; the clarinets turn capers of their own; the violins come forward with an *obbligato;* a saucy flute darts up and down the scale, never missing the right note on the right chord; the trombone lumberingly slides off on a tangent; the drum and xylophone put rhythmic high lights into these kaleidoscopic shiftings; the cornet is suddenly heard above the turmoil, with good-natured brazenness.

Chaos in order, — orchestral technic of master craftsmen, — music that is recklessly fantastic, joyously grotesque, — such is good jazz. A superb, incomparable creation, inescapable yet elusive; something it is almost impossible to put in score upon a page of paper.

For jazz finds its last and supreme glory in the skill for improvisation exhibited by the performers. The deliberately scored jazz tunes are generally clumsy, pedestrian. It is not for the plodding, routine orchestrator to foresee the unexpected, to plan the improbable.

Jazz is abandon, is whimsicality in music. A good jazz band should never play, and actually never does play, the same piece twice in the same manner. Each player must be a clever musician, an originator as well as an interpreter, a wheel that turns hither and thither on its own axis without disturbing the clockwork.

Strange to relate, this orchestral improvisation, which may seem to you virtually impossible or artistically undesirable, is not an invention of our age. To improvise counterpoint was a talent that the musicians in the orchestras of Peri and Monteverdi, three hundred years ago, were expected to possess, and did possess, to such a high degree that the skeleton scores of those operas which have come down to us give but an imperfect idea of how this music sounded when performed.

A semblance of this lost, and rediscovered, art is contained in the music of the Russian and Hungarian gypsies. Just as that music is a riotous improvisation, throbbing with a communicative beat, ever restless in mood, so is jazz. Just as the gypsy players are held together by an identical, inexplicable rhythmic spell, following the leader's fiddle in its harmonic meanderings, each instrument walking in a bypath of its own, so is the ideal jazz band constituted — that is, the jazz band made up of serious jazz artists.

Franz Liszt could give a suggestion of gypsy music on the keyboard. He had a way of playing the piano orchestrally. There are few people who can play jazz on the piano. Jazz, as much as the gypsy dances, depends on the many and contrasting voices of a band, united in a single and spontaneous rhythmic, harmonic, and contrapuntal will.

The playing and writing down of jazz are two different things. When a jazz tune is written on paper, for a piano solo, it loses nine tenths of its flavor. Only the bitter grounds are left. In that form, also, it is not unlike the clavecin music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which only the melody was noted over a figured bass, or 'ground.'

Jazz, fortunately, can be preserved on phonographic records for our descendants. They will form their own estimate of our enormities. If we had such records of what Scarlatti, Couperin, and Rameau did with their figured bases, we should need fewer realizations, restitutions, and renditions by arranger and deranger. Of the people whom I have heard play jazz on the piano, I can name but two who have impressed me with their uncanny skill, with their infallible musicianship. One of them is a young man in Boston who will play you the ten piano sonatas of Scriabin by heart (!), one after the other, and, if you have survived that, will give you some transcendental jazz which, I wager, you will declare eminently more worth-while than all the metaphysical ramblings of Scriabin's 'third period.'

My other young friend hails from New York; he is an accomplished player of Chopin and Debussy, yet nowhere quite so much at home as when he seems to grow another pair of hands, is over all the keys at once, and with

the touch of wizardry, conjures up tonal jazz spooks that leave you baffled but grinning with delight.

V

Here is something in music that is a more typical, a more comprehensive expression of the *modern* American spirit, than all our coon songs, our pseudo-Indian wails, the regional songs of a hundred years ago, the tenth-rate imitations of vile English ballads, the imperfect echoes of French impressionism. Good jazz is enjoyed by capital musicians, by men who are neither inordinately immoral nor extravagantly uncultured. It has fascinated European composers like Stravinsky, Casella, Satie, as Debussy was fascinated before them by rag-time. 'Golliwog's Cakewalk' and 'Minstrels' are works of the purest art, notwithstanding the fact that the essence of their peculiar charm was filtered from the emanations of the music-hall.

Maurice Ravel, last summer, told Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, who was visiting him, that he considered jazz the only original contribution America had so far made to music. Nor do American composers of repute disdain to try their hand at it. Leo Sowerby, the young Chicagoan, who is the first musical stipendiary to be sent to the American Academy in Rome, has been guilty of sounding the jazz note in his chamber music and in a piano concerto. No less respectable a person than Professor Hill himself, associate professor of music in Harvard University, a man who may be credited with harboring no desire for cheap notoriety, has signed his name to a 'Study in Jazz' which Messrs. Pattison and Maier have played in their remarkable recitals for two pianos, and which, arranged for full orchestra, I believe, has been programmed by M. Monteux for the regular concerts of the Boston Symphony. There is frank and appropriate tribute paid to jazz in Mr. John Alden Carpenter's 'Krazy Kat' ballet.

What more conclusive evidence could you demand to prove that jazz — good jazz — is not void of musical possibilities, not wanting in musical merit? If the fastidious musician succumbs to it, can you blame the people of America and Europe for liking good jazz?

Perhaps some of my hearers have begun to be agitated with wonder whether I am a paid emissary of the 'affiliated dance-hall proprietors,' or a hireling of unscrupulous publishers and phonograph companies.

As a matter of fact, in standing up for good jazz I am not making a plea for the deplorable dances of our day; I am not defending the prurient panders of the musical fraternity; I am not absolving the indiscriminate manufacturers of records. Against all three I want to register a loud, emphatic protest. But I cannot rouse myself to such a pitch of virtuous wrath that blindness is the result. Nor will I admit that music, at its worst, can be guilty of all the misdeeds that have been laid to jazz.

Let the reformer sacrifice his days and nights in the noble endeavor to save mankind from the diabolic pitfalls which constantly surround it. For one thing, the champion of righteousness may rely upon the satiety of the public which, sooner or later, is sure to make an end of every 'rage,' including jazz dances. It is more than likely that he does rely on it, and therefore is all the more enthusiastic in his reform. He has, however, so far overlooked the powerful assistance that he might derive from bringing into wider prominence the musical and artistic potentialities of jazz. Nothing will help more speedily to lower it in the esteem of the public at large, than gen-

tly to hint, artfully to suggest, subtly to insinuate, that it may have some vague, remote relation to Art.

If jazz music has any of the gypsy music's fitness for survival, it will leave a trace, unsoiled by memories of indecorum and police raids. Meanwhile, the curious and heretical inquirer may be pardoned for dwelling reflectively upon so odd a case as that presented by the gradual accession of melody, rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint to the leading rôle in the popular music of America, a process covering barely more than five decades. It has no parallel in musical history, unless we take musical progress as a whole during the last five centuries. Good jazz, once brought into the focus of unclouded criticism, reveals, aside from the grosser features visible to a naked eye in the dark, some finer lineaments, which make it appear justly entitled to the benefit of honest doubt, based — if on nothing else — on the examples of the sarabande, and the waltz.

Of course, someone may interpose that we cannot drive jazz, waltz, and sarabande in one and the same harness; that the musical vehicles of 1922 are as different from those of 1822, or 1722, as is a snorting eight-cylinder automobile from a feather-weight Tilbury, or a pompous state-coach drawn by six.

Quite true. Yet some argumentative and jazz-loving person might come along and retort that, while the means and speed of locomotion have changed, human nature has remained stationary, or, at least, much as it always was and will be. Said person might add to our embarrassment by averring that perhaps the real trouble is a momentary shortage in Handels, Webers, Chopins. And how shall we prove him wrong?

AMERICAN DOMESTIC MANNERS

THE ACCOUNTS OF TWO TRAVELERS

BY PHILIP KATES

I

When travelers go into strange countries, they bring back wonderful stories of their adventures. But the most interesting tales always are about the habits and manner of life of the uncouth creatures that inhabit these unknown lands.

The domestic manners of the Americans have always made extremely popular reading. I have before me two magazines — *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for May, 1832; and the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1922. The first takes up the life of the eighteen-twenties in that wild part of the United States east of the Mississippi; the latter depicts the habits of the rough but sturdy

inhabitants of the Great Southwest in the nineteen-twenties.

One Frances Trollope, 'instigated' (as 'Christopher North' says) 'by the devil and Miss Fanny Wright, was induced, with the approbation of her husband, to accompany that lady to the United States. It appears that Miss Wright — to whom, in spite of all her failings, it is impossible to deny the praise of active benevolence — had embarked in some project for emancipating negroes; and with this view had formed an establishment in the state of Tennessee, in which, by judicious preparation, the slaves were not only to become free, but to astonish the world by issuing forth in the character of scholars and gentlemen.'

Mrs. Trollope came from London, and published the results of her two years' observation in two volumes which are reviewed in *Blackwood's*.

Mr. Roderick Peattie, instigated, we suspect, by some unfulfilled hope, ventures from Chicago, across the raging Mississippi, into the land of oil wells, of tanks, of producers and plainsmen, of Indians and 'niggers.' His observations are published in the May *Atlantic*.

'Tanks of the size of city gas tanks are set in rows through the fields. . . . It is difficult to describe the gaunt and haggard landscape where these monster-like tanks arise.' But difficulties do not daunt, nor monsters frighten, this intrepid traveler. He pushes on. 'After driving through Stone Bluff, I went over the Turkey Mountain road to Red Wing. Later I made Broken Arrow, Coweta, and Choska Bottoms. Coming up over Turkey Mountain, one could see Tulsa on the plains, rising with its skyscrapers like some Babylonian temple in the wilderness.'

The last frontier has been conquered, and in the Wilderness of the West are the Wonderful Monsters of the Petroleum Age, and the Bizarre Babylonian Beauties of the Queen of Oil.

Perhaps, now, others from Chicago or Indianapolis may venture forth, as Dickens followed Mrs. Trollope; and we may have a real survey of the Southwest, and some *Southwestern Notes*, to bring about the friendly feeling between alien peoples that comes from a sympathetic understanding of their domestic habits.

Mrs. Trollope landed in New Orleans, and journeyed up the Mississippi on one of those floating palaces of the eighteen-twenties. The scenery along the Mississippi was very poor; but on the Ohio it was better.

Our modern explorer finds much that is dreary in the Oklahoma landscape, but it has its redeeming features — the birds and flowers.

'Oklahoma is a state of birds and flowers. Nowhere have I heard more birds, more kinds of birds, singing at once, than in the hayfields here in full sun.' And these, as we say in Oklahoma, are 'some birds.'

'One hears its [the meadow lark's] shrill note from the Pullman above the roar of the train, the first morning in the plains.'

A friend of mine, back in the days when I too lived in Arcady, that is east of the 'Mississip,' told me that, as soon as one crossed that mighty stream, he became a confirmed liar. I have lived many years in this land of boasters, but I have never heard anyone claim that our meadow larks could roar louder than a Frisco train. I think the ingenuous traveler mistook one of the airplanes, which the rich oil-producers travel in, for a lark! That sound was simply a driller going to work.

But, after we have enjoyed the scenery, we get back to the Domestic Manners of the Indigenous Inhabitants. Mrs. Trollope evidently was forced to eat in the common

salle-à-manger of her floating palace.

'The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured; the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife—'

My ancestors lived in the Ohio Valley, and perhaps may have been on that same boat. Shall I be pardoned if I draw the veil upon this horrific scene? The reviewer in *Blackwood's*, commenting upon the sufferings of English travelers in the American Wilderness, says, 'they cannot bring themselves to pardon the transatlantic innovation of picking teeth with a pocketknife, instead of table-fork, according to the ancient and recognized precedent in the hostelries of Leeds and Birmingham.'

Our modern traveler makes no mention of the table manners of the West. Perhaps we no longer 'swaller' our knives. I do not know. Perhaps we have become expert, and so our peculiarities are not noticed. My friend, Judge West, told me of an experience in the James Hotel, in the early days of the Cushing field. He had finished his dinner and was toying with his dessert, when a solicitous waitress delicately inquired, 'Ain't I give you no knife?' 'Oh, yes,' said the diner. 'Excuse me; I seen you eatin' with your fork; I thought I ain't give you no knife.' However, I think the story apocryphal.

But in Tulsa, the 'Babylonian temple in the wilderness,' are strange sights. Here it is that the 'operators' (that is, oil-producers) congregate for their revels. And what pagan revels! 'It is not unusual for a man to drive in two hundred miles from the field, for a bath and a Sunday evening of civilization.'

Two hundred miles for a bath, and the soothing strains of the victrola! Someone, in the dark ages before the Eighteenth Amendment, wrote a book called *A Thousand Miles from a Lemon* (was it Frank Stockton?), to indicate the entire absence of civilization. But since there is only water, the symbol shall be 'two hundred miles from a bath.'

But let us follow our transatlantic traveler from her disconcerting meal. The boat arrived at Cincinnati, and Mrs. Trollope escaped. But alas! to one of her sensitive nature, her fate must have been worse than that of Sinbad in the City of Magicians.

'We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough; but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's carts or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of.

'"Your Help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, old woman, that it is the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law what forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off." In truth, the pigs are constantly seen doing Herculean service in this way through every quarter of the city.'

That was all Mrs. Trollope saw in

Cincinnati in 1830. Yet it was then the centre of a cultured society. There were mansions in those days on Third Street, on Fourth Street, on Eastern Row, now Broadway.

And as to drains, I believe the first bathtub, with running water and drains, was used in Cincinnati — before such a thing was even heard of in London or New York.

Mrs. Trollope would be forgotten but for her son Anthony; and her *magnum opus* is read only by the searcher for literary curiosities. Yet, when she lived in Cincinnati, a clergyman named Lyman Beecher moved there, to become President of Lane Seminary. He had a daughter named Harriet. Miss Wright and Mrs. Trollope traveled halfway round the world to free the slaves, but the pigs scared them away. Harriet Beecher, not being used to the delicate life of London, stayed, perforce. And as Harriet Beecher Stowe, she too wrote a book, as Mrs. Trollope did, of 'life among the lowly.' And there were two little girls there, Alice and Phœbe Cary. Perhaps she could have seen them, if it had not been for the pigs.

But we must not forget Mr. Peattie, our *Atlantic* traveler. Let us take him around Tulsa, the Queen of the West of the nineteen-twenties. Instead of the pigs of the eighteen-twenties, he sees the vulgarians of to-day.

'Every town in Oklahoma has its men who have become rich through drilling; but Tulsa leads; it is their Mecca. They are an interesting class. Their reddened faces speak of a life in the open. Now they have retired to expensive homes in Tulsa, representing their various conceptions of opulence (and some of these are strange to behold), where they may sit on the front porch, collarless, in their stocking-feet, while their wives have donned boudoir-caps and rolled to town behind six cylinders, to buy whatever hits their fancy.'

These oil-producers must, indeed, be an interesting study to the trained observers from Chicago and the East, especially as almost all of the 'producers' are from New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

'From my room in one town, I was able to hear the church choir practising. They were executing a rather difficult cantata.' (I rather imagine the use of the word 'executing' is intentional. But let it pass.) 'Considering the temperature of the evening, their devotion was great. At the end of the evening, the singing became rather faint-hearted. Someone, however, started up, —

> 'When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> When the Roll is Called up Yonder,
> I 'll be There.'

'The half-hearted singing swelled into an uproar. We were back to the primitive again. It was like a Christianized savage breaking into a Voodoo chant.'

I presume the Choral Society of Chicago (if there is one), after deliberately executing Bach's Mass in B flat, relieves itself by singing some simple versicle of Amy Lowell, set to music by Richard Strauss.

II

More oil is produced in the Mid-Continent Field (Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas) than anywhere in the world. In twenty years, oil from the Southwest has revolutionized the transportation of the world.

May we not pause a while to boast? When Disraeli made possible the opening of the Suez Canal, and changed the trade currents of the world, Mrs. Trollope would only have seen an affected little Jew proudly carrying a message to the Queen. But the world looked on, and saw the passing of an

era. It saw the opening-up of India, of China, and the awakening of the East. It saw the old sailing ships passing from the seas; it saw trade quickened; great cities rising. It saw even the old London Town of Mrs. Trollope's 'dustmen' become the centre of the world.

The traveler from Chicago comes to the oil fields of America. He sees red-faced men who wear no collars; he sees women who wear boudoir-caps in automobiles; he sees monster structures that hold oil; he hears birds that shriek louder than locomotives. But always the oil goes silently out through the great pipes to the ends of the earth. The world looks on and sees trade quickened; it sees steel boats, which, with oil for fuel, can cruise the Seven Seas; it sees millions of carriages that run like the wind; and great ships in the air that go faster than the wind. It sees the Allies hastened to victory on 'a sea of oil.' It sees the passing of an era, and America the centre of the world.

Well, we have boasted, and let anyone deny.

If the only English travelers in the United States had been Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, where would be the entente between us and England today? If the only traveler from Chicago were Mr. Peattie of the May *Atlantic*, then the Southwest could no more hope to be brightened by the face of the cultured East.

Our farmers are drifters. 'These are the people who are to be seen along any of the main highways, in rickety prairie schooners, traveling — God knows where. . . . The hardest thing is to see the children, — poor little beings, — under-nourished mentally and physically, their mouths drawn in the hard firm lines that tell a terrible story.'

Mr. Peattie does not here describe some isolated travelers, but they 'are to be seen along any of the main highways.'

It is, indeed, a wonder that Oklahoma is permitted to remain in the Union. I have lived in Tulsa a great many years. I have driven the roads for hundreds of miles. I have seen a few of these drifters — but only a few. The children call them 'gypsies.' (Do you remember them in your childhood?)

I have seen these travelers on the roads of Ohio, of Illinois, of Pennsylvania. They are going 'God knows where.' They are not typical of any part of the United States. But there is a drifter who is becoming prevalent, and I believe he is just as omnipresent east of the Mississippi as west. He is the tin-can tourist, who cranks up his Ford, and away he goes. And he takes his bedding and his children, too.

III

The value of an observer consists in the accuracy of his observations.

'On leaving the town [Tulsa], we crossed the Arkansas River in flood. It is hundreds of yards wide, and yet one could almost ford it.' If Mr. Peattie will ford the Arkansas in flood-time, he will gain as much notoriety as the gentleman (was it Blondin?) who crossed Niagara on a wire.

As most people use gasoline in one form or another (I believe it is used as a substitute beverage in the East), there is a natural curiosity as to how the oil from which it is produced is taken from the ground. Mr. Peattie gratifies this desire for information. 'Once the decision is made to drill, a rig gang can erect a 72-foot derrick in a few hours. A huge bit is then dropped from the top of the derrick. Like an arrow it sticks in the ground, and the well is "spudded in."'

It must be, indeed, a wonderful sight to see these huge thousand-pound steel

bits drop 'like an arrow' from the top of a 72-foot derrick, and stick in the ground. Mr. Peattie says that oil is found where there is a doming in the rocks. What happens when this bit hits a rock is not stated. Does it stick in the rock, or bounce off? And if it bounces off, what happens when it hits a geologist? A great many oil-producers have craved the pleasure of dropping one of these bits on the dome of a geologist; but the laws are severe.

There have been cases where these bits have dropped — never from the top of the derrick, because they have never been hoisted that high, but while they were being swung in the derrick. And usually the derrick has come down with them, and the drillers have been carried back to town in sections.

The weight of these bits is so great that they are lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, rhythmically, only a few feet. First, a hole is dug and a section of pipe is driven into the ground, and in that drive-pipe the bit is worked up and down until the hole is started. The explanation of the working of the bit is not difficult to understand; and, if it is once seen, it can never be forgotten.

If one were to go into a steel mill, and then say that a steel plate is made by heating iron to the consistency of dough, and rolling it out with a wooden rolling-pin, it would be just as accurate as the dropping of a bit, 72-feet, 'like an arrow,' to stick in the ground.

IV

But to return to *Blackwood's* for May, 1832.

I think old Christopher North wrote the article in the May *Blackwood's*, reviewing the books of Mrs. Trollope. I don't think anyone else could have done them justice. I shall therefore quote a paragraph and, to save space and time, shall change a word occasionally, putting the original in parentheses beside it; the one paragraph will thus serve for the travelers of 1832, and 1922.

'Though the discrepancies of the statements in the works of Eastern American (British) travelers, with regard to the West (United States) be confessedly irreconcilable with fair and impartial observation, still there exist few instances in which we feel disposed to attribute the blunders and inconsistencies of these writers to intentional misrepresentation. There is no other country in the world, perhaps, in which, to the eye of an Eastern American (Englishman), a little prejudice may so easily pervert the whole coloring and proportions of the picture which it presents. He finds in the West (America) so much that is admirable, mingled with so much that is offensive . . . and is alternately shocked and gratified by so much arrogance, energy, intelligence, weakness, folly, wisdom, and impertinence, that the character of the impression produced by this apparently incongruous aggregate must depend in great measure on the peculiar temperament of the observer.'

But while these studies of our life by observers from that happy land east of the Mississippi enrage us to the point of murder, we should be thankful that it is not worse. Old Christopher cautions the Americans against excessive anger, by reminding them that the English themselves have been maligned, and have suffered in dignified silence.

'Let her [America] only observe how wonderfully cool John [Bull] is under the misrepresentations of foreign travelers. The Chevalier Pillet has declared to the world that the domestic relations of Englishmen are made the cover of the most disgusting and degrading pollution, and that every English lady keeps her private brandy bottle, on the

contents of which she gets drunk at least once a day. A Monsieur Charles Nodier, of whose book we remember to have written a review many years ago in this very magazine, among other statements equally veracious, scrupled not to assert, *seipso teste*, that Scottish ladies always go barefoot; and that though, on occasions of ceremony, shoes are certainly to be seen, the toes of a northern spinster feel exceedingly awkward under their compression, and she uniformly seizes the earliest opportunity of kicking them off.'

Let us be thankful that the *Atlantic* has spared us as much as it has. It has been charitable with our womenfolks. Knowing the chivalry and shooting-irons of the West, perhaps it is well.

The rum bottle is gone; peace to its ashes. And if our men take off their shoes, our women put on their boudoir-caps. And so the proprieties are equalized.

Let us hope that this is not the last study of the habits of the Americans, to appear. In time, we may get to know how we all live in this great country; and thus the bonds of the Republic shall be safely cemented.

V

We of the West would learn something of the strange people of the East. If Tulsa is a Babylonian Temple in the Wilderness, is Chicago a Babylonian Temple on the Lake, and New York one set in the Sea? Are we all alike or different?

Has Chicago no millionaires who sit in the Front Rooms of their apartments without their collars, and perhaps without their shoes? Who knows? They conceal their crime. Here we sin openly. Which is worse? Yea, your apartment houses are like whited sepulchres — fair to look upon without, but within — full of boudoir-caps and cast-off shoes.

Nay, friends and critics, weigh not so much the mustard and the cummin. Let us look to weightier matters. The story of the Southwest is not the story of a few raw millionaires, but the story of a changing world.

Twenty years ago oil was oil, and that was all. It was used to light the winter evenings. Steel was king. Then the odor of oil was abroad in the land. In Kansas, in Oklahoma, in Texas, men began to drill. Soon bits were heard 'dropping from every derrick,' and oil began to flow. Did the East stand superciliously by, because there were drifters on Oklahoma roads, and the dust rushed by in clouds? It did not. The East came West. To-day in Tulsa three fourths of the population is from the East. Men have come here and have founded, not businesses only, but families.

Tulsa has grown from ten to ninety thousand in less than a quarter of a century. But numbers alone do not make a city. Schools, churches, fine homes, streets, buildings; hard roads, fine farms; music, art, literature: these things are here as fully as in the East.

The skyline of Tulsa may look like a Babylonian Temple. Set on a hill, one building piled on another, until all culminates in the wonderful white tower of the Cosden Building, it is indeed a sight to inspire the traveler from afar. But there is no wilderness.

And the squalor of the tenant farmers: it is here. But are the little children worse off out in the open, than in the crowded tenements of the West Side of Chicago, or the East Side of New York?

It is not poverty, it is not wealth, it is not vulgarity or culture, ostentation or humility, which distinguishes one city from another, whatever its size, or one part of the country from another. We are all tarred with the same stick.

Frankly, we Americans enjoy ourselves. Yes, we enjoy *ourselves*. When we look about us, we do not wonder that we have done so little, but that we have done so much. We are pleased with the work of our hands. We look at our work, and see that it is good. There is much that is bad, but we are kind to ourselves and overlook that.

If little things are to be written about, let them be written about *as little things*. What always has enraged us Americans, and what always will enrage us, is to have the little things played up as the only things in our lives.

The *Main Street* School of Literature describes the little things as the only things in American life outside the centres of the intelligentsia. Littleness is everywhere; but so is bigness. Do we need a traveler from Greenwich Village to tell us of the splendor of our sunsets, or the wonders of the dawn? Do we need a traveler from Chicago to tell us of our poverty and of our vulgar wealth?

The injustice of *Main Street* to the small American town, is the injustice of the May *Atlantic* to the Southwest. It is not what it says, but what it leaves out. It is the utter disproportion in values, which leaves the reader with just as erroneous an impression as if there were a deliberate propaganda of falsification. I must go back to *Blackwood's* of 1832, and quote what is said about the accounts of travelers in America, to illustrate what is meant.

'By merely throwing out of view one class of qualities which distinguish this singular people, and fixing attention on another, it becomes abundantly possible to communicate an impression of the national character which is utterly unjust, though every statement from which conclusions have been drawn be substantially correct. The charge, therefore, that those travelers who have inordinately praised the Americans are quite as obnoxious as those who have followed an opposite course, consists less in the *suggestio falsi* than in the *suppressio veri*. Yet even this crime, we are charitably inclined to believe, has not often been willfully committed. For so constituted is the mind of man, so much is the judgment of the wisest among us influenced by prejudice unknown to itself, that we are rarely able to take a wide and impartial view of all the circumstances and relations of a question, essential to a sound conclusion.'

And so we always have been enraged, and we always shall be enraged, when we are written up as strange creatures when we are not. The English might bear with patience the strictures of Chevalier Pillet, and Monsieur Nodier; they were strangers. But when one of the family misinterprets us, we are always ready to fight.

Whether it be Sinclair Lewis writing of the Northwest, or W. L. George writing of the Southwest, we can always calm ourselves with the blessed assurance that what is written of the West is written also of the East; what is written of the North is written also of the South. For in this wide land we are one — one in our poverty, and in our wealth; in our culture and in our vulgarity; in our boasting and in our humility.

Whether it be Gopher Prairie, or Tulsa, or Chicago, or New York, we find only what we bring.

'SOUL — SOUL!'

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

It will do no good to lie.
Hold your eyelids wide. Look straight.
Stare — Stare — Nor deny
The hard dim thing you hate.

This is you, alone and old.
Yes, — she has no loveliness.
Yes, — she stumbles and is cold
In that thick black dress.

Say not, 'She is none of mine —
Husk of a life, unloved, unknown.'
Stare — Stare — Learn each line
Of fading for your own.

You, who sit behind the eyes,
Juggling life and judging death,
Too immortal and too wise
To fail with failing breath, —

Soul! — Soul! — Voyager
Of wild unclaimed Eternity! —
Face her! Never pity her!
You alone can set her free!

THE SKHODKA AND THE TCHEKA

BY EMMA PONAFIDINE

I

THE autumn of 1917 began with a cloudy sky and signs of gathering storms in the political world, and of fresh causes of anxiety to us. When the Bolshevist revolution broke out, one of our sons was an officer in the Imperial Army, stationed just then in Petrograd. Our youngest son had gone to Moscow, to take our silver and jewelry there; for, with the disorganization in the army and the threatening advance of the Germans on our railway lines, we felt that at any time we might get into the sphere of action, or at least be raided by the disorderly elements which were showing themselves.

For two weeks we suffered great anxiety for the fate of our sons. There were no newspapers, no telegrams could be sent, and the rumors that were flying about represented the streets of Moscow and Petrograd as flowing with blood, and it was said that all old officers were massacred. Though we knew there must be much exaggeration, there was still much cause for worry.

To our great relief, the eldest arrived one day, but changed, I think for life, by what he had seen and experienced. He escaped with his life, thanks to the men in his own company. Up to the time we left Russia, he had to remain in the Red Army, as did all others of his class, whose lives were spared. The Bolsheviki, all through, have shown a profound knowledge of human nature. How to deal with each class, to arouse enthusiasm, or terror, as their policy in each case may dictate. For the officers of the old régime whom they wished to keep in their service, they invented a measure diabolical in its cleverness. Each officer was made to sign a paper stating that, in case of his joining the Whites, or disappearing, his parents would be held responsible; and, knowing full well the significance of these words, however fearless they might be personally, none of the officers had the courage to leave those dear to them.

Our youngest son had sent us a telegram from Moscow the day before the revolution, saying that he was leaving for home that night; and for two long weeks we heard nothing of him, until one day he too walked in, decidedly the worse for wear.

My eldest son was at home on leave off and on, but the youngest was in Petrograd most of the winter. The Lyceum, where he was a senior, was closed, the buildings being used as hospitals; but his class was permitted to graduate. The professors guided their studies and held the final examinations in private houses. So my husband and I were very much of the time alone. This same winter an event took place — one of many that made us realize how much we personally had to be thankful for.

At the end of the lake, some three or four miles from us, was the estate of my husband's sister, the Princess Schakhoffskoy, who lived in Petrograd dur-

ing this time, suffering great privation. It was never considered safe for her to return and try to save anything on the estate or in the house; but her husband's brother had a place adjoining her land, and kept an eye on her property. From the beginning of the revolution he had suffered much indignity on account of his title, but his property had not, as yet, been even controlled. On Christmas Day, my husband asked me to go to see the Prince, as he was rather infirm, and also to take him a secret letter from his sister, sent to our care.

I drove the few miles across the lake on the ice, and found the Prince sitting down to a tea-table that was already very different from ours, bearing such luxuries as jam and white biscuits, which we had supposed to be things of the past. As we sat chatting over our tea, a maid announced that three soldiers wished to see the Prince. Excusing himself, he went out, but soon returned, half-angry and half-amused, and told me that a soldier of the adjoining village and two blue-jackets from a village a little farther on, came to ask why I was there. They were not satisfied with his telling them that it was not the first time I had been there, that my husband was his cousin as well as connected by marriage, and that I had come knowing that he had been sick, and to wish him a Merry Christmas. They insisted that I had come at his request, to take off and hide his valuables, and they threatened him and me with dire punishment if it was found that I had carried anything back with me. Neither of us regarded the matter very seriously, and I left without forebodings. The next morning, very early, we were surprised to see our cousin drive up to our door. He asked if we would take him in as he had lost everything. I took him at once to my husband's room and brought him something to eat, while he told us his story.

It seems that, as I drove through the village on my way back the day before, the soldiers had shouted to me to stop; but I had not heard the voices, as it was a very stormy, windy day, and my horse was a fast trotter. They claimed that 'the more they called, the faster I went, evidently wishing to escape with something.' Taking this as a starting-point, they succeeded in arousing the whole village. Now every person in that village, if taken separately, was friendly to the Prince, who had always been good to the peasants. Indeed, he had been a sort of father and counselor, to whom they went in every trouble. But here were a few hot-headed youths, with revolutionary arguments at the tips of eloquent tongues, who succeeded in getting the whole village, and soon a second one, to join in an attack on the Prince. They gave him only a short time to gather a few belongings and changes of clothing, such as he could carry in his hands, and turned him out. He, like everyone else, had hidden money and valuables in various places in the house; but in the excitement of the moment, he could not remember where, and so saved next to nothing. After much talking, he persuaded them to let him have one of his own horses with which to drive to a neighbor's, where he spent the night, and came on to us the next day.

The peasants had immediately looted his house and that of my sister-in-law. Later they burned the house down, and when we left Russia, of the Schakhoffskoys' house and estate nothing was left but ruins. Rare plants and trees even were torn up; the library was taken and the books dumped in the street for anyone who cared for them to pick up, and they went mostly for smoking, if the pages were of thin paper. Large mirrors, too high to enter

the houses in the villages, were sawed in two. One such was placed in an open shed pending the operation; and the herd coming home in the evening, a ram caught sight of a handsome rival, and immediately stopped to investigate. Running back a few steps, with lowered horns he charged the intruder — and shattered the mirror.

Our cousin did not feel that he was safe with us, so went on to Tver the same day, where he remained some months, returning finally to the country in the summer, but to an adjoining county. Here he was one day falsely accused of setting the peasants against Bolshevist military service, and was arrested on a Thursday, with the assurance that he would be tried Monday morning. Early Sunday morning he and seven others, one of whom was a priest who had publicly prayed for the Tsar, were led out, half-dressed, to be executed without trial. The priest received the confessions of his companions and absolved them. They were all shot down, the Prince to the last moment standing by his principles and loudly denouncing the Bolsheviki.

II

But I have anticipated, in following out this case to the end, and we must go back.

Shortly after this event, the village immediately adjoining our estate had a secret meeting, at which it was decided to 'loot the estate and house, and turn the Ponafidine family out of Bortniki forever.' The document bearing this clause was signed by every householder but four. This resolution was taken to the other villages, for their endorsement and participation.

I think that this movement was largely due to the speeches made in that village by the Commissar of Agriculture, as described in a former article.

Our Volost militiaman, who took the place of the old police, was one who, from his youth, had spent the summers in Kronstadt as a boatman, but the winters at home, in a village near us. All the education he had received was in the village school, when it was held, as it was for many years, in a building furnished by my husband, together with heating and lighting. This man was very loyal to us. He not only saved us in this instance, but, at the expense of much personal persecution, he stood by us in every crisis through the years that followed, and whatever success we had in hiding and saving anything was due to his help. We always knew that, day or night, we had a faithful friend who would come at our call.

Learning of this plot against us, he went to our parish committee and told them that, if this resolution was to be carried out, it would be an everlasting disgrace to our parish; that all the Ponafidine property, when divided among so many villages, would mean so little for each individual, that it would not pay for the stigma that would be cast upon them. The Volost committee immediately sent the militiaman with seven armed men; among the latter was the president of the committee himself. Sitting by the bedside of my husband, I saw, with a thrill of horror, one of my sons passing the window, surrounded by a group of armed men. My heart sank; his life was always hanging by a thread, as he was an ex-officer of the Tsarist régime, and I thought that this time the thread had snapped. A moment later, I saw him laugh, and realized, with a gasp of relief, that these men could not be enemies.

Assuring my blind husband that the steps he would soon hear in the house were those of friends, I went to the door to meet them. They told me the story, and said that they would spend the night with us to protect us, and that

they had already sent to summon a Skhodka of all the five villages nearest us.

I put the omnipresent samovar on to boil, and after tea, they went to the village to attend the Skhodka, and I set to preparing dinner for them all, as best I could with our meagre supplies.

About two o'clock in the morning, they returned, very much excited, and heated from the long and violent meeting, — where lungs count for more than logic, — and between bites of supper, they told us the result of the meeting, often jumping up and walking about in their excitement. They said that the Skhodka was very unsatisfactory, and so violent that the president of the committee had been obliged to dismiss it and to give directions for having a general parish council held at the Volost headquarters in two days, with delegates from each village. Until the result of that meeting could be known, he promised to have a well-armed company of our friends stay with us.

The Volost council was duly held and passed a resolution to the effect that we were not to be molested in any way until the time came when the fate of our estate and property, along with those of all others around, should be officially decided by the central committee. The resolution ended by saying that, if these orders were disobeyed, the offenders were to be 'drowned in the ice-holes of the lake.'

After the delegates returned, a deputation came to us from the village where the whole trouble had originated. I wish I could portray that scene. About a dozen peasants stood in our large living-room, looking as sheepish as boys caught stealing their neighbor's apples. My sons and I faced them, and our guard, including the Commissar, stood in the background. The spokesman began by dwelling on the good relations that had always existed between us, and regretting that certain young people, carried away by revolutionary propaganda, had got out of hand. But he denied that they, as a village, were against us, and claimed that the matter had been greatly exaggerated by the militiaman, and that we might be assured of their friendship, etc., etc.

The president of the Volost Committee listened to it all, and before we could answer, stepped up to the spokesman and said, —

'So you as a village took no official action in regard to turning the Ponafidines out, after looting them?'

'No, no we never wished it,' they all answered.

'Then what is this? Listen.' And the president of the committee drew out a copy of the minutes of the first meeting, containing the famous clause, and also read off the signatures, pointing to each one of those present whose name was mentioned. 'Is this true?'

They all stood there twirling their caps, and finally one stammered out, —

'Everything in life is possible; perhaps we did do foolish things.'

It was such a flat childish explanation that we all smiled. After a few friendly words, they filed out, and we had no more trouble with them.

Control visits, but usually good-natured ones, still took place, and they, more than anything else, showed us what children these were, playing at governing the country during those first years. I remember one such visitation, to search our house for 'alcohol, arms, and counter-revolutionary literature.' The men went all through the place and house, and finally settled down by my husband's bedside, to write the protocol. The chairman of the commission spent many perspiring minutes over it, but could produce nothing satisfactory, and one after another of the party attempted it with much sucking of their pencils. Finally,

united efforts resulted in a remarkable document, which I think I can remember word for word. It was to the effect that 'the undersigned, after carefully searching the estate and house of Citizen Ponafidine, for alcohol, arms, and counter-revolutionary literature, found nothing suspicious excepting agricultural implements'!

After signing this formal document, they all examined it carefully, to see if it could be improved upon; and at last someone suggested that they add the words, 'Legally testified to that this copy is a correct one.'

'That's the way all official documents end,' he explained. And the rest, awed by his superior knowledge, laboriously made that amendment to their protocol.

III

All that winter (of 1917–18) we continued directly under the peasants' rule, seldom coming into contact with the city Bolsheviki. We had, however, to go to town occasionally on business; and during one such trip, my youngest son was witness of one of the many terrible sights of those years, which must always remain impressed upon his brain.

As he was passing through the streets of our little country town, his attention was arrested by an unusual scene. The president of the executive committee, on a velocipede, whip in hand, was chasing a Red Army man, who was running down the street as if for a championship. They were soon out of sight, and my son went on, rather amused, wondering what it all meant. On his way back, passing the square that is the busiest part of the city, he again saw those two, surrounded by a crowd of people. Someone was reading a document. Curious to know what was going on, my son went up and heard enough to realize that the paper being read was a statement declaring that the fleeing Red Army man was accused of stealing a suit of clothes from the Commissar of Agriculture, and that he was condemned to death. My son and everyone else in the square supposed that this was merely a preliminary trial, or, at the worst, that the man would be taken back to prison and then to the place of execution; so they all remained waiting to see what would happen next.

The young man was made to sign his own warrant, and then curtly told to turn round. He did so, and a man in the dress of a blue-jacket stepped up and, placing a revolver at the base of the accused man's head, fired, killing him on the spot. The effect on all present — men, women, and even little children — was terrific. Not a word or a sound broke the stillness. The crowd simply melted away, while a cab drove up, into which the body was tumbled and all was over. My son came back to the inn where I was awaiting him, as white as a sheet with horror at the sight that he had involuntarily witnessed.

Toward the end of the summer of 1918, an abortive counter-revolutionary conspiracy was formed, with its headquarters on a little island opposite our town. It was discovered prematurely, and many arrests and executions followed, and hostages were taken from many county families.

Our two sons happened to go to the city at that time, on necessary business, and they were arrested there by the chief of the militia himself, accompanied by a number of Red Army men. No explanation was given them. They were carefully searched; all valuables were taken from them, and locked up, and a receipt was handed them. They were then ordered to be confined separately, and this fact troubled them more than anything else. The rooms to which they were taken were, in each case, so full as to make it impossible to

find room on the bare floor to lie at length. There were not seats enough, either, so most of the prisoners used either to stand during the day, or sit on the floor.

That night they were pretty blue, being separated, and fearing the effect that the news of their arrest might have on their father. Late at night, a member of the Secret Service of the Tcheka went his rounds; and, to their astonishment, my sons found in him an old acquaintance. In fact, he had practically grown up on our place; his mother had been for many years our laundry-woman, and his father, of whom we were all very fond, in spite of one great failing, had been our waiter, when not drunk. Both his parents were always very devoted to us. This boy, for he was not more than seventeen, though occupying a responsible and very unsavory position, was as much amazed as my sons. He at once gave orders to have them placed in a room together, and promised to do all he could the next day for their liberation. We learned afterward that he kept his promise; for his testimony, more than anything else, probably convinced the Tcheka that our sons had not been implicated in the late conspiracy.

The hostess in the primitive little inn, where we always put up when in town, as did my husband's parents before us, took the arrest of the boys greatly to heart, and ran all over the city to our friends for advice; and she gave them what was still more practical — bread and potatoes. She also wished to telegraph me; but our sons asked her not to do so, hoping that they might be released before the news reached us.

On the second day a man came to me who had happened to be at the same inn and had seen the arrest, and he told me all he knew, which was not much. I was quite in despair. My husband's health was such that I had never left him for a night since the stroke that had caused his blindness in 1914. The state of his heart also was such that I feared the shock. On the other hand, I knew with what wonderful calmness and heroism he always met a crisis, and I felt that there was nothing to do but to tell him. He took the blow as I expected he would, and told me I must go at once to the town and try to save our sons, and that he could get on quite well alone.

A schoolteacher near us was an old friend of ours, and I at once wrote, begging him to come and spend the night with my husband. I also sent to our friend, the militiaman, asking him if he would come and take me to the city, as the one steamer a day that passed us had already left, and I had no one on the estate whom I could trust to take me. The militiaman had just killed a steer for his winter supply of salt beef; and when my message reached him, he was beginning to skin the carcass. Laying down his knife, he said to his wife, 'Go and find someone to help you. I cannot leave our lady in her trouble.' And only washing his hands, without even waiting to change his clothes, he came to us at a run.

While he harnessed a horse, I got together some food-supplies, not knowing how long the prisoners might be kept, and prepared everything to leave my husband as comfortable as possible. His was by far the harder fate—to lie there in the darkness, imagining the worst; for he knew that some of the hostages taken in connection with the lately discovered plot had already been executed.

It seems that, soon after I left, a cousin came to visit us; and as my husband heard her carriage drive up, he was convinced that it was someone from the city, come to arrest us. When our cousin entered, she found him almost in a collapse, and, had she not possessed

considerable medical knowledge, I doubt if she could have pulled him through the severe heart-attack he had. She stayed with him until I returned, and, had I known it, I should have had one worry the less to keep me awake that night.

In the meantime, we were driving swiftly to a village, from where we hoped to get a row-boat to take us across the lake, at a narrow point, the quickest means of reaching the town. This village, unfortunately, was that day celebrating its annual fête, and no one would go on a fête day for mere money. But when we arrived, not only the relatives on whom we had counted, but a number of other peasants whom I knew, on hearing of my trouble, said they would take me if no one else would.

I shall never forget that night's row. The evening was so beautiful, that it seemed to mock my sorrow, and never did five miles seem so long. The militiaman and the rowers, all simple peasantfolk, showed their sympathy with exquisite tact, trying to keep up my courage without seeming to do so, and talking and telling stories, to attract my attention from the thoughts which they knew were torturing me.

It was quite dark when we reached the town, and we went to a little inn, where we learned that my sons were still awaiting trial, and that food had been sent them each day. That night I could do nothing but go and walk around their prison, wondering behind which of the barred windows my sons were lying.

Early in the morning, the militiaman managed, under the pretense of carrying them food, to get word to the boys that I was there. A little later I went to the prison, and, as I came up to where a number of guards and Red Army men were standing, one of them, a huge, burly fellow, stepped forward, and with profane words almost pushed me off the sidewalk, laughing loudly, but at the same time, he managed to whisper, 'Meet me in the garden.' I took a second look, and recognized him as a man who used to work for us; and taking the hint, walked rapidly away, followed by the laughter of the company.

Going to the little lakeside garden, the pride of our small town, I walked about until I saw my friend sauntering around at the opposite side. He passed me several times before he managed to slip a note into my hand, and whispered to me to come at nine o'clock to see the chief of the militia. 'Ask him to hasten the trial and forgive me if I am very rough with you again,' he said as he left me.

I found a safe spot where I opened the note, which proved to be from my eldest son, asking me to demand a trial. He said that there were many confined with them who had been there months, and might remain much longer unless someone pushed their cases; that, if I made a sufficient demonstration, I might succeed in hastening the trial.

Our steamer was just leaving the pier, and I wanted to send a note by the captain to my husband. I had nothing much to tell, but I felt sure I should succeed; so I wrote him cheerfully and said that no later than the next day I hoped to be home with both boys. But my heart was heavy. As I went to the boat, a lot of peasants were there buying their tickets, and they surrounded me, expressing their sympathy and denouncing the Bolsheviki in such terms that I was frightened. I begged them to stop, for fear we all should be arrested, and then, who would remain to fight? The attitude they took touched me very much, and their indignation that our sons, 'who had never done anything but attend to their own business and never went to meetings or political gatherings,' should be arrested.

They offered to go home and gather a Skhodka — their panacea for all evils — and draw up petitions. I thanked them, and told them that they had better wait and keep still as yet. Perhaps, later, I should have to ask their help.

At nine o'clock I appeared at the prison door, and brought on myself again a volley of abuse from my friend. 'There she comes again, to bother my life out about her precious sons. To get rid of her, I'll take her in and turn her over to the chief.' Continuing to mutter, he led me into the prison. Before opening the chief's door, he whispered, 'Stick to it that they be tried to-day'; and I went in.

It is awful to stand before a man who holds the destinies of those you love in his hand, and to feel that you personally may be able to win, or to antagonize him. In those days the passage from the faintest suspicion or accusation to the 'wall' (where executions take place) was often very short and simple, and we had little hope of a fair trial when one of our class was accused.

I was greeted very roughly at first; but when I gave my name, the chief of the militia softened and asked me to be seated. I told him that I had come in regard to my sons. I did not know what the charge was, but could say in advance that I was sure that there was some misunderstanding, as they kept strictly to their farming work, and had not been connected with any political movements; and I asked the chief, as a great favor, that he have them called that day to be questioned, as I feared to leave my husband so long. I also asked for leave to see my sons.

He promised me that he would send them immediately to the Tcheka (none of my readers can know the thrill of horror that that name gives us in Russia). He added that I could see my sons now, or after the trial; but, if at once, I must understand that I would go with them under convoy to the Tcheka, and share what came to them. I thought fast, and just then, seeing our doctor pass the low open window, I asked the chief if I might speak to him before answering.

'Yes, if you speak to him in my presence.'

So, leaning out I called the doctor back, and asked him if, in case of my detention, he could send a trained nurse, or doctor's assistant, at once to stay with my husband.

The doctor took the situation in at a glance, and said I could be assured that he would see to it that my husband would be cared for. So, thanking him, I turned to the chief of the militia, who had been standing close to me, and said, 'I am ready. Take me to my sons.'

He took leave of me very politely, and ordered a guard to escort me to my sons, and then to have us all sent to the Tcheka.

We passed through long corridors, and then to a small courtyard, upon which opened the one window of the room where they were confined, and I saw, among the thick mass of heads crowding at the open window, my sons. It is an ugly thing to see the face of one you love behind iron bars, especially during a revolution. The door was unlocked, and my sons came out, followed by the wistful, envious eyes of the unfortunate ones who remained, with no one to bring up their cases.

We were marched like convicts through the well-known streets, where everyone knew us, but no one dared show signs of recognition, much less of sympathy. Brought to the Tcheka, we had long to wait in the anteroom; but the door leading to the room occupied by the chief of the Tcheka and his secretary was often opened. The president of our local Tcheka was one of the most sinister men in the government

at that time — a former railroad engineman known for his brutality. He invariably questioned people with a revolver and a Cossack *nagaika* on the table before him; and in moments of excitement flourished one or both around the head of the unfortunate being he was questioning. And it is said that he sometimes did more than flourish the nagaika.

Among the guards who had accompanied us was our friend, and he considerately drew off all the guards but one, and told him he need not keep his rifle in evidence — this, to spare our feelings. The anteroom in which we sat served also as an approach to the room occupied by the 'Espolkom,' or Executive Committee; so that many were constantly passing back and forth. One of our friends, seeing us sitting there, managed to say to me, 'Tell the boys not to mind the revolver when they are questioned: he may strike them, but won't shoot.' I passed this word of encouragement on.

At last our names were called and my sons went in separately. Our loyal militiaman had hung round us all day, and was now seated by us in the anteroom. How brave that act was can be understood only by those who know how dangerous it was at that time to be classed as the friend of an aristocrat, or in any way to attract the attention of the dreaded Tcheka. Our young Tchekaist also passed through repeatedly, and always stopped to offer my sons a cigarette.

When my sons went in, the secretary, whom we happened to know, made no sign of recognition, and was very curt; but when his chief left the room for a moment, he offered the boys cigarettes in silence — which were refused in silence; but my sons knew that they had a friend at court.

After each of us was questioned, we were all told that we must write separately all we knew on a certain subject, and a list of the questions was given us. The secretary, bustling around to place us separately, contrived to leave us alone a few seconds, and this was long enough for us to plan in English what we were to write, so that our information, set down separately, tallied at every point. After many questions and much talk, to our infinite surprise we were told that we were free; and all that was demanded of us was that we sign a paper declaring that we would not leave the county without the permission of the Tcheka. And so, without making the acquaintance of the revolver or the nagaika, we were escorted back to the prison, where, on presenting the receipt, my sons received back their money, watches, and pocketbooks — everything, in fact.

We went back to the inn, and I think that, after all, it paid to be arrested, to experience the full sweetness of liberty. I thought then that nothing would ever make me complain again. All the supplies I had brought for my sons we left for their less fortunate comrades; and, with our good militiaman, who was as happy as we were, we returned home, even before the time when I had promised my husband to do so.

We afterward discovered that the arrest had been caused by information being given that our sons had gone to the city to meet members of the counter-revolutionary conspiracy.

'BOSTON CALLING'

BY GERTRUDE MARSHALL GEER

Mrs. Nevin was frankly put out. As she never made any attempt to hide her feelings, she was particularly unsparing of the man who, three years before, had murmured the all-inclusive words, 'for better, for worse.'

Don't misunderstand me. She was not bad-tempered; in no sense was she hard to get along with. She was a charming, whimsical creature, whose brisk changes of mood and alarming directness were a delight to her husband. Living with her would have killed a sentimental man; but H. P. Nevin was not sentimental. He was even-tempered and demanded little. There was a vein of obstinacy running through his nature, however, which would have killed a sensitive woman. But Mrs. Nevin was not sensitive.

'If you feel you have to go to Boston, go along; but I think you are foolish to stop over for your Commencement.'

Mrs. Nevin, in the act of sewing a button on a pair of sadly creased white-flannel trousers, stabbed the button at every word.

'Oh no, Mollie, not when I am right there.'

'Silly, Bert! I call it very silly. You 'll just see all your old friends, and drink a lot — '

'What more could you want?' interrupted her husband jovially. 'Sounds bang-up to me.'

Mollie was quick to destroy at one stroke the rosy picture she had unconsciously painted. 'They 'll all tell you how fat and bald you are getting.'

'No fatter and balder than they!'

Fifteen minutes of argument followed. Mollie felt that it was only a matter of time before her husband would agree to give up his idiotic idea. Surely he was convinced that it would 'only tire him out and make him cross and cost a lot of money.' Her patient husband answered very little. He was one of those maddening people who seem to those who do not know them always on the point of giving in. But underneath an apparently sliding surface, there is a rock foundation which no one can move. Three years of married life ought to have taught Mollie that arguing with her husband was energy thrown away. But she never had been quite convinced that his mind was made up from the beginning.

This evening, while he was packing, while he was changing his collar, and even while he was locking the windows and shooing out the reluctant cat, she followed him, full of words, eloquent, but utterly unconvincing. Bert interrupted her at last without ceremony.

'Good night, dear. Just time to catch the ten-twenty for town. That connects with the midnight.'

Mollie turned a cheek made warm and red with heated argument.

'I suppose I 'll be back on Monday or so. Telegraph me at the Copley Plaza if you need me. Don't forget to buy that mosquito netting for the baby's crib.'

'Oh, hush up, Bert, and run along. I want to go to bed. Good night.'

'Give your love to the boys?' called out Bert from the darkness.

There was almost a laugh at this; but Mrs. Nevin managed to turn it into an impatient cluck, and closed the door.

Mollie knew that she was in for a lonely few days. The very fact that she would miss her clumsy, unimaginative husband, as she knew she would, vexed her independent spirit. The chaos of newspapers and ashes and clothes-hangers that he had left in their room brought a little lump to her throat. This softness, however, she soon converted into the vigor with which she attacked the matter of straightening up.

Bert was a maddening man. She did n't suppose any woman had more to put up with than she. Of course, Bert was a thoroughly good man; and he was not a failure, like Geoff Evans. But he had a great many annoying habits. He talked too loud and waked the baby. He splashed so in the tub, that every morning she had to go down on her knees and mop and wring out and mop again. He never would dance or play bridge. He hated to read aloud. When it came to changing the baby's wails into gurgles, he was quite wonderful. But he spoiled her by picking her up all the time. And he would take the light over to the crib and peer at her soft closed eyelids with their little straight fringe. Of course, the baby always waked up.

Flashlight in hand, Mollie tiptoed into the next room. As she dimmed its light with her fingers, she looked long at the littleness and limpness of her baby girl. Her mouth turned down at the corners, like Bert's, she thought, and she had his fine high forehead. Two slate-blue eyes flew open, blinked twice, and in a jiffy the baby 'tuned up' (that was Bert's expression), and was off in those screams that suggest murder, which a baby can turn on with no preparation and no warning.

'Idiot!' Mollie exclaimed to herself. But it was twenty minutes before the baby was asleep, and an hour and a half before she was.

At half-past ten the next morning, Mollie had finished all her morning chores. With a feeling of complacency, she had deftly balanced a chair on a rickety table, and was cleaning the highest shelves in the big closet. When the sound of the telephone reached her ears, she gave a little jump. The table tottered and she just avoided being propelled into the middle of the floor, on her face. She was in one of her moods of quick irritation when she took up the receiver.

'Boston calling.'

Boston! Mollie's heart stopped beating. Then it gave a great flop as she heard a well-known voice.

'Hello, Mollie. Is that you?'

'Hello, Bert! Are you sick?' In her anxiety Mollie sounded provoked.

'Sick? Heavens no!'

'Are you all right?'

Bert was provoked. 'Certainly I 'm all right. What do you mean? I have n't been to Commencement yet.'

This was an unfortunate reference.

'Well, what did you call up for?'

With a slight effort Bert dropped his voice as he used to when he was courting Mollie. It never failed to thrill her.

'To hear your voice.'

This time his words stunned her so that she did n't even notice the tone.

'What? Well! Bert Nevin! For goodness' sake! You must think we 're millionaires, calling up from Boston!'

'Listen, dear. I had a dream last night. I dreamed that you loved me.'

There was a perceptible pause while Mollie struggled with an impatient impulse to put down the receiver. — How much was a Boston call? — Then she answered, in amazed disgust, —

'I 'm glad you dreamed true. — Dreamed the truth! — Dreamed the truth! ! — Bert, can't you hear me? — Are you really trying? — I said,

dreamed true. Had a true dream — Yes, true.'

She was red in the face, and furious with Bert for not understanding her one half-gracious remark. It had been such an effort. She repeated it at least ten times, with increasing vigor and in different forms. Bert seemed incapable of grasping it. When he did n't say, 'What?' he asked frantically if she really meant it.

'Dreamed the truth!' she shouted. 'Yes, I do mean it. Of course I mean it. — The TRUTH! — Yes, indeed, I mean it. — Hello! — Hello! — Hello, Bert! — HELLO! — Oh, darn!'

With this mild oath, Mollie dropped the receiver and flew back to her job. On the way, she glanced at the baby, who lay on the sleeping-porch with the morning sun streaming over her. Her lips brushed the feathery-soft cheek.

'Sweet! Sweet!' she whispered.

Then her flitting mind went back to her crazy telephone conversation. Silly of Bert. Must have cost him more than a dollar. What an odd fellow he was! Not knowing why life seemed such a merry thing to her, she sang 'The Palms' in triumph all morning, as she sorted and dusted and threw away. It was a busy day, and she started early for bed. The baby's crib she wheeled into her room, to keep her company. Then she made the eerie round of the downstairs windows, which was followed by the cat-ritual. She never had the heart to push the cat gently out with her foot, as Bert did. When she picked him up, he stiffened his legs in the frightening way cats have, and one of his claws caught in her wool dressing-gown. At last, everything was locked that should be locked, and she was in bed. One final tuck in at the baby's neck, and Mollie was asleep.

H. P. Nevin did not linger in the model brick station of the model suburban town of Glendale. The theatre local had hardly pulled out before he had disappeared in the shadows of the maples that were the boast of Glendale's main street. There is a flatness about coming home before one is expected that makes the home-comer hesitate at the doorstep. But there was nothing flat about H. P. Nevin's return, and no hesitation; he was driven home by the flail of an overwhelming fear.

The house loomed up black, like the future he was sure was ahead of him. A feeling of desolation settled over him. An empty house. Empty. No Mollie. No baby. No Mollie.

What a curious girl he had married! Nervous, but full of life. A bit fussy about details; she worried more than most men's wives. There was Mabel Coates for instance — pretty, gay, never gave a darn. But, heavens, what a fool! Mollie was no fool. And what a marvelous pal she was when she did snap her fingers at the daily grind and go on a spree with him. People always noticed Mollie. Men in restaurants and waiters. He had never been able to decide whether he liked it or not — but it was a fact. It was her fair hair, he supposed, and the way she carried her small head. — Oh, well — no more Mollie.

These dreary thoughts, repeated with variations, carried him into the hall, where he turned on the light, and almost unconsciously looked up at the electric-light fixture. Mollie always left notes there — terse, and often cryptic, notes about the furnace, or where the baby was sleeping; a word about hanging his raincoat on the newel-post so that it should be dry in the morning. Something characteristic about them — there was a trace of her vivid personality in everything Mollie touched — always made him smile. But there was no smiling to-night, and no note.

Was n't there always a note? He had

read in a book of a heroine who had left the note for her husband against the decanter — 'where you were sure to find it,' she explained ten years later. H. P. Nevin did n't own a decanter, but wandered into the dining-room nevertheless, and gave a weary glance at the sideboard. — The pincushion was the only other possibility.

He thumped noisily upstairs, unhampered by any fear of the baby's tuning up, or by his usual wholesome respect for Mollie's vigorous tongue. At the door of his room he hesitated a second; it was all he could do to go in to emptiness and silence. He turned on the light, and fixed a strange glassy stare at the bed. Then, hardly believing, he rushed forward with hands outstretched.

Mollie was sitting there, her back bravely straight, her eyes staring wide with fear. They had not lost the look of trying to see in the dark. Of the two, Bert was the more surprised. Certainly Mollie recovered quickest.

'Bert,' she whispered, 'you nearly killed me with fright.' She had to gasp the words between the happy, bear-like hugs which were almost crushing her. 'What brought you home?'

'You darling! You did n't leave your old man!'

Bert's voice was its usual cheerful roar, made louder and stronger with happiness. Mollie, as always, was on the alert.

'Sh-sh-sh! You 'll wake the baby. Do give me a chance to breathe. And do explain all this nonsense you are talking.'

Bert sat on the bed and clutched his wife's hands.

'Darling! Dear Mollie! Good old girl!' he murmured.

Mollie, who thought she was familiar with all his eccentricities, found this a new line.

'Do shut the blinds, if you are going to act this way. Heavens, Bert, I believe you 've been drinking.'

In his feeling of exaltation, Bert found this accusation not worth bothering with.

'Mollie.' He was shutting the blinds with a subdued clatter. His voice was hushed and excited. 'Why did you say you were leaving me?'

'Bert! Say I was leaving you? When, dear? This is the way you act when you wake up from a nightmare. I begin to think — '

'That 's just it. A nightmare. I dreamed you left me, — you must remember my calling you up, — and you said it was true. A true dream.'

There was a moment of blank silence while Mollie struggled to make some sense out of what seemed to her as fantastic as a chapter from *Alice in Wonderland*. She had been waked up, suddenly; she had been hideously frightened; and now, apparently, her husband had lost his reason. Then the light of memory found its way to her befogged mind.

'I said I *loved* you, dear. You asked me —

'Now listen — '

'I did n't hear — '

'Now, Mollie —'

'Bert, I tell you I —'

'Now listen here, dearie —'

'Bert, will you let me speak?'

A restless stirring in the crib made Mollie drop her voice from the shrill insistent whisper it had reached to a less penetrating tone. Bert surrendered ungraciously.

'All right. Let 's hear your story.'

Mollie began with the deliberateness of one who is sure she has the floor.

'Well. You called me up and asked if I loved you.'

'I asked if —'

'Give me a chance! You said some nonsense about dreaming I loved you. And I said yes, you had dreamed true.

I thought you were awfully stupid at the time. I don't know what to think now.'

Bert's honest eyes had a light of madness in them. He was nearly distracted. After all — he often pulled himself together by this sententious thought — he was a trained lawyer. He must n't expect his wife to have as logical a mind as his.

'Mollie. You may have thought I said loved. As a matter of fact, I said I dreamed you left me, and you said I dreamed true. Now' — he deftly headed off an interruption — 'don't say I said I loved you — I mean you loved me — I said you left me.'

He had risen and was taking off his coat and vest with quick angry motions. Mollie flopped back in the bed in impatience.

'What nonsense, Bert! Why in heaven's name did you ring off? If you made such an idiotic mistake, I should think you would at least ask *why* I was leaving you.'

Bert paused with both hands in full swing at a collar button. In his effort to be impressive, his voice fell an octave.

'Mollie. We were cut off. I spent nearly an hour trying to get you back. Can't you imagine my feelings? I was nearly crazy. I called again and again. Each time the operator said you did n't answer. You see it all fitted in. I supposed you had walked from the telephone straight out the door.'

'With the baby tucked under my arm, or left crying in her crib?'

Mollie resorted to sarcasm.

'I figured you 'd take the baby with you. — Good Heavens, how I rushed for that train!'

The memory of the past fear-haunted hours made Bert groan aloud, unconsciously. Mollie looked at him as he bent over his shabby suitcase. He looked tired and far too thin. She was a very poor wife to him, she thought. As she felt a tightening at the throat, which always preceded an almost hysterical cry, she jumped out of bed and into her soft blue dressing-gown. With both hands she smoothed the hair back from her husband's forehead.

'Dear daddie! Did you get to Commencement?'

'Commencement? I should say not. That 's day after to-morrow. I saw Mr. Sears for a most unsatisfactory half-hour, and hopped the next train after my fleeing wife.'

Mollie, deeply touched, turned away from his affectionate kiss.

'Oh, you queer fellow! "Did n't answer!" I don't suppose I was more than fifty feet away from the telephone during the whole morning. I 'll never get used to your strange ways.'

Bert was combative once more.

'My strange ways? I call it darn funny of you to make that mistake.'

'I did n't — Mistake? You said LOVE.'

There was no wavering on Mollie's part.

'I said LEAVE — but apparently it sounded like love.'

This diplomacy won the day — or night.

'I think that 's the last time I try any sentimental long-distance calls,' he added with conviction.

'I certainly hope so.' Mollie was investigating the suitcase. 'Here are those flannel trousers. They are worse than when you left. You 're the worst packer, Bert. You ruin your clothes.'

Her voice was a bit muffled. When Bert's only response was a quiet remark, full of content, that home looked pretty good to him, she suddenly felt for the hem of the flannel trousers, where untidy husbands sometimes drop ashes — and dropped a few unobserved tears.

LIGHTING THE DARK CONTINENT

NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. II

February 6, 1853.

My dear Charles, —

. . . I remember you with feelings of grateful affection every new volume I read. And as I have still a good stock untouched, my emotions will not want occasions of being stirred up for some time to come. The *Bibliotheca Sacra* and *New Englander* and some other theological works have given me a high idea of Yankee attainments in that science. They seem ahead of the British in several departments, and I am proud to think I have a brother capable of standing among such giants as a companion in arms. And I pray he may prove throughout a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Yet I don't very well understand what they see to praise in the works lately published of Dr. Chalmers. His private notes for instance are to me very poor, and many of what he calls *notabilia* are just what everybody knows. And then, when he comes to a difficult passage, he slips over it, saying a great deal on other parts which might have been left alone. I have seen the three volumes of it and could not manage to wade through them it was so *wersh*. I suspect that some critics just take up the *spoor* (trail), as we call it here, of others. . . .

I feel thankful to God who, in permitting me to labor in his work, bestows tokens of the approbation of my fellow men by throwing discoveries in my way. I never need to go much or at all out of my way to make them. Two of the persons above referred to set off on horseback to see the Falls, but were prevented. It is pleasant to recognize our Father's hand in all things. His good Providence has helped me hitherto, and I may surely trust Him for all time to come. The only point of interest this last year's batch of travellers settled was that the bite of the tsetse does not act as the innoculation for small-pox does; for a horse which was bitten and recovered last year died from having received a greater number of bites this year.

Mr. Moffat goes on laboriously with his translation of the Bible into Sechuana. In his hands it is somewhat like translating and learning Hebrew at the same time, for he is so anxious to make the Sechuana and Hebrew harmonize, he examines every word in the latter language. He writes a neat hand, yet his translation in manuscript is covered over with references and the various exercises of his mind on different words. I proposed to him to offer his manuscript of the whole Bible in Sechuana to the Library of Amherst College, and he seemed pleased with the proposition. Would the authorities there value the gift? I was induced to think of it by seeing that that library possesses a collection of the Bible in various languages. Will you make inquiry and write either him or me on the subject? We could send a Testament now and the whole Bible as soon as printed. . . . You are not restricted to Amherst. What I should prefer would be where it would be valued most. In my opinion, it is a curiosity of great interest. . . .

I am standing under a Moana, or

Baobab, tree at present, composed of six branches rising from one root and joined together till about five feet from the ground. At three feet from the ground it is 85 feet in circumference. It is at least 60 feet high. Its reddish color makes it look more like a mass of red granite than a tree. The wood is quite soft and spongy, and though such a giant in size, I suspect he is a mere baby compared to some of the historical yews and oaks of England. . . . It is a poor country this, after all. Its frequent droughts, its cattle stealing and children stealing and murders make the heart sick. But its future is in the hands of God and He will cover it with his glory. The dweller in the wilderness shall bow down before Him and all nations shall serve Him. When at Sechele's town, I took down the names of 124 children who had been stolen from that tribe alone. Many of them I could identify as having been in the mission school. The Boers now want peace from Sechele, because the Barslonge commenced stealing their cattle immediately after their attack on Sechele. This is the first instance in which Bechuanas have been known to steel cattle from white men. Sechele replied to their application, 'Can we talk of peace so long as you retain my child in slavery?' They immediately sought out one of his children who had been captured and restored him. I was present when, amidst the tears of a crowd of mothers whose children are still in bonds, Khari was restored to his mother. They have, of course, 123 children still in their possession; and leaving out of view the men and women murdered, the cattle stolen, the provisions, clothing, and property destroyed in burning the town, they think they have done enough for the securing peace by restoring one child. This is portentous impudence. . . .

My thoughts run on a book of travels, but when I reflect on what is necessary for such an undertaking, I give up in despair. I think it will be perhaps my wisest course to keep in the shade and among the hoipolloi who gazed at trees and birds and beasts centuries ago, and now sleep beneath the plains over which I wander. I think I asked your opinion about something of the sort, and now give you an insight into the workings of my own mind on the subject. Perhaps John ought to write one. Is he to be let off with doing nothing, when you and I strive so manfully to raise our family above the swinish multitude? It is not to be thought of.

SEKELETU'S TOWN, LINYANTI,
21 *September*, 1853.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

I have just glanced over a letter written for you in February last, but for the transmission of which no opportunity occurred; and as it will accompany this, I shall commence where it leaves off. Fever had brought us to a standstill, and when at last we began to move on, we found the whole country adjacent to the Chobe flooded. I was wagon-driver and pathmaker, too. Had to handle the axe all day, for in endeavoring to steer clear of tsetse, we entered a densely wooded country. The increased leafiness of the trees, and grass ten feet high, showed me we were in a warm and very moist climate. An old acquaintance startled us, and that was no other than vines of great luxuriance bearing fine bunches of dark purple grapes. The seeds were very large and very astringent. But we were brought up by the flood, valleys seemed large rivers, and though we crossed several, one about half a mile aroad, with hippopotami in it, prevented farther progress. Two Bushmen who had assisted in taking care of the oxen decamped. This was owing to my being unable to speak their language, and they feared

that difficulties would make me angry with them. A few sweet words spoken warm from the heart are worth more than dollars or doubloons in these cases; but these, in consequence of not knowing their unearthly language, I could not employ.

Most of my own people had to be lifted out and into the wagon like children. We were in 18° 4′, and knew the Chobe and Makolo must be near; so, taking a small pontoon and one of the strongest of my invalids, I crossed the river, a branch of the Chobe, and went NNW. on foot. The grass, about four feet high and densely planted, stood in water which reached sometimes above the ankle, sometimes to the middle of the body. We had to push a way through the grass with our knees. That and abortive attempts to break through the immense mass of reeds which line the Chobe wore strong moleskin trousers through at the knees, and the shoes at the toes. I protected the former by tieing my handkerchief around them. The latter had to rough it. We spent three nights among the reeds. I had Æsop's burden, the food, and a gun and coat — my companion carried the pontoon on his head. He frequently fell down in the water from weakness. I shot antelopes, and so kept his stomach and spirits in a state of tension; but, poor fellow, it was unpleasant to look at him when I made him laugh. There were as many of Hogarth's lines of beauty on his face as one sees on the countenance of a gridiron. . . .

Through God's mercy I had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, but now fever laid hold on me. I have had eight attacks altogether — never laid by longer than to allow medicines to fulfill their indications. I tried native remedies, in order to discover if they possessed any valuable remedies for the fever; but, after being stewed in vapor, smoked like a red herring over fires of green sticks in hot potsherds, and physicked in ways which would have upset the gravity of anyone except a son of Æsculapius, I have come to the conclusion that our own medicines are both more effectual and safer. Reëstablishment of the perspiration is the first and almost only thing they attend to; divination, to know what kind of ox is to be slaughtered in order to propitiate the Barimo, or gods, the second; but the doctor receiving a large share of the meat, makes me suspect it bears the same relationship to the cure as the guinea of their more civilized brethren.

Our reception here was as kind and flattering as could have been desired. The chief, just over eighteen years of age, hailed me as another father, and often pressed me to name anything I wished, in order that he might show his affection. He seemed distressed when I refused to name anything in his power. Did not like to begin to learn to read, for fear it would change his heart and make him content with one wife, as in the case of Sechele; and when I proposed to examine the country with reference to the selection of a salubrious spot for a mission station, he must accompany me. . . .

In ascending the river [Zambesi] toward the Barotse country, my attention was constantly called to the beauty of the scenery. It is indeed a magnificent river — often more than a mile broad and studded with islands three or four miles long. These and the banks are generally covered with sylvan vegetation down to the water's edge. At a little distance they seem like large rounded masses of various hues of green reclining on the bosom of the waters. The feathery date-palm and palmyra, shooting high above the rest, look lovely against a cloudless sky. Several rapids, or rather cataracts, exist in the river. They are from four to six feet

high. But the falls of Gonye (Gon-yé — hard g) excel them all. They cannot be approached at all times. We had to wade one hundred yards through very rapid water rushing on to a smaller fall below, before we came to a rock, which forms the peculiarity of Gonye. There is a clear fall of about fifty yards in length over a perpendicular rock forty feet high. The rock on which we stand juts out in front of this, and both narrows the bed of the river below and receives a portion of the falling water, as it were into a chasm. The dash of the water against this rock is so tremendous, a cloud of spray rises, and at the time we were there a beautiful rainbow played on its surface. Some of the heathen who accompanied me exclaimed, 'How grand are the works of God!' Others washed their faces in the spray as a charm; while others, mindful of the wants of the nose, searched in the holes in the rocks for round stones to grind snuff. . . .

I am at present waiting for the commencement of the rains, in order to proceed westward. I think of Loanda in preference to Benguela, as containing most English and being more salubrious. I have just come off a journey of nine weeks in the Barotse country. From the chief downwards all were kind and obliging. Food was abundant. Ten or twenty oxen were sometimes slaughtered in one day, and I could send to the chief's larder whenever I chose. Yet the quarreling, jesting, anecdotes, murdering, grumbling, etc., etc., had given me a more intense disgust of heathenism than I ever possessed before. The low dens and by-lanes of London, into which I have been sent when connected with one of the medical charities, never presented anything so degraded and vile to my imagination. The internal condition of Africa calls for the compassion of Christians as much as the external woe inflicted on it by the slave trade. A nation scattered and peeled — a people robbed and spoiled, trodden down and not comforted. Will it indeed soon stretch out its hands to God? Let thy kingdom come, Lord God omnipotent.

When we came here, a party of Marubari fled as soon as they heard of our approach. The Makololo told them that I would do no harm. 'Oh, yes he will, he will take all our goods because we deal in slaves.' Orders had been issued against selling children, and in this part there was no trade for them. A Portuguese slave merchant came from Bié, which I believe is the farthest-inland trading station they have opposite to Benguela. He seemed disappointed in his expectations of finding a market, for he remained only a few days and then returned. Another came to Barotse from the same station and by an intrigue with an under-chief succeeded in collecting a large number of slaves from the northern part of the country, and among the Matoka and Bashukulompo. This under-chief, called Mpépe, thought he had a claim to the chieftainship, and in order to secure the slave merchant's assistance, handed over all the real chief's ivory to him and gave him full liberty to use his name in slave-trading in all the north-eastern towns. A stockade was built, the Portuguese flag hoisted, and a small cannon presented to Mpépe. The slave merchant and Mpépe came down to this part. The latter had planned the assassination of the chief, but a very slight circumstance deranged his plan. He had told his confederates that, when Sekeletu rose up from conversing with him, he would hamstring him with a battle-axe he carried. We met on our way towards the Barotse, and I happened to sit down between Mpépe and the chief. After conversing a little, I asked the chief where he would sleep. He re-

plied, 'Come, I will show you.' We rose together and I, being behind, covered him with my body. As soon as it was dark, his confederates revealed the whole to the Chief, and Mpepe was caught by his own friends, led forth, and executed. I knew nothing of the matter till the following day. Mpepe's father and several confederates were also put to death, and when I remonstrated against bloodshed, the reply given was, 'We are still Boers, we are not yet taught.' . . .

We met Arabs from Zanzibar, subjects of the Imam of Muscat, who could write Arabic readily in my notebook — some of them had been quite across the continent. I admired the boldness with which they declared, 'Muhamed was the greatest of all the prophets.' . . .

The black race which is aboriginal is properly called Makalaka. This term includes Bashubea, Banyeti, Barotse, etc., etc.; indeed, all the very black people on the river and countries adjacent. They are superior to the southern tribes in ingenuity and industry. They cultivate grain and other eatables largely, but, contrary to my expectation, those who excel both as agriculturists and manufacturers have always succumbed to every invader. The 'Sons of the soil' who have pluck inherit it through some other channel than the exhalations of Mother Earth. Sauturu extended his dominion over all this region. He refused the Marubari permission to buy his people, so I have no doubt Sekeletu may put a stop to slaving, too. He transplanted trees to his towns, many of which are now standing, and reared the young of wild animals in his town. He had two tame hippopotami in his town, and was much beloved by his people. When he passed his first capital, called Lilonda, the people led me to a grove in which were curious instruments of iron — an upright stalk with numerous branches proceeding from it, at the end of each of which there was a miniature hoe, or axe, or spear. . . .

Although the inhabitants are unaccustomed to the preservation of articles of barter at present, they soon learn if a trader comes regularly. The great antidote however for all the woes of Africa is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Without this, the mightiest power ever wielded on earth, I should despair of effecting anything for the children of Ham. But give them the Gospel, and then, though my head may be low before its effects are seen, these effects are coming yet for a' that.

> And man and man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that.

RIVER OF THE BASHUKULOMPO,
NEAR ITS CONFLUENCE WITH THE ZAMBESI,
Lat. 15 47′ S. Long. 28 50′ East,
20 *December,* 1855.

My dear Charles, —

A little leisure, obtained together with a bountiful supply of pork for my party, enables me to commence an epistle for my Yankee brother. We number 115 in all, so you may wonder whether we have a Connecticut, or whatever else that great American 'juggery' is called, in Intertropical Africa. We got a hippopotamus last night, and, some elephants appearing this morning, the men ran off and soon killed a fine cow with their spears; and as both animals belong to the Pachydermata, their flesh is pork, I suppose. That of the river horse is very like it, and much liked in the colony, as such. My men are now all cutting it up into long strings for drying and roasting it, boiling it, and laughing. I am sitting on some grass in the midst of ranges of beautiful tree-covered hills, and after this gastronomic introduction will *more parsonico* proceed as follows. . . .

We came down the river from Ses-

keke, convoyed by Sekeletu and principal men with about 200 followers; and about ten miles below the confluence of the Chobe the rapids began, which compelled us to leave the canoes and march along the bank on foot. Twenty miles brought us to the island of Sekote or Kalai. As it was necessary to turn off to the northeast from this point, in order to avoid tsetse, I took a canoe and went about eight miles farther down, to see the falls of Mosisatunya. [Victoria Falls.] When five or six miles distant, we saw five columns of smoke ascending apparently to the clouds. Taking a little light canoe when about a mile above the spot, and men well acquainted with the rapids, we then went to an island situated about the middle of the tip or ledge over which the Zambesi rolls, and then, crawling to the edge, peered over into the wonderful abyss which constitutes Mosisatunya (smoke sounds).

There is always something new from Africa, said Scipio, or somebody as wise. You may see your big Niagara, but you cannot see a river leaping into a straight jacket. Imagine the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills (300 feet) from the Tunnel down to Gravesend, and its bottom formed of basalt instead of mud. Then fancy, further, a rent made in the bed from bank to bank down through the roof of the tunnel, and the pathway to be about one hundred feet below, instead of what it is — the lips of the fissure being from fifty to one hundred feet apart, and the whole mass of water flowing southerly, leaping down into this and suddenly compressed from a thousand yards into fifteen or twenty, then compelled to flow from east to west, or from the right to the left bank, where turning a corner, it resumes, in the fissure prolonged in that direction, its southerly course. The fissure, in passing through the hills for about thirty miles, becomes much deeper, probably 300 feet. Then the river opens out again, and as our goodly Zambesi flows placidly away to the northeast. In looking down into the fissure on the right, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud with two rainbows on it. An amount of vapor rushes up which I never saw equaled anywhere else. Rising about 300 feet, it becomes black and descends in a smart shower, which soon wet us to the skin. In the distance it resembles African grass burning. We have no idea of the depth of the fissure on the right side. On the left a large piece has fallen in, and that seems about one hundred feet from the lip over which we are looking. The lip over which the water flows has its edge worn about three feet down to the three portions into which the water divides itself at low water. At this period there is about 600 yards broad of falls. There are two smaller ones, hence the five columns of vapor. This lip may be said to be serrated on the edge, several large pieces having fallen in, and it is from fifty to one hundred feet distant from the opposite one, which has a clean sharp edge. Both are quite perpendicular. The opposite lip is ornamented with a large straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are constantly wet by the perpetual shower. Little streams run down from the hedge into the gulf, but never reach the bottom. The ascending mass of vapor blows them all aloft again.

In former times the three principal falls were places of worship for three chiefs who lived in the neighborhood. I suppose they thought the feelings of awe which the scene inspires were appropriate in praying to the Barims (gods, or departed spirits). The never-ceasing roar might convey an idea of the flood gushing forth from beneath the footstool of the Eternal; and the bright rainbows immovable on the fearful turmoil below, that of Deity pre-

siding over all unstable things, Himself alone unchangeable. But they never knew Him as we do, in the face of his Anointed — a God of benevolence and love. They were a bloody, imperious crew, and in all their villages one sees numerous heads mounted on poles. I counted between fifty and sixty so exhibited in one village, and on asking the son of the headman who had killed the owners, what had been his father's motive, 'To show strangers his fierceness.' . . .

I returned next day with Sekeletu on a little speculation of my own. The island on which we stood in the middle of the falls is covered with trees, and they are nourished by occasional puffs of the wind carrying a gentle shower from the columns over the island. I have often planted fruit-tree stones, but this climate, though much more humid than the south, is troubled with intermittent droughts which destroy tender plants. I always lost my plants by my friends forgetting to supply moisture. Seeing it clear, therefore, that Mosisatunya would not forget to throw up vapor nor the winds to blow, I made a little nursery for peaches, apricots, and coffee, at a part of the island which I think will get about a proper quantity of the condensed vapor. The only enemy I have to fear is the hippopotamus, of which we saw footprints on the island; but a Makololo promised to make a hedge, and if the brutes don't break through, I have great hopes of Mr. Mosisatunya's abilities as a nurseryman. When the river rises four or five feet, the island is totally unapproachable by man, and then there is a continuous fall of a thousand yards. I am, however, a miserable judge of distances on water. . . .

You are, of course, aware from former correspondence of the nature of my plans. I determined to find a path from a healthy spot in the interior to either the east or west coast, and was in hopes that thereby European merchants would step in and supply the market with objects of legitimate commerce in exchange for ivory, etc., and by that means supplant the trade in slaves. I could not find a healthy locality, but did not turn tail for that. So pushed away through to Loanda; the merchants and governor behaved most handsomely to my companions. (Among the former there is a Yankee.) And when we returned to Sekeletu, another party was dispatched, with only two days for preparation, and this time with a considerable quantity of ivory, but under the guidance of an Arab from Zanzibar. My men are allowed a period of rest, but though both they and I had to spend all for food on our way home, they are quite enthusiastic about returning again. . . .

In coming through the country of the Balonda we pass a little lake called Diollo, and there is a river connected with it, called Lotembua, which has the singular fortune of running two ways at once, the upper or northern portion of it flows NW into the Casai, the lower or southern half runs into the Leeba, which again flows into the Zambesi. As the Casai is the main branch of the Congo, or Zaire, the Lotembua pours some of its waters into the sea on the west coast and some into the same receptacle on the east coast, or, to write more magniloquently, Lotembua divides its waters between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. This little lake which — Hear it, my dear Republican! — I would have liked to have called Victoria; but I felt like the silly fellow (Scholasticos) in the Glasgow Greek classbook, who, seeing a large party of friends arrive to assist at the funeral of his child, came out and apologized for having only one little baby to bury. Well, it set me a-cogitating, and I soon perceived what I might have done long

before, that the real form of the continent is not, as was imagined, an elevated tableland with high mountains, African cordilleras running from N. to S., but a hollow basin, with an elevated bridge on each side, distant in both cases about three hundred miles from the coast. This is clearly evident from all the sources of the Casai flowing from the western ridge toward the centre of the continent. . . .

Now take care and imbibe the real idea I mean to convey, for I have more than the philosophy of the thing in view. The middle of the continent is beyond doubt a basin, but only with respect to the longitudinal ridges named, and *not as regards the level of the sea.* . . .

Without dosing you *ad nauseam* with geology, for the pursuit of which science I have myself always had more inclination than leisure, I may add that before the fissure of Mosisatunya was made, there was a vast lake west of it, which included Lake Ngami, Libebe, Linyanti, etc., in its bosom. The Zambesi then flowed in a bed on the left of the fissure, in which a small stream now flows, called Lekone, but it runs away back and joins the river above the falls. The beginning of the ancient bed is on the same level as Linyanti. Leaving it and going northeastward, we came to another, called Unguesi, which also runs backward and joins the river above the rapids. On the centre of the ridge runs the Kalomo (scarcely more than mountain torrents, all of them), but it flows south and joins the Zambesi below the falls. Then the Mozuma, which is the first shewing inclinations eastwards. Now this ridge is perfectly salubrious, and so is that on the west. There are neither springs nor fountains nor marshes on it; the grass is short and well suited for pasturage. It once contained a very large population as the ruins of towns everywhere testify, and is well adapted for raising native produce. It has again been overrun by fire and sword.

The people are humbled by these calamities, and after the first suspicions were over received us joyfully as harbingers of peace. 'Give us sleep,' said they, 'that we may repose without dreaming of men pursuing us with spear in hand.' They are very degraded, dress *in puris naturalibus*, and make one think that man is the most inelegant animal alive. I asked an old man with as much civility as I could muster, for it is as useful among savages as among *savants*, if he had never thought of a slight departure, a fig-leaf for instance, from his original costume, though he might not approve of 'going into bags' (they call our dress so). He looked at me with that sort of leer the so-called freethinkers adopt when pitying our weakness for freely thinking that the Bible is verily God's message to man. He answered with a smile. He was not troubled with my weak prejudices!

The Makololo once lived on the ridge, and I now remember that on my asking Sebituane if his country were all as unhealthy as Linyanti, he referred me to this, and told me he was forced to leave it by the Matebele. It has all the appearance of salubrity, open undulating downs, with but few trees except on the hills, which are always covered with them. Both eastern and western ridges have the same character; indeed, many of the trees are identical with those on the slopes down from Cassenye, and so are the plants and rocks — mica-slate glancing in the sun like burnished gold. They extend a long way north, and missionaries would do well to push on to them as soon as possible; for these will form the standing points from which will shine forth the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. . . .

Besides banks of shells on both coasts, showing recent elevation, there

are other indications in the failure of nearly all streams and fountains within the ridge whose course was to it, or westward; and if this is the geological process now going on — draining process on a vast scale — it is perhaps not too speculative to think it tends to a healthy millennium for Africa. At any rate, we know there is to be a glorious consumnation to all God's dealings with our race. Let our missionary brethren examine whether the peculiar formation pointed out does not afford salubrious situations for Christian operations all along the continent. The promotion of commerce is an excellent means of civilization. I heartily wish success to every effort in that line, but commerce cannot touch the centre of the wants of Africa. It does not come near the point by a very wide figure. Therefore I say, Let the time come, O Lord, when the dwellers in the wilderness shall bow down before Thee. . . .

We hope to reach the coast in a month or two. It is an entirely new path; no European ever crossed the continent before. Arabs, however, have done it frequently, and it was accomplished by two native Portuguese. This fact was deemed of so much importance that it was noticed in the history of Angola. There was never any chain of stations across the continent, as mentioned by some Portuguese. Pereira's journey to Cazembe is known; he was heard of only here. Indeed, the use they apply the ivory to shows they had it. The chief's grave at Kalai had seventy large tusks placed round its edges, the points looking inward, the bodies sunk halfway in the ground. There were thirty on other graves.

In a newspaper report of a meeting in New York of the Geographical Society, I see Mr. Oswel is by mistake called Captain. He formerly belonged to the civil service of the East India Company, and his office was more that of a judge than anything else. The map is also spoken of as a copy of Captain Oswel's map, and the same mistake has been made in England, certainly not by his authority, for he is scrupulously conscientious in all such matters. It was drawn by natives employed by both of us. We polished it up a little, but agreed to give it as an *approximation only from native information.* By ascribing it either to my friend or myself, you miss the pleasure of observing how wonderfully near the natives come to the truth as obtained by actual observation. Please do not allow this to be published. I do not grudge my generous friend one particle of the honor. If I did, I might grumble aloud. I may, however, say to you privately that the plan of employing natives speaking the language (and the execution of it alone) originated and was carried out by your own flesh and blood. . . .

Arrived at the farthest inland station at present occupied by the Portuguese, very much tired out by marching over a rough stony bushy country, without paths. But in good health. Had no fever all the way from Linyanti — thankful to God for preserving me thus far. But I am not so elated with the speedy accomplishment of the feat of crossing the continent as might be expected, *for the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise.* . . . The geological features of the country from the ridges down this way show that Africa once had very much the same form with the opposite coast (eastern) of America. Plenty of silicified wood, coal in abundance, iron for the lifting and gold for the washing, and souls to be saved by the preaching of the Cross of Christ.

THE BLAST-FURNACE

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. IV

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

At the end of every shift, when I walked toward the green mill-gate, just past the edge of the power house, I could look over toward the blast-furnaces. There were five of them, standing up like very fat cigars some hundred feet in height. A maze of pipes, large as tunnels, twisted about them, and passed into great boilers, three or four of which rose between each two furnaces.

These I learned were 'stoves' for heating the blast.

I had had in mind for several days asking for a transfer to this interesting apparatus. There was less lifting of dead weight on the blast-furnace jobs than on the open-hearth. Besides, I wanted to see the beginning of the making of steel — the first transformation the ore catches, on its way toward becoming a steel rail, or a surgical instrument.

I went to see the blast-furnace superintendent, Mr. Beck, at his house on Superintendent's Hill.

'I am working on the open-hearth,' I said, 'and want very much to get transferred to the blast-furnace. I intend to learn the steel business, and want to see the beginnings of things.'

'How much education?' he asked.

'I graduated from college,' I said — 'Yale College.'

Would that complicate the thing, I wondered, or get in the way? I wanted badly to sit down for a talk, tell him the whole story; army, Washington, hopes and fears — I liked him a good deal. But he was in a hurry — perhaps that might come on a later day.

We talked a little. He said I ought to come into the office for a while and 'learn to figure burdens.' I replied that I wanted the experience of the outside, and a start at the bottom.

'All right,' he said, 'I'll put you outside. Come Monday morning.'

On Monday morning I followed the cindered road inside the gate for three hundred yards, turned off across a railroad track, and passed a machine-shop. The concrete bases of the blast-furnaces rose before me. Somebody had just turned a wheel on the side of one of the boiler-like 'stoves,' and a deafening blare, like tons of steam getting away, broke on my eardrums. I asked where the office was.

'Through there.'

Up some steps, over a concrete platform, past the blaring 'stove,' I went, to the other side of the furnaces, and found there a flat, dirty building — the office. Inside was Mr. Beck, who turned me over at once to Adolph, the 'stove-gang boss.'

I was a little anxious over this introduction to things, and thought it might embarrass or prevent comradeships.

But it did n't. No one knew, or, if he did, ever gave it a thought. It may perhaps have accounted for Adolph's letting me keep my clothes in his shanty that night, and for considerable conversation he vouchsafed on the first day. But my individuality passed quickly, very quickly; I became no more than a part of that rather dingy unit, the stove-gang.

While I was putting on my clothes in Adolph's sheet-iron shanty, he grinned and said, 'Last time, pretty dirty job, too, eh?'

'Yes,' I said, 'open-hearth.'

He led me out of the shanty, past three stoves, up an iron staircase, past a blast-furnace, and through a 'cast-house.' That is not as interesting as I hoped. It is merely a place of many ditches, or run-ways, that lead the molten iron from the furnace to the ladle. Very little iron is ever 'cast,' since the blast-furnaces here make iron only for the sake of swiftly transporting it, while still hot, to the Bessemer and open-hearth, for further metamorphosis into steel.

We came at last to more stoves, a set of three for No. 4 blast-furnace. Near the middle one was a little group of seven men, three of them with a bar, which they thrust and withdrew constantly in an open door of the stove. Inside were shelving masses and gobs of glowing cinder.

'You work with these fellers,' Adolph said, and passed out of sight along the stoves.

I watched carefully for a long time, which was a cardinal rule of practice with me on joining up with a new gang. It was best, I thought, to shut up, and study for a spell the characters of the men, the movements and knacks of the job. I think this reserve helped, for the men were first to make advances, and before the day was out, I had a life-history from most of them.

'Where you work, las' job?' asked a little Italian with a thin, blond moustache, after he had finished his turn on the crow-bar.

'Open-hearth,' I said, 'third-helper.'

'I work three week open-hearth,' he said; 'too hot, no good.'

'Hot all right,' I said; 'how's this job?'

'Oh, pretty good, this no'ing,' he said; 'sometimes we go in stove, clean 'em up, hot in there like hell. Some day all right, some day no good.'

I had been watching the stove, and caught the simple order of movements. Two or three men, with long lunging thrusts, loosened the glowing cinder inside a firebox; another pulled it out with a hoe into a steel wheelbarrow; another dumped the load on a growing pile of cinder over the edge of the platform. When one of the men disappeared for a chew, I grabbed the wheelbarrow at hauling-out time, and worked into the job.

In fifteen minutes that fire-box was cleared out, and we moved to the next stove. We skipped that; the door was locked and wedged. I learned later that if we had opened it, the blast (being 'on' in the stove) would in all likelihood have killed all of us. It blew out with sufficient pressure to carry a man forty yards. But the next stove we tackled. I tried the thrusting of the bar this time. The trick is to aim well at a likely crack, thrust in hard and together, and with all the weight on the bar, spring it up and down till the cinder gives. It was good exercise without strain, and so cool in comparison with open-hearth work that I took a real joy in the hot cinder. The heat was comparable to a wood fire, and only occasionally was it necessary to hug close.

We did five stoves, taking the wheelbarrow with us, and carrying it up the steps, when we passed from one level to

another. After the five came a lull. Two of the men rolled cigarettes, the rest reinforced a chew that already looked as big as an apple in the cheek. For both these comforting acts, 'Honest Scrap' was used, a tobacco that is stringy and dark, and is carried in great bulk, in a paper package.

The men sat on steps or leaned against girders. A short Italian near me, with quick movements, and full of unending talk, looked up and asked the familiar question: 'What job you work at, last time?'

'Open-hearth,' I said.

'How much pay?'

'Forty-five cents an hour.'

'No like job?'

'No, like this job better,' I returned.

He paused. Then, 'What job you work at before open-hearth?'

'Oh,' I said, 'I was in the army.'

His face became alert at once, and interested. The others stopped talking, also, and looked over at me.

'Me have broder in de American army; no in army, mysel'; me one time Italian army. How long time you?'

'Nearly two years,' I said.

'Oversea?'

'Yes, but did n't get to front, before war over. No fight,' I answered, adopting the abbreviated style, as I sometimes did. It seemed unnecessary, and a little discourteous, to use a rounded phrase with all the adorning English particles.

He jumped down from the steps and took up a broom, executing a 'shoulder arms' or two, and the flat-hand Italian salute, performed with a tremendous air.

'Here,' I said, 'bayonet.'

I took the broomstick and did the bayonet exercises. The gang stood up and watched with delight, making comments in several languages. Especially the eyes of the Italian danced. The incident left a genial social atmosphere.

Adolph came in from behind one of the stoves, as I was concluding a 'long point.'

'Come on,' he said, looking at me with a grin, and when I had followed him, 'I show you furnace, li'l bit.'

He took me to a stair-ladder near the skip that ascended to the top of No. 5. For every furnace, a skip carries up the ore and other ingredients for melting inside. It is a funicular-like thing — a continuous belt, with boxes attached, running from the 'hopper' at the top of the furnace to the 'stockroom' underground.

We started to climb the steps at the left of the belt. There was a little rail between us and the moving boxes of ore.

'See dat,' said Adolph, pointing through at the boxes.

'Keep head inside,' he said, 'keep hand inside; cut 'em off quick.' He illustrated the amputation, with great vivacity, on his throat and wrists.

It was a climb of five minutes to the furnace-top. We paused to look at the mounting boxes.

'Ore?' I asked.

He nodded.

Pretty soon the iron ceased coming, and a white stone took its place in the boxes.

'What's that?'

'Limestone,' he said. 'Next come coke. Look.'

We were near enough to the top to see the boxes tilt and the hopper open and swallow the dumping of stone. In a minute or two, we stepped out on the platform on top of the furnace.

Adolph looked at me and grinned. 'You smell dat gas?' he asked.

I nodded. He referred to the carbon monoxide that I knew issued from the top of all blast-furnaces.

'You stay li'l bit, pretty soon you drunk,' he said.

'Let's not,' I returned.

'You stay li'l bit more,' he continued, his grin broadening; 'pretty soon you dead.'

I learned, in later days, that this was perfectly accurate.

We stood on a little round platform fifteen or twenty feet across, with the hopper in the centre gobbling iron ore and limestone. A layer of ore dust, an inch thick, covered the flooring, and a faint odor of gas was in the air. Each of the other five furnaces had a similar lookout, and a narrow passageway connected them with the tops of the stoves. The top of these gigantic shafts likewise had a diameter of some fifteen feet; there were little railings about them, and in the centre a trapdoor.

'What's that for?' I asked.

'Go inside to clean 'em out,' he returned.

I wondered, with a few flights of imagination, what that job would be like, and remembered that the Italian with the blond moustache had spoken of the duty in uncomplimentary terms.

We could look forth from this eminence and see the whole mill yard, which was nearly a mile in extent. Over the 'gas house,' a large building that I had n't noticed before, — the source of gas for the open-hearth, — and far to the left, were the Bessemers, spouting red gold against a very blue sky. On their right rose the familiar stacks of the open-hearth. I looked intently at them and wondered what No. 7 did at that moment — front-wall, back-wall, or tapping its periodic deluge of hot steel? In the foreground, a variety of gables, and then the irregular roof far beyond that I knew was the blooming-mill, because of the interesting yard, with the muscular cranes tossing about bars and shapes and sheets of steel. An immense system of railways everywhere, running down as far as the river bank, where were piles of cinder, and a trainload of ladles moving there to dump. A half-mile away, another iron-clad cluster of buildings; the tube-mill, the nail-mill, and so forth, with convenient rails running up to them.

I turned around. Near by, slightly beyond the foot of the skips, was that impressive hill of red dust, the ore-pile. Iron ore was being taken away from the skips, with one of those spider-like mechanisms that combine crane, derrick, and steam shovel. It was built hugely — two uprights forty or fifty feet high, at a distance, I estimate, of a hundred yards, with their bases secured to railway cars. A crossbeam joined them, which was itself a monorail along which a man-carrying car ran. From that car dropped chains, attaching themselves at the bottom to the familiar automatic shovel or scoop.

First the whole arrangement moved — the uprights, the crosspiece, and the monorail car — very slowly over the whole hill of ore, to a good spot for digging. Then the monorail car sped to the chosen position, and the shovel fell rapidly into the ore. With a mouthful secure, the chains lifted a little, enough to clear the remaining ore, and the car ran its mouthful to the hill's edge, to dump into special gondolas on railroad tracks. The whole gigantic ore-hill was within easy reach of a single instrument.

'Ought to last a while,' I said.

'Will be gone in a month,' he returned.

II

Everybody wore good clothes to work, and changed in the shanty to his furnace outfit. I usually came in a brown suit, which had been out in the rain a good many times and was fairly shapeless. One day I entered the mill in a gray suit, which fitted and was moderately pressed.

At the dinner-bucket hour in the shanty, I was asked by John the Ital-

ian, 'How much you pay for suit, Charlie?'

I was embarrassed, fearing vaguely explanations that might have to follow a declaration of price. I suddenly recalled the fact that the suit had been given me by my brother, so that I did n't know the price, and said so.

'My brother give me suit, I don't know how much he pay,' I said. That dumped me into another quandary.

'What job your brother have?' I was immediately asked.

I thought a moment and answered truthfully again.

'My brother, priest,' I said.

That arrested immediate attention, and I was looked at with respect and curiosity.

Tony finally said, 'Why you no be priest, Charlie?'

'Oh,' I answered, laughing, 'I run away, I like raise hell too much be priest.' This was pretty accurate, too.

'O Charlie!' they bellowed.

After that the gang were friends to the death.

I went into the employment office one day, to fix up the papers of my transfer to the blast-furnace, and got into a talk with Burke, the employment manager, about personnel work.

'What do you think of the game?' I asked.

'It 's great,' he returned; 'it 's working with human material — that 's what it is; there 's nothing like it. But,' he added, 'if you have any ideas about unions, keep them in the back of your head — if you want a job in steel. They won't stand for that sort of thing.'

He looked down on his desk, where there was a news-clipping of the demands of the American Federation of Labor's strike committee — the twelve demands. He pointed to it.

'We give them practically all of these here in Bouton,' he said; 'all but two or three.'

'The eight-hour day?' I queried.

'Yes, we give them the eight-hour day: overtime for everything over eight hours.'

'Could I stop work to-day after eight hours' work on the furnace?' I asked. 'Could anyone before six o'clock, and hold his job?'

'Oh, no,' he returned.

'I should call that a twelve-hour day,' I said.

The men on the furnaces were talk- about the strike that day. One young American said, 'Well, strike starts Monday. Damned if I won't go if the rest do.'

There were no leaders about, and it was unlikely, perhaps, that any would appear. There seemed to be a current opinion that any organizers got 'taken off the train before they get to Bouton.'

The Old Home Week Carnival had been called off through the influence of the mill authorities. They were afraid of a strike committee coming from the next town and having a parade to lead the men out.

A special train went through Bouton that day, about five o'clock. Everyone watched it from the furnaces and speculated what it meant. It was a double-header, and passed through at top speed. The Assistant Superintendent, Lonergan, suggested: 'Troops going to quell strike riots. A lot of those fellers are overseas men of the National Guard. They 're havin' trouble with 'em. I don't blame the boys a damn bit for not wantin' "to preserve order in the steel towns," as the papers call it,' he concluded, with a grin.

Haverly, an American blower, came up. 'Fight for democracy overseas and against it over here,' he said.

It is difficult to say what the men here would have done if they had had leadership. They had none, since no organizers whatever appeared, and no speech-making occurred in town.

There was pretty good feeling toward the company itself, which is, I believe, one of the best. A deep-seated hatred, however, existed against the whole system of steel. There was anger and resentment that ran straight through, from the cinder-snapper to the high-paid blowers, melters, and, in some cases, superintendents.

I was quite amazed — because of what the newspapers were continually saying — at the absence of any sociological ideas whatever. But though without doctrines, except in rare instances, there was a massive stream of complaint against certain things, such as the company-owned town, the twelve-hour day, the twenty-four-hour shift, the seven-day week, and certain remediable dangers. It pervaded all ranks.

III

We were getting ready one day to 'blow in' No. 9 blast-furnace. It was a new one, and we had been busy for a couple of days piling wood inside, preparatory to lighting it up. I had been working beside an intelligent-looking Serb, and neither of us ventured conversation till that day.

'Did you ever write movie scenarios?' he asked.

If he had said, 'I have just finished reading George Borrow,' I should have not have been more profoundly nonplussed. I controlled a bursting impulse to roar, and answered, 'Yes, did you?'

'Yes,' he returned; 'it 's quite a trick, is n't it?'

I admitted that there was a technique in writing movies.

'I have a book,' he went on, 'that tells you the dope. I no write myself, I dictate. I no write English.'

We put down the log, and went to get a separate stick each, meeting again at the slag hole.

'I have a scheme,' he said. 'Get moving-picture camera, get man run him, and take camera and man to Serbia. Go where war come.'

'Devastated places, ruins,' I suggested.

'Yes, go all through Slavic country, take picture soldiers, guns, ruin farm, house, city; come back, show steel towns, I go with picture McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Youngstown. Show everywhere; people like. What you think?'

'A very good idea,' I said warmly.

'Make big money,' he concluded, grinning. 'No work no more.'

This was the end of that extraordinary incident, but not of my conversations with this scenario furnace-helper. We exchanged a commonplace or two about the job and the new furnace, asked each other how long we had worked in Bouton, the sort of feller the boss was, and so forth, and then my companion dove quickly into family history, which was decidedly sensational and was evidently on his mind.

'My wife run away, little while ago,' he began. 'One day I go home, and find my two boys hungry; no eat since eight o'clock in the morning. She go away with de other feller, tak' lot of money, but leave me $300. Funny thing, eh?'

'Did you suspect she was going with the other fellow?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'He work over in gas-house, I know him. But I no think she go off. She go just as far as she can with him, California. I hear from friend, tell about her. He go three weeks ahead, so I no suspect. But I know.'

'How about the children?' I asked.

'She leave me two, take one chile with her,' he said. 'But I catch him sometime,' he cried excitedly. 'You know what I do when I catch him. I tak' away his jaw. That 's all. Every time people ask him how he hurt his

face, he have to think of what he done. I no kill him.'

'But won't you put him in prison?' I asked.

'Yes, if detective catch him, I take him court; but if I catch him, I tak' his jaw. I hear detective no cost very much money. You see they get free ride on the railroad.'

'I see,' I said.

I watched him often after that, as we heaped up cord upon cord for the greedy furnaces. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with a narrow waist, and a healthy loose strength when he swung a log. I looked at his calm, rather pale Slavic face, and kept repeating his words to myself: 'I no kill him, I tak' his jaw, that 's all.'

The man and the story had directness and simplicity in them. His was a vigorous, if an elemental, character.

He talked a good deal during the whole preliminary work on No. 9. He followed European politics through his own and through American newspapers, and knew accurately the military situation so far as it affected his countrymen.

'New country now,' I said. 'Yugoslavia.'

He was delighted that I knew, and that I was glad to hear him talk about it. He gave me the Serbian point of view as to the origin of the World War.

'Have you ever worked on other jobs?' I asked.

'Oh, I try 'em all,' he responded: 'open-hearth, Bessemer, rolling-mill, but only little time, I try 'em. Like blast-furnace best. I know all about blast-furnace. I work first-helper, second-helper, third-helper, work-keeper. You know de peephole into furnace?' he said, his eyes brightening.

I nodded.

'I look in: I tell you what furnace want; more coke, more limestone; too hot, too cold. I look at hot iron come from tap; I tell you good, no good. Too much sulphur. H-m-m; I like work blast-furnace; I like job.'

This was a speech I remembered a long while. At last, someone with a bit of craftsmanship in his make-up, who had found what he liked.

'How long have you worked on blast-furnaces?' I asked.

'Twelve year,' he said; and added, 'You get on my shift, I learn you furnace-work. All right?'

'All right,' I answered; 'I 'll try to work it.'

There were certain days in my summer in the mills that burned among the others like a hot ingot of steel on the night-shift. One of them was the cleaning out of No. 15 stove early in my gang apprenticeship. Ordinarily the duties of the stove-gang were to move leisurely from stove to stove while they were alight, and remove cinder from the combustion chambers. It was pried up with a crowbar, and hoed out on to a wheelbarrow. But, when a stove was cooled for thorough cleaning, we did our real work.

The gas was turned off in the combustion chamber on the night-shift, and the stove allowed to cool for several hours. We prepared to go inside her the next morning, to cut away the hardened cinder. John, the Slav, went in first, with pick and shovel, and worked an hour. Then Tony turned to me.

'You go in with me, I show you,' he said.

We put on wooden sandals, — foot-shaped blocks an inch thick, with lacing straps, — donned jackets that buttoned very tight in the neck, and pulled down the ear-flaps of our kersey caps. Over our eyes we wore close-fitting goggles. We looked like Dutch peasants dressed for motoring. The combustion chamber is a space eight or ten feet long by three or four wide. It was partly filled with cooling cinder, some of it

yielding to the pick, some only to the bar and sledge. Someone shoved an electric light through the hot-blast valve, and the appearance of the place was like a mine-gallery. The chamber was hot and gaseous, but it was quite possible to work inside over an hour. After Tony had loosened several shovelfuls, I could see that the pick failed against a great shelf of the stuff that glowed red along its base.

'Bar,' he called.

The bar came in the little round door in three or four minutes.

He held it for me, and I sledged. It needed a little work like this to make you yearn for real air. The heat weakened you quickly. We worked about forty minutes, and then lay on our bellies and wriggled out. The means of entrance and egress is a small door, about fourteen inches in diameter, which means absorbing a good deal of cinder when you caterpillar through.

We finished the whole job in three hours, and then went to the other side of the stove and cleared out half a carload of flue-dust from the brick arches that composed the groundwork of that side of the stove. The dust lay a foot or two thick, and one man worked with a shovel in each archway. Here it was hardly hot at all but merely thick with the red iron-dust. As you bent over inside the archways, knee deep in the stuff, it would rise and settle on your arms and shoulders; you kept up a blowing with your nose to keep it out. Some of it was hard and soggy and pleasanter shoveling. Five or six of us could work inside the stove at once, in the different archways, each with a teapot lamp near by, and a large light shovel. Men at the entrances hoed the stuff out as we threw back.

But it was the next day's cleaning that I remember most strongly. The word went about that we were to 'poke her out' to-morrow. That night the gang, and especially John, the Italian, instructed me very seriously to bring a selected list of clothing the next morning: a jacket, a cap with flaps for the ears, two pairs of gloves, and two bandanna handkerchiefs.

We went on top of No. 15, and started to dress for the job of poking her out. Over our faces we tied the handkerchiefs, leaving only our eyes exposed. Our necks and ears were covered by the winter caps, our hands with two pairs of gloves.

The stove, as I said, looked like a very tall boiler: half was a long brick-lined flue, where the gas burned; half a mass of brick checkerwork for retaining the heat. Masses of flue-dust had clogged the holes in the checkerwork and reduced its power for holding heat. It was our job to poke out that dust.

John and Mike and I unscrewed the trap at the top, very deliberately, and dropped a ladder down. There was a space left at the top of the checkerwork for cleaning purposes. We worked on top of that.

Jimmy, I think, went in first, taking a teapot lamp with him and a rod. In three minutes he was out again, and Mike down. I began to wonder what the devil they faced for three minutes in the chamber. Tony looked at me and said, 'I teach you now.'

I tied the handkerchiefs around my face, sticking the end of one in my collar, and followed Tony.

My first sensation, as I stepped off the ladder to the checkerwork inside the stove, was relief. It was hot, but quite bearable. I picked my way slowly to Tony, and tried to study in the dull light his motions with the rod. The dust was too thick and the lamp guttered too violently to follow his hand. I bent over to watch the end of his rod and recoiled. I felt as I had when the ladle got under me on the manganese platform — flame seemed to go in with

breath. It was the hot blast that continued to rise from the checkerwork, and made it impossible to work beyond three minutes in the stove.

When I mounted the ladder, and moved out into the air, I thought, 'I have n't learned much from Tony, except that he somehow cleaned the checkerwork, and it 's best to keep the head high; no more bending.'

Five minutes passed, and I was scheduled to take my turn alone. Every man poked three holes and came up. I was full of resolutions for glory and poked four, coming up rather elated. John looked at me sadly when I stepped off the ladder.

'What 's the matter, Charlie; you only poke 'em half out.'

He simulated my motions with the rod. I had n't qualified.

John, the Slav, was tying his handkerchief back of his ears.

'I show him; you come with me, Charlie; I show you all right.'

I was n't gleeful. The last time I had done a job with John, we had carried pipes, many more at a time than anyone else. John, I anticipated, would stay in the stove, poking away, till ordinary mortals lost their lungs.

He picked up a poking-rod, after very carefully putting on his gloves, and went over to the ladder, descending slowly. I followed him with my teeth in my lips, feeling for the rungs of the ladder with my feet, and holding my poking-rod in my right hand. When I stepped off at the bottom, I felt my fingers closing over the bent handle of the rod in a death-grip. I determined on no halfway poking. John set to work at once, and I after him, rattling my rod in the checkerwork with all my strength, and pushing her in up to the hilt. I did three holes, and John four. My lungs were like paper on fire, when John turned to go up. We climbed out of the hole, and took down the handkerchiefs. The gang looked at me, and then at John.

'He do all right,' he cried rather loudly; 'every time all right.'

I felt extraordinarily elated, and much as if John had given me a diploma, with a 'cum laude' inscribed in gold letters.

There was also a trip inside with Jimmy. He shouted a great many things at me in Anglo-Italian, which caused me a good deal of anxiety but no understanding. I learned, on coming up, that he was trying to tell me not to approach the combustion chamber adjoining the checkerwork. That is a clear shaft to the bottom. I was given in some detail the story of the man who fell down a year ago, and was found with no life in him at the bottom.

'Kill him quick,' said John, the Italian; 'take him out through hot-blast valve.'

Two burns on my wrists were an embarrassing legacy of this affair, for they required an explanation whenever I took off my coat. My arms were too long, and shot from my sleeves when poking out, and got exposed to the gas and flame, which was still rising in the checkerwork.

IV

I stood on the platform, waiting for the 10.05 train, and turned for a look at the landscape of brick and iron. I remembered a hunky, who had worked in the tube-mill for eighteen years, and at length decided to go back to the old country. On the day he left, he went out the usual gate, at the tempered after-work pace, walked the gravel-path to the railroad embankment, and stopped for a moment to look back at the mill.

He stood like a stone pile on the embankment for a quarter hour, looking at the cluster of steel buildings and stacks. He had spent a life in

them, making pipe, and I have n't a doubt this was the first time it came to him in perspective. From my own brief memories, I could guess at those fifteen minutes: pain, struggle, monotony, rough-house, laughter, endurance, but principally toil without imagination.

I thought quickly over my summer in the mills, and it looked rather pleasurable in retrospect. Things do. There 's a verse on that sentiment in Horace, I think. I thought of sizzling nights, of bosses, friendly and unfriendly, of hot back-walls and a good first-helper, of fighting twenty-four-hour turns; or of interesting days as hot-blast man, of dreaded five-o'clock risings, and quiet satisfying suppers; of what men thought, and did n't think. And again, of how much the life was incident to a flinty-hearted universe, and how much to the stupidity of men. I knew there were scores of matters arranging themselves in well-ordered data and conclusions in my head. I had a cool sense that, when they came out of the thinking, they would not be counsels of perfection, or denunciations, but would have substance; be able to weather theorists, both the hard-boiled and the sentimental, being compounded of good ingredients — tools, and iron ore, and the experience of workmen.

Is there any one thing, though, that stands out? I heard the train whistle a warning of its arrival. Perhaps, if a very complicated matter like the steel-life can be compounded in a phrase, it had been done by the third-helper on Six. On the day when we had thrown manganese into a boiling ladle, in a temperature of 130, he had turned to me slowly and summed it up in a word: 'To hell with the money,' he said; 'no can live!'

REALITY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

We lead the life of desk and book, the higher life that strives —
But oh! the little leaves of birch that ripple round our lives!

We pore upon the shadowed past, where all is said and done —
But oh! the little leaves of green, translucent in the sun!

We share the anguish of the world, the half-defeat, the fear —
But oh! the little leaves of birch that bring the glory near!

We wait in vain a leader's cry, we fall, exhausted, weak —
But oh! the little leaves of green that do not need to speak!

'NIGHTFALL'

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

In January, 1909, the *Atlantic Monthly* published a little paper wherein I set forth my belief, and experience, that the evening of life could be as sweet as its noon and morning, and in certain ways more so. I was then in the early sixties and thoroughly enjoying myself.

That was twelve years ago. What about the seventies — the approaching eighties?

The question seems to come into the category of delicate subjects, unpleasant facts, things that have to be but are not talked about. It has no interest for the sociologist, no place — at any rate, not the slightest importance — in literature. A little article that did treat of it, written by W. D. Howells shortly before his death, affected me like a voice reverberating through a cave, — the secret lair of sick creatures that had crawled out of sight to die, — so rare was such a breaking of the silence in our old folks' world. I imagined the responsive thrill that had stirred mine running from heart to heart of others of his lifelong readers, wherever their spectacled eyes lighted upon that curiosity of magazine matter. Spiritually, I had walked beside him since the long-ago days when his first publications came to Australia — those slim little booklets (why are not more literary treasures packed up in that convenient shape?) that I used to pounce on as they arrived, slip into my coat-pocket, and browse on in quiet places, with such peculiar delight; but nothing that he ever wrote appealed to me so poignantly as that last, or nearly last, fragment from his pen. He wrote for his contemporaries (as I am doing now). Who else could understand? Who else would care? How much did *we* care about the feelings of the graybeards and grannies, when we were young?

Threescore years and ten; and, from that to fourscore, labor and sorrow — there is no getting away from the laws of nature. Other laws may be evaded with impunity, but not hers, however hopefully we may ignore them. She plainly indicates the age for marriage; it is deemed proper to take no notice, and adolescent youth must suffer. She as plainly tells us when it is time to retire from the scene; and we have to turn to her the deafest of deaf ears, however tired and pain-racked we may be. We are not allowed to quietly slip away, as, out of politeness and consideration for others, as well as in our own interests, we should often gladly do. We are compelled, by main force if necessary, to loiter about to the bitter end, cluttering up the place. We cannot help it. Nobody can help it. That being so, there is nothing for it but to make the best of the situation — as dear W. D. H. evidently did.

But W. D. H. was a man, presumably a man of means. He could not speak for my sex, so differently circumstanced, comparatively so unprotected, comparatively so poor.

I suppose that the main reason why, in the multitude and variety of benevolent bequests, so little is done to succor poverty-stricken old women, who are also ladies of culture and refinement, —

the class that, suffering silently, suffers most, — rests on this fact: that old men and old women are not in the same boat. Whether rich or poor, men feel that they have a natural right to the domestic services of women (tacitly conceded by them), and so can accept them as comfortably at one time of life as another; and the converse is not the case. While, of course, one allows that men and women alike, who have money to leave, and can therefore be ill and die in their own homes and make it worth the while of their caretakers to want to keep them rather than wish them gone, — that is, the possible benefactors, — being themselves exempt from the worst trials of the broken-down, have no especially compelling sympathy for them.

As I used to have chronic heartaches over forlorn and afflicted old dogs and horses, I am now continually harrowed by the contemplation of human derelicts, who suffer the same adversities, with the same uncomplaining dignity. I look out and around from my own harbor of refuge, and see them everywhere — old maids, old widows, old mothers left alone, retired governesses, and the like — drifting helplessly on the rocks. As long as strength holds out they keep at sea; smile, talk, dress, busy themselves to mask their secret humiliations, to propitiate the inexorable fates; but I know the dread that must haunt them all day and keep them awake at night — the terror of what is going to happen when they can no longer 'do' for themselves.

I should like to put into the heads of potential pious founders, looking for 'objects,' a scheme of almshouses appropriate to these unfortunates whom nobody wants and nobody cares for. Their claim is paramount, who have maintained themselves during the years of active life, but have been unable to lay by for the rainy day, when there is only the old-age pension to fall back on, which does not provide a home. But the framework of any institution to aid the destitute is practically standardized, so that there is no need to elaborate the plan, but only to suggest the idea. It is a more original sort of almshouse, for a rather different class of inmate, that I would like to submit to the consideration of the affluent will-maker, or the large-hearted investor of wealth who is still able to employ it himself.

An almshouse *without alms*, for decayed gentlewomen possessing some means but not enough to keep house on, at market-rates; a community of little homes on Garden City lines, with self-supplying provision of food and service (including nursing and doctoring); enough for their now simple needs, as much as they wanted to be bothered with, and within what they could afford under a strictly nonprofiteering management. That is what I would like to bring into being, if I were in a position to found things.

I wrote in 1909 that, given normal conditions, women are not old at sixty. As I reckon now, they are never old (to matter) so long as their physical powers suffice to serve their physical needs. It is when they have to 'trouble people' to wait on them (although they are assured it is no trouble but a pleasure); when, to put it bluntly, they have to 'take charity' in some form or other, because they cannot pay for maids and maintenance of their own at the only prices they can get them for, yet still yearn with all their souls, and strive with all their ineffectual strength, after such independence as they can hold on to, as the proverbial drowning man to his straw — then comes the real old age, the tragedy of old age to the proud and sensitive.

My imaginary colony would be a godsend to these. The disabilities of their time of life would press as heavily

on them there as anywhere else, but they would not be 'beholden' to anybody. They could rest in the hands of efficient attendants, adequately paid, and there would be no sense of being under obligations in the give and take of kindnesses between themselves — all in the same boat! They would be there because they belonged together. Before the time came for final retirement to the infirmary that would have to be a part of the institution, life might be very pleasant there to such as had no domestic ties elsewhere.

I think it would be all the pleasanter if decayed gentlemen of the right sort were co-inmates with the decayed gentlewomen, who should also be of the right sort (it would be the responsibility of the Board of Management to see that they were). I can imagine the comfortable and comforting intercourse between them: the little symposiums by the fireside, the little card-parties, the pairings of the congenial for little toddles in the sun, arm aiding arm, and the exchanging of reminiscent confidences, and the little gallantries and attentions, which would never seem out of place to them because they would never be out of date to each other. All gentlefolk together, they should blend beautifully; and, being gentlefolk, they would know when their company was welcome and when it was not.

Old people need old people, and young people are best without them. They have their own companions, families, interests, and occupations; they live in their own generation, as we in ours. Even the old widowed mother of the best of children, who demand the care of her when she is failing and would not for anything have her feel she could be in the way — even she knows that, in the nature of things, she *must* be superfluous in the young household. The child who brings her home is inevitably married; and although both partners of the firm are equally dear and good to her, she can never forget that she has no claim whatever upon one of them. 'I am not *her* mother' — '*he* is not my son': a stabbing thought at such times.

And how much lonelier and more difficult the position of the impecunious old maid! Think of the millions of girls whom the battlefields have robbed of the birthright they share with every living female thing! What about those who can never have husbands, because they are not there to have; and so will never have children to look after them in their time of greatest need? Do men and legislators (and millionaires) give any serious consideration to the case of this new army of virgin martyrs, victims of circumstances over which they have had no control?

But I must not talk of martyrs — martyrs are the persecuted; nor of girls, for they are outside the argument. Girls who are young are still mistresses of their fate, so far as human beings can be so. They have the franchise. The worthy of them will do what they did in the great war-years. Their men being absent, they will take up their men's work and do it as valiantly and efficiently as they did it then. There is no reason why, in their celibate old age, they should not be at least independent of the benefactions of millionaires. It will be their fault if they are not, by then, in a position benevolently to despise those poor male things to whom money-grubbing has been the first and foremost business of life, and massed wealth its highest achievement. Anyway, girls and the future are beside the point. It is the old woman in the present who is the figure in view.

So far, I am afraid, I have been looking at her with a too shortsighted, prejudiced, pessimistic eye. There are many sides to every subject, and, given reasonable freedom from acute physical pain, even the seventies and eighties

have their 'wayside happinesses,' and plenty for those who have deserved them. I can say this, at any rate: if I seem to have been making an appeal to the compassionate, it does not apply to me. My imaginary colony might be functioning at this moment, and its most charming cottage be prepared for my reception — I should almost certainly lack the resolution to go there. If I had to part from my family before I must, although I might do it, I should break my heart. I should not think of doing it, nor attempt to do it, but for that urgent spirit of independence which is born, or not born, in one. I may add, that I should not be allowed to do it in any case.

And it is continually being impressed upon me that the spirit of independence can be carried too far, until it becomes a nuisance, and even a just grievance, to other people. My children point out to me again and again that I have a right to their hospitality, inasmuch as they owe me more in the way of service than I owe them. They ask why they should be prevented from doing their duty and exercising their privileges any more than I. And even if I did owe them anything, is it not more generous (among friends and relatives) to take than to give? And a duty to be happy, when everything that can be done is being done to make one happy?

I know all that. And I am, indeed, as happy as the best of children can make me — which is to be one of the most fortunate of aged womenkind. But there are some things that even the best of children cannot understand, and never will until they come to the day's end themselves. Only the old know what it means to be old — especially those of them whose bodies have degenerated while their minds remain unimpaired; especially the thin-skinned and finely tempered, who see and feel things most acutely; especially the poor and childless and friendless — Oh, all of them! — all my fellow left-overs, who have outlasted their term of usefulness.

There is no doubt that we have all come face to face with the supreme trial of our lives, although we are variously aware of and affected by the fact; and that, to meet it worthily, a quality of courage is needed such as no emergency has demanded of us before. Not physical courage (if free from physical agonies, warm, well-fed, and comfortable), even in the presence of imminent death, which is no more formidable than imminent childbirth — a business that no self-respecting woman funks or makes a fuss about; but morale, the 'stiff upper lip,' the high-minded and high-hearted philosophy that comes of looking above our own heads over the far and wide around us; the religious spirit, in short, that is the inspiration and sustainment, from first to last, of the lifelong truth-seekers. I have been trying not to use the worst-abused and most ambiguous word in the English language, but I cannot evade it. Dying Emily Brontë would have known what I mean by religion, because she had it herself.

> Vain are the thousand creeds
> That move men's hearts —
> To waken doubt in one
> Holding so fast by thine infinity.

In those last words that she wrote before her death, the source of her noble fortitude is revealed. She could see 'thine infinity' in the stars at nightfall, through the clouds of the lower atmosphere, of which the 'thousand creeds' are the most confusing.

So may we. In which case, we shall be able to 'hold fast' the comforting assurance, that we are worth our places in the world up to the last moment, even if nobody knows it but ourselves.

CHRISTINE AND THE PRINCESS

BY MARY VALENTINE STANLEY

LITTLE by little one learns of the full extent of the caste system in old Vienna. Christine, who for a year and a half has served as my cook, has acquainted me with at least one of its phases.

After fifteen years of apprenticeship, and nine years as the head cook in the German Embassy, Christine ranks, at the age of forty, as one of the best cooks in Vienna. When Christine was sixteen, her mistress exchanged her for a maid in the kitchen of the Schwarzenberg Palace; and after that, at intervals, for maids from the most renowned kitchens of the Viennese aristocracy. In a few years, she had assembled a knowledge of the culinary systems and tricks of a dozen establishments.

Her one drawback is her pride of position. Only a war and a revolution could have brought her to my modest kitchen. Even yet she cannot go to the open market and bargain for *Karfiol* with a score of common maids. She must still frequent the best shops, as of old, and give the shopkeeper ten *deca* out of every kilo of butter. Often I have remonstrated with her, but to no purpose. 'The gnädige Frau does n't understand. The storekeepers know me. If I did n't come to them, or if I did n't give them their Trinkgeld, every cook in town would know it. My old friends would n't associate with me. I am willing to leave the gnädige Frau, if my work does n't please her; but if I stay, I must go on as I have been going on.'

Her blue eyes look straight into mine, and I know that she means what she says. I am constantly torn, these days, between the worry over the increasingly high cost of living and the love of my quiet, efficient, perfectly trained servant. 'If I could go to America with the gnädige Frau,' she tells me repeatedly, 'everything would be different. There you have a real republic. Here we have none. There I could begin over; but here everybody knows me, and if I did not do as I always have done, I would be disgraced.'

Although Christine insists upon upholding and enforcing the traditions of her own caste, she rejoices in the downfall and humiliations of the aristocracy. She is interested in this *halb echt* Austrian Republic, and lauds the work of the Municipal Renting Office, in its conversion of private palaces into apartments for the people.

'Palaces of one hundred and fifty rooms are no longer used by half a dozen nobles,' she says, 'while hundreds of people walk the streets, or sleep in old cars, or under wagons. A prince himself can have only two rooms, and,' she adds triumphantly, 'a cousin of mine lives in a suite of rooms once occupied by an idle Grand Duke. There are three beds for the children, and a kitchen stove, in the gold and white salon. I was there myself the other night, and I found die Kinder eating Würste und Kraut. The stiff room was gemütlich jetzt, Gott sei Dank!'

I fully appreciate Christine's point of view. In Vienna, the thing that constantly wears upon one's sympathies is the justice in the position of contending

classes. Later on, when the new era has more nearly perfected itself, it will be for the betterment of all. Now, my greatest sympathy is for the middle class and for the suffering old aristocrat.

I number among my friends in Vienna a most interesting old Princess. A few days ago she telephoned that she would be glad to take tea with us that afternoon, adding, 'Please call for me, as I have sold my horses, and cabs are far too expensive for a Viennese.'

At half-past three, my niece Anne and I called at her castle, a rambling old pile, which dates from the year 1500. From its upper windows can be seen the tower of the Capuchin Church where the Hapsburgs lie at rest.

The Princess has shared the common lot of the aristocrats. One by one, the stately salons, the music-room, the ballroom, the banquet-hall, the chambers with their canopied beds, — rooms about which a thousand memories twine, — have been given to strangers. To-day we found her in her only remaining salon, with a lifelong accumulation of treasures piled high on couches, tables, and chairs.

'Forgive the confusion,' she said, 'but this wretched Government has taken my other salons. Some American moved in this morning; and as these things are too precious to be stored, sold, or given away, I must find a place for them. God grant that I shall not have to sell them!'

There were presents from every king in Europe; and what the Princess prizes much more, mementos from authors, artists, and musicians. From the adjoining salon we heard a jolly waltz and much laughter.

'I can't bear it,' cried the Princess. 'Come, let us go.'

She rang, and her butler entered. He assisted the Princess with her wraps and fastened the fur collar closely about her throat. She was a most interesting figure, in her long seal mantle and old-fashioned, close-fitting cap. Though small, she carries her head high, and walks with much dignity.

Leaning on the arm of Fritz, she went down the long stairway, with its worn stone steps, across the courtyard, and through the big doors that have been guarded these hundreds of years by great stone lions.

'Good-bye, Fritz,' said the Princess gently, as they reached the automobile.

He bent low and kissed her hand.

'Ah, Fritz and I have suffered and grown old together,' she said as we rode away. 'That abominable creature, the present-day servant, he detests.'

When we reached home, we had a tea such as the Viennese dote upon: cold ham, chicken sandwiches, and delicious Viennese cakes. It was half-past six o'clock when we rose from the table.

'I am having a delightful time,' said the Princess, as she settled herself in an easy chair before the big Nuremberg stove, 'a delightful time. If you will permit me, I will remain to your evening meal. May I have the chauffeur call for me at eleven?'

Now it happened that day that the regular routine of our household had been broken into. At half-past two we had been invited to a bountiful dinner given by an American friend, so I had told Christine that we would consider the half-past five tea our supper. However, I assured the Princess that we should be delighted to have her remain. I went out to interview the cook.

'Christine has gone out,' said Bettina, the maid. 'You said, gnädige Frau, that there was n't to be any dinner, and Christine has locked up all the food except my supper and has taken the keys.'

'I will take the Princess to the hotel, Bettina.' I said.

When I went back to the living-room I found my guest talking of old days to Anne.

'Princess,' I ventured, as she paused to light her cigarette, 'have you ever dined at the grill in the New Bristol?'

'No, indeed. The Bristol was very fine in the old days. Now it is full of war profiteers, the nouveaux riches, the 'schiebers,' with their loud voices. The poor Viennese, who can't afford to tip lavishly, get shabby service. I never will humiliate myself by going to such a place.'

A moment after this tirade, she was again absorbed in reminiscence.

Anne listened with delight, while I sat pondering, trying to find a way out of my dilemma. I was just about to confess to the Princess, when Bettina succeeded in getting Christine on the telephone, and called her home.

'Christine,' I said, 'at nine serve us a light supper; omelette with mushrooms, toast and marmalade, a compote perhaps — something simple.'

Christine gasped: then her eyes fairly popped with surprise and indignation. Usually, when walking, she comes down hard on her heels; now she walked on the balls of her feet several times around the dining-room table before answering.

'Gnädige Frau, your guest is a Princess. Many a time I have cooked dinners when she was a guest in palaces, but never before have I been told to serve the Princess with omelette and compote.'

'Christine, the Princess tells me she dines at two o'clock. We shall have a simple supper, as we always do when we have dinner at that hour.'

Christine bowed and went out, but as the door closed, I heard her say indignantly: 'Omelette mit Pilzen und Compote für eine Prinzessin, das geht doch nicht.'

Our flat is rented from a Madame Müller, an old Viennese. Madame is very fond of her household treasures, and I promised to guard them well. There is an unwritten law that the Maria Theresa dinner-service is not to be used.

When Bettina announced the dinner, I found to my surprise that the rare old dishes with their quaint rosebuds graced the table, also Madame's best linen, china, silver, and glass. I had invited John and Mary Skinner, from Cleveland, Ohio, to take dinner with us on the morrow. As our meal progressed, I decided that John and Mary would eat omelette and compote. The simple supper I had planned turned out to be what should have been my Sunday dinner, and even more.

The Princess lingered long over her food, praising the delicately browned chicken and hot biscuits. She exclaimed over the American salad, and was pleased when her favorite wine appeared.

'Who is your cook?' she demanded; 'these biscuit taste like those I used to have in the home of the Baronin von L——, when she was in the German Embassy. She had a famous cook— Christine.'

When I assured her that the biscuit were Christine's own, she clapped her hands like a pleased child.

'To see Christine will be a glimpse of the dear past. Please call her in.'

Christine appeared, as always immaculately dressed, an imposing and important figure in the world of Viennese cooks. As she crossed the room to greet the Princess, I remembered her defiant words concerning all aristocrats, her delight in their humiliation, and I wondered how she would conduct herself.

There was no hesitation about Christine: she fell on her knees and kissed the delicate aristocratic old hand again and again, murmuring between the kisses of her unfailing love of and longing for the personages whom she had served in the past under the old régime. They mingled their tears, the Princess and the cook.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

MANY during the last month have wondered why Genoa, of all places, was chosen for a great European Conference. Even Spa, where the various missions were perched each on its own hill as in an inaccessible fortress, was not so inconvenient. Here the trouble is the lateral extension of the delegates. Genoa city has the Alps almost on its back, and seems in momentary danger of being pushed over into the sea. The streets are sometimes as steep as those of Lisbon, and, tired of climbing, stop dead at a precipice. The result is that the town has had to extend laterally along the seashore. There is no seaport that looks so beautiful as Genoa, seen from the harbor, whether in the daytime, colored from the hectic paint-box of the Riviera, or, better still, at night, when you can imagine yourself on a darkened stage, with footlights running along the galleries and circles and balconies of a vast theatre.

But for all this beauty, there is very little comfort in the town, and its hotels are not its strong point. The Miramare, where the British delegation is staying, and one or two others which house delegations, have pretensions; but the average hotel, though it has many sauces, has only one bathroom.

To escape the queue at the bathroom door, we have, most of us, scattered ourselves all over the surrounding country. Mr. Lloyd George was offered a magnificent palace, islanded on a promontory by the slums round the Ansaldo works, but he wisely preferred a much smaller and cozier villa on the hills at Quarto, four miles on the Italian side of Genoa. M. Barthou has a fine place a little nearer town. But the Russians at Santa Margherita are an hour and a quarter's run in a fast car from Genoa; and from their place to Pegli, on the French side of the town, where some of the Scandinavians are staying, must be nearly thirty miles. At Nervi, a charming little town seven miles out, are most of the Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Spaniards. The Eden Hotel manages to find room for one British flag on its roof, I suppose out of compliment to three solitary English people staying there — Colonel Repington, my daughter, and myself. I had almost forgotten to mention the Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Birkenhead, who, when he was here, lodged on an 80-ton yacht moored off Rapallo.

It is a great disappointment that there is no American delegation; but America has excellent representation in some fine journalists, passing rich, in a place where the pound sterling is worth 80 lire, on their expenses of I forget how many score dollars a day. The rest of us are hard put to pay our bills for motor cars, so far flung is the front of the Conference. But the Italians are admirable hosts, and have done their best to make us comfortable. They have fitted up one old palace in the Via Corsica as a journalists' hotel, and put in baths, too; only they forgot for a

week to lay on the water. Another palace, known as the Casa della Stampa, has been set apart for the use of journalists during the day. It has a great staircase, a tiny bar about ten feet square, and a magnificent room for writing. This is crowded with a polyglot mob of journalists, who write incessantly from early morn to dewy eve; though what they find to write so much about, I cannot conceive, even when I read the papers next day. The room is known as the Monkey House, because its windows are never opened. And yet, when all is said, I think that a picture of the room with everyone writing, talking, or telephoning would make a fine frontispiece for a book on the working of democratic institutions. And what a helpful kindly crowd it is. Journalism is a wonderful freemasonry.

It is a liberal education to sit for half an hour in that room. Every now and then typewritten documents in one language or another are handed round from the various delegations; and it has interested me very much to observe that the messengers who hand them never can tell to what nation a man belongs, so as to give him the document in his own language. I am always being handed documents in Italian or French or Polish, never in English. My daughter, again, has been mistaken by Poles for the young wife of a Spanish ambassador, by Spaniards for a Pole, by Hungarians for a Swede, and by Russians for a Frenchwoman.

These are trivialities, but beneath them there is a profound truth: namely, that the racial distinctions in Europe are artificial and unreal. There is, in fact, a European type as distinct as the American; and if that be so, may we not look forward some day to a European equivalent of a United States of America? Get rid of competitive armaments, suspend for a few years the miserable games of the old diplomacy, and I cannot see that the formation of a Europe federalized for the important purposes of international life is materially a more difficult problem than that with which American statesmen deal every day. Perhaps, on a broad view, the real business of the Conference is to prepare the way for that ideal.

II

What the material reasons may have been for choosing Genoa for the Conference, I do not know; but one cannot be long in the place without feeling how appropriate, on general grounds, the choice has been. It may sound ridiculous, but modern Genoa (and the same holds good of Milan, and, to a less extent, of other commercial towns of Northern Italy) has a strong spiritual affinity with Manchester. Manchester, with its doctrine of laissez faire, its free trade, and its conception of the world as an economic unity transcending nationalist divisions, arose out of the ashes of the Napoleonic wars; and many people have observed what a great impulse a rather tight-belted peace has given to these ideas in England. Back to Manchester (people are thinking but half-consciously), or England cannot support her population.

So with Italy. If her industrial system is to flourish, she must depend on free interchange of commodities abroad. She is not a self-contained country, with a monopoly of certain luxuries, like France; and whereas post-war unemployment has hardly affected France, in Northern Italy, especially in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, it is most acute. The great engineering shops, which sprang up like mushrooms in the war and are now mouldering to decay, are, to adopt Lord Derby's celebrated phrase about unemployment in the North of England, Italy's devastated regions. Nor has she a great

colonial empire, with protected markets. For these and other reasons, you find all over industrial Italy a keenness of perception of economic truths — and of that greatest of economic truths, that nations prosper by each other's prosperity — such as you find nowhere else in the world, except in Lancashire when times are bad. Moreover, there are few traces in Italy of bitter anti-German sentiment. She hardly thinks of herself as having been at war with Germany, but only with Austria; and Austria's humiliation is so complete that magnanimity costs her no great effort. The Italians, too, are a softer and gentler people, at any rate than the Northern French. Their passions are quick, but soon burn themselves out, and they are restored to sane judgment by their good nature and keen sense of humor. Make an Italian laugh, and he is your friend.

If these things be true of all Northern Italy, they are branded in the historical consciousness of Genoa. Shut out by the hills from the hinterland, her past has been on the water. The city abounds in beautiful old palaces; but, except Paganini, she has given birth to no great artist. Her fame has been in affairs of politics and war. The formal opening of the Conference, on April 10, took place in the St. George's Palace which saw the beginnings of international banking and the mechanism of exchange; and Mr. Lloyd George and others have not been slow to remind us of the fact. Politics may divide, but the seas, and the commerce that crosses them, unite the nations of the world. Genoa must decline the honor which the Lord Chancellor in one speech put upon her, of being the port from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage to America; but she is justly proud of being his birthplace; and that fact, too, gave the Prime Minister a good mot in his opening speech. Genoa, he said, had discovered America; would that the Conference at Genoa might help America to rediscover Europe — a friendly and not unhopeful reference to America's absence from the Conference.

It was at Genoa, too, — in a little street that you can see from one of the windows of the Monkey House, — that Mazzini, great idealist and apostle of Italian unity, was born; and from Quarto, halfway between Genoa and Nervi, Garibaldi and his Thousand Redshirts set sail on their fateful expedition. On the hall table of Mr. Lloyd George's villa, there are two oblong copper tablets, mounted on wood, and inscribed, the one to Mazzini and the other to Garibaldi, with words expressing the Prime Minister's admiration of those two great men.

Yes, Genoa, after all, is a singularly appropriate meeting-place, despite her inconveniences. Dante, for reasons of his own, said horrible things about the Genoese; but, however hard the classic age of Genoa may have been, with its grand heroic figure of Andrea Doria, who routed the Turks at Lepanto, the modern Genoese are more amiable than Dante ever could have been.

It may well be that history will account that first meeting in the St. George's Palace, on April 10, as more fateful than the Vienna, Berlin, or Paris Conferences ever were. Imagine a room nearly square, and about the size of a British Methodist chapel. The lime-washed walls are adorned with statues, set in niches, of ancient commercial worthies of the city (commerce and politics were one in those old days, and merchants financed their own trade-wars), and with a spirited picture of St. George fighting the Dragon. (Nobody has been able to tell me why there are so many St. Georges and Dragons in Genoa.) At one end of the room is a gallery, which would comfortably seat

perhaps two hundred people; but on April 10 it was crowded with some four hundred journalists, many hanging to railings or perched precariously on the pediments of statues. The floor of the room is empty, except for what look like big curtained bookcases and rows of tables and chairs. These are arranged like the sides of a square, the fourth side, nearest the gallery, being left with an opening, to give a passage through to the tables for the official reporters and interpreters.

We writing people scrambled to our places an hour before the session began. The whole of the city was beflagged, the streets and balconies were crowded with sightseers; and all along the line of approach was a fringe of gray-tunicked soldiers and more picturesque carabineers, with their dark cloaks, silver buttons, navy blue uniforms, pipe-clay belts, and Napoleon hats. The Italian Government had omitted neither precaution nor stately and picturesque pageantry from its preparations; and the happy crowd in the sunny streets contributed the friendliness.

We sat in the gallery, waiting for the delegates to enter. But there was no entry, only a sort of infiltration, which gradually filled up the benches below until they became full of interest. The first plans of the seats had put the five Allies at a sort of high table, separated from the rest by a narrow gangway; but, as the seats filled up, we saw that this gangway had disappeared, and that the tables and seats were continuous. It was, one hoped, a symbol.

At the top table, in the middle, are the Italians, with Signor Facta in the chair, and Signor Schanzer, the Foreign Minister, on his left. Facta is an old Giolittian, with a brisk and decisive moustache, who showed later in the sitting that he is a firm and tactful chairman. Schanzer is drowsily eloquent.

On the right of the Italians are the French, with Monsieur Barthou and Monsieur Barrère; and to their left again, the Japanese. Barthou, the head of the French delegation, is a tallish man, with literary tastes, a big moustache, and a sense of humor. He comes with a reputation as a destroyer of ministries comparable to that of Clemenceau himself. He it was who pulled Briand down after Cannes; and he showed before the Conference had been sitting for many hours that he felt like a stepfather toward it. And yet, later on, he developed a certain regard for the brat whom Briand had left on the doorstep of the French Foreign Office. Barrère, they say, is a bad man; a wasp with a thin drone of voice, a reactionary of the Quai d'Orsay, which, be it remembered, always maintains a certain independence, both of the French people and of its own Government, and lives on a special diet of diplomatic formulas and hard French logic.

What ails France, the former friend of liberal ideas in Europe, that at this hour of crisis she should suffer her rulers to make her out a courtesan, proportioning her favors to the amount of the rewards, and carrying over no sentiment or affection from one transaction to another? Had France moved at the rate of England from the psychology of war, by this time there would have been a new Europe.

On the left of the Italians are the British: Sir Robert Horne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir L. Worthington Evans, Secretary for War; Sir Philip Lloyd Graeme of the Board of Trade, and others. Horne entered politics at the last election by way of most useful work on the administrative side of the war. A Scots lawyer and a bachelor turning fifty, he has won his way to his high position by genuine capacity, — which, however, is differently measured by friends and critics, — high spirits, and a magnificent fund of good

stories, which he tells inimitably. He is baldish, with a sandy complexion, dances well, can do without sleep, and finds relief from tiredness in a hard game of tennis. The Secretary for War has the long lean figure that often goes with a bass voice like his, an exceedingly clear head, especially for figures, and combines an artificially heavy Philistinism with a good sense of John Bull humor. Lloyd Graeme is the typical English public-school boy grown up; and among the secretaries, Sir Edward Grigg (the 'Lord Grigg' of the Italian papers), with his ruddy round face and his jolly laugh, has given rise to the expression, 'as merry as a grigg.' There are plenty of able men in the British company, among them Sir Basil Blackett of the Treasury, — a typical civil servant, learned without ponderousness, — and Sir Sydney Chapman, an economist of parts, and of mild and balanced judgment. The only criticism I have heard of the English team is that there are too many experts and not enough poker-players among them. Again, I have nearly omitted to mention Lord Birkenhead, who has been and gone, but is expected here again soon. He is still at his old game of falsifying the dismal prophesies of old fogies as to his future. A few years ago, all good family solicitors were wringing their hands over his appointment as Lord Chancellor, and already he has established his claim to rank among the great Lord Chancellors. He does everything well that he is expected to do ill.

The Germans are already in their places on the side-benches, with the Belgians between them and the British. Rathenau is the most learned and famous among them, with his slightly Mongoloid cast of features; Wirth, the Chancellor, is the typical big *gemüthlich* German. The Austrians are on the side-benches on the Chairman's right; and on the cross-benches forming the base of the square are the Poles and the Russians. On the natural charm of most Poles, Dr. Skirmunt, their Foreign Minister, has imposed a taciturnity of manner rather than of speech (for when he does speak he is almost voluble), and an unusual appearance of strength. The jaws are Americanly square, the skin has a parchment clearness and pallor, and the mouth is loose and humorous.

Of the Russians, Chicherin, aristocrat by birth, looks as if he might be a watchmaker or a cultivated ironmonger. He is undoubtedly clever, but both his voice and his pen are scratchy, and the first favorable impression, made by his tall figure and oval, rather unhealthy, face, is lost. He is reputed to do all his work o' nights, and sometimes to be sixteen hours late for an engagement. Krassin, despite a Van Dyck beard and a certain air of urbanity, is less the man of affairs than his history would incline one to think. Perhaps Litvinoff, whom one remembers as the first minister of the Bolsheviki in London, living in a mean house but full of the new gospel, is the most sensible and practical man of them all. He is a short, heavy-shouldered Jew, with a slow manner and a quick mind.

All, or nearly all, the delegates are now in their places, and the lights, low until now, are turned up. It is an animated scene, but the conversation in the crowded room sounds curiously distant, like the buzz of an insect on a hot day. For one's mind wanders away from the room to the days before the war, which seem to have belonged to another world. Would Europe ever again be what it was then? No, not the same, for the wise men knew that we were living on the sides of a volcano; but prosperous anew, without the former arrogance, and peaceful without pride, because we have learned, through

years surfeited with horror, that we are all members of the one body, and that, when one of us is morbid, the whole of Europe sickens with him. We say that a man's head aches, when what we really mean is that the man aches in his head. And, similarly, we may say that Germany or Russia is sick, but what we really mean is that all Europe is sick through Germany and Russia. Should we, at this Conference, made wiser by the war, be able to found a new united Europe, working together for peace? The dullest man could not but fall to chastening introspection. Could we — would we — rise to the height of the opportunity, and have done with playing at soldiers and with the wicked chessboard of the old diplomacy?

It is nearly four in the afternoon, and there is but one chair vacant. It is that of Mr. Lloyd George, who has earned the right to come in last by being the only begetter of the Conference, and the one who has risked most for the welfare of his child. He is undoubtedly the Man of Destiny at Genoa, whether for good or ill cannot yet be said; but the opening session had not been in progress half an hour before he established his mastery, and he has never wholly lost it since. If he could be in every part of the field at once, and also at the other end of the telegraph in Paris, where M. Poincaré is intrenched, the success of the Conference would by now be assured. As it is, considerable as his personal triumphs have been, the battle is on a wide front, and in its confused complicated infighting has been compared, not inaptly, to the trench-warfare that set in after the Marne.

III

Readers would not wish me, with the Conference still unfinished, even to attempt an account of the deliberations, especially as by the time these words appear in print they will know the event that is now hidden. A better way of presenting its story would be through the eyes of one of its leading personalities. Which one shall this be? I have just now spoken severely of the present rulers of France, but Barthou has contracted infection with the humane ideals of the Conference, and his position, now drawn toward them, now drawn back by irksome and somewhat humiliating instructions from Paris, would make an excellent subject for analysis, if only enough were known of the details of these attractions and repulsions.

No less interesting is the position of the Germans, who, it is known, were divided among themselves at the time about the wisdom of their agreement with Russia. They all realize now what a mistake it was, and regret having given occasion to the reproach that they have changed their circumstances but not their nature. Alas, that Germans should combine so much knowledge with so little understanding.

Bénès of Czechoslovakia is one of the ablest men here, and a full account of his activities would be as interesting as a Disraeli novel. And there are the Russians — if only one could transfer one's sympathy with Russia to their somewhat unattractive personalities. But the completest idea of the Conference is to be got by seeing it through the eyes of Mr. Lloyd George. As a representative of one of the smaller Powers said to me, 'The rest are *officemen;* civil servants more or less competent. He is the Man and the Idea of this Conference.'

The Man is, before everything else, a Realist. There are two sorts of politicians: those who measure all facts by the foot-rule of what they call their principles, and those who try to shape facts and events in accordance with a creative idea. Lloyd George is of the

latter type; and it is surely the higher one. For what are the principles of smaller men, but the ideas of great men broken up as it were into crystals? Fixed principles in politics he has none, but that does not mean that he is unprincipled; always in his mind there is the dominating idea, at once the product and the transformer of his surroundings. And the dominating idea of Lloyd George at this Conference is the unity of Europe. He realizes more acutely than any other politician that, unless Europe can combine for certain common interests and heal its internecine conflicts, its place in the world is lost. It is only by a great effort of the imagination that we can ever conceive the break-up of the civilization in which we have grown up; but Europe is, in fact, on the brink of a miserable relapse into the Middle Ages.

And England is, economically, part of Europe. The unemployment that has followed the war is not an accident, but a solemn warning. Unless Europe can be reconstituted, England cannot support forty-five millions, or anything like that number, despite her colonial commonwealths.

The detached observer has two difficulties in understanding the policy of Mr. Lloyd George at this Conference. The first is, how the same man who pleads so eloquently for the unity of Europe could have set his hand to the Treaty of Versailles. How can the same man make himself responsible one year for expeditions against Russia, costing 100,000,000 pounds, and presently urge the recognition of those same rulers of Russia against whom he fought? Did he not promise that the Kaiser should be tried and executed, and that the Germans should be made to pay to the last farthing?

All this is true, but in justice to him it must be remembered that, when he was negotiating the Versailles Treaty, he dared not press any conviction to the point of a rupture with France; that to quarrel in the face of an enemy still armed was to jeopardize the victory; that with all his gifts he knows no economics; that the end of the war came unexpectedly soon, and found us still in a tremor of moral indignation; and that the transfer from this state to one of cool calm reflection is one of extreme difficulty. Remember, too, that the foolish tactics of the official Liberals had forced him to work with the Conservatives. But remember, finally, that everything he says now he said with greater or less distinctness in the Versailles Conference. No, his ideals now are no sudden conversion, dictated by party convenience: they are the old grain, showing again as the grime of war is cleansed away.

He has made new friends in the Conference, and one frequently comes across old enemies who boast that they now support him for the first time. Particularly gratifying has been the measure of support, slight though it is, that latterly has been given him by his old Liberal friends. He has shown no lack of his old skill in negotiation, and his optimism has been an inspiration. Sometimes, one thinks, his very cleverness has been a snare, tempting him to brilliant but sterile tours-de-force, and putting everyone on his guard against wiles so fascinating. In some ways the finest thing he has done at the Conference, because it was so simple and so obviously sincere, was his speech at the dinner given him by the English and American journalists here. In a vibrant but quiet voice, he asked for our help in the remaking of Europe. I know one important Liberal journalist who was converted from a suspicious critic into a zealous and hopeful friend.

He certainly needed all the help he could get, for never did conference meet in circumstances of such complicated

difficulty. When the revolt against him in the Conservative party began, early in the year, he missed a great opportunity. He had only to go out into the open as a Liberal, without adjective, and he could in a few months have become the leader of a united progressive party. He failed to take the opportunity, not because he did not see it, but because (as I happen to know) he felt it his duty to stand by the Conservative leaders who had helped him to carry his Irish policy. But he lost in prestige by his failure to quell the revolt. In addition, he was pursued by the Northcliffe vendetta. In a speech attacking Lord Northcliffe in the House, about a couple of years ago, he accused him of *tête montée* and (I am told) touched his head as he said it. That gesture has never been forgiven and has sensibly affected European history. In England the political influence of the Northcliffe papers is much less than it was, and than is commonly supposed. The chief mischief has arisen from the fact that France has mistaken the voice of the grasshoppers (another of the Georgian gibes) for the voice of the field. The result has been that official France has been in working alliance with the unofficial Opposition in England. One can recall nothing in history quite so foolish from the French side, or so discreditable on the English side, as this alliance. At this moment it is doing more to wreck the Entente than the woodenness of Poincaré or the militarist follies of the French General Staff.

IV

This Conference arose out of the Cannes Resolutions, which everyone talks about but no one ever quotes. They began by postulating that the resumption of international trade and the development of European resources are necessary, and laid down six conditions alone on which this beneficent work could be accomplished. These are as follows (I summarize for brevity's sake):—

1. Nations have no right to dictate to each other on their internal economy and government; but

2. If foreign capital is to help, it must be assured of guaranties that its rights shall be respected.

3. Among these guaranties necessary to give foreign capital the sense of security are the recognition of public debts and the obligation to restore, or compensate, foreign interests for loss or damage caused by the measures of the Soviet Government.

4. Adequate exchange.

5. An undertaking on the part of all nations to refrain from propaganda subversive of order in other countries.

6. A pact against aggression.

These conditions have formed the basis of all the work of the Conference. Observe that the two really contentious subjects — the reconstruction of Russia and the Pact — are political, the one going back to the Prinkipo proposals, the other, part of a great project of world-peace and world-disarmament, of which the disarmament of Germany was one installment, the Agreement of Washington another. The purely economic part of the Conference's work has given no difficulty. The trouble is, Russia and the Pact.

A week ago the British were still confident that France would not continue her policy of obstruction. They are less confident now, since M. Barthou returned from Paris, but they still hope that the Russian reply to the last Note of the Powers will give sufficient ground of agreement to make it worth while to continue the negotiations. If it does not, the Conference will very definitely have failed, and the future of Europe is dark indeed. If, on the other hand, it does, the Conference will produce solid and beneficial results.

'I want a definite answer from Russia to our Note — Yes or No,' said M. Barthou, on his return from Paris. But the British position is very different. 'We want evidence of Russian bona fides; if that is forthcoming, we shall continue the negotiations with or without France.'

I do not think that France, when it comes to the pinch, will stay outside the negotiations; for the danger of isolation in Europe is a real one. But, even if she stays outside, the door will remain open for her to come in whenever she likes. If France broke loose from the rest of Europe and occupied the Ruhr, we might decline to be further responsible for carrying out the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, withdraw our troops from the Rhine and our members from the various commissions; and, in that case, the Entente would be at an end. But no mere disagreement about Russia would be sufficient to bring about that disaster. There must be some overt, specific act on the part of France before that can happen.

No conference has been so difficult and, in many of its phases, so obscure, as this. The first task of Mr. Lloyd George, and one in which at first he looked like succeeding, was to produce an atmosphere of confidence. Apart from the obstruction of France, which was directed from Paris, and the malignant campaign of the *Times*, two events clouded the hopes of the opening days. One was the Russo-German Treaty, which set all nerves on edge. The other was the rumor that the Shell Company had taken advantage of the Conference to obtain a monopoly of Russian oil. 'Ah! these hypocritical Britons,' people said, 'getting their rivals into church, and rigging up a combine while they are at their devotions.' In fact, though there were negotiations between the Shell and the Russians before the Conference, there were none, so far as one can gather, at the Conference; and if there were, the British Government was certainly in complete ignorance of them. But the whole incident was unfortunate. Who, one wonders, set the rumor going? Certainly he could have been no friend to the Conference. When the Russian negotiations were at their most critical stage, the hostile French papers persisted in calling the old Russian capital, 'Petrolgrad.'

V

Official America is not sympathetic with the Georgian projects of recognizing the Russian Government and bringing the country back into the commercial and political comity of nations; and at this stage it would not be interesting to tell the whole complicated story of the negotiations. But it is just that the point of view of the British Prime Minister should be understood in America, the more so as, owing to opposition both among his own Conservative supporters and by the French Government, he cannot carry the opposing position by direct frontal attack, but must lay siege to it, advancing his lines at one point, withdrawing them at another, so that their configuration is never the same for two days together.

Imagine the United States split up, as Europe is, into a number of jealous states. Suppose the whole of the West (which is Russia) ruined by revolution, so that it can contribute nothing but political disease to the rest of the country; the Middle West, which is Germany and Austria, paralyzed with debt; the South, say at New Orleans, working in collusion with half a dozen states for the further humiliation of Ohio and Illinois; and the New England States sick of war and bowed down by the double burdens of crushing taxation

and the loss of its customers. Is there an American of these states who would not make it his first object to restore unity, to stop the competitive armaments and the insane political rivalry, which, we will suppose, is being watched by a United States of Europe with mingled disgust and alarm? Such is the problem of Europe now. Any attempt to translate it into terms of the American Continent has necessarily a ludicrous appearance, because America has enjoyed unity, — whereas Europe never has, — and fought her great war to maintain it. But what, transferred to the American Continent, reads like printer's pi, is dreadful reality here. Only one man on this side is working to make sense of it all. Whatever his faults may have been, there is no hope for Europe at present but in him. Who is Poincaré, that he should loll in his easy-chair in Paris, with a telephone receiver at his ear, and damn the Conference people for standing up? The present state of Europe will not get better of itself, — indeed, one may well despair of the future of Europe, — if the half-baked economics and the puerile politics of revenge for which the present rulers of France stand are to prevail.

A distinguished American observed to me during the Conference that there is only one real division in Europe — between the powers like France, who are self-contained, and the powers like England, who live on their foreign trade. The cruelty of the policy of obstruction pursued by France at Genoa has lain in the fact that England could not hit back. Over and over again has Mr. Lloyd George been urged to break with France and cease the attempt to reconcile two incompatibles. He has refused, because he recognizes that Europe can never be a single family without France. France convinced herself that Mr. Lloyd George would not break with her, and pressed that advantage very ungenerously. The Georgian ideal of a united Europe has borne the strain of French unfriendliness. But the sentiment of the British people is becoming more and more anti-French, and sooner or later, if France continues her present policy, the Entente must break. The alternative is a new grouping of European powers. It is not true to say that Lloyd George has threatened the French with this new grouping. What he has said, all the time at Genoa, to France is, 'Help me; don't drive my people too far, or that will be the inevitable consequence.'

The Americans may be right in their attitude toward the recognition of Russia, if they regard her problems from the standpoint of pure economics. They are, at bottom, political. There is no hope for peace in Europe with Russia left outside, no chance of a reduction of armaments, or of a permanent pact of peace. You in America may be able to regard that prospect with comparative equanimity. But for us it is the death knell of the free Europe for which we fought the war.

Genoa will not accomplish all that it set out to do, and the ideal of a united Europe is still distant. None the less, this Conference has set forces in motion which must triumph, if Europe is not to relapse into the Middle Ages. Europe will some day find its Lincoln — perhaps not in our day. But when it does, the Genoa Conference, even though it fails, will be hailed as the beginning of a new epoch; and Lloyd George's failure — should it come to that — will be hailed as the biggest and best thing he has ever done. One thing is certain: he has fixed British policy for the next generation, and given it a liberal bias which the next few years will accentuate, but cannot alter.

BRITISH PERSONALITIES

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

THERE was once, says the Japanese Æsop, a poor husbandman who wrung with great toil a pitiful subsistence from a few tan of rice-land. On this land was an old tree-stump. One day, while the husbandman was complaining to Heaven of his hard lot, a hare ran across the field, and, striking its head against the tree-stump, fell senseless. The husbandman, being an indifferent Buddhist, with no objection to flesh-meat, took the hare home for his dinner. Afterward he reflected. 'How much easier,' said he, 'is it to pick up hares which stun themselves against tree-stumps than to labor all day in the heavy mud of the paddy field! I will erect more tree-stumps. I shall get more hares and live all my years in ease and fatness.' So he planted tree-stumps everywhere, neglected his husbandry, and, in due time, perished miserably, victim of the wrath of Heaven and of his own impious folly.

There is something in the attitude of the British Opposition parties which reminds one of this Japanese husbandman. Ever since 1918 they have been depending, not on their own energy, or vision, or originality, but on the mistakes of Mr. Lloyd George's Government. It must be admitted that they have enjoyed vastly better luck than the fool of the fable. Not once alone has the chance meal come to them. Government hares, for whom all the year is March, are constantly coming into disastrous collision with fact; and their incaution so far has saved even the trouble of preparing traps. There is, to drop metaphor, scarcely an error of commission or omission which the Prime Minister and his colleagues have failed to perpetrate during the last three years. Their record is nothing so simple as doing the things which they ought not to have done and leaving undone the things they ought to have done. There are few things that they have done that they have not also come to undo, and they have done most things to which, at some time or another, they have declared no pressure should compel them.

But the Government itself is not undone. Thanks to the feebleness of the Opposition, it takes no hurt from a superiority to consistency carried to lengths of which the late Mr. Chamberlain — who declared that it was not important to be consistent, but only 'to be always right' — never dreamed. A minister will compliment himself highly on the inception and passage of a certain act of Parliament. Six months later, the same minister is equally eloquent and assured in proposing its repeal. On both occasions he has the warm approbation of the greater part of the press, while the public looks on with languid and not unsympathetic amusement.

Resignation on a question of principle is now almost unknown; and rare examples are treated with a disrespect not likely to encourage such quixotry.

When Dr. Addison, taking amiss the reversal of his policy, left the Government, there were but two feelings among his colleagues. One was that he was presumptuous to indulge a delicacy not practised by his betters. The other was scandalized astonishment at his unthriftiness. Every speech on the subject seemed to have as its inspiration a vision of the unhappy ex-Minister selling toys on Ludgate Hill some years hence.

Yet it would no doubt be unjust to connect what Gladstone would certainly have considered a shameless disregard, not only of the etiquette of statesmanship, but of the basic principles of Cabinet Government, with a mere desire to retain the emoluments of office. There is no reason to suppose that men of affairs are more grasping than they were; and many of them, we may note, could do better in business. The explanation is rather to be found in the peculiar psychology of the modern British minister. The great trouble of England just now is not the sordid greed, but the lofty and disinterested ambition, of her new race of supermen. Whether they represent a hitherto unknown variety of politician, or whether they have only caught Mr. Lloyd George's complaint, they are all afflicted with the fatal desire to do good, and with the equally fatal illusion that good can be done by no others than themselves.

Perhaps the fault, in the first place, was that of the public. There was a time when the average British citizen deeply resented any attempt to overgovern him. He said in effect: 'Take your salaries, concoct your jobs, talk your nonsense, break every commandment of God and Lindley Murray, but spare us one thing: do not govern us.' That was laissez faire. A wholesome instinct, it was carried just a little too far, and after a time the British people, thinking undergovernment had been overdone, ventured to remark: 'After all, for what are all these salaries paid, these privileges and honors given, if not for doing something?' It was a natural question, but, as the event proved, an imprudent one. 'So,' reflected the brighter and more adaptable politicians, 'England wants government. Well, England shall have it.'

England has been having it ever since, and too much of it. The modern minister does not look on himself as an administrator, but as a creative artist. He goes about like an inversion of the old enemy, seeking, not what he may devour, but what he may contrive. In one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedies, there is a woman who, seeking a pretext for her husband's baronetcy, asks feverishly: 'Oh, what does the town want? A museum, a winter garden, swings on the common, a parrot-house? Oh, do tell me, someone!'

That has long been the frame of mind of Mr. Lloyd George and his lieutenants. They are all consumed with a raging desire to do things, or (if they can think of nothing to do) to undo something that has already been done — the more solid, the better. It is easy to picture them in the watches of the night, wakeful in well-doing, torturing themselves as to what the country really does want, and never, by any chance, considering the preposterous possibility that it might want to be left alone. Suddenly a bright idea arrives; the minister dashes out of bed, imprisons it on paper, to mention it at the Cabinet next day; in a month, it becomes a bill; in three months, an act; and in twelve, a repeal bill.

To all this disinterested fury of legislative philanthropy the British public has so far been able to oppose only its character. It has listened helplessly, in wide-eyed bovine astonish-

ment, to the explanation of plans for its benefit. Only when acts of Parliament were due to come into operation, did it summon up its passive strength, and that has generally sufficed in the long run to secure either formal repeal or informal noneffectiveness. The nation has been dazed by the nimbleness of mind on the Treasury Bench; and, however convinced that this quickness is not quite English, and therefore not quite safe, it has not felt the requisite confidence to declare decisively that there must be an end to all this passion for edification and lust of well-doing. It has lost all its illusions. They could hardly survive the quick changes of last year, culminating in that great Irish volte-face, which is now seen to have been as misjudged in time and method as it was, no doubt, right in principle. Still less could illusions endure after the verdict of the Geddes Committee on the finance of the 'Land-Fit-for-Heroes' schemes. Even less yet, could they continue, in face of £1,100,000,000 budgets and income tax, at six shillings in the pound.

Yet, curiously enough, there is no conscious and intelligent revulsion against the Government, on the scale which would seem to be justified by the deep disappointment of the nation. The Coalition is unpopular. The capricious genius at its head is deeply distrusted, even where he is still liked. He is not only losing his hold on the popular imagination, but (what is a serious thing in a man of his temperament) he knows it. The last year has been a great change in him. He can rise, with an effort, to a particular emergency, but he has no longer the zest, the gay courage, and the boundless self-confidence, which once distinguished him. He is a worried man, with lessened self-control, and an air that suggests a pained premonition of coming failure.

Mr. Balfour was in much such a situation and mood during those months before the great defeat of 1906. Yet, despite the surface similarity of the circumstances, they are really very different. There should be, on the face of things, ample opportunity for the Opposition, and a daily clearer prospect of an alternative Government. Yet at no time since the war has there appeared less evidence of constructive processes in British politics. The Coalition is slowly dissolving; it has certainly lost the greater part of whatever spiritual vitality it once possessed, and its cohesion is almost purely mechanical. It might be compared, not inaptly, to the sick man in Poe's grim tale, who was really dead, but was maintained in a ghastly appearance of life by the spell of the mesmerist. When the spell was broken, it will be remembered, the seeming solid body liquefied, almost on the instant, into putrescence. Such a fate might well be that of Mr. Lloyd George's Administration, if the natural forces at work were permitted their full disintegrative efficacy. But, while there is no incantation powerful enough to restore vitality, dissolution is held in check, not, as in the Poe tale, by a powerful exterior will, but merely by its absence. Decay proceeds, and can hardly be arrested; but there is no authoritative voice to say, 'You are dead; the only decent thing you can do is to get buried.'

II

Mr. Asquith possesses no such voice. For him also there is appropriateness in a parable of life-in-death. When the Japanese Napoleon, the great Hideyoshi, died at the crisis of his Korean campaign, his followers were afraid to permit intelligence of their loss to reach the enemy. So the body, embalmed with great skill, and 'plated in habili-

ments of war,' was mounted on the customary charger, surrounded by the usual pomp, and shown at the head of the army. All, however, to no avail; prestige could not compensate the loss of living vigor; the Koreans found that, whether or not Hideyoshi lived, his genius was dead; and when the trick was finally exposed, they were even more contemptuously confident than if it had never been attempted. In the same way, it would have paid the Independent Liberals better to have put any living sergeant-major at their head rather than have paraded the defunct dignity and prestige of Mr. Asquith. For Mr. Asquith has too obviously survived his qualities. The strain of the war, the weight of years, the oppression of cruel bereavement, the desolating sense of being an anachronism in this new and harsh world — all these factors, and perhaps others still more personal, have deprived him of the energy, still more of the hope and eagerness, necessary to the leader of a party whose first task is to remake itself.

On one ground, indeed, Mr. Asquith, if he were other than himself, might win the sympathy of a people overwrought with bureaucratic meddling. He is the representative of what Mr. Lloyd George condemned as 'humdrum Liberalism'; he has laissez faire in the very marrow of his bones; and the average British citizen is beginning to rediscover virtue in that philosophy. But Mr. Asquith has not the knack of putting an old truth in a new way; he is, carelessly rather than deliberately, sympathetic with youth (unless it be enveloped in crêpe-de-Chine or georgette), and his appeal to the rank-and-file is feeble. I happened to be at a dinner of the Cobden Club which Mr. Asquith addressed, a little while ago, and the whole business seemed highly symbolical of his situation as a leader. There were few under seventy present; the chairman tottered under the weight of over eighty years; and every argument, allusion, and form of speech belonged to the golden age of Queen Victoria. Where he happens to be up-to-date, Mr. Asquith contrives always to be unpopular. His arguments for the revision of the Versailles Treaty are, of course, inspired only by economic convictions, and his attitude is scarcely distinguishable from that of the Prime Minister himself; but somehow he can never speak on the subject without suggesting that kind of charity to the late enemy that infuriates a people which, while it does not want to perpetuate hate, is equally indisposed to 'slobber.'

Most important of all, Mr. Asquith has not shown fight. Nine times out of ten he agrees with the Government, and the tenth time he attacks it with the caution of one who fears a damaging retort. He is easily cowed by the Prime Minister; he shows not only dislike but timidity in the House of 'Hard Faces'; as Lord Morley said of Harcourt, he 'misses old stable companions, and dislikes new ones'; and he has little encouragement, and even some disdain, for members of his own slender cohort. Mr. Balfour was in somewhat the same position after the disaster of 1906. But in that case the first failure was the last. Mr. Balfour — one accepts thankfully the privilege of the past tense, to speak of the great Commoner under his own honored name — set to work to study the new assembly as he would have studied a new language; and he was rewarded by perhaps the most remarkable recovery of which English political history affords example. Mr. Asquith lacks both the patience and the heart to copy Mr. Balfour, and the result has been a constant, progressive, and apparently irremediable diminution of his own prestige.

Nor can it be said that there is much hope in the other leaders of the Independent Liberals. Sir Donald Maclean, honest and not unintelligent, is still pedestrian and uninspiring; and the only other possible chief, Sir John Simon, is a younger, smaller, more acrid, and less majestic Asquith. There is often a rough justice in nicknames, and those who know Sir John Simon best call him 'Foxy.' It is certain that he does not lack subtlety; and people who delight in the mere display of adroitness, without reference to the occasion of its exercise, never lose zest in retelling the story of how Lord Northcliffe's brother, Lord Rothermere, was hurled out of office, as if by some patent ejector, through the patient ingenuity of Sir John Simon. This eminent lawyer showed, by his refusal of the Lord Chancellorship when it was to be had for the asking, that he nourishes political ambitions of the highest; and of late he has been playing Prince Hal to Mr. Asquith's moribund Bolingbroke.

But in this case the crown has to be won; and though there may be no reason to doubt Sir John's qualification to wear the purple, his capacity to snatch it from its present wearer is another question. Like Mr. Asquith, he has clearness of head, lucidity of expression, and that gift of rather depressing infallibility which belongs to all who are in the succession of John Stuart Mill. But, still more than Mr. Asquith, he is deficient in the power of raising men's pulses; no great word ever falls from his lips, and the lesser words never attain enough momentum to give, as with Mr. Lloyd George, the suggestion of greatness to what, when analyzed, may be really of little account. That he is not incapable of sacrifice for principle was shown by his resignation from the Government on the question of conscription. It is not always, however (as Macaulay remarked about the Nonjurors), that martyrdom permanently elevates; and the grave interruption to his career which resulted from his self-pronounced decree of exile seems to have had a somewhat unfavorable effect on the externals of Sir John Simon's political character. Never constructive, he has become rather harshly and narrowly critical; and the genuine, if rather mechanical, geniality he displayed in the days when he was the infant phenomenon of politics, has given place to something sharp and cynical. He seemed formerly to regard everybody, friend or foe, with a good nature slightly tinctured with contempt; the contempt remains, but it has a more acid flavoring.

Moreover, if he does not share Mr. Asquith's stately indifference to popularity, he is at least as deficient in the arts which ensure it. Freely spending a great professional income, he makes no impression as an entertainer; showing himself much in public, he fails altogether to capture the heart or inflame the imagination of the people. Like his nominal leader, he might prove a perfectly competent general for a political army already in being; he is hardly the man to make a small company formidable, or a dispirited company enthusiastic.

Beyond these, there is little or nothing. Hopelessly scattered is that brilliant knot of men who surrounded Mr. Asquith between 1909 and 1914. Some, like Lord Haldane, are superannuated; some, like Mr. Churchill, have so far dropped to the Right as to make return to Liberalism almost impossible; some, like Mr. Reginald McKenna, — who seemed rather like a banker when he was in politics, and seems much more like a statesman now he is a banker, — have left politics altogether.

III

Without doubt, the true strength of Liberalism is with the Independents, and not with that depressed and somewhat depressing fragment which tries to persuade itself that Mr. Lloyd George is still, at bottom, the man of the Budget and the Land Campaign. But though an election would probably give Mr. Asquith a considerably increased following in the House of Commons, it is not easy to see how Liberalism can yet reëstablish itself as a serious candidate for power. In rustic England a crude form of pleasantry used to be popular. A father or big brother, with a cake to divide among the youngsters, would begin by announcing, 'Them as asks shan't have; them as don't ask don't want.' Of course everybody asked. It was the only policy, however unpromising. But that is precisely what the Liberals are not doing. In their whole attitude, in everything they say and do, resides the implication that they do not expect to win an election when it comes. Consequently, they must lose that very powerful body of opinion which, on grounds not necessarily frivolous, likes to be on the winning side. The Liberals might have a chance if they assumed success. They are ensuring defeat by acknowledging in advance that it is certain.

A little time ago it might have seemed possible to modify somewhat this view. For a moment it appeared that the return to politics of Viscount Grey of Fallodon had influenced the situation to the marked advantage of the Independent Liberals. Lord Grey, once the most highly praised, has latterly been the most unjustly depreciated, of British statesmen. His judgment and his knowledge have been equally questioned. He has, however, never lost the confidence — of popularity in its true sense he never had anything to lose — of those who place a due value on moral qualities in their man of affairs, and there are many who would willingly sacrifice much more clever and brilliant men if they could in exchange be assured of the singleness of mind, the sobriety of judgment, the perfect honesty and absence of self-seeking, which they know would characterize the administration of Lord Grey.

That he has always been a little aloof from his own party, and that he has been an object of sleepless suspicion to its extreme Left wing, would have been no disadvantage. For he is free from the suspicions which, however unjustly, dog the footsteps of the Independent Liberal leaders. While none could imagine Lord Grey favoring the perpetuation of hatreds in Europe, or pursuing a policy of militant imperialism elsewhere, it was equally out of the question to suspect him of any leaning toward the Teutonic camp in Europe, or toward the Little England conventicle at home.

Again, while political convictions, as well as the natural instincts of his class, would impress on him the vital importance of economy in national housekeeping, he would with equal certainty avoid the opposite error of maiming essential public services. On questions like defense, on questions like education, he might be depended on to trim between the opposite extremes of dangerous meanness and prodigal extravagance. Men like Lord Grey are the best fitted to check the exaggerations of experts. They know that, as the late Lord Salisbury said, 'To the soldier nothing is safe, to the doctor nothing is wholesome, to the theologian nothing is innocent'; and they are gifted — it is perhaps an hereditary power, the result of ages of family experience in practical affairs — with an almost automatic perception of the

frontier line between a saving prudence and a ruinous overinsurance.

Moreover, after a surfeit of Celtic brilliance, there was something inviting in Lord Grey's English unimaginativeness; after so much twopence-colored epic, it was a relief to contemplate the reign of a penny-plain prosaist. It is quite true that Lord Grey is not qualified for the part of a popular leader. He has never had to fight for anything. All the places he has occupied have been thrust on him, almost against his inclination. Over the public he exercises no charm or witchery of speech, and even the connoisseur can find little to commend beyond lucidity and the dignity of perfect temperance of phrase. He belongs, in short, to that order of men whom everyone respects but nobody idolizes. His own party has always contained a large minority positively hostile to him; and, though he has often been supported against this faction by the Conservatives, it cannot be said that in any quarter he commands more than a partial and lukewarm approval.

His position as a peer is a disadvantage the more. But against all this is that power of being 'pontifical' which Lord Birkenhead, himself conscious of some deficiency in that regard, so strongly resents. The English people have still at heart a weakness for the pontifical. They may laugh at it, but they are impressed by it, and rather scandalized by its converse. They are somewhat tired of having grave international matters discussed in the spirit of a 'rag'; they feel instinctively the danger of treating allies as if they were Opposition leaders; they remember how Gladstone would have dealt with a Lord Northcliffe, and ask themselves whether the new style does not betoken a certain weakness.

Perhaps the truth of the matter cannot be put more tersely than by Lord Robert Cecil, in a speech the other day. Wherein, he asks, resides the special fitness of Lord Grey to head a Government? 'Perhaps I may be allowed to put it like this. I do not know of any other man who differs so completely, both in his qualities and his defects, from the Prime Minister, and I am quite sure that the people of this country require in their statesmen that characteristic above all others at the present time.'

IV

This acid judgment probably commands, at any rate, the limited assent of a majority. People admire Mr. Lloyd George; they revel in his cleverness; they like to back him, as they would Dempsey or Carpentier, against less agile and dexterous professors of the noble art of political self-defense. But they never quite trust him — not because they feel that he is dishonest, but because they recognize that he has so little respect for facts, whether as concerns things or persons, and so exceptional a capacity for convincing himself of the impossibility of his ever being wrong. On those, indeed, who come within the orbit of his personal influence, Mr. George continues to exercise a power which is almost magical, and would, in the Middle Ages, have put him in serious danger of a trial for sorcery. Solemn people, with a deep sense of duty, like Mr. Chamberlain; flippant people, with a keen sense of humor, like Lord Birkenhead, are equally under the dominion of his spell while he is near them.

The only remedy for such atrophy of the powers of independent judgment is lack of propinquity; and the efficacy of a few months' rest-cure is strikingly illustrated by the case of Mr. Bonar Law. While he was in the Cabinet, no man had more completely subordinated himself to the Prime Minister; he

was, like the Jesuit, a corpse in the hands of his superior. But since his return to the House of Commons as a private member, he has revealed an individuality of view which even permits the discontented Conservatives to hope that the time may come when he will again lead a united and distinct Tory Party.

The general public, which cannot always be under the spell of Mr. George's oratory, and in the nature of things cannot feel the more subtle charm of his personality, has shared the advantages of the detachment which Mr. Bonar Law has found so efficacious; and the tinge of distrust which mingled even with the post-Armistice worship has been steadily stimulated by the contortions and tergiversations of the last twelve months. In this distrust every colleague of the Prime Minister is included, with one possible exception; and there are not wanting those who incline to look on the Earl of Balfour's garter as a bowstring, and his peerage as a mausoleum, thoughtfully provided lest, haply, Mr. Balfour's great services at Washington should linger inconveniently in the public mind. No particle of such distrust, however, attaches to Lord Grey; and Lord Robert Cecil is probably not far wrong when he holds that there would be a general sigh of relief if the late Foreign Secretary were entrusted with the formation of a Government.

But Lord Grey cannot form a Government until he has a due following in the House of Commons and in the country. That he might, in given circumstances, successfully lead a reunited Liberal Party is doubtless true. It is also possible that he might, in other given circumstances, become, almost despite himself, the head of a counter-Coalition, composed of various elements theoretically discordant, but practically harmonious. But, for the moment, it is as futile to discuss such possibilities as to consider a problem in physics without reference to friction and gravitation. Lord Grey keeps studiously aloof from his old party; and even if he were identified with it, his bid for the leadership, in the absence of Mr. Asquith's resignation, would merely imply a new schism. On the other hand, he has no party of his own, unless we exclude Lord Robert Cecil, whose efforts to 'swarm alone' have so far only earned the fate of Gilbert's unconventional bee; that is to say, he has been decisively sent to Coventry by his old hive.

It has been suggested, once or twice, by the organ of the 'Die-Hard' Conservatives, that Lord Grey might form a combination of which they were the chief constituent. But it is difficult to see Lord Grey, with his genuine democratic sympathies and his enthusiasm for the League of Nations, in that galley, and not much easier to imagine a Die-Hard crew obedient to such a captain.

On the face of things, therefore, the prospect of an alternative Government is not materially advanced by Lord Grey's resumption of political activities. That he is a formidable addition to the critics of the Government is a fact of relatively small importance. Critics, in fact, are the smallest want of the time, since the Government so largely saves them their labors by making their task superfluous. The one great need is a sound alternative administration, and that Lord Grey is apparently even more powerless than Mr. Asquith to offer.

(Next month Mr. Raymond will deal with the outstanding figures in the Labor Party, and will set down certain general conclusions.)

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AFTER TWO YEARS

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

To its enemies in the United States, the League of Nations must seem an unconscionable time a-dying. For more than two years it has tenaciously clung to life despite repeated prophecies of approaching demise. Occasionally, indeed, its actual death has been announced — once by the President of the United States — and preparations have been begun in high places to celebrate the obsequies.

But somehow the League still lives. More than that, it shows a surprising vitality. In spite of hard treatment and some neglect it seems to gain in strength and purpose.

Certainly the League, as it is to-day, with all the manifold activities which it is initiating and guiding, is a far different creature from the feeble offspring which the Treaty of Versailles so laboriously brought into the world.

For one thing, it has more friends. Only a handful of the larger Powers stood sponsor for it at its birth. It was eyed with suspicion by the smaller nations. To-day these smaller nations are its warmest supporters, and fifty-one countries are now enrolled under its standard, representing, in all, more than four fifths of the world's population, and nearly three fourths of its area.

The list of absentees among the supporters of the League is more easily called than the roll of its membership: Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Ecuador, Germany, Hungary, Iceland, Mexico, Russia, Turkey, and the United States.

I

But it is not size alone which gives the League significance or which has brought it increasing vitality. With no precedents to follow, with no traditions to bind it, the League has struck out boldly in a new direction. On the theory that, if the nations of the world can get together for discussion around a common table, many of the conflicts of interest and misunderstandings of purpose can be reconciled and smoothed away, and many of the outstanding problems which confront all nations alike can be overcome, the League has built up machinery for international conference such as no previous generation has possessed. And the machinery is working. However the enemies of the League may scoff at its impracticable purposes, the fact remains that, through the machinery which the League has brought into being, the nations are to-day sitting in conference on their common problems to a degree undreamed-of a decade ago. Whatever mistakes may have been made in the formation of the League, — and they were not a few, — within two years of its birth it has proved itself successful as an instrument for drawing the world together in common counsel.

The bare list of some of the conferences which the League has promoted is evidence of this success. The Assembly, which is the keystone of the whole organization because it represents all the nations sitting around a table, is holding its third annual meeting in

Geneva this coming September. The League's Council, representing eight states, has held eighteen sessions. The International Labor Conference, with its representatives from fifty-four nations, held its third annual conference last October. The Paris passport-conference, attended by twenty-two nations, was called by the League in 1920 to promote the expedition of international travel. Forty-three nations met in Barcelona in 1921 to discuss problems relating to communication and transit, and to clear the channels of international business. Thirty-five nations came together in Brussels in 1920 to consider the international financial situation. In Geneva last year, thirty nations conferred on methods for suppressing the international traffic in women and girls. In Warsaw this spring, twenty-seven nations considered ways and means of dealing with the international menace of the typhus epidemic. In addition to these more formal gatherings the League has promoted a steady succession of international conferences and committee meetings to deal with a great variety of problems, such as the standardization of international statistics, the suppression of the international traffic in opium, the unification of standards of antitoxic serums, the feeding of Russian refugees, the return of prisoners of war, the reduction of armaments, the private manufacture of arms, the deportation of women and children in Asia Minor, and a score of other topics, which represent the legitimate concern not of one nation, but of the family of nations.

In brief, for two years the world has been slowly developing the tradition of conference; it has been learning, in some measure at least, the value of common counsel. No one could claim that the lesson is perfectly learned; only the beginning has been made. But at least it is a beginning. It marks a new train of thought, a new method of approach, a new habit. With practice and patience to sustain it, who knows but that this habit of conference may become so intimately a part of the world's mental processes that it will gradually supplant the old order of misunderstanding and conflict.

II

The League's emphasis upon conference has a further significance. Much of the machinery which it has built to promote this activity is permanent. The Assembly, the Council, and the Secretariat represent a method of continuous international conference on any problem that may arise, as opposed to ad hoc conferences called to consider specific matters. In other words, while the League has initiated a variety of special international conferences on topics relating to its work, it has also, through its permanent machinery, the capacity to focus immediate attention on any difficulty that can threaten the peace of the world.

This is a point of no small importance. Special conferences, like those recently held in Washington and Genoa, have their legitimate and proper place in the regulation of the world's affairs. Their attention, however, is necessarily limited to the specific purposes for which they were called; when their business is concluded they adjourn, and nothing remains of the machinery which they erected. They create no organic, continuing relationships. This type of conference helps the world along, but it fails the world in time of unexpected crisis.

For ad hoc conferences are not easily or quickly called together. The date, the place, the membership, and the agenda must be agreed upon in advance. The first Hague Conference was not ready until nine months after the

Tsar's call. Over two years elapsed between President Roosevelt's proposal for the second Hague Conference and its opening session. Although only nine Powers met at the Washington Conference, it took four months of preparation before the first meeting could be held. On the other hand, when the Yugoslavic-Albanian boundary dispute developed last year, the Council of the League met in nine days. No special arrangements were necessary, no protracted negotiations to determine which nations should or should not be included, or what the diplomatic procedure should be. The machinery was already set up, and it met the emergency swiftly and decisively, stamping out the fire before it could spread.

There is apparently some opinion in America that a succession of special conferences like the one held at Washington could adequately take the place of the League. To such belief it would seem as if memory of the plight of Sir Edward Grey, in July, 1914, would be a crushing answer. For over two weeks he fought for a conference as the one hope of avoiding the impending catastrophe. In that limited period, with the flames mounting higher every day, he tried to create the necessary machinery that would bring the nations concerned around a common table. But it was too late. Time was lacking. In those few frantic days, in that pitch of flame and heat, the machinery could not be devised and assembled. The catastrophe began without a single conference. A handful of hasty, misunderstood telegrams plunged the world into the greatest tragedy ever visited upon the human race.

That is why some kind of permanent machinery is necessary, some international organization ready for emergency. That is why the Assembly, the Council, and the Court of International Justice constitute the outstanding features of the League's programme. They represent preparedness. They represent a flexible mechanism that can be quickly adapted to unexpected situations. True, the Assembly meets but once a year and, because of its size, is something of an unwieldy body. But the Council, which is in reality an executive committee, meets at Geneva every three months, and oftener if necessary. Inasmuch as one half of the members of the Council are elected by the Assembly, it is fair to say that the Council is an emanation of the latter body, and is entrusted with the direction of affairs in the Assembly's absence. Certainly, in the two years of its existence, the Council has not hesitated to act decisively on behalf of the League in the settlement of international discord and the promotion of common understandings.

In this connection the relations that are developing between the Council and the Assembly are worthy of a moment's consideration. The exact line of demarcation between the two bodies has never been determined; but the Council has adopted the plan of presenting to each session of the Assembly a report on all that it has done during the year. This report is treated in the Assembly as an opportunity for reviewing in open debate the whole policy of the League and the general conduct of its affairs by the Council. The last meeting of the Assembly developed some sharp criticism of the actions of the Council from a progressive minority under the leadership of Lord Robert Cecil; and the fact that the Council has this year studiously endeavored to shape its actions to meet this criticism is not without importance. Equally significant is the unchallenged assumption of responsibility by the Assembly for making up the budget and authorizing the expenditures of the League. Because of its personnel, the Council

may at present possess more real power than the average executive committee, but the Assembly holds the purse strings.

As time goes on we shall undoubtedly see the respective spheres of action of the two bodies becoming more clearly defined. Indeed, it seems probable that something in the nature of cabinet responsibility will ultimately develop between the Council and the Assembly. Certainly in the evolution of the League we may expect many changes in its methods and structure. The Covenant of the League is proving to be as elastic and pliable under pressure of practical experience as was the Constitution of the United States in the decade after 1789.

A word is due in regard to the Secretariat. Too little is heard of this branch of the League's organization, but it is scarcely a secret that it is the moving influence behind the scenes. Permanently located in Geneva, it is made up of more than three hundred persons, from over a score of nations, who are working together, not as national representatives but as impartial experts. Despite differences in tongue, race, and tradition, this medley of nationalities does its work quietly and effectively, provides the necessary expert service, prepares for all meetings, carries on the day-to-day work of the League, and executes the decisions of the Assembly and the Council.

The Secretariat's organization, consisting of ten sections, is illustrative of the broad sweep of the League's work and the cosmopolitan character of its personnel. There is an economic and financial section, directed by an Englishman; the disarmament section is directed by an Italian; and the health section is under a Pole. The section for administrative commissions (Saar Basin and Danzig) is under a Norwegian; the information section under a Frenchman; and the legal section under a Dutchman. A Swiss manages the mandate section, and an Englishwoman the section on social questions. The transit and political sections are directed respectively by an Italian and a Frenchman.

It may be interesting to note that citizens of the United States are also attached to the Secretariat. The librarian is an American woman; the business manager (establishment officer) comes from North Dakota; the associate head of the information section is from Massachusetts; while the assistant to the head of the administrative commissions section is a New Yorker. Other Americans are attached to the Secretariat in minor capacities.

III

Of all the machinery which the League has established to promote the cause of peace, nothing has evoked a larger measure of interest than the Court of International Justice. Made up of eleven judges of the highest professional standing, — one of whom is an American, — chosen regardless of their nationality by joint action of the Council and the Assembly of the League, it crowns with success a whole generation of determined effort. Civilization now has at its service a permanent world court, representing all the great systems of international law, established by the suffrage of fifty-one countries, and open for the settlement of disputes between nations on the basis of justice. Perhaps the matter cannot be better stated than in the careful words of Professor Hudson of Harvard: 'If there is such a thing in political science as a useful invention, — and the establishment of the United States Supreme Court and the rôle played by Lord Durham's report in the development of the British Empire en-

courage the belief that political science is not unlike physical science in this respect, — then the builders of this new Court would seem to have made a valuable contribution to the integration of international society.'

The remark is occasionally made that the League's Court of Justice represents nothing more than a reshaping and revivifying of the old Hague Court of Arbitration, and, as that tribunal failed the world in 1914, so the new tribunal holds out no greater hope. This point of view involves a complete misconception of the differences between the two courts. The Hague Court of Arbitration was really not a court at all in the strict sense of the word. It was merely a panel of one hundred and thirty-five international lawyers, from which judges could be selected by such disputant states as might desire to submit their differences to arbitration. It never met as a body and, because its members served only in the particular cases in which they were nominated as arbitrators, it never had the opportunity of building up a continuous and harmonious system of international law.

The League's Court of Justice, on the other hand, has its fixed personnel elected for the term of nine years, with salaries ranging from $6000 to $24,000 a year, depending on the days of actual service. The system thus affords an opportunity for growth in judicial experience and capacity, impossible under the Hague plan. The Court meets at least once a year — in June — and oftener if necessary; and the President of the Court must be in continuous residence at the Hague. In other words, this new Court completely fulfills the almost prophetic instructions which Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, gave the American delegates to the Second Hague Conference in 1907; they were to endeavor to create 'a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupations, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility.' Failure in 1907 came when the nations could not agree on a method of selecting the judges — a difficulty overcome seventeen years later, oddly enough, through the genius and persistence of the same Mr. Root.

Another distinction between the Hague Court of Arbitration and the League's Court of Justice is even more significant, though it can be touched upon here only in a word. It is the distinction between arbitration and adjudication; between a settlement by compromise and a settlement by means of the application of fixed and certain principles. It involves not only a new emphasis on international law and custom, already sanctioned by the conscience of mankind, but a steady and systematic development of that law and custom, based on the progressive judgments of the Court.

A final distinctive feature of the League's Court is the extent to which its jurisdiction is compulsory. While this feature is not prescribed in the provisions creating it, thus far eighteen nations have voluntarily agreed to give the Court compulsory jurisdiction over all disputes that may arise between them. Similar jurisdiction has likewise been conferred in a number of recent treaties, notably those with Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, relating to ports, waterways, and the protection of minorities. Altogether the trend is in the direction of giving the Court of Justice the same competence in international disputes which dignifies the Supreme Court of the United States in the settlement of our own internal difficulties.

IV

With all this machinery at the disposal of the League, it is a fair question to ask what has been done with it. The primary purpose of the machinery is to settle disputes and stop war. Has it been used for this purpose, and, if so, with what results?

Reference has already been made to the Yugoslavic-Albanian boundary difficulty which suddenly loomed like a menacing cloud on the European horizon in the summer of 1921. It was the old story of aggression such as has been repeated time and again in the unhappy history of the Balkans. Dissatisfied with the frontier line between herself and Albania, which had been under dispute for some months, Yugoslavia resorted to the time-honored principle of executing a fait accompli: she sent her troops across the line and took what she wanted.

Here was a situation which, under the old dispensation, would have upset the chancellories of half the world and strained the diplomatic relations of Europe, perhaps to the breaking-point. It was a match struck in a powder mill. The calamity of 1914 started in very much the same way. But there was a difference between 1914 and 1921. In the former year there had been no organization of nations, no plan, no procedure. In 1921 machinery existed for just such an emergency. The machinery was new, it was imperfectly adjusted, it creaked in some of its joints and needed lubrication. But at least there was machinery, and it could run. In this case it ran without a fault. Mr. Lloyd George sent a telegram to the League asking for an immediate meeting of the Council and suggesting the application of an economic boycott against Yugoslavia. The effect of the telegram was electric. Yugoslavic exchange tumbled in London and Paris. An international loan which Yugoslavia was negotiating was immediately withdrawn. The Council met in nine days, holding its meetings in open session. And Yugoslavia backed down. Within a week she had withdrawn her troops behind her own frontier, and to-day a League Commission is on the spot in Albania, working out the arrangements for peaceful coöperation along the boundary.

Why did Yugoslavia so suddenly change front? Not a soldier was moved against her; not a single battleship fired a shot or made a demonstration; there was not even a gesture of force. Yugoslavia suddenly awoke to the fact that there was a new power stirring in the world — the power of international public opinion, backed by fifty nations and working through centralized machinery. She realized that a bull of excommunication, issued from such a source, carried with it an authority that could not be defied. Bewildered by the new machinery and protesting against its decree, she nevertheless shaped her course to avoid ostracism by her peers.

Another dispute brought before the League was a long-standing quarrel between Finland and Sweden over the possession of the Aaland Islands. These islands, constituting a small archipelago lying in the Gulf of Bothnia, almost midway between the two nations, dominate the whole eastern Baltic. They were claimed by Sweden because their population is overwhelmingly Swedish, and by Finland because, for over a hundred years, they had been part of the former Russian Duchy of Finland.

In June, 1920, the tension between the two countries over the ownership of these islands increased alarmingly, and war was threatened on both sides. Great Britain thereupon made use of Article XI of the Covenant, which declares that any nation has 'the friendly

right' to bring to the attention of the League any circumstance threatening to disturb international peace. Upon Great Britain's initiative, the Council of the League appointed an independent commission of inquiry, consisting of a Belgian, a Swiss, and an American, 'to proceed to the spot, obtain evidence, and submit a report.' After some months of investigation, in which both sides to the dispute presented their cases at length, the commission decided that sovereignty over the Aaland Islands belonged to Finland. The Council agreed to the report, which was freely accepted by both the contesting nations, and the final act was a ten-power diplomatic convention, signed at Geneva under the auspices of the League, guaranteeing Finland in possession, providing for the neutralization of the islands from a military point of view, and safeguarding them from the loss of their distinctive characteristics and institutions — particularly the Swedish language.

Here again there was no bloodshed and no coercion. A menace to the peace of the world was averted by the exercise of common sense working through very simple machinery. The method was effective not because it represented force, but because it had behind it the *moral* judgment of civilization.

A third international dispute with which the League has dealt was the Upper Silesian difficulty which burst into flame a year ago and, at one time, threatened the renewal of general war in Europe. It arose over the question of the boundary line between Germany and Poland in the district of Upper Silesia. German at one end, Polish at the other, and hopelessly mixed where the races meet, this territory contains one fourth of the coal supply of the former German Empire and constituted, before 1914, one of her most flourishing industrial areas. The Treaty of Versailles found the problem too intricate for immediate solution and provided for a future plebiscite. The plebiscite complicated rather than clarified the situation, and, with France backing the Polish claims, England behind the German claims, and Korfanty lighting the fires of insurrection in the district itself, the matter was soon at white heat. The Allied Supreme Council, upon whom rested the decision, found itself in a state of hopeless deadlock. Neither Lloyd George nor Briand would back down. The matter was rapidly approaching a breaking-point when, suddenly, the Allied Supreme Council handed the problem to the League and agreed to accept any decision it might make.

The approach which the Council of the League made to the dispute brought the matter at once into a new atmosphere. Because England and France were interested parties and were represented on the Council, investigation and decision were left to the four members of the Council who came from the smaller states: Belgium, Spain, Brazil, and China. These four members, sitting as a committee, retained experts from neutral countries to advise them in finance, transportation, and mining problems, and an elaborate study was made of all the complicated factors of the case. The decision, which was immediately accepted by the Powers of Europe, laid down a boundary line as nearly as possible on the basis of the plebiscite, taking into account the economic and geographical situation of the district. In order to preserve the industrial unity of the territory, certain mutual economic guaranties were recommended which, with the territorial arrangements, have just been put into the form of a German-Polish convention, negotiated at Geneva under the auspices of the League. Since the decision, complete calm has reigned in

Upper Silesia and, with the signing of the convention, the matter is now a closed issue.

The decision of the League's Council in this boundary dispute has been severely attacked in some quarters on the ground that it favored Poland at the expense of Germany. No one was wholly satisfied with it, not even the Council members who drafted it. A careful review of the matter by disinterested observers, however, seems to indicate that, in immensely complicated circumstances, it was probably the best decision possible. Certainly the method of independent, impersonal examination of a diplomatic difficulty was the right one, even if, in some of its details, the decision was erroneous. In any event there is peace in Upper Silesia and Europe has been saved from war.

One further demonstration of the effectiveness of the League's machinery in settling international disputes remains briefly to be described. In 1920 the Polish Government requested the Council of the League to endeavor to find means of averting the war that threatened between Poland and Lithuania concerning the Vilna territory. As a matter of fact, war had already begun. Troops were on the march and skirmishes had been reported from both sides. Into this involved situation the League sent a special commission. The effect was almost immediate. The skirmishing stopped and the two nations entered into negotiations. At this moment General Zeliogowski, at the head of some irregular Polish troops, complicated matters by marching into the city of Vilna which the Lithuanians claimed as their ancient capital, although it contained a majority of Poles. Repudiated by his Government, he nevertheless remained in possession of the town.

The question is still unsettled, for neither Poland nor Lithuania has been willing to accept the form of agreement which the League's Council has recommended. Nevertheless, order has been maintained and the danger of war is averted. Undoubtedly the spirit of conciliation which has animated the Council has exercised its influence over the two parties. In spite of the difficulties which still separate them, their representatives, early this year, entered into a solemn engagement before the Council to abstain in the future from any act of hostility.

In these four cases of international friction which the League has reconciled during its first two years, one point stands clearly disclosed: the sole authority of the League is moral force; it rests on consent and not on coercion. It can suggest but cannot necessarily impose a settlement. Its victories are gained not by arms but by concentration of world public opinion. If in the future it helps to maintain peace, it will be, not because it represents an overwhelming combination of military force but because by slow stages it succeeds in gathering up the moral judgments of mankind into one powerful shaft of light and bringing that light to bear on instances of international injustice.

V

A society of nations cannot legitimately content itself with putting out the fires of war after they have once been kindled. If we are to have real assurance in the future, the causes of war, the materials upon which the flames feed, must, in so far as is humanly possible, be removed.

Secret diplomacy and secret treaties have been recognized over many years as potent causes of international suspicion and uneasiness. When the Covenant was created, therefore, one of its clauses stipulated that no treaty en-

tered into by a member of the League was valid or binding unless registered and published by the League of Nations. In pursuance of this regulation a treaty-registration section has been established at Geneva, and two hundred and fifty-three treaties have thus far been received, affecting practically every country in the world. Published in five volumes, they contain, some of them, information which under the old order would have been carefully shielded from public scrutiny.

As one glances through these volumes, representing in concrete form the fundamental principle that the nations of the world must stand before each other honestly and frankly, one is struck by the fact that some treaties are published in which the United States is a contracting party. But these treaties have not been sent in for registration by our State Department; they have been submitted by the other parties to the contract that happened to be members of the League. It is a significant point that the treaties growing out of the Washington Conference will have to be registered and published by the Secretariat of the League before they become binding upon the other powers.

Another potent cause of war to which, of late, much attention has been given is to be found in the piling-up of armaments; and in the field of disarmament it must be frankly admitted that the League has secured its smallest measure of success. Debarred from consideration of the question of naval disarmament by the absence of the United States, it has thus far found itself handicapped in taking up the problem of land armaments by the same influences that blocked the discussion of this question in Washington.

Nevertheless some progress has been made. A powerful committee, called the temporary mixed commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Esher, has for over a year been at work with an army of experts on an exhaustive statistical inquiry into the armaments of all countries, distinguishing the military and police forces necessary for internal security, and the forces necessary for national defense. The results of this study are not yet completed, but it is hoped that they will be ready for consideration by the Assembly this coming September. Side by side with this survey, the League has taken up the question of the private manufacture and traffic in arms, to see what can be done to break up the connection between private enterprise and war. As long as American munition-manufacturers are at liberty to ship arms into Abyssinia, for example, that part of the world is not free from menace. On these complicated questions an international conference has been called by the League, to meet, if possible, before September.

Altogether it seems probable that the splendid momentum achieved by the Washington Conference will, perhaps in the course of two or three years, be carried forward to even larger results through the machinery of the League. At least the machinery is in existence, ready to be used.

VI

The mere maintenance of peace, however, is not the sole aim of a real society of nations. Peace is rather the starting-point of international coöperation, the beginning of common responsibilities jointly assumed. The matter of mandated territories is a case in point. When the Covenant of the League was written, it was agreed that the German and Turkish colonies, freed from their former sovereignty, and containing thirteen millions of backward people, should not become

the spoils of their conquerors, but should be mandated to certain powers to be administered, under the general supervision of the League, on terms that would fully guarantee the principle of nonexploitation, and safeguard the natives from those evils that have so often followed upon the heels of colonization. Thus the mandatory powers became 'the trustees of civilization,' responsible to the League for their acts and policies, and obligated to submit an annual report with regard to the territories committed to their charge.

To examine these reports and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of mandates, a permanent Mandates Commission has been appointed by the League, composed of colonial experts who serve internationally, most of them being citizens of nonmandatory nations. While there has been regrettable delay in applying the system of mandates, the matter is now moving forward and mandatory nations, like Great Britain in Palestine, Australia and New Zealand in the islands south of the equator, and Japan in Yap, are submitting annual reports of their stewardship for examination and review by the family of nations.

Another phase of coöperative work which the League is undertaking has to do with the protection of religious, linguistic, and ethnical minorities isolated in the midst of majorities which are alien to them. Elaborate provision for such protection has been written into all the recent peace treaties and covers the whole of Eastern Europe from Finland to Greece; and the League of Nations has assumed the trusteeship. Thus, the Council of the League has been able to settle the dispute between Poland and Austria with regard to the Jews who came from Eastern Galicia into Austria and were there threatened with expulsion; it succeeded in obtaining guaranties for these emigrants from both Governments. It also intervened, to the satisfaction of both parties, in the question of the emigration of minorities between Greece and Bulgaria.

Similarly, the government of the Saar Valley Basin and of Danzig, committed to the League by the Treaty of Versailles, represents a collective responsibility which civilization has assumed through the machinery at Geneva. Because these two districts promised difficulties for the future with which no one nation could wisely cope, they were placed under international control. The governing commission of the Saar, which the League appointed, consists of a Belgian, a Canadian, a Dane, a Frenchman, and a Saarois; in Danzig, an Englishman was appointed high commissioner. Whatever opinion may exist as to the wisdom of isolating the Saar Valley Basin or of creating the Danzig corridor, there can be little question as to the League's administration of its responsibility. It has been impartial and conciliatory, guided by considerations of justice and fair play amid conditions almost insuperably difficult. Those who are inclined to criticize some of the details of the League's administration in these two fields might well consider what conditions would have existed if, instead of an international control, France had had full play in the Saar, and either Poland or Germany in Danzig.

Another illustration of that international coöperation which the League is promoting, is its work in the general field of economics and trade. Here we have a maze of problems which, with the development of modern communications, are of increasing concern to international good-will. The League, therefore, has created two technical branches to handle this activity: one on communications and transit, and the other on economics and finance.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to outline the scope of the work of these two organizations.

Manned by the best technical experts that can be obtained, drawing on practically all the nations of the world for information and statistics, they have succeeded in making the League a clearing house for conference and publicity on many nonpolitical questions which, in themselves unspectacular, are nevertheless of vital importance to the daily life of the world. The publications and bulletins of these organizations on matters of currency, finance, and trade are eagerly awaited, and constitute an approach to these problems which for its impersonal, scientific spirit is unique in the history of international coöperation. It was the work of these two branches that laid the technical basis for the conference at Genoa. Through their initiative, too, three great international conferences have been held under the direct auspices of the League; one at Brussels, in 1920, which first served to dramatize the desperate condition of the world's finances and which brought forward the 'Ter Meulen Scheme' for the rehabilitation of Austria; one at Paris, which simplified passport and customs procedure and cleared away many of the annoying obstacles to free circulation; and one at Barcelona, which laid down a new international law for liberty of transit in connection with trade, and freed navigable waterways from discriminatory regulations.

Somewhat similar to the two technical organizations we have just mentioned is the International Labor Conference which, though not a direct part of the League machinery, is intimately associated with it through the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and is supported financially by League funds. Once a year the states that are members of the League, and such other states as may be invited, each state being represented by four delegates, meet together to discuss the general problems of industrial peace, with the purpose of stimulating the creation of better working and living conditions around the world. In the interim between these meetings, this activity is carried forward by a permanent secretariat of two hundred and fifty people, located at Geneva, and called the International Labor Office. In the three years of its existence this office has become a great clearing house of information in regard to all labor and industrial movements, and its documents and reports are now an essential part of every well-equipped technical library.

The International Labor Conference has a significance little understood in the United States. Although its conclusions, embodied in the form of conventions, are merely submitted for the consideration of the member states, and any Government is free to reject them, it nevertheless has developed a prestige and an authority sufficient to set in motion legislative machinery all over the world. The conventions for the eight-hour day, for the limitation of night work, for the protection of women and children in industry, have been widely adopted, and, little by little, these minimum labor-standards, established by the Conference, are becoming general international practice, and the more liberal countries are being protected against those of backward labor-legislation.

Another activity in the broad field of international coöperation, but of an entirely different type, is represented by the committee, recently appointed by the Council of the League, to suggest methods for bringing together the universities and scientific laboratories of the world in a closer bond of sympathy and understanding. Known as the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation, it includes, in addition to a well-

known American scholar, such leaders of thought as Professor Einstein, Mme. Curie, Henri Bergson, and Gilbert Murray. Although its plans are not yet fully matured, it will aim to stimulate such undertakings as exchange professorships, and will try to organize into some kind of sympathetic relationship the scientific and humanistic interests of the universities of the world.

VII

There is almost no limit to the field of international coöperation. More and more the League of Nations is developing into a repository for activities related to the well-being of mankind which cannot successfully be prosecuted by individual nations.

The campaign against disease is a case in point. Disease knows no boundaries and respects no flags. It is a common enemy of mankind which can be conquered only by united action. As modern methods of travel bring the world into increasingly close relationships such action becomes imperative. To meet this need, therefore, the League of Nations has established an international health organization, which has brought together the brains and resources of the entire world in a common fight on disease.

The activities of this organization are manifold. Operating through an epidemics commission, which built up a sanitary cordon along the entire frontier, it successfully checked the spread of typhus from Russia into Eastern Europe in 1920. In March of this year it promoted a great international epidemics conference in Warsaw, attended by twenty-seven nations, including Soviet Russia and Soviet Ukraine, which laid down a series of sanitary conventions and prepared a detailed plan for a united campaign against typhus. Another international conference was held under its auspices, in London, to determine some method of standardizing the measurement of the strength of antitoxic serums used in diseases like pneumonia, diphtheria, syphilis, and the like. This conference elaborated a programme of inquiry to be carried out by the great public health laboratories of the world, and centralized in the Copenhagen Institute, which will act as a clearing-house for all the work.

The health section of the League has organized, too, an epidemiological intelligence service, in order to inform all national health authorities rapidly and effectively of the incidence of epidemic diseases. Information is sent out at least twice every three weeks, and a regular monthly bulletin is also issued, containing statistics and charts on the incidence, all over the world, of Asiatic cholera, typhus, relapsing fever, dysentery, smallpox, anthrax, scurvy, and other diseases.

In other words, a common campaign, backed by the financial resources and moral support of fifty-one nations, is being scientifically organized and conducted against an ancient and well-intrenched enemy of the race.

Another campaign organized by the League has to do with the international commerce in opium and its derivatives. Here again a special branch of the League was created, called the opium commission, including in its membership, among others, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Siamese, an Indian, and an American. Two international conferences have been held and, on the basis of information secured from practically every Government in the world except the United States, recommendations for common action have been drawn up which will go far to check if not to eliminate this devastating traffic.

The international traffic in women and girls is another great problem which the League has taken up. Thirty

nations met in Geneva under its auspices, in 1921, and agreed upon a series of changes which will greatly strengthen the existing international conventions. A treaty incorporating these changes has since been signed by thirty-three nations, and the others will undoubtedly soon follow. A special advisory committee has been appointed by the Council of the League to keep in touch with the situation and, with the League's machinery behind the campaign, we may confidently anticipate the steady diminution in an international traffic which, up to this time, has baffled the best efforts of individual nations.

Space is lacking in which to describe all the work that the League is undertaking in the general field of international coöperation. Under its ægis, with Dr. Nansen acting as its high commissioner, 400,000 prisoners of war were returned to their homes at a total cost of about two million dollars. Acting on the advice of a special commission of inquiry which it sent to Asia Minor to look into the question of the imprisonment of Armenian women and girls in Turkish harems, it appointed a high commissioner in Constantinople — an American, incidentally; opened a series of 'neutral houses' to shelter these unfortunates; and persuaded the Allied military officials to bring the matter strongly to the attention of the Turks. Similarly, with Dr. Nansen serving again as high commissioner, it entered upon the work of assisting the thousands of Russian refugees driven from their own land by famine and shifting political fortunes. This necessary activity is still under way, backed by the authority and influence of the Council.

Week by week the League is extending its work along these general humanitarian lines, using its machinery to meet those human needs which overflow national boundaries. If, in these uncontroversial matters, the nations of the world can develop the technique of common action and acquire the habit of coöperation, surely, when the great test comes, and another 1914 throws down its ugly challenge to mankind, there will be a better chance for sanity and self-control and a larger hope of escape from a world wreck of untold proportions.

This, then, is the League of Nations — not a superstate, backed by vast armaments, but a simple instrument for bringing nations together in conference around a table. Its warmest friends make no claim of perfection for it. It cannot bring the millennium. It cannot immediately allay the high fever of present international discord. Its weaknesses are apparent. It is powerless to solve, or even deal with, some of the most menacing problems that confront us.

But here is a coöperative world-movement, the first of its kind in history, constituting a central rallying-point around which the forces of law and peace may gather, and slowly developing new approaches to common dangers and new methods of common action. During its first two years, in a period of unparalleled difficulty, its positive achievement has been distinctly creditable, far wider in scope and greater in bulk that its best friends dreamed possible. In spite of all cynicism, all gibes, all remorseless criticism, it has become a real influence in the world and has won for itself a distinct place in the confidence and hope of many peoples. That confidence will not easily be shaken, and that hope is a grim and determined hope; for, if the League proves a blunt and ineffective instrument, there is nothing ahead of us except despair in the face of new wars.

FRANCE'S PART

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

When I was wondering how to answer my American correspondent who told me that America was growing to distrust France, I came across a passage in the shrewd and entertaining Journal of the De Goncourts, in which Gladstone, dining at Girardin's, was reported to have said that 'the Conservative Party of France is the stupidest of all the Conservative parties in the world.' And then I recalled the phrase about the Bourbons learning nothing and forgetting nothing. The Bourbons to-day are a handful of bourgeois rulers, upon whom the same verdict might be passed by a harsh critic.

What is the truth concerning the French? Is Gladstone's judgment right? Sometimes one is truly tempted to believe that the cause of France's virtual separation from countries which were prepared — nay, were anxious — to continue on the closest terms of friendship with her, is sheer stupidity. France, like the raw recruit, declares that she is the only person in the regiment who is keeping step. Now it so happens that, whether the raw recruit was right or not, France is undoubtedly right. She is the only person who keeps in step, who has not changed feet, who has not put her rifle on the other shoulder. She has forgotten nothing: she has learned nothing.

Will it be permitted to a true friend of France, alarmed at the change of opinion in America, as in England, to present some defense of France — a defense which, however, will be anything but official — will be nothing if not frank?

It is, unfortunately, a fact that, whereas three years ago France had friends even among her enemies, to-day she has enemies even among her friends. The tremendous change of opinion, which has swept all the shores of the Atlantic, cannot now be denied; and it is better to start by dropping pretenses and by admitting that everywhere France is considered to be the principal power standing in the way of a reasonable settlement of the world's political and economic affairs. There are, of course, plenty of people in every country who still hold with France; but even in these specifically pro-French quarters there is an undercurrent of misgiving. Nor will it suffice to scout indignantly the allegation that France is latently, if not blatantly, imperialist. That is not the charge. Nor is the charge that of militarism-run-mad. There are, doubtless, ill-informed folk who make such accusations, and Frenchmen devote all their energy to repudiating these accusations. In truth, all that can be said against France's large army, all that can be said against her designs on the Ruhr, and so forth, is beside the point. It is wasting breath to attack France on these grounds, and it is unnecessary for France to attach any importance to those who are so woefully irrelevant in their criticisms.

Such spirit of imperialism and of

militarism as exists in France — as it exists in all countries — is comparatively negligible, and at any rate arises out of a much more evil spirit of which it is only an incidental expression. The real vulnerable point of France is her apparent selfishness. The indictment that is framed in men's minds — sometimes unconsciously — is that France is thinking only of herself and not at all of the great world outside France. As my correspondent puts it in the vernacular, people are beginning to say that 'France will neither *gee* nor *haw* when the whole world demands that the European team tug at the plough in unison.'

II

Certainly it is incontestable that there is a general demand for coöperation. The writer long ago placed on record his conviction that the growing need of the age is a greater consciousness of universal solidarity. He has himself preached, in season and out of season, this doctrine. One is tempted to call it a new doctrine — but of course it is an exceedingly old one. Nevertheless, not until our time have all its implications been understood and its practical realization rendered possible.

A short digression — which is really not a digression, which is really the central thing in any consideration of France's relations with the rest of the world — must here be pardoned. It may be that I shall be twitted with elaborating the obvious, with emphasizing a truth that everybody understands. But it was not so when I began to proclaim, in every article I wrote, the oneness of the world. A truism, if you please, but a truism that few people accepted, and that required saying again and again. A truism that sounded like a revolutionary idea.

I do not know at what stage of the world's history except our own the truism was, for practical purposes, true. The brotherhood of mankind as a moral ideal has long been preached; as a physical fact it had little importance until commerce began to make us, in all countries, dependent one upon another. The industrial age began to translate a vague philosophy into concrete terms of absolute necessity. It is only a few years since the machinery of the world was so organized that every country became a vital wheel in the machinery. Amazing progress in this sense has been made; to-day nothing can happen anywhere without sending repercussions round the globe. Steamships and cables, aeroplanes and wireless telegraphy, have reduced distance to a little thing. Innumerable instances could be cited to show that the natural products and the peculiar manufacturing skill of this land are of essential value to that land, and vice versa.

But it is finance that has woven its web all over the world, in such a way that any ripping and vibration in one part will affect the entire web. Nothing can be cut away, nothing can be ignored. What is a calamity for one, is a calamity for all. Indeed, it is the suffering caused by the dislocation and the disturbance which has taught us to appreciate this truth. In the school of bitter experience we have learned that we are members of each other. We may speak of this in a moral manner, or we may — afraid of 'high-falutin' language, of the appearance of hypocrisy — confine ourselves to the realistic language of trade. I am not sure that it is not better to confine ourselves to material considerations. It is the fiscal facts that strike home — that have struck home.

Balzac, I remember, puts a moral problem before his readers. He supposes that one of us has only to press a button, which will direct a deadly current, to kill a Chinaman whom we have never seen, but whose death will bring

to us untold gold. Would we not press the button, he asks. It is possible that our moral sense is as yet feeble enough to allow us to perpetrate a lucrative murder, easily accomplished and never seen. But the problem would be stated otherwise in these days. Balzac lived before universal solidarity had been realized. To-day we would certainly not gain a fortune — we would lose a fortune — by injuring the unknown person beyond the far-off Chinese wall. We have to think twice before pressing our button, because the distant perturbations will shake the ground under our feet. It is not that we are more moral, but that we are more practical; and the impossible hypothesis of Balzac has been converted into an unmistakable reality in exactly the opposite sense.

The war taught us how to pool on a limited scale; the peace is teaching us that we must pool on the largest scale; for already, by the operation of an intricate and interlocking civilization, our joys and our sorrows are pooled. Dimly, inarticulately, it may be, the average man in nearly every nation is aware of the dominating idea — which is the dominating fact — of our generation.

This is, I said, not a digression. For it is just because the rest of the world is grasping this truth and France is not, that we witness the deepening of the division that has manifested itself between France and the rest of the world. The reproach against France is that she is egotistic, mindful only of her own interest and not of the interests of others. Her own interest, rightly understood, would be to come into the world-scheme, but there are special reasons why she should not understand.

III

The chief point that distinguishes France from countries like America and England is that, economically, France is, apparently and in large measure, self-sufficing. More than half the population of France is engaged in agriculture, and although, contrary to popular belief, French agriculture is poor and backward, producing much less to an acre than German, American, or British agriculture, France has managed to get back to a total production which corresponds to the country's needs. French peasants are certainly industrious and admirable in many respects. But, in the nature of the case, their vision is limited. They are ignorant, as peasants always are ignorant; but they are uncommonly shrewd and thrifty. So long as they can go on cultivating their bit of soil, even though their methods are often antiquated, even though the much-vaunted system of peasant proprietorship is economically unsound and lamentably fails to make the most of natural resources, so long as they are personally prosperous, and while foodstuffs are plentiful in the towns, France is not likely to feel the pinch that industrial countries are feeling.

The peasant strikes the keynote. It is not Paris which dictates its politics to France: it is France (that is to say, the countryside and the little towns) which dictates its politics to Paris. The majority of deputies, meeting in the Palais Bourbon, see, in their mind's eye, not the towers and monuments and busy boulevards of the metropolis, but the fields and villages which they represent. France has initiated mighty movements in the world, but France in politics is essentially conservative. We have to reckon with the simple thought of the peasant who demands that Germany shall pay, as France paid after 1871, out of treasures hidden in a woolen stocking, without troubling about modern modalities; and who cannot see the need of renewed relations between France and an outlandish Russia.

Curiously enough, England is still regarded as an island. The fact is, of course, that it is France which is an island. We must not allow ourselves to be misguided by the map. England is indissolubly embedded in the centre of the Continent. France is, as it were, economically withdrawn from the Continent. France can wrap herself, if she pleases, as in a cloak, and ignore the outside world. Geography may be an exact science, but it is often untrue. For England, dependent upon industry, upon foreign markets, upon the widest possible diffusion of her commerce, every closed door is a disaster, every outlawed country is a lost customer.

It was all very well, during the period of excitement which followed the war, to demand the uttermost farthing from Germany; but now England, forgetting her own attitude of three years ago, wants to wipe off her bad debts and begin afresh. Germany is as good a dealer with whom to have dealings as any other — and better. It is with great perplexity that England observes that France cannot agree to this placid repudiation of the Versailles Treaty, to which England was a party so short a time ago. England's forgiveness of Germany is not dictated, of course, by any noble application of the precepts of Christianity — it is dictated simply by necessity. There is much common sense in this inconsistency. But it is, perhaps, asking too much, that France should, as a matter of course, follow her.

France, indeed, stands precisely where she stood in 1919. She continues to point to her ruined North, her unbuckled budgets; and she states with some truth that the alternatives for her are German payments and French bankruptcy. That is putting the case too high. I do not believe in the bankruptcy of France, but I do believe that financially the situation will be exceedingly difficult if money is not forthcoming, as was promised, from an outside source. Sooner or later, I even think, there must be a writing-down of debts — both internal debts and external debts. France's problem is not so much economic as financial. Her real prosperity seems assured. She will continue to earn enough for herself to go on living comfortably. But she cannot, it seems to me, go on earning sufficient to pay off her creditors, whether they are Frenchmen or Americans; and some bookkeeping operation is necessary, which will link up German payments with French payments.

When M. Loucheur flatly says that France cannot acquit her debt to America unless Germany acquits her debt to France, he is speaking the plain truth. Nor do I think that the United States can reasonably expect repayment unless all the allies and associates help her to obtain the wherewithal from the nation declared by everybody to be the ultimate debtor. But it is, in spite of anger, possible to ignore these external debts — which does not imply their repudiation. The connection between France's incomings and outgoings cannot be denied. If that were all the problem, we could safely wait for the day when there would be agreement about the desirability of a clean international slate. Unfortunately, there is also the internal debt. That debt is piling up and up. It is not likely that Frenchmen will consent to a reduction of their claims on the Government, to forgo a good part of their savings lent on the strength of expectations on Germany, without putting up a most desperate fight. Surely, in spite of the gradual, and now almost complete, change of opinion in other countries, the maintenance of the old opinion in France can be readily understood. Every one hundred marks that Germany fails to pay comes off the bondholding of an individual Frenchman.

IV

Besides, there is a perfectly natural hatred and distrust of Germany in France, which does not, which cannot, exist elsewhere. It would be superfluous for me to enlarge upon the causes of this antipathy, which is mixed with fear. Invasion — murderous, malignant, destructive in the last degree — is a terrible experience; and, human nature being what it is, it would be amazing were France to forget as quickly as those comparatively happy countries which sent their armies to be killed on the French battlefields. Undoubtedly the intense horror that France has of Germany colors her policy.

Further, it is clearly seen — and I think with justice — that, unless there is a radical change of international relations, another attempt at invasion is inevitable. Provocation offered by France will undoubtedly hasten the day when Germany seeks her *revanche;* but against the fine humanitarian conception that now prevails in many quarters, — that general friendliness and surrender of special claims is the best means of preventing a clash, — France argues that she does not believe that Germany can be won over by concessions; that, at any rate, France cannot afford concessions, and that such concessions, if they are not effective in their object, will assuredly weaken France against the ineluctable hour of trial. Either you have faith in the nobler future of mankind, when feuds will be set aside — or you have not. France has not. Probably she is wrong in this lack of idealism; but it must be confessed that the idealism demanded from her is blind and perilous. It is not my business to argue against the fallacy of force. Suffice it to say that if at present France is at all disposed to trust in God, — and in her allies, — it is on condition that she be allowed to keep her powder dry.

For the German repudiation, now in sight, does imply armed resistance. When Germany signed the Rapallo treaty with Russia, it became evident that France would have to reckon with a Russo-German alliance. Could she count upon British support? Could she expect American assistance? Hardly. Both countries had denounced her intransigeance. Both countries were washing their hands of French troubles. Then, cried many of France's advisers, what can we do but take care to get our blow in first? If we allow the Russo-German menace to develop, then we are lost! Better seize at once the Ruhr, which is an arsenal of Germany, from which flows the economic lifeblood of Germany!

One is bound to deplore such reasoning; but, given the premises, it cannot be described as illogical. The truth is that France feels herself deserted. Not only has she not received the payments promised her, but she is railed at by those who promised the payments as being unreasonable in expecting them! She sees England and America disposed to side with her old enemy, Germany, and to turn against France, because she insists upon what three years ago was considered a fair demand. Whether everybody was wrong three years ago is beside the question: the point is that the converted scoundrel (if indeed we were, in the political sense, scoundrels in 1919) can have no moral right to turn upon his unrepentant partner with abusive epithets.

Still, although the Ruhr policy would find great support in France, were political passions to be played upon, calmer thinkers in France are not unaware of the peril. The blow would be got in first — but after? Would that prevent, or would it make more certain, retaliation? It is easy to go in, but will it be easy to come out? What profits can be extracted from the Ruhr, or

from Berlin itself? Nobody who considers the matter as a business proposition can do anything but condemn such a policy. Many thousands of bayonets will not dig a ton of coal. There will be an uneasy occupation for a longer or shorter term, — and be it noted that the military men themselves are afraid of such an expedition carried out on what may be called a peace footing, feeling that such an occupation, so far from the base, should be executed with the number of men and the technical precautions that a warlike expedition would require, — during which the mark will collapse, making payments, even were they not absorbed in military expenditure, less and less possible. And then? Some day France will have to get out. Whether she got out peacefully, because the experiment had ruined her, or whether she got out in face of the concentration of Russian and German troops and resources — either kind of retreat would be a confession of failure and a deep humiliation. One could paint the picture in much darker colors. One could show the chances of an attack on Poland by Russia, who would have an understanding with Germany — the necessary reply to this challenge by France; the general conflagration, which would break out and extend, and not burn down until European civilization had gone up in smoke. But, indeed, there is no need to dwell upon these hypotheses. The French themselves sometimes feel that only a final catastrophe can lie at the end of that path; but they also feel themselves driven by an irresistible fate, like the hero of an immense Grecian tragedy.

V

What is to be done? Here is the menace which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over the head of Europe and of the world. If I may express frankly my personal opinion, I am bound to say that I think France is right and the rest of the world is right. That is the pity of it. It would be easy were someone entirely wrong. Unfortunately, most of us can see only one side of the shield at the same time. When we are fighting for what may conveniently be called the Lloyd George view (though, of course, no one has changed his opinions oftener than Mr. Lloyd George and no one is more distrusted in France), we are apt to cry shame on the French, and to regard it as inconceivable that any one country can be so obstructive. We can find no justification whatever for the French. Such an attitude can only make matters worse, can only drive the French more swiftly and surely in the direction we consider undesirable. Such an attitude can only make the French more conscious of their isolation, their helplessness, and force them to seek desperate solutions. On the other hand, those who understand the psychology of the French case are usually indignant with Mr. Lloyd George and his British followers, and with those in America who are supposed, for reasons of high finance, to be engaged in a conspiracy with Germany to cheat France of her dues. The really tragic aspect of the whole situation is that there never was a case which had two such distinct sides. Until that fact is recognized, we shall simply play our game of cross-purposes, get red and hot in our anger with each other, and hasten the dénouement.

The French case against any sort of rapprochement with Russia is contained in the French case against Germany, and it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. Once you admit that France is being wronged, once you admit that she is bound to stand against this supposed betrayal by her allies, it follows that Russia must be put in the German camp, must not be assisted. France

stands facing a Germany who is in league with Russia, who can forge her arms in Russia; while England, America, Italy, and most of the neutral countries, are, rightly or wrongly, suspected of applauding Germany, if not of actively assisting Germany.

Where indeed are the friends of France? Will Poland not seek to save herself by coming to an anti-French understanding with Russia, or Germany, or both? Will the nations of the Petite Entente in the last resort range themselves with France? or will they, in a spirit of self-preservation, make such peace as they can with the growing monster which confronts France? As I write, even Belgium is, contrary to most reports, sharply divided in her sympathies.

VI

A plain statement about the Entente between France and England seems called for from one who has always held that the Entente is the basis of any European peace, and who, when it was a question of choosing between the Entente and his long connection with British liberalism, was obliged, at great personal sacrifice, to choose the Entente, and to detach himself from all those British liberal influences which would frankly shatter the Entente. I cannot see any hope or help for Europe if British publicists turn savagely on France; for, however right may be the view which is gaining ground in England, and is, I believe, conquering America, it appears to me beyond dispute that nothing good can be done in the face of French passive resistance, much less in the face of French active opposition, and that anything which tends to separate France and England (and, with England, America) can result only in the driving of France into an extreme position, which is really a false position, one which she does not wish to take up, dreading lest the drama should end calamitously for all the world.

But, having made my personal position clear, I am obliged in all honesty to declare that the anti-French movement in England, in spite of such men as Lord Northcliffe, is making headway. Much has appeared in the newspapers, which have indulged in almost incredible verbal violence. Again, to my regret (if in such a situation these personal references may be forgiven), I am compelled to say that that great British journalist, Mr. Garvin, under whose inspiring banner I have marched, beggared the dictionary in his search for epithets to be fastened on France. This is lamentably wrong, and the very worst method of attempting to mend matters.

There has been generally a fatal lack of balance, an inability to see both sides of the shield, an excess of vituperation, which bodes ill for Europe. I cannot do better than to quote from a letter which I lately received from a most competent observer in London.

'To judge from the French press,' he says, 'people over there have not yet begun to understand the enormous effect which the Genoa Conference has produced upon Anglo-French relations, just as they took a long time to understand the effect of Washington on Franco-American relations. Broadly speaking, among all classes, in the clubs and in the pubs, there are no differences of opinion. Everybody looks on France as the single stumbling-block to European reconstruction and trade recovery. However much the justice of the verdict may be questioned, there is not the least doubt about the verdict, nor the least possibility of its being reversed. English opinion, as you know, moves slowly, but it sticks; and one of the symptoms of the new attitude will very likely be a growing disinclination to protest against French politics, on the

ground that they no longer seriously concern us. There is a general feeling that Lloyd George is wasting his time in trying to come to any understanding with Poincaré. A spectacular rupture of the Entente would no doubt, at this moment, be very popular here. A row with France is the best card in the whole of Lloyd George's bag of electoral tricks.'

That is a serious statement; and the truth is that any political demonstration, and spectacular conferences, such as those of Genoa, are, given the present state of feeling in France, utterly bad. They serve to emphasize and publish the deep divergence. The Genoa fiasco was especially ill-timed. Political pretense, of which there is much in France, was beginning to wink its eyes at quiet attempts on the economic terrain to arrive at a settlement with Russia and Germany. The moment political passions are awakened, all chance of agreement must be abandoned; and with an open quarrel between France and England, reasonable accords are further off than ever.

What, then, is the remedy? It seems to me that a great flaming gulf lies ahead of us, and that we shall escape it only if France, too, realizes in time her solidarity with the rest of the world, and the rest of the world realizes its solidarity with France. Mere blame for France is stupid and devoid of understanding. Mere sympathy for France is useless. The only helpful way is to rally round France once more, to offer her concrete proposals of assistance in her financial difficulties, and to allay her fears. This means that America must come back to Europe. It means that America must throw in her lot with Europe. I do not know whether this is practical politics, but I think I know that, without it, worse days of confusion and upheaval await Europe, and that America will suffer if she supposes that she can pass by on the other side, and survey the whirling chaos from across the Atlantic.

THE NON-ASSIMILATION OF ISRAEL

BY WILLIAM YALE

An article entitled 'The Assimilation of Israel,' by Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1921, is of particular interest at this time of blinding nationalistic and racial passion.

The exposition of Mr. Mowrer is both just and fair-minded as regards Jew and Gentile; but a careful reading of his thesis leaves one with the impression that he has not got at the root of the matter. There are certainly several factors in the equation of which he has entirely failed to make mention. Mr. Mowrer has apparently convinced himself that the Jewish Problem is distinctly a political one, complicated by religious and social features. With this deduction many cannot agree. It does not satisfy either the Jew or the Gentile.

At the present time of nationalist madness, it is almost heresy to as-

sert that, instead of its being nationalism which underlies world-antipathies, both in the past and in the present, it is the antagonism of diverse cultures. Before applying this theory to the Jewish Question, it is advisable to amplify it in order that it may be quite clear.

The sociologists and anthropologists will probably not quarrel with the general thesis that, underlying the mistrust and fear of one primitive tribe for another, was the difference of habits, customs, taboos, and totems, of which primitive culture consisted. Nor will the historians question the statement that the hatred and fear of the ancient Greeks and Persians were in a large measure due to differences in religion, government, and social customs — in fact, to differences of culture.

The present offers so many examples of this phenomenon that there is an embarrassment of choice. When these problems are not complicated by the political and commercial rivalries of governments, the underlying cultural struggle is more clearly in evidence. The growing hostility and intensity of feeling as between the East and the West are almost purely cultural. The antagonism and hatred between Christians and Moslems in the Near East are essentially cultural — differences of customs, habits, and dress; difference in fundamental moral and social conceptions; a different mode of thought; a different philosophy.

Central Europe to-day presents perhaps the most exceptional picture of the hatreds bred by differences of culture. The much-discussed Irish Question is far more cultural than religious and social.

Similarity of race has, in the past, usually implied similar customs, habits, modes of thought, moral outlook and philosophy — in fact, a similar culture. Religion, with all of its intense hatreds and aversions, is essentially only a distinctive and powerful factor in determining the culture of a race, nation, or other unit of mankind.

Americans and Englishmen have probably more in common than any other great groups into which human society is at present divided. But what many of those on both sides of the Atlantic, who have most at heart a closer association of England and America, fail to understand is that one of the strongest determining factors of the culture of a people — the social organization — is radically different in the two countries. England's social organism is based in theory and in practice on the caste system; while in theory, and to a great extent in practice, the American social order is based on worth and achievement. Such antagonism as exists between these two countries is due fundamentally to both a conscious and an unconscious conflict of this strong cultural difference.

The foregoing appears a long way removed from the Jewish Problem; but if the reader has had the patience to follow this sketchy definition of the word culture, he will perhaps follow the application of this theory of conflicting cultures to the question why the People of Israel have not been assimilated during the long centuries; and he will be better able to draw his own conclusions as to whether the Jews will ever be assimilated by the people among whom they live.

The Jewish people have a distinct culture of their own — a culture which is more thoroughly inculcated in the individual Jew than is the Gentile culture in the individual Gentile. The Jews have a literature which is distinct from all other literatures; they have customs and habits which set them apart from any other human group; they have a mode of thought peculiarly characteristic of the Jew; their moral conceptions are different

from those of the Gentiles; their philosophy is distinctly their own. At a very early age, these differences are drilled into the mind not only of the upper classes, but also, and even more intensely, of the masses. There are so many determining factors in the culture of the Jews which are different from those of all other groups, that the Jews are verily a race set apart — a race or group whose culture is antagonistic, on many counts, to the culture of all other peoples.

There are many causes which have tended to increase and to intensify these cultural differences. But two factors, which have had considerable influence on the question of assimilation have not, it is believed, previously been discussed.

Among Christian peoples women have come to be considered from a different point of view than among other peoples. The attitude toward women among the Christians has consistently through the ages been idealistic. This Christian conception of womanhood is probably due to the fact that early Christianity was based on the worship of a Virgin Mother. The conception was intensified and augmented by the advent of chivalry. Christian culture created a refinement of thought, a delicacy of feeling, and a sense of the sanctity of womanhood, which are apparently lacking in Jewish culture, as witnessed both in their literature and in the daily life of the Jewish people.

This difference between the culture of the Christian and that of the Jew has undoubtedly militated against assimilation, as it has restrained Christian men and women from intermarriage with Jews. With all of her charm, the appeal of her emotional nature, and the attractiveness of her many talents, to the Christian man the Jewish woman has lacked a nicety of thought and feeling. To the Christian woman the Jew, with his extraordinary sensitiveness of feeling, his appreciation of the beautiful in life, in art, and in literature, with the charm of his intellectual brilliance and versatility, has failed to show that delicacy of thought and refinement of manner to which she is accustomed.

On the other hand, handicapped by the lack of this factor in their culture, which to a great extent isolated them and prevented close association with their intellectual equals in the Christian groups, the Jews found themselves thrown among classes of Christians whose intellectual training and equipment were far inferior to that of the average Jew.

For it must be realized that the masses among the Jews receive a far greater intellectual training than the masses among the Christians. As a race or group, the Jews are more intelligent and better trained mentally than any other group. Denied association and intimacy with Gentiles of equal or superior intelligence, the Jews have refused assimilation, both intellectual and physical.

The Jewish Problem is, at bottom, a cultural problem. The antagonistic factors in Jewish culture have made any large assimilation impossible in the past. Jewish culture has much to offer the world, and the question of the future is, whether Jewish thinkers and leaders will endeavor to suppress such factors in the culture of their people as render assilimation difficult if not impossible, or whether Jewish leaders will attempt to intensify these differences, in order to prevent assimilation and preserve Israel as the Chosen People.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAY FEVER: A PAROXYSM

THREE sneezes are lucky; nineteen are unlucky. One sneeze, isolated, can be taken as proof that you have not the authentic, aristocratic, Henry Ward Beecher variety of hay fever.

Hay fever arrives and combusts on the minute. Every sufferer tries to forget his particular date, only confiding to other sufferers what date he is trying to forget. Nevertheless, his day, like the Fourth of July, is invariably announced, in the early morning twilight, by an explosion. If you forget Independence Day, or your rendezvous with the hay fever, the explosion occurs just the same.

Few things, indeed, seem to have any effect on the hay. Sprays and sprayers, tubes of this, tubes of that, cooking-soda, drinking with meals, drinking between meals, no drinking, no meals, no meat, no sugar, salves and precious ointments — these have no influence. Hay fever sometimes thrives on ragweed vaccine, much as mice seem to fatten on Rat-Snap. It remains, therefore, for a victim to acquire by degrees a hay-fever-trained family, and to continue sneezing in his own favorite way.

It would seem simple to continue to sneeze; but until the family is trained, even this may be attended by a difficulty. Contrary to popular notion, the actual sneeze, per se, is not the most disagreeable part of hay fever. The intolerable phase is that curious sensation of things impending, which immediately precedes a sneeze. If this sensation is not brought to a victorious conclusion, it leaves its medium suspended in air, thwarted, irascible.

One sneeze, according to the Hay Fever Manual, is normally followed by another. One bright glance at the sufferer is usually sufficient to ascertain whether he has reached the end of his progression, or whether he stands ready, by the book, still waiting accomplishment. A chance question aimed at him just at this crucial moment is absolutely certain to frustrate the sneeze. This makes him ugly.

I have explained all this carefully to my family, in words of one syllable. 'When I shall have sneezed once,' I tell them impressively, 'wait and see if I shall sneeze again.' They assent understandingly, and when the proper moment arrives, they, with mob-psychology, obey.

There has occurred one famous exception, in the case of a recalcitrant sister, whose sympathy is adequate, but whose passion for conversation is at all times equal to my own. Certain members of the family were getting ready for church on Sunday morning. For two weeks now, I myself had eschewed Divine Worship. I do not care for crying, and my hay looked a good deal like it. Cousin Mary, therefore, kindly took my Sunday School class, unless she, in turn, sublet it to Cousin Ruth. Our conversation savored of quiet speculation as to who my substitute would be, when the telephone interrupted. I answered, for I was still active, and able, at times, to talk. The family listened with interest to my enlightening though one-sided conversation. At the close of the episode, our lines ran thus:—

'Mary will take it,' I said briefly,

prevented from further speech by an astounding sneeze.

'Mary who?' inquired Sister pleasantly, from the next room.

Prolonged pause, heavy with silence.

'Mary *who?*' repeated the Voice.

Still longer pause, heavier than ever.

Sister came out to investigate this unconventionality, and visualized all too late the closed eyes, puckered brow, and open mouth, known instantly to the semi-trained as precursor of trouble. But no trouble arrived.

'Mary Pickford,' said I, bitterly, shutting my mouth, defeated.

'Mary Magdalen,' remarked a sympathizer from another room.

'Mary Lyon,' said father placidly, putting on his hat.

Stricken with remorse, the offender made her way to a dark clothes-closet, and went in and shut the door. From within we could hear stifled sounds of repentance, helpless laughter, and such probable Marys as occurred to her mind at the moment — Mary E. Wilkins, Bloody Mary, Mary Elizabeth, Mary Chilton, and Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. No sneeze has since been spoiled for me by relatives.

But hay fever (I hesitate to generalize), *my* hay fever, is vulnerable in one spot. This was discovered by accident one day, when the house started to burn down. After the fire had been successfully dealt with, we realized that the hay had vanished. When we spoke its name, it returned. We then began to test all forms of excitement. Tragedy was found to work most effectually, then Accident, then Crime. I shall have to acknowledge that all my life I have been carefully led out of range of all horses taken in a fit, all linemen climbing their poles, all highwaymen and runaway motor-cycles pursuing their callings. These are now pointed out to me in hay-fever season, with all details noted; for shock has been found to succeed where cocaine fails. It is more difficult than you would think, to keep yourself constantly in the way of perils: in perils of robbers, in perils of the sea, in perils of your own countrymen. We then found that Comedy, mixed with uncertainty and a trifle of apprehension, sometimes gives a moment of relief.

My brother's friend, a man of conventional habits, once visited us when autumn vegetation was at its height. He is as resourceful as he is correct, and he saw at once that he had it in his power to alleviate my hay. He has a faculty of standing on his head. He can remain in this position indefinitely. He will do this for my brother, for my brother's friend, and for my brother's friend's dog. He will also do it for me. I hope that it is unnecessary to state that I should never have thought of requesting it. But the gratuitous sight of the unsteady wavering of two pepper-and-salt legs gave me a complete respite. He purposely wavered in my general direction, like a half-chopped tree, which, by every law of physics, would fall, if it fell, on me.

But I could not keep my brother's best friend perpetually on his head, although he was perfectly willing to serve me in this way. I knew that I ought to go to the mountains, but I wanted to go to the sea. When one likes each detail connected with the sea, — fog, fog-horns, sand, sand-fleas, sun, sun-burn, — it is a tragic story to turn one's back, and head for the hills. I remembered one beach where I was certain there was no vegetation; a few spears of beach grass, perhaps; an aged little evergreen growing solidly in sand; but, aside from that, nothing but purple water, gray sails, and clear wind. It seemed pessimistic to believe that salt wind, piping over the Atlantic straight from Madeira, could be laden with pollen.

I resolved to sit upon sand, as near Madeira as possible. But, as we followed the porter up the steps of the little inn, we saw for the first time the giant ragweed, growing in the cracks of solid masonry, waving its tails.

'I think I had better go to the mountains,' said I, unable to close my mouth after any of these words.

We sat on the rocks for the afternoon, to bid farewell to the wheeling gulls and the fine blue line that marked off Madeira. Down by the water's edge, there appeared a rat, about the size of a collie puppy, and apparently enjoying the same games. We are not afraid of rats, but they attract our attention. This rat dispelled the hay fever. He made little runs in our direction, scuttling enough of the time out of sight to provide the necessary uncertainty. At last he headed for our feet, galloping like a rocking-horse over the stones.

'Go home! Go HOME!' I shouted, judging him to be an American rat. He was, apparently, for he veered sharply on one wheel and disappeared under the rocks. After a pause, I sneezed seven times.

'Perhaps he is under the rocks we are sitting on,' suggested my companion.

I stopped sneezing, clearly entertained. We added Rats to our list.

Theories about hay fever are amusing and ingenious, and their name is Legion. Hay fever is a disease of the nerves, a disease of the nose, a disease of the metabolism. It is brought to New England from the Western prairies by a remarkable wind, unnamed. It is caused by heat, light, exertion, anæmia, and the absence of eczema; that is, if you have eczema, it means that if you did not have eczema, you would be having hay fever. Some people even like, for variety, to change about — eczema one year, and hay fever the next.

However, all wits agree that hay fever is a great bore, and can be cured by neither fasting nor prayer. You must go to the mountains — even unto Bethlehem. And even there, it may be argued that, although you do not sneeze, you are still in a *state* of hay fever. This condition is comparable to a state of war — insecure and ominous, albeit uneventful.

A genuine sufferer, however, largely prefers a state to a paroxysm, caring very little, in his unbadgered moments, whether his infirmity is an acidosis, a protein, or a state of mind.

AWARENESS

Among all the moods of the spirit, that of simple awareness is the most precious.

It is so utterly natural that, when it recurs, it makes almost every other mood seem artificial; and the great wonder about it is that it does not obtain all the time. But, for some reason connected with the inhibitions of our humanity, it is rare and precarious. As one reviews the months and seasons of the year, its moments of complete visitation shine out notably.

Another name for it is just realization. It does not concern itself with new discovery, with surprise; it contents itself (and how deeply contents us!) with that which sums up and transcends everything else. While it persists, we know what we are, what the world is, what life means, what God and the angels are about; we escape from the inexplicable blindness and pretense that hold us all the rest of the time — we see and understand.

To different people, different environments favor the experience. Music-lovers are most apt to be visited by it in the galleries of music halls; devout Catholics woo it when they kneel before the Blessed Sacrament; nature-lovers stand peculiarly open to it among hills and woods, or beside the sea.

The place where it happens is never forgotten; henceforth it is marked with an invisible sign, designated Bethel. Jacob's comment is often repeated, with the significant deletion of one word: 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it.' The mental maps of people who have lived long in one locality are apt to be sown with stars indicating the occurrence of the supreme event. There is the silent brook in the heart of the meadow, where the old abandoned road crosses on the dilapidated bridge. There is the grassy hollow, high on the hillside, warm and drowsy with sunshine, fragrant with pennyroyal, visited by butterflies and the shadows of summer clouds. There is a great tree, with spreading roots, on the edge of the woods. And there are the woods themselves, deep and still and brooding, the holiest and starriest spots of all.

Just what is it that has come to pass in these places? One has looked at the world, — really looked at it, not merely caught a glimpse of it from behind veils of illusion and preoccupation, — and, like God on his great seventh day, has found it very good. Holding one's breath, lest body hamper soul, one has gazed straight at, and deep into, things, dwelling upon the line of a hill, steeping one's vision in the blue of the sky, the golden-brown of the brook, exploring largely the green expanse of a meadow. One has listened to the song of the birds and insects, the lapping of the water, the chanting of the wind, and has really heard them, not merely caught confused echoes of them. Over the vast periods of geologic and evolutionary time, one has voyaged, fearless and unhesitating, reaching back, back, seeing how all our present life is bound up with that which has been, how past and present and future exist in one breath. One has prayed to God, and, praying, has seen Him face to face. One has been aware.

Perhaps it is identification that has worked the trick. In really looking at the world one has lost one's self in it, and thus has been enabled to understand it as never before. Some poet (Sarah Cleghorn, I think) has suggested that immortality may consist in exactly this losing of one's self, and that the ultimate meaning of Christ's most mystic utterance is this ineffable finding of a lost life. And yet, all the time, one's self is there, intensely alive and alert; and, though it is one with what it looks at, it is also separate. The situation is paradoxical. Probably the supreme awareness of death will be needed to clear it up for us.

Moments of awareness are august, and one tries to meet them reverently. But sometimes they come so unexpectedly that one is unprepared; and now and then they even display a whimsical humor, which endears them greatly to our human hearts. Among all the places where they have visited me, there is only one where I can ever count on finding them again, and that is, of all incongruous spots, my garbage-pail!

This is the way it happens: for hours I have been busy in the kitchen, mixing, stirring, baking, washing, hurrying back and forth between the pantry and the sink, too utterly given over to practical affairs to cast so much as a glance out of the window. My entire universe has consisted in four kitchen walls. At last, the bread and the cake have been baked, the dinner prepared and eaten, the dishes washed, and now, as a last item in cleaning up, I seize the old tin plate, full of refuse, and start pell-mell for the garbage-pail behind the woodshed. It is only another, a final, practical detail, and I lose no time about it. Out through the kitchen door I go precipitately.

But, behold! what is this? As I stand, with the lid of the garbage-pail

in one hand and my empty tin plate in the other, something arrests me. I look wonderingly about me. Then — oh, beauty and sweetness of the summer day! serenity and detachment of the summer world! — I am invaded, flooded by it, caught away into it, dazzled by its exceeding loveliness. Before me the orchard lies, peaceful and green, with birds in its widely branching old trees, crickets and butterflies in its grass, blue sky above it, and golden sunshine irradiating it. Beside me is the glowing garden, and beyond are the untroubled hills. What a wide, happy, quiet world — my world, the world where we all of us belong! And what an unholy, unnecessary fuss I have been making! Beside the garbage-pail, just where I am, I — But Sarah Cleghorn has the right words for this, too: —

> In came a heavenly childhood to our hearts.
> We stood and drank that holy childishness.

Could we be always aware, if we tried? Probably not, for then we might almost as well be dead. Could we be so more frequently? Doubtless we could, and should. The whole trend of evolution seems to lie away from nescience and blindness, toward intelligence; away from the partial to the whole. The divine condition cannot be induced, can hardly ever even be anticipated; but it can be wooed, and can be waited on with a humble mind. The soul's inner moorings can be kept simple and flexible, easily slipped. Readiness and expectation can become habits of the heart. Each one of us is a tiny part of a stupendous, developing Reality, and each one of us is also as much the whole Reality as any other part. Some day we shall be eternally aware of this. Meanwhile, we shall presumably live more sanely and wisely, more largely and freely, if we secure as many moments of temporal knowledge as possible.

A MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION

For years I have been fascinated by the mystery of why men become bass-viol players.

There are eight bass-viol players in a modern orchestra. They stand in the back row, wearing drooping moustaches and eyeglasses. The latter, no doubt, are necessary, because for years they have strained their eyes looking for the little parts allotted to them by the composer.

And now comes a burning question. Here is a body of innocent and God-fearing men, honest taxpayers, and, according to our divorce courts, faithful husbands. They are almost wholly lacking in criminal tendencies. Search our jails. Are the glittering crimes of the country committed by bass-viol players? Can this profession honestly boast of any first-class kidnappers, murderers, or swindlers? The answer is — no!

Why then do the composers manifest toward them such an utter lack of trust?

In looking over the average orchestral score, we find that bass-viols are usually permitted only to double in the lower octave a few bass notes while the violoncellos are playing; the cellos at this point are usually showing off, and getting all the credit from the audience. There are some rare exceptions to this rule. For example, Beethoven, with a broad-minded spirit and a certain feeling of optimism, confides to the bass-viols the business of working up a tempest in the storm of the Seventh Symphony. It did my heart good to see the octette rally to the occasion. No longer did they stand there as if suffering from sleeping sickness. Their bows and front hair started tossing angrily; the heavy strings vibrated wildly; heavy rumblings threatened the tranquil calm of a few minutes before — restlessness surcharged the atmosphere, growing stead-

ily more menacing. The tides of wind and rain rushed violently on, until, finally, thunderous furies rode the air, shrieking their cries of rage. I felt myself swept up in the arms of the tempest; the wind howled, the sea moaned, a ship crashed — and all this hypnotic effect from these frock-coated bass-viol players!

Usually, however, they have the driest of parts to play: melodies are carried by the other instruments, and when the bass-viol play at all, they very often have to play the same note sixteen times in succession.

'Ah!' you exclaim, 'how easy!'

But is it easy? To play the same note sixteen times would bore me so that I am sure I should become absent-minded, and at the wrong moment come crashing noisily in with the next phrase. It also might be claimed that much of the time the bass-viols do nothing. But this is not as easy as it appears; for, when they are not playing, they have to know what the rest of the orchestra is doing every minute, and not infrequently they are obliged to count as many as sixty-four measures in order to come neatly in on the beat of the sixty-fifth. This requires concentration of no mean order.

The small parts allotted to the bass-viol, however, are vitally important. Take the bass away from the performance of a musical composition, and the thing weakly collapses. The amateur pianist goes in heavily for this crime; the right hand does not know what the left hand doeth. In an orchestra the bass-viols furnish the foundation of the musical structure, and are just as essential to the performance as the strong man in Keith's Vaudeville, who does an acrobatic act with five others, supporting them on his head and shoulders. He, however, wins applause after the performance. He runs forward in his pink-silk tights and green-plush trunks, and takes all the bows.

But the bass-viol player at the end of a concert has no such thrill. The next thing he has to consider is getting the animal home, for nothing can be left in the concert hall. He struggles to the door, and makes for the nearest subway. This is at 5.15 P.M. — the rush hour; he must not only get it in the car, but he must park it there with nice precision, not running the bayonet through the foot of his nearest neighbor, or letting the head, all keyed up as it is, fall hysterically about. Let one of our New York philanthropists carry a bass-viol from 59th Street to the Bronx, via the subway, during the rush hour. I am sure he would add to his philanthropies the new humane measure of supplying Carnegie Hall with a Ford truck, to be backed up after concerts to carry away the bass-viols to Hoboken, Flatbush, and the Bronx.

The drawbacks to playing this instrument are perfectly obvious. It would be interesting to know if there are any pleasures derived from it. Certainly no pleasure comes from playing it as a solo instrument; no musical literature has been written for it, so bass-viol players cannot enjoy playing, either for themselves or for their friends. This is where the mystery lies.

We know that these men could apply their musicianship to another instrument not having these drawbacks. What, then, impels them to adopt this weird pursuit? Are they sordid slackers who, for good pay, prefer a minimum amount of work? For, of course, they put forth less physical effort in their playing than men in the other positions in the orchestra. Or are they great altruists, who, for the sake of having symphonies played, buckle on their frock-coats and sacrifice themselves on the altar of music?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

All that we are privileged to say of the author of 'Beyond the Barrier' is that this record of the illusions of delirium she so vividly presents is circumstantially and accurately true. Perhaps its publication may help toward a completer and more sympathetic understanding of the mental torture which physicians so often treat as unimportant in comparison with those physical symptoms in whose presence they feel less impotent. She writes us: —

As a result of work and deprivations 'for the cause,' I fought at the end of the war not only for my life but for my rationality. A victim of that sinister disease which is causing national anxiety, pellagra, I have the unusual fortune to have recovered my health and normality, while retaining accurate and connected memories of that awful double life of apparent rationality and extreme irrationality which the delirium of this disease produces. Because this land beyond the border is so little understood even by the physician and the psychologist, thanks to the merciful aphasia which ordinarily clothes its returning travelers, yet is of such universal and poignant interest, not only because of the wave of mental disability, unrest, and emotionalism which has followed in the wake of the war, but because its existence has always intrigued or threatened the lives of the majority of men, my husband, Dr. ——, has persuaded me that I should offer my unique experience in the hope of winning thereby a clearer understanding of the abnormal, and a more intelligent and more kindly sympathy for the sad travelers in these unmapped regions.

* * *

Emma Lawrence, who contributes 'The Floor of Heaven,' writes us with the enthusiasm of the fanatic that 'that is a good name for any hunting-country.' Against the clatter, the nerve-fret, the speed of modern civilization, **A. Edward Newton's** essay, 'Change Cars at Paoli,' breathes a spirit of calm protest. Mr. Newton is a well-known lover and collector of books, the author of *Amenities of Book-Collecting* and *A Magnificent Farce.* Jazz has been cheered with a mad delight and damned with infinite scorn and derision. We wonder if it has ever received a treatment at once so scientific and so human as in **Dr. Carl Engel's** entertaining paper. The author is a composer, a writer on musical subjects, and the Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress. This paper was read at the Musical Supervisors' Conference in Nashville, in March, 1922.

* * *

From the chorus of protest from Tulsa, which greeted the *Atlantic's* May excursion into Oklahoma, we are delighted to select, by way of amende honorable, **Philip Kates's** good-humored retort. Mr. Kates's paper is proof (to those who need it) that the pursuit of oil and the pursuit of letters are highly compatible. 'Soul — Soul!' is the ringing title of a poem this month by **Fannie Stearns Gifford,** who has long been an *Atlantic* contributor. In the chapter of 'Peasant Masters' which we print in this number, **Madame Emma Ponafidine** continues her story of life under Bolshevist rule. She tells of the actual operation of government under the 'Skhodka,' the village governing committee, and the 'Tcheka,' the Extraordinary Commission to suppress counter-revolution. **Gertrude Marshall Geer,** of New York, contributes her first story to the *Atlantic.*

* * *

In the second series of 'Newly Discovered Letters' of **David Livingstone,** increased light is thrown not only on the Dark Continent, but on the life and mind of that extraordinary missionary and Christian gentleman. **Charles Rumford Walker** contributes another chapter in 'Steel,' called 'The Blast-Furnace.' Mr. Walker, who is a college graduate, actually lived these workman's experiences, and the paper has more the quality of a 'picture from life,' than of a treatise on labor problems. **Margaret Sherwood,** who gives us the poem, 'Reality,' this month, is Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and widely known to *Atlantic* readers. 'Nightfall,' an essay,

comes to us from an Australian friend, **Ada Cambridge Cross.** In her sixties, Mrs. Cross wrote a 'Retrospect' for the *Atlantic.* At seventy-six, she sends us 'Nightfall.' Two years residence in Vienna with her nephew, who is in the employ of the Austrian Government, has given **Mary Valentine Stanley** the background for 'Christine and the Princess,' a story laid amid the extraordinary post-war conditions of that country.

* * *

Herbert Sidebotham, who has been military expert and 'student of politics' for the London *Times,* is generally recognized as the Prime Minister's most intelligent 'voice' in journalism. **E. T. Raymond,** an English writer and student of politics, interprets, at our request, the British political scene through the character of its dominant personalities. To those who think that the League of Nations is long since moribund,—or should be,—**Raymond Fosdick's** article, 'The League of Nations After Two Years,' presents interesting data and a suggestive thesis. Mr. Fosdick is practising law in New York. He was appointed Under-Secretary-General of the League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to become an early member. **Sisley Huddleston,** who contributes 'France's Part,' is an English journalist with a long record of liberalism, who did work of a high order at the Peace Conference while representing the *Westminster Gazette.* **William Yale** renews the discussion, carried on in previous numbers of the *Atlantic,* of the Jewish question. He sends us 'The Non-Assimilation of Israel' from Port Said.

* * *

Our dangerous Club, 'Telephone and Telaphib,' has brought us this personal experience with 'telephonic morality.'

Happy the man who has a contemporary Cynthia to telaphib for him. My own altercations on telephonic morality are held with my mother, whose standards date from the Age of Innocence and admit no compromise.

It was in April, 1917. One suddenly found one's self on committees and subcommittees, varying from chairman to the unsung multitudes who bear no titles and do the work. Also, every line on one's telephone system ended in a house that knew that one could be found at home each day from twelve to half-past, and at that time only.

One day I had left my luncheon four times to answer the thing. When the insane jangle sounded for the fifth time I passed my plate for more dessert.

'Answer it, it 's for you,' urged my mother.

'I know it is, that 's the reason I 'm not answering it.'

'Then I will.'

'All right. Tell them I 'm out, tell them I 'm ill, tell them I 'm dead, tell them I 'm selling Liberty Bonds on the Capitol steps, tell them I 've gone to France for a protracted sojourn and it may be for years and it may be forever, tell them —'

But my mother was already majestically moving toward the telephone. 'I will *not* lie for you,' she said distinctly, as she reached for the receiver; 'I will say I don't know *where* you are.'

WALTER PEIRCE.

PARIS.

* * *

The 'older' and the 'younger generation' continue to break lances with one another.

Let the Old Grouch have a word with the picturesque Barbarian who tells us in the June *Atlantic* why the chaperon was done to death. Wherever in the world they came from, the flapper and her older sister, the flapperoid (by which I mean a moulting flapper whose plumage is changing with the advent of midsummer responsibility), have brought a vivacious, aromatic, and parti-colored joy into life. They are like shimmering butterflies in a field of clover, and the Grouch delights in their bobbed heads, and josephine raiment; their graceful agility, and amusing independence. They are the prettiest things going. But where your Young Barbarian strikes a wrong note is here. She speaks of the things that 'keep us away from the older generation,' 'things which have made us forget the older generation,' and so forth.

The Barbarian must be told plainly that the older generation is running this world; she must not make any mistake about this. She is attractive but in her present state she is nothing but a frisky bob-veal that has no value to the world. She is composed of legs, a rainbow, and a shocked head. Her boarding-school 'education' does not amount to a hill of beans. It is not what she is but what she is to be that justifies her. Just now she is of no more importance to the real welfare of the world than is an organ-grinder. In a few years she will become a persimmon, and then she will scowl at the audacious superflappers that follow in her train. But she may content herself

with the assurance that her successors can never be more attractive and diverting than she is now. So the Young Barbarian must not fash herself over her desertion of the older generation.

THE OLD GROUCH.

* * *

We are interested to learn that the term 'flapper' originated in England, and how.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Re/'Flapper.' The term originated in England a good many years ago. Funk and Wagnalls give the same definition as Mr. G. Stanley Hall — a young bird unable to rise in flight. In England, however, it is specifically used for young wild duck and occasionally other game birds which can fly a fair distance but slow and clumsily. Only wild duck are shot at this stage when they can be put up from cover surrounding water by dogs or walking. Even in this sense the term is but moderately pleasing to describe the future mothers of the race; but the aptness is due to the potential, inseparable from the feminine, and it is preferable to 'gawk'; Bud is no longer descriptive. This is nothing to be answered.

Sincerely,

L. OGILVY.

* * *

'Deeper Misgivings,' in the *Atlantic* for June, which analyzed the effect of the 'New-Stock' Americans on democratic institutions, has stimulated discussion on half a dozen angles of the subject. One of the most interesting is the effect of the 'New Stock' on religion.

Mr. Speranza, like nearly all modern writers, does not mention the church, or religion. Nevertheless, by the same method of observation, it can be clearly seen that our religious institutions are being vitally affected by the New Stock. There is n't a religious organization in America, with the probable exception of the Episcopalian, that is not vitally affected by the New Stock. This is particularly true of Methodism and Congregationalism. Though these are Anglo-Saxon in origin, they are unlike their sister organizations in the Empire in so far as they have been modified by the German, Scandinavian, and so forth. I am not alone in seeing this; many of my ministerial friends often comment upon the same fact.

The 'American Woman' is another element in our life that is already touched. Anyone who has traveled in Europe and studied the European women, and, besides, knows something of the real New England woman, can readily see what I mean. It is there; and there is something else to Flapper Americana Novissima than G. Stanley Hall has mentioned.

In the last place, what about the American Press? What is the percentage of editors of the New Stock in America? This is very vital and important.

To a nonassimilable people like the Anglo-Saxon and to unassimilables like the Europeans, 'Deeper Misgivings' is of first importance.

Very truly yours,

FRANK HANCOCK.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you accept love stories for publication? If so, what restrictions do you place on them as to length and kind? Is one with seven thousand words too long for your acceptance?

In anticipation of a favorable reply, I remain,

— —

Perhaps some knowing ones of the younger generation can tell us just how long a 'love passage' can be without losing a thrill?

* * *

Of the many letters we have received on the opium question, we are sorry to have space only for the following.

As an American who has long been interested in the drug problem which is menacing our civilization, I have read with deep appreciation the article by Miss La Motte, published in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The accompanying article by Mr. Bajpai leaves unanswered important issues which he, as representative of the Government in India, can ill afford to leave unanswered.

Throughout his article, Bajpai speaks of the Indian Government as though it were the Government of the people of India. In any discussion of Indian affairs, it should always be borne in mind that the political and economic policies of the country are not Indian but British.

Mr. Bajpai makes no reference to the fact that the British Government encourages opium-producers by loaning money without interest to opium-planters. According to the figures presented by Miss La Motte, for the years 1918 and 1919, 532 tons of opium were consumed by the people of India alone, and 741 tons of opium were produced for export. When the actual medical requirements of the entire world are not more than 3 tons per annum we wonder why it is necessary for the Indian Government to further assist the opium production.

After the many opium wars, it is true that China and the British Government finally came to an agreement whereby China might rid itself of the drug evil without foreign interference. It is further true that in accordance with that agreement no opium has been openly shipped from India into China since 1917. But practically no

reduction has been made in the production of opium in India to meet the decreased demand through the elimination of the Chinese market. And Indian opium and its by-products (morphine, and so forth) are successfully smuggled into China.

We know that abolition of opium and liquor traffic is on the programme of Mahatma Gandhi and his followers. The people of India do not want to be victims of drugs nor do they want to be agents to drug other nations.

SELMA C. MAXIMON.

* * *

The twentieth-century student at the University of Bologna still preserves his cinquecento flavor.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My interest in Professor Abbot's very just and yet very sympathetic paper, 'The Guild of Students,' was considerably quickened by the fact that I have spent the winter in Bologna, attending lectures at the famous old University. I can say with some confidence that the University of Bologna has not lost, by a good bit, the controlling action of the students; and yet, on the other hand, there is a very sad lack of the activities and the social life fostered by our American 'Guild of Students.'

Early in the fall came Matriculation Day. The whole affair went off with great vim and, for the entire afternoon, the students owned the city of Bologna with a seriousness and a pomposity that was delightful to see.

As it broke up, I happened to find myself moving behind a group of students, including the chairman of the day. How familiar his words sounded! I could put their very emphasis and jargon over into our college boys' slang. 'I tell you, fellows, we want to get together earlier on affairs like this. To-day was all right, in a way, but organization is what we want, organization! Next year we ought to put over something pretty fine.'

The average Bolognese student attends lectures spasmodically, studies by spurts, rises very often near midday, and is in no personal touch whatever with professors — they do not even know his name, unless he really is a scholar. One professor says that they average about five scholars out of every hundred students. Surely in America we can show as high an estimate, although I grant you that the five Italian scholars will probably be of finer calibre than many we produce. The world over, humanity is not *craving* great learning, but will accept some learning coupled with sociability and friendship; and it seems to me that our method does impregnate the mass of students with more real knowledge and culture than this European method. And after all, 'friendships formed at Yale' are very precious, and there are so few of the like in Italy.

I do not think that lack of student activities is, however, entirely responsible for the spasmodic attendance of classes. A student can take his degree independently at any time during the year, and can come up for examinations in a subject he has hardly frequented. This method may be a very perfect one for the five scholars; such liberty may be conducive to achievement and originality of thought such as we rarely attain in America; but the ninety-five other students need the props of prescribed hours, prescribed terms and years, if they are not to degenerate into sitters by the wayside in the sun or, as Professor Masso suggests, strikers.

We have had this year a strike for Fiumé, a strike because a certain professor was to be transferred to another university, and a third strike because another professor was advanced. Altogether we lost more than three weeks in strikes. University boys patrolled all the schools of the city and would allow no sessions. During the interregnum, between the fall of one Italian ministry and the formation of a new one, lessons were resumed very logically, as the students said, 'There is at present no Government against which to strike.' Just now lectures are closing down the fifteenth of May, although they usually continue until the fifteenth of June, because the students have decided that they have had enough. They say they really have not time to go to lectures now as they must study for examinations. Did the students at Bologna in the Middle Ages have much more power?

A SMITH COLLEGE WOMAN.

* * *

We believe in a certain colloquialism in literature, but feel that after all there are limits. However, we are very glad to print the following poem by a well-known scholar — because we like it.

Prone on my back I greet arriving day,
A day no different than the one just o'er;
When I will be, to practically say,
Considerable like I have been before.
Why then get up? Why wash, why eat, why pray?
— Oh, leave me lay!

I had n't ought to want things different
To what transpires every single day;
But I keep wishing that I could of went
From this heart-rendering dulness quite away.
And yet, why move? there 's always rent to pay.
— Oh, leave me lay!

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Books and Characters, French and English, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1922. 8vo, xv+324 pp. $3.50.

WHILE waiting to complete the elaborate and broadly conceived work which will doubtless form a worthy successor to his *Queen Victoria*, Mr. Strachey has gathered in the present volume a collection of studies — Racine, Sir Thomas Browne, Voltaire, William Blake, and others — that have appeared in various periodicals during the last dozen years. It is of very great interest to trace in these earlier writings the beginnings of the power and insight which have given *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria* their widely popular success. The earlier essays are, indeed, mainly critical rather than biographical; but this only adds to the interest, since we see in Mr. Strachey's approach to literature precisely the same qualities that impart such a fascination to his approach to life.

What attracts him above all things in both is evidently humanity, the passionate palpitating heart of man and woman, whether it shows itself in detached portrayal of enduring beauty, or in the quick contact and violent reaction of practical dealing and great affairs of state. He is interested in the surface of life, and depicts it with extraordinary vividness — its lights, its shadows, its sinuous, subtle play of perplexing, disconcerting change. He is still more interested in what is deeper, quieter, more hidden; in the fierce and sudden revelation of man's intimate being; in what Sainte-Beuve calls 'the exposure of bare soul.' And, in accomplishing this, he has an admirable tact in the selection of illustrative quotations, knows how to choose the significant word from a mass of rubbish, to find the key phrase which will suddenly and simply unlock the deeper and darker chambers, where lurk the untold secrets and the unconfided hopes.

What makes all this analysis not only valuable, but readable, is Mr. Strachey's singularly vivid manner of presentation. All the power, all the splendor, all the rich resources of words are his, and he well understands intensifying their force of meaning by those subtle devices of rhythm, which so much affect the casual reader, even while he thinks of them so little. It is of immense interest to see Mr. Strachey explaining in other writers these mysteries which he so well appreciates himself.

And back of the style, back of the detailed analysis, is the sense of the larger attitude toward life, which every writer must have whose work is to endure. In Mr. Strachey this is evidently not a matter of explicit, dogmatic theory, of passionate desire or design to impose any personal explanation of the universe. But you get everywhere the impression of a man who is perpetually pondering the graver questions of the world, to whom his own soul and God are ever-present, perplexing, teasing problems, never to be settled, never to be put aside, only to be rendered tolerable by the light, delicate, gracious, irradiating play of a penetrating irony, which clothes all life like a color and permeates all life like a perfume, —

> Just such sweet wit as meditation guides,
> When tempered by the pause of him who knows
> That human life and love are light as breath,
> Till weighted with the leaden thought of death.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

The Outline of Science, edited by J. Arthur Thomson. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. Royal 8vo, xx+296 pp. $3.75.

SCIENCE is no more than the accumulation of our verified knowledge of nature, plus properly tested rational inferences, deductions, and hypotheses which arise from the methodical study of such knowledge. It is for this reason that science is one of the few safe guides in the conduct of life and in the management of human affairs.

Unfortunately, the pleasures of acquaintance with such knowledge and the advantages of its use have always been denied to most men and seem to become more and more inaccessible. This state of affairs is, however, not so inevitable as it seems, for there is much science that is obscured by technicalities which were, no doubt, necessary for its production, but which are unnecessary for the understanding and use of it. Bearing this fact in mind, *The Outline of Science* undertakes to give a sound but popular statement of the content of contemporary natural science. Professor Thomson of Aberdeen, the editor, is a distinguished naturalist, an old hand at popular scientific writing, no mean philosopher, and an enthusiast at his task. Judging by the first volume of the work, he has accomplished his aim with much success. The book is pleasant, intelligible, and also accurate and trustworthy, though it does not err on the side of qualification and reservation.

The treatment of the subject is unsystematic. This may surprise those who remember that Professor Thomson has lately published his Gifford Lectures under the title, *The System of Animate Nature*. But the systematization of science is a task for the philosopher or the logician. Science is essentially fragmentary because always incomplete. Thus a systematic treatment would have

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been both artificial and misleading, because not scientific. The treatment is also largely unhistorical. This seems to me a defect, for, as Bacon perceived, the scientist is a craftsman. Such a man can be understood only in his *milieu*. He is a creature of habit and tradition, and the difficulty of understanding his work is more often due to ignorance of his traditions and his ways than to the intricacy of the subject.

As a naturalist, the editor puts great emphasis on natural history; as a philosophical naturalist, on evolution. For him the problem of the *factors* of evolution is 'the greatest of all scientific problems.' There is not much to be said for such a statement, and there seems to be no doubt that evolution fills too great a place in the 'Outline.' The science of mechanics rather than the study of evolution has been the great source of scientific insight. These are, however, defects of proportion. The work as a whole promises to be a success in bringing science to the man in the street.

In addition to seven chapters on evolution, inorganic, organic, and mental, the first volume has one chapter on astronomy and one on physics. Volume II is also to be devoted largely to organic nature. No doubt the later volumes will restore the balance.

The book is illustrated with a large number of well-chosen photographs and drawings.

LAWRENCE J. HENDERSON.

The Revolt Against Civilization, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. 8vo, xiv+274 pp. $2.50.

MR. STODDARD is one of the most stimulating writers on public affairs to-day, but like all stimulants he must be taken with due caution. *The Revolt Against Civilization* is a book to be pondered, but it is not a book to be swallowed whole.

Reëxamining the problem of social revolution in the light of biology and psychology, Mr. Stoddard discovers 'three fatal tendencies which have always, sooner or later, brought civilizations to decline and ruin.' These are (1) the tendency to 'structural overloading,' by which every civilization (and especially our own) tends to become too complex for humanity to master; (2) the tendency to 'biological regression,' in other words the rapid breeding of the socially unfit, the 'undermen,' who crowd out the finer types of humanity; and (3) the tendency to 'atavistic revolt,' that 'menace of the underman' which gives the book its subtitle.

To the last two Mr. Stoddard devotes most of his attention. Human capacity is determined by heredity, and is a fixed quantity in each individual. The army psychological tests indicate that only four and a half per cent of our population is of the highest intelligence and that 'nearly one half of the whole population will never develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year-old child.' Now this mental capacity, being innate and hereditary, cannot be affected by the environment. Moreover — a commonplace of the population problem — the highly intelligent have so few children that they cannot maintain their numbers from generation to generation, whereas the unfit spawn at an alarming rate. Hence, 'intelligence is to-day being steadily bred out of the American population'; and the unfit, instinctively resenting the inferior social position to which they are doomed by innate incapacity, constitute a smouldering mass of sullen resentment, ready to burst into destructive flame, as they did in the Paris Commune and as they have more recently done in Bolshevist Russia.

Will this process of degeneration and revolt destroy our civilization as it has so many others? Mr. Stoddard fears it may, unless we adopt his remedies, which include ruthless repression of incipient revolt (though conserving the right of free speech); birth-control for the masses as well as for the classes, which will slow down the birth-rate of the 'underman'; and the establishment of a 'neo-aristocracy' of the eugenically fit. He lays no flattering unction, however, to the souls of the present upper classes, for 'any thought of our existing social upper classes as "neo-aristocracies" would be, to put it mildly, a bad joke.' No, we must have flexible classes (not rigid castes) joined by a social ladder up which ability can swiftly make its way, and down which incapacity will ruthlessly be forced.

In his main conclusions Mr. Stoddard can hardly be refuted; in detail there is room for fault-finding. Company officers who knew their men during the war, and who watched the results of the psychological tests, may not altogether share his views of their infallibility. His biology, too, is of the library rather than the laboratory.

Remarkable here, as in all Mr. Stoddard's writing, are his extraordinary lucidity, and the fascination with which he clothes social and biological questions that, in most hands, would be far drier than dust. To say that *The Revolt Against Civilization* is 'as interesting as a novel' would perhaps be too flattering to the novelists.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Wild Folk, by Samuel Scoville, Jr. With Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull and Carton Moorepark. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. 1922. 8vo, x+184 pp. $2.00.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., at his best, — that is to say when he is treating of a phase of natural history with which he is personally familiar, — has few peers among those who write for us of the New England out-of-doors. He is at his very best in at least one chapter of his latest book, *Wild Folk*, a collection of stories concerning interesting animals and birds, chiefly of New England. That chapter is 'High Sky,' in which he describes poetically and dramatically the autumn migration of the birds. With fine imagination he

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pictures for us incidents of the southward journey. We hear from the sky above us the honking of Canada geese and the whistle of wild wings as flocks of dripping ducks rise from the dawn-lit marshes of the northland. We mark the morning sunlight as it flashes from the plumage of the fast-flying swallows, silver and purple, and green, and steely blue; and at night, from a quiet hilltop, we watch the small dark forms of warblers flit in silhouette across the broad surface of the moon, while their brave calls, now faint, now clear as frost crystals, come down to us from the glittering pathways of the stars.

The perils of migration are suggested by a night encounter with a lighthouse, whose white beacon lures the winged voyagers to confusion and death, and by accounts of attacks by birds of prey, keen-sighted, sharp-taloned, and relentless. Thrillingly dramatic is the description of the race between that feathered bullet, the green-winged teal, and its deadly enemy, the lightning peregrine; and no less stirring is the story of the pursuit of a golden plover by a fatal streak of silver light known as a gyrfalcon.

The author's happy sense of humor is evidenced in almost every chapter, but especially in the 'Path of the Air,' the amusing adventures of a Connecticut country deacon, his wife, his hired man, and the hired man's yellow dog, with six ducklings, the orphaned progeny of a wild drake and a decoy duck.

Mr. Scoville is distinctly at his best when writing of birds and snakes and wild flowers. His chapters dealing with the four-foots are much less convincing. The habitats are charmingly described, and there is much useful information, especially concerning the food habits of the species dealt with. But the behavior of his animals continually taxes the credulity of one familiar with the woods, and in many cases his furry characters seem to be creatures of fairy-land rather than of New England fields and forests. Beautiful and informing as these chapters are, it is the opinion of the reviewer that many of the incidents described, especially the very dramatic ones, should be accepted with mental reservations, more as the children of a keen and sympathetic imagination — as things which the author believed were within the range of possibility — than as things which have foundation in known fact. With these reservations, *Wild Folk* is a charming, wholesome book, which will be read with delight by anyone having a love for wild animals or an appreciation of good literature.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Indelible: A Story of Life, Love, and Music, in Five Movements, by Elliot H. Paul. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1922. x+297 pp. $1.75.

THE publishers offer *Indelible* as, among other things, an 'example of the new spirit in American fiction.' Possibly it is; but not a very thorough-going or uncompromising example, if the new spirit in its several varieties is to be represented by Sherwood Anderson or Floyd Dell or Scott Fitzgerald or Sinclair Lewis. A good deal of matter early in the book, and also some few outcroppings later, do indeed suggest that Mr. Paul is willing to be construed as another spokesman of the tendency lately catalogued by Mr. Carl Van Doren as 'the revolt from the village.' But Mr. Paul gets nowhere with his promise — or, if you prefer, his threat — to present one more study of Main Street in its resistance to the creative and free temperament; and he soon abandons even the pretense that he is contriving a drama of character against environment. If the truth must be told, he first assembles all the apparatus necessary to a specifically sociologic tragi-comedy, and then all but deliberately scraps this apparatus to make an innocuous old-fashioned Glad Book. The scene is set for the marriage of the two ardent young musicians and idealists. They love each other, the shy, gawky American lad and the tempestuous Russian Jewess, with an intensity reinforced by their common passion for music. The question is, What can they make of life together, in the face of their racial heritages and implacably hostile social backgrounds? But the question is not so much answered as superseded. The two are torn apart by an accident harrowing enough to render the play of ordinary social forces merely trivial and negligible; an intensely personal and emotional drama takes the place of the problem so carefully formulated; and we have to decide for ourselves whether the first half of the book amounts to a false start or the second half to a begging of the question.

Indelible is not, in short, a first novel remarkable for its freedom from obvious faults. But it is very truly remarkable for the positive qualities of which its defects are in a way the excess. There is life in the book, in the characters, in the very style (despite occasional interpolations in overwrought polyphonic prose); there is a kind of humor, as honest, as true, as American as Huck Finn — a kind which really makes you laugh; and, almost above all, there is a quite professional sanity on the whole subject of music and musicians. The ineffably pretentious nonsense that is talked and written about the art of music is talked and written by those who do not know a bassoon from a tuba, and who spell 'clarinet' with an *o* in it; one never hears it from musicians. Neither does one hear it from Mr. Paul, whose musicians take their art the way actual musicians do, as naturally as a carpenter takes his tool-kit. This trait alone would be enough to recommend his story to the gratitude of the judicious.

WILSON FOLLETT.

The Garden Party and Other Stories, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1922. 12mo, viii+255 pp. $2.00.

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writers ceased to meet the demand? Plenty of talented young persons are turning out readable novels, original plays, clever essays, and interesting poems, but the bewildered public fails to understand why it so seldom has the opportunity of enjoying a volume akin to that which has just appeared in an American edition — *The Garden Party and Other Stories*, by Katherine Mansfield.

This is a successor to *Bliss and Other Stories*, which received a sufficiently cordial welcome to prove that, in spite of the torrent of modern fiction which annually inundates the land like a spring freshet, there are still thirsty lips asking for a stream of fresh short stories.

This new volume consists of 'pictures' rather than of conventional narratives. Miss Mansfield gives us realistic impressions of life and character — if realism includes humor, pathos, irony, and sentiment, and is not limited to the presentation of unalloyed sordidness, as certain so-called 'realists' would have us believe. She presents a scene or a character with a technique as modern as that of contemporary painters. Who but a writer of to-day, for example, could give so vivid an impression of a rapid flight by motor through lighted streets, as in the phrase, 'We tore through the black-and-gold town like a pair of scissors through brocade'? With how penetrating a flash and a slash does this picture cut its way into one's imagination!

The subjects chosen by Katherine Mansfield are, for the most part, trivial rather than important. 'More matter with less art,' we feel inclined to cry at moments, but this is not to say that a genre picture, if painted with sincerity and delicacy, may not yield the same quality of pleasure that is derived from a more impressive production.

The first and longest sketch in the book (and one which characteristically does not supply the title of the volume) contains perhaps her best work, as a picture, rather than a story, for of plot there is scarcely a thread. In 'At the Bay' we look at a real place, inhabited by living people and vitalized by imaginative, not imaginary, children. But it is not a camera which reproduces the scene for us, it is a painter with moods who makes us see the mist-soaked landscape, smell the salty air, and feel the vibrations quivering from the interplay of different temperaments. 'The Garden Party,' with its study of contrasts, is as typical of her work as any of these sketches, and perhaps in limiting her scope the writer is most of all an artist, for she undertakes to do nothing of which she is unsure.

Very happily the talented author's photograph on the jacket of the new volume suggests that she has still time to grow into true artistic fulfillment of a promise that is both hopeful and unusual.

A. L. Grant.

Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies, by Stephen Graham. With thirty-eight emblems, by Vernon Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1922. x+279 pp. $2.00.

Perhaps the title of this book will repel more persons than it will attract. It is likely to suggest to many a reader outpourings of ecstatic rhapsody, conversation as rarefied as the mountain air that the wayfarers breathe — altogether a work more 'precious' than valuable. If such is the impression, the reviewer's immediate duty is to undermine it. The book is not one that the virile, red-blooded reader to whom publishers so earnestly address their wares is bound in self-respect to shun. Indeed he, no less than the old-fashioned gentle reader, should enjoy it. He should admire the adventurous spirit and the light-hearted courage of the two heroes in plunging into the wilderness of the Rockies, following no trail, not knowing where or when they would come out, provided with food for but a few days and with neither rod nor gun wherewith to replenish their supply — or does that admission disqualify them from all claim to a red-blooded American's interest and sympathy? Well, anyway, the old-fashioned gentle reader, who believes that poets are the best company in the world, will like this book; and it will strengthen him in his belief.

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'My companion has two voices,' writes Mr. Graham, with the candor that tramping through the wilderness with one other man ultimately compels. 'One is that of a politician, harsh and strident; the other is that of an Homeric harper and ballad-chanter of the days of old.' And he cannot refrain from quoting — not too literally:

> Two voices:
> One was of the deep,
> The other of a poor old silly sheep.
> And . . . both were thine!

And this after Mr. Graham in his preface has asserted that Mr. Lindsay is almost inarticulate!

Come, Mr. Lindsay, fall to and lay on; let us have your book on Mr. Graham; it will be as interesting as his, though it can hardly be more amusing. And let us hope that when it does appear it will not be disfigured, like his, by innumerable misprints. When we read of Johnny Appleseed 'going ahead of the pioneers of Ohio and Indiana and painting apple orchards,' we marvel yet again at the inspired compositor.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

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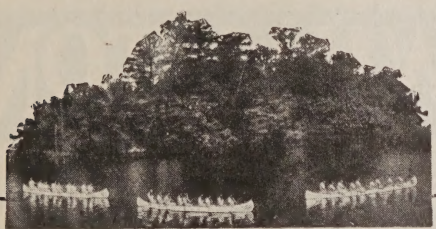

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1922

MEN, WOMEN, AND THE BYRON-COMPLEX

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

NINETY-EIGHT years ago, in April, 1824, Lord Byron died at Missolonghi. *Astarte* has, within the year, been publicly reissued; two volumes of new Byron letters have been put forth by John Murray within a few months. It is natural that the files of the recent British reviews should be full of him. Natural, indeed, that ever since 1905 (when Lord Lovelace first made his extraordinary gesture of publication), any index of periodical literature should have been studded with Byron's name.

Yet out of all the welter of articles and essays resultant upon *Astarte* and the new Letters, one curious fact emerges, dominant, obtrusive. As it was through all the nineteenth century, so now in the twentieth. None of the recent critics (unless it be Lord Ernle) cares a hang about Byron's poetry, or his prose. Mr. Percy Lubbock says frankly, — too frankly, if that be his real opinion, — that everyone will read the Hobhouse collection of letters with only one purpose: to see if anything new can be gathered about the Byron-Augusta scandal. There *is* nothing new about Byron and Augusta in the Hobhouse collection, and therefore it is worth nothing. We would give it all for a slim volume of Keats's letters. Thus Mr. Lubbock. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, reviewing the volumes in the *London Mercury*, never hints at whether or not they sustain Byron's reputation as one of the great English letter-writers. He uses his three pages to vilify Byron the man, as far as his vocabulary will allow. After a hundred years, one ought to be able to consider a man's poetry on its merit. But in the nonacademic world of letters no one, apparently, either knows or cares whether Byron was a great poet. No one except Lord Ernle either knows or cares, as we have said, whether he was a better or a worse letter-writer than we had thought. After a hundred years, the sole question that impassions people is: 'Just how much of a cad was he?'

One looks in vain for another instance quite like this. Lord Byron was not a king, not a great warrior or a great statesman; he was not the leader of a cause, the founder of a party, the winner or loser of a battlefield. His one adventure into public affairs — the espousing of the Greek cause — came late, and amounted to little. He was never, to any group of enthusiasts, a symbol; his name was never the equivalent of a theory or an ideal. He 'stood for' nothing, and therefore gathered no loyalties about him like a borrowed garment.

His poetry and his personality were all that he had to make him significant. Scandal about Shelley has never been wanting; and we have recently acquired a scandal (God save the mark!) about Wordsworth. Yet people go on estimating the *Lyrical Ballads* and *Prometheus Unbound* much as they did before. Critics, however, persist still in abandoning criticism when they speak of Byron. You search their pages for any hint that he wrote *Lara*, *The Bride of Abydos*, or *The Giaour;* and when they mention *Don Juan*, their sole interest seems to lie in being able to name the woman he was living with when he produced a particular canto. The sequence of his works serves as a mere corroborative footnote to the *chronique scandaleuse* of his life.

Scandals a hundred years old usually lack spice for anyone save the antiquary. But, though no one since Matthew Arnold, except Paul Elmer More, has bothered much about Byron's poetry, they are bothering still about Lord Byron and his amours. One would think he was a sufficiently great poet to be spoken of as such. Or Mr. Lubbock or Mr. Hewlett — since they were supposed to be reviewing the Murray volumes — might have thrown in a word or two about Byron's letters, which, as letters, are among the best we have. But no: Byron still arouses an emotion purely personal. People persist in taking him as if he were the defendant in a criminal suit. They are as passionately partisan as if he had not, for years, been dust beneath the stones of Hucknall Torkard church.

This cannot be mere love of scandal; because, as we have said, scandal about other Romantic poets — Shelley or Wordsworth — leaves people able, still, to estimate them as poets. Certainly it is not natural preoccupation with great figures of English literature, because they care nothing about 'placing' Byron's work in the magnificent sequence of English verse. No: they are simply squabbling over George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron; adoring or detesting him precisely as did those people who stood by him, or cold-shouldered him, at Lady Jersey's famous party. The simple fact is this: no woman has ever been able to keep her head about Byron; and now that he is dead, the men seem to be as bad as the women. What other private personality, in our Anglo-Saxon world, has ever been so persistent as this?

It is easy to find excuses: easy to say that Harriet Beecher Stowe, in 1869 (for she was the first cause of most of the modern talk), kindled the dying embers, and lit such a candle as, she trusted, should never be put out; easy to say that Lord Lovelace had a grandmother-complex, and felt constrained to produce the worst-written book of the century to vilify his grandfather. Even Lord Lovelace and Mrs. Stowe, who were two as good Byron-haters as you can find anywhere — but we shall come to that later. Easy to say that the controversy over Byron and Augusta dealt (to put it mildly) with peculiarly intriguing possibilities. Yet one must remember that, as Professor Strahan has just pointed out, at the time when Byron left England for Continental exile, there was sympathy abroad for Byron and none for Shelley, and that probably his going to the Shelleys was the *coup de grâce* to Byron's reputation. In the minds of the British public, that is, even after the separation, Byron was a sinner, but Shelley was scum. There is something there, other than scandal, — other, even, than monstrosity of scandal, — to account for this clamor that bursts

out, even to-day, about Byron — both for and against him — on the slightest excuse.

That something is personality. Byron is so real, so vivid, so persistent, as a human being, that you cannot down him. Lucian makes Diogenes in Hades greet Alexander with: 'Dear me, Alexander, *you* dead like the rest of us?' Byron is not dead like the rest of them. He evokes the same kind of adoration, of contempt, of loyalty, that he would evoke if he walked down Piccadilly to-day. People either shed tears over him or spit when his name is mentioned. At least, Mr. Hewitt, K.C., is not far from tears; and Mr. Hewlett's pages come as near the gesture of expectoration as print can come.

No woman, I said earlier, has ever been able to keep her head about Byron, living or dead. Miss E. C. Mayne, in her two-volume life, comes fairly near it; yet even Miss Mayne has lapses from the judicial temper. Being a woman, I should not attempt, myself, to weigh evidence that concerned Byron. It is unfortunate that the man who had access to more facts about him than anyone else — Lord Lovelace, namely — should have been as incapable of either assembling, presenting, or weighing evidence, as any woman. For some years, I have hoped that some man with a judicial mind and an urbane temper would come forward and do us a new book about Byron. But one is constrained to believe that even men encounter a peculiar difficulty in dealing with him. Miss Mayne warns the women 'who are in love with Byron's ghost' that the Byron they love is the Byron his male friends saw and knew, and that, if they had known him in the flesh, they would have fared no better than Annabella Milbanke or Caroline Lamb. That will not prevent women from being in love with Byron's ghost, or even from writing love-letters to it. All women who have ever been in love with Byron are disqualified, naturally. But, curiously enough, the people who are not in love with him are equally disqualified.

I do not know who was editing the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1869.[1] The gentleman is presumably dead, and lovers of literature, it is to be hoped, are not carrying flowers to his grave. He moulders with the man who, in the *North American Review*, emptied the vials of his scorn on Edward Coate Pinkney. Shelley would say that, wherever they are, they are with Gifford. It is almost impossible, you see, not to mention Mrs. Stowe in the Byron connection, not only because she 'started' everything, but because she proves, more amusingly even than Lord Lovelace himself, or the crew now writing about Byron in British reviews, the point we were making. Yet Mrs. Stowe, as the authoress of *Lady Byron Vindicated* (her elaboration and defense, in 1870, of her *Atlantic* and *Macmillan* performance of 1869), is not to be mentioned without preliminary apology — an exculpatory washing of hands. Permit me, therefore, before discussing Mrs. Stowe's discreditable publication, to quote Swinburne's footnote about it. The whole paragraph of the footnote (from the *Essays and Studies*) must

[1] But the editor does very well, for the incident is famous in *Atlantic* annals. Mr. James T. Fields had conducted the magazine with very great success from the hour when Mr. Lowell left it in his hands, but at this time, as it happened, he was abroad, and the assistant editor, Mr. Howells, had the difficult question thrust upon him as to the acceptance of Mrs. Stowe's unfortunate paper. In this situation, he consulted Dr. Holmes, godfather of the magazine; and it was by Dr. Holmes's express advice that the article was printed — and the magazine almost shattered. — THE EDITOR.

be set down, I fear. To set down less would be like not washing one's hands enough.

> The worst consequence . . . was not the collapse of such faint hopes or surmises as we might yet have cherished of some benefit to be received in the way of biography, some new and kindly light to be thrown on the life and character of Byron; it was the opportunity given to a filthy female moralist and novelist, who was not slow to avail herself of such an occasion 'to expound her beastly mind to all.' Evidently the laurels of Mrs. Behn had long kept her successor from sleeping; it was not enough to have copied the authoress of *Oroonoko* in the selection of a sable and a servile hero; her American imitator was bent on following her down fouler ways than this. But I feel that an apology is due to the virtuous memory of the chaste Aphra: she was indeed the first 'nigger novelist'; and she was likewise a vendor and purveyor of obscene fiction; but here the parallel ends; for I am not aware that she ever applied her unquestionable abilities in that unlovely line of business to the defamation at second-hand of the illustrious and defenseless dead.

Swinburne, as you see, kept his head no better than the rest of us; yet, considering the enormity of Mrs. Stowe's offense against taste, both public and private, — which no one felt so keenly as Lord Lovelace himself, — who can say that something of the kind was not deserved?

The whole point about Mrs. Stowe, for most of us, is not her inaccuracy or her egregious breach of faith, about which Lady Byron's grandson was so bitter and contemptuous, nor yet the fact that she was ultimately responsible for Lord Lovelace's impotent volume; not even the gusto with which (though that is somewhat overrated by Swinburne) she set herself, with unctuous explicitness, to blacken the poet's character. Let us be temperate about Mrs. Stowe and admit that, while her position was contemptible, her purpose was not, like Mrs. Behn's, pornographic. The interesting fact for us, as I say, is other.

Here is your official Byron-hater, speaking officially. She had worn Lady Byron's own gloves, and considered Lady Byron the greatest Englishwoman of the century, if not of all time. Lady Byron's devoted grandson had fewer illusions about her. Part of Mrs. Stowe's purpose, according to herself, is to dissuade men and women from reading Lord Byron's remarkable poetry. She hopes, in blasting his personal reputation, to destroy his poetical popularity as well. Reading Byron's poetry, in her opinion, is one of the easiest descents into hell. Mrs. Stowe, it must be said, does not ignore the poetry, like so many of our contemporary commentators. She thinks it magnificent, and refers to her own youth, when young men and maidens chanted his verse with ecstasy. But now that she has held Lady Byron's hand, and heard 'the truth' about Augusta, she would prevent anyone else from being similarly inspired.

Yet even Mrs. Stowe attempts to palliate Byron's crimes.

> Ancestral causes had sent him into the world with a most perilous and exceptional sensitiveness of brain and nervous system, which it would have required the most judicious course of education to direct safely or happily. . . . Byron's physical organization was originally as fine and as sensitive as that of the most delicate woman. He possessed the faculty of moral ideality in a high degree, and he had not, in the earlier part of his life, an attraction towards mere brutal vice. . . . In considering his subsequent history, we are to take into account that it was upon the brain and nerve-power, thus exhausted by early excess, that the draughts of sudden and rapid literary composition began to be made. There was something unnatural and

unhealthy in the rapidity, clearness, and vigor with which his various works followed each other. . . .

There still remains undoubted evidence that Byron exercised a most peculiar and fatal power over the moral sense of the women with whom he was brought in relation; and that love for him, in many women, became a sort of insanity, depriving them of the just use of their faculties.

And she inclines, if not to be convinced, to be much struck, by the following statement of Lady Byron's: —

'I could not but conclude that he (Lord Byron) was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination.'

The last two quotations are from Mrs. Stowe's chapter entitled, 'How Could She Love Him?' It is quite clear that Mrs. Stowe saw perfectly how Lady Byron could love him; and she is obviously much taken (though from anyone but Lady Byron, one gathers, it would have shocked her) with the pretty theory that 'the truth about Augusta,' like everything else, was ultimately John Calvin's fault. Lady Byron, on her first meeting with Mrs. Stowe, told her that '*she* (Mrs. Stowe) could have understood him.' One rather doubts that Mrs. Stowe could have understood Byron; one is fairly sure that Byron would not have thought that she understood him; but one realizes that the compliment was by no means distasteful to her. Read *Lady Byron Vindicated* from cover to cover, and you will see that even Mrs. Stowe was not unaffected by the Byron-complex. To be sure, she alone among his posthumous detractors seems not to have forgotten that he was a great poet — even if she does sympathize with Lady Byron's horror at his poems being made accessible to larger numbers of people by grace of a cheap edition. That, you will remember, is why (according to Mrs. Stowe) Lady Byron 'spoke out.' This loving woman was afraid that her husband's poetry would be more widely read.

But of course Lady Byron's psychology is a muddle and a mess, and Lord Lovelace, devoting his hundreds of pages to defending her, has made the poor woman more incredible and unpalatable than ever. A good many of us were at peace with Lady Byron until we read *Astarte*. No one can read Lady Lovelace's memoir of her husband without sympathy for him. He walked for years in the shadow of his grandparents. To clear his grandmother from accusations of coldness and moral cruelty he wrote his book, — having brooded on the subject the better part of his life, — sacrificing his grandfather completely. Better that Byron should be called immoral than that Lady Byron should be called unfeeling! No one could accuse Lord Lovelace of loving his grandfather. He brushes aside the poetry, except as he thinks it serves to prove his scandalous point. Yet Lord Lovelace judges it well to remind us that there were extenuating circumstances in Byron's 'affair' with Augusta. And having explained, as well as he could, why this was not like other cases, he proceeds, in one of the most remarkable pages ever penned (when you consider that he is a special pleader on the other side), to declare that, ideally speaking, Augusta should have gone to Byron on the Continent, after the separation; that they should have flaunted their relation (as he conceives it to have been) in the eyes of Europe, cutting themselves off from every civilized contact (for every civilized community, he is convinced,

no matter how remote, would have spewed them out); since *then* Byron would have been a truly poetical and sympathetic figure. *Then* we could have loved him. Even Lord Lovelace finds no evidence that Augusta ever wished to go to Byron; but that does not matter. She should have sacrificed herself, her husband, her children, her soul; she should have chucked everything and gone, so that we might love Byron — whose poetry, according to Lord Lovelace, was not of much account.

No: the world certainly has a Byron-complex.

Professor Strahan paints us a vivid picture of Byron's departure from England, after the scandal of the separation: —

> Crowds had watched his departure from Piccadilly for Dover; at his hotel at Dover women of position bribed the chambermaids to let them take over their clothes and duties for the evening, so that they might have a near look at the interesting monster; and the next day practically the whole town turned out to see him go to the packet. The same intense curiosity followed him to the end. At Venice, when he crossed in his gondola for his customary ride on the sands of the Lido, all the English visitors in Venice were waiting at San Nicoló to view his landing, some of the women using opera glasses, and some pressing so close that he had occasionally to push his way through them in order to mount his horse. His love of Ravenna was largely due to the fact that the absence of English people saved him from constant mobbing; but when he was going from that city to Pisa, and broke his journey for a night or so at Bologna, Rogers, who was there, told Macaulay that, when he left the hotel, every window in it was crammed with English sightseers.

No bribing of chambermaids to-day would get us a glimpse of Byron, so it is easy to laugh at the poor ladies who made that rather unseemly gesture. But the attitude — mutatis mutandis — has persisted. He is a *person*, still. When Mrs. Stowe — a young thing, then — heard that Byron was dead, she went off and climbed a hill, to be alone all the afternoon with her thoughts of him. Later, she wanted his poetry annihilated, for moral reasons; but she could revert with tenderness to her own gesture of mourning. Mrs. Stowe is long since dead; but these people who are at present concerned with Byron are very like the ladies who bribed the chambermaids. Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Lubbock, and many others are not reading Byron; but they are craning their necks from balconies for glimpses of the man.

I have said more than once that no woman, friend or foe, can to this day quite keep her head about Byron. I still believe that is true. But one woman I have encountered who came very near it. Several years ago I made pilgrimage, like so many others, to Newstead Abbey. The housekeeper, rather bored, did the honors. It dawned upon the woman at last that here were Americans who cared little for Dukeries but a great deal for the poet. Nothing could mitigate her austerity; but she faced us finally in the drawing-room, cluttered with the possessions of the alien owners, and coldly, primly remarked: 'It is a great pity that Lord Byron did not marry Mary Chaworth, and settle down and keep up the place.' For her, Byron was simply a 'landed gentleman' who had neglected his duty.

Recently I have had occasion to contrast her attitude with that of Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, who, you will recall, has done his poor best to whitewash Augusta (that is, Byron, for no one cares a straw about poor Augusta) by ingenious scandal about Mary Chaworth Musters. According to him, Augusta was the screen for a

late affair with the early love; all the compromising letters were really written to Mary; Medora was Mary's child — you know the argument, no doubt. As far as I am aware, no one is convinced by it; but any hypothesis will do to defend Byron, as any hypothesis will do to damn him. No one's reputation counts, for an instant, but Byron's own. If you hate him, you sacrifice Augusta, or Mary Chaworth, or Lady Frances Wedderburne Webster; if you love him, you say, like Professor Strahan, that the Guiccioli was the only woman he had ever pursued — the others had all pursued poor Byron. If you hate him, you speak of Lady Melbourne as hardly as Swinburne spoke of Mrs. Stowe — that impossible creature who received his daily, hourly letters, full of his disgusting affairs. If you love him, you grow lachrymose over what he suffered at the hands of Lady Caroline Lamb and others. None of the women count at all, in and for themselves. No one cares what any one of them was, except as she helps to prove Byron a tiger or a lamb. The ladies Byron knew fare as badly as his poetry, at the hands of his critics. Lady Melbourne, Lady Oxford, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Frances Wedderburne Webster (Mr. Hewlett, being for the moment Leporello, must have her on his list, though Lord Lovelace explicitly says that she does not belong there) — they might be, for all they matter, dancing-girls of the desert, to whom Mohammed denied a soul.

The only impersonal treatment of Byron we have been favored with for many years has come from the British copyright laws. It is possible to buy the Oxford edition of Byron, in one volume, on India paper, in limp leather. As far as one can see, that is the sole compensation Byron has received for dying in 1824. For, to hear them talk, you would think his death notice was in this morning's paper.

Somewhere, the ghost of Byron is mightily amused — and not a little pleased. Byron cared more for the House of Lords than for any Pantheon, one judges; and he would rather be responsible for a Byron-complex a hundred years after his death than to be prescribed reading in every British schoolroom. He would have bowed with ironic grace to Matthew Arnold, but he would have liked better the people who cannot keep their heads about him. Even Maurice Hewlett's Billingsgate would have been more to his taste than any treatise on the metrical values of *Don Juan* or *Childe Harold*. His champions froth at the mouth over the obvious injustices done him: the burning of his own memoirs four days after his executors knew of his death; the charges made against a dead man who could not defend himself, and so forth, and so on. But, though Byron would have been his own best champion in any verbal ordeal, there is ample reason to believe that he would have taken the Byron-complex to be his sweetest and most satisfying revenge. He would rather be an obsession to the men and women of the twentieth century than to be in Westminster Abbey. His living admirers may resent slanders in his behalf; but, believe me, they waste their tears. Byron's ghost is perfectly appeased.

THE LETTER LAW AND THE GOLDEN RULE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

PRIMITIVE law, the jurists tell us, was in all countries technical and formal. It dealt in ceremonies and procedures. Form came first, while justice lagged and came last. Perhaps it was the failure of law in old times to make approximation to justice, that leaves to us two great figures of personal justice: the rarely realized embodiment of the layman's ideal, Harun-al-Rashid, and Saint Louis.

Down the ages they have come to us, each called by the same undying name, 'The Just.' In themselves they unite the power of the law, and the will to do justice, not according to procedure long since gone and forgotten, but according to the Golden Rule.

Under the big tree at Vincennes, history pictures to us Saint Louis dispensing the high justice, the middle justice, and the low, to those who flocked to him appealing for the righting of their wrongs. It pictures Harun as the protector of the poor, going about among his people, punishing the wrongdoer and giving justice to the oppressed.

The Puritan, and later the Anglo-Saxon, ideal of justice resolutely supplanted the type which these historic figures embody. Ours was to be, as the ancient Charter of Massachusetts solemnly stated, a government of laws and not of men. Laws should be made so that the people could read and understand them; so that standards should be set, which judges should follow and enforce.

Personal justice, justice dependent alone or mainly upon the personal concept of right in the heart of the judge, — a concept varying with the moral calibre of judges, — was to be discarded. The law was to be, in the main, a book, enforced, to be sure, by a person, but in accordance with the book.

The whole history of law is the struggle for a working compromise between two ideals: judicial discretion and the Saint-Louis ideal, on one hand, and the letter law, superior to and binding upon the judge, and he its sworn servant, on the other. The vast mass of our statute-making, state and national, the intricate codes of procedure now governing most of our courts, clearly indicate that for many generations the letter-law ideal has been unduly dominant with us. There are many reasons why this has been true.

One of these reasons was illustrated to me some years ago, in the course of a conversation with a prominent member of the bar in another state. I was conferring with him about an important lawsuit, which was to go to trial in that state, and in which clients of mine were parties. I had inquired about the personality of the judge who would try the case. My associate's answers had been far from reassuring. The judge was obviously, on his story, no Harun or Saint Louis. To reassure me, he concluded, however: 'You know as well as I do that so long as politicians nominate and the public elects judges by general elections, the main protection of liti-

gants must be, not in the character of the judge, but in the definite character of the law itself. There is perfectly clear law in our case on our side, and the judge will have to follow it.'

However satisfactory, in a short-sighted way, such philosophy may be in its results on litigation (and it is by no means always satisfactory and effective), a much greater question still remains, and one which becomes continuously more important.

The question is this: how much more complicated can an increasingly complex society permit its law to become, and avoid disaster, or even allow the continuance of normal business?

Interstate commerce is now international trade. Relationships in business and industry are increasingly complicated. They operate at an increasingly higher speed. Can the demands which they make upon the law be met by a system of justice which is, at the same time, intricate and slow? Is not a return to a simpler justice necessary, if even our ordinary business questions and disputes are to be solved without an intolerable amount of friction and expense? As economic power increases in certain industrial groups, is there not a greater need for increased power of law to deal with them — a power which can come only from simpler ethical standards, broad enough to be adaptable to all conditions to which their application is needed?

By a quite unconscious process, these questions are being answered by the courts, so far as they are permitted by the lawmaking authorities to answer them. Out of complexity comes the possibility of simplicity in the law by a process of healthful evolution. As an old lawyer once said about it to me: 'There are so many precedents; so many judges have written so many opinions in so many cases, that a judge who really wants to do what is right to-day generally can find some precedent to support him.' It comes also by a change of emphasis, a certain revaluation of essentials, under which our law tends to become primarily a system of justice, instead of a continuously more intricate and elaborate system of logic.

Students of the law who began their studies twenty or thirty years ago will recall the not infrequent decisions wherein the courts declared themselves regretfully constrained to a certain decision, which they felt to be unjust in the particular case, but which they said was a conclusion necessary to the logic of the law, to avoid dangerous precedents. Portia made much the same answer, it will be remembered, when Bassanio wanted her for once to wrest the law to her authority. The modern note tends to be somewhat different. The logic of the law has ceased to be so supremely important. Let me illustrate: —

Here is a very recent case passed upon by the New York Court of Appeals. A builder sued an owner, for whom he had built a country place, for the balance of the contract price. The owner refused to pay, saying that the builder had not kept his contract. The contract called for a certain specified wrought-iron pipe in the plumbing of the house. By inadvertence, the builder had put in an equally good pipe of a different brand, though the same in appearance, quality, and cost — indeed, the same thing, except that it was made in another place.

After the pipe was all in place, the owner heard of this error and ordered the pipe taken out, though it was encased in the walls and could not be removed without great expense. The builder refused to remove it, and asked to be paid the balance due him on the contract. The Court of Appeals declared that he should be so paid.

In answer to the owner's demand for

the letter of the law, and, without deviation, the specific pipe of the contract, the Court declared: —

> We must weigh the purpose to be served, the desire to be gratified, the excuse for deviation from the letter, the cruelty of enforced adherence. The willful trespasser must accept the penalty of his transgression. The trespasser whose default is unintentional and trivial may hope for mercy if he will offer atonement for his wrong.

Elsewhere, in the opinion, occur these significant words: —

> Those who think more of symmetry and logic in the development of legal rules than of proper adaptation to the attainment of a just result will be troubled by a classification where the lines of division are so wavering and fluttering. Something doubtless may be said, on the score of consistency and certainty, in favor of a stricter standard. The courts have balanced such consideration against those of equity and fairness, and found the latter to be weightier.

The process of unconscious development of simplicity in the direct application of ethical principles to modern justice has, as an illustration, the law which to-day determines the right of large organizations of capital to continue in existence when they have limited or restrained competition.

It was only a decade or two ago that jurists were scornfully criticizing Roosevelt's layman distinction between 'good' and 'bad' trusts. The notion that great aggregations of capital could be compelled to dissolve because they were harmful, or allowed to continue because they were, on the whole, beneficial to the public, was considered absurd. To differentiate them by their character and conduct, instead of by their size and power, was deemed a distinction too shadowy, too idealistic, and too impracticable.

Notwithstanding all this criticism, the substance of Roosevelt's principle is not far from being adopted in the courts of the United States. Two features of the modern law of capitalistic combinations stand out in recent decisions. The first is that there is no form of combination which results in a conspiracy in restraint of trade which can avoid the disfavor of the law. The law wholly disregards to-day the form of such attempts, and looks only to the purpose sought, and to the substance of its accomplishment. Old-fashioned 'trusts,' holding companies, pooling agreements, and a dozen other devices, have met with the same fate. The forbidden purpose being shown under any form, the result was the same.

The other feature in the evolution of the antitrust law is this: the growing tendency of the court to consider, in reaching its final judgment, certain matters which, only a few decades ago, would have received little, if any, attention.

Here, for example, is a great corporation before the bar of the Supreme Court. Its dissolution is asked as a combination in restraint of trade. We find the Court, in testing the corporation's right to existence, seeking the answers which its corporate life-history gives to questions like this: —

How did it attain its growth: by oppressive methods applied to competitors; by trickery or fraud; by unfair practices; or was its expansion the result of superior business ability honestly applied?

How has it treated its competitors?

How has it used its powers?

Has the public been harmed or benefited by its existence?

Have the restraints upon trade which it has effected been, on the whole, reasonable and just, or otherwise?

This tendency to test the right of great corporations to live, by studying their conduct in the use of power, is a most interesting and important tendency, capable of very considerable ex-

tension. It is a very recent idea. Only a few years ago, the courts took an entirely different attitude. The test was not the abuse of power: it was the existence of power.

Combinations in restraint of trade were illegal, if they had the power to restrain trade, whether they abused that power or not. Here, for example, was an association of coal-dealers in a little city in New York. Business had been bad, and they got together and agreed to fix prices. Indicted for a combination, they sought to prove on their trial that the prices actually fixed were entirely fair to the consumer, and that they left only a modest compensation for themselves. This evidence was refused by the trial court, as wholly irrelevant. The highest court of the state declared this ruling to have been correct.

This is not the place for an extended consideration of the law's attitude toward competition. The pendulum may swing back again. The courts ultimately may find that the problems connected with the abuse of power are too great for courts to determine whether reasonable use has been made of power over competition.

The 'rule of reason' laid down in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases aroused violent discussion a few years ago. The difference between the 'rule of law,' which broke up the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and the Northern Securities Company, and the 'rule of reason,' which, not very long ago, permitted the continued existence of the United States Steel Corporation, represents a revolution in judicial thinking on this great economic problem.

I am not arguing that the tendencies which are here discussed are finalities. I have an old lawyer friend who scorns the implications of these later trust-decisions as little experiments with the Golden Rule. He declares that they threaten wholly to destroy all logic or reason in the Antitrust act. He assures me that the time is coming soon, under these monstrous judicial impracticabilities, when the advice of a superannuated clergyman will be worth more to a big corporation, as a protection against the Sherman Anti-trust law, than all the learning of a veteran corporation lawyer. I hope that he is not wholly right. His illustration, however, suggests a wholly new pasture for Christian missions — an almost wholly untouched field.

II

What the final determination of the courts will be on this question will depend largely upon the ultimate fate of what may be called a new administrative court, whose main function is to apply to American business what seems a very simple, yet is a very difficult Golden-Rule test for business success: whether its practices not only are legal, so far as present legal standards are concerned, but are fair. Once more we find a return to a simple ethical standard, an attempt at applying a simple test to complex and difficult business problems.

This court is the Federal Trade Commission, which exists to enforce fair practices in modern business. The philosophy of the law which created it has been well expressed recently, by Justice Brandeis, in a most interesting dissenting opinion in the United States Supreme Court. His statement may be summarized thus: The law was intended to prevent success by unfair means. Instead of waiting until, by trickery and unscrupulous methods, huge aggregations of power and wealth have swollen to a point where they become a menace, requiring dissolution, at great cost, perhaps, to innocent in-

vestors, through judicial action, these practices were to be nipped, as it were, in the bud. Business practices were to be fair. The Federal Trade Commission was to enjoin and punish unfair methods of doing business.

If the Commission has not yet received a large measure of public confidence, and the business world still considers it an irritating and meddlesome bureaucracy, it is not due to lack of merit in the principle on which it is founded. The principle itself is not unduly idealistic or impracticable, but it does require a maximum of wisdom, experience, and common sense in its administrators. The life of the Commission has been too short, as yet, for us to pass a harsh judgment upon it.

We should remember that courts have been operated for centuries; that the body of law which lawyers call Equity Jurisprudence has grown like a coral reef, and that its foundations are laid in remote antiquity. The twilight zone between dishonest and decent practices in business still exists. This zone has existed for centuries, and the establishment of precedents which will fix, define, and eliminate the now legal and permissible, but unfair and unethical, roads to commercial success cannot be accomplished in a single generation. It is significant that we have realized the need of experimentation in this new field, of trying to find new ways of applying effectively to business a simplified moral code.

Recent developments in commercial arbitration indicate another step, and a very important one, in this unconscious process by which business seeks simpler ways of meeting its problems. Owing to the increased complexity of contract law, disputes in law courts over business transactions are tending to become unduly expensive. The trial of contract cases by jury is to-day an almost complete failure. This is due to two causes. The first is that an intricate society tends to make the business questions involved in ordinary commercial contract cases far from simple. It is too much to expect even a highly qualified jury to carry in its mind these details of commercial transactions, cumbered as they are with complicated modern instruments of commerce, the full understanding of which details are necessary to a decision of such commercial disputes. Modern contract law itself is likewise complicated and filled with learned pitfalls, which require a high degree of legal learning and also long study on each individual case. A combination of these two difficulties makes commercial law litigation uncertain in result, but entirely certain in expense. In times past, the courts have been exceedingly jealous of having legal questions decided by tribunals other than the courts themselves and arbitration has heretofore been, for various reasons, an unsatisfactory substitute.

New York, however, has recently, by a simple statute, given a new vitality to arbitration, and recently there has been created in that state a thoroughly organized association of responsible business and professional men, devoted to furnishing the ways and means of arbitration as a substitute for litigation in this type of case. Under this new arbitration plan, the merits of business disputes will be determined without the elaboration of legal technicalities, without the historic background of precedents, and without the judicial rules of evidence. It is expected that these business disputes will be determined by the intelligence and business experience of fair-minded men, applying their sense of justice along these simpler lines and making the determination of these disputes speedier and less expensive. What the ultimate effect of this latest expression of the desire for simpler standards

and simpler methods will have upon judicial processes remains to be seen.

It needs only to be said at this time that the courts are now being presented for the first time with a form of competition. That this competition will have an effect, which will be on the whole a beneficial one, can, I think, scarcely be doubted.

However much the letter law extends its precedents, however much the statute law may seek to make the standards of law concrete and definite, there is an instinct in the soul of man which bids him look, not to the unending scrolls of the law, but to a Saint Louis and a Harun; to some good man whom he knows and respects, and has confidence in, more for his character than for his learning, however great. As society became complicated, this personal ideal grew so remote as to seem altogether lost in the mazes of the letter law. It never wholly disappeared. There are many little communities still in our country where the old ideal yet prevails.

I remember a town where, in my boyhood, the country doctor was also the town clerk and the justice of the peace. For fifty years he decided all the disputes which, in the cities, make lawsuits. He straightened out line fences, he assessed damages for roving cattle, and passed judgment on sheep-biting dogs. He prevented will contests by family settlements. He had, so far as I know, only two law-books — a battered copy of the Vermont Revised Statutes and Walton's *Register*. I have no reason to believe that he consulted any of these authorities very much. They were useful to him only for camouflage purposes. His conclusions, however, based upon a strong sense of justice and an understanding of his people, both shrewd and kindly, satisfied his community for half a century.

I know that it may be said that this was a small and rural town, and that such rustic personal justice would be impracticable in any other form of society. I can only suggest in reply a question which comes to me with greater frequency as years pass, and the fabric of law becomes more and more complex, in the effort to deal with the problem of a society constantly growing more intricate. The question is this: how long will it be before the pendulum will swing to the other extreme — the return of the Cadi, the search for Saint Louis, the demand for personal justice administered by the good man as a substitute for our endless barren wilderness of precedents in law and a maze of indigestible statutes? Are we not approaching the climax of the letter law: coming to the day when it will seem an impossible chaos of confusion — its bulk so vast, its uncertainties so great, its complications so costly, that society must discard it as a cocoon, which prevents its growth and impedes its life? I am not arguing for this result. I can see, I think, the obvious objections to so extreme a change. Nevertheless, administrative law, made yearly more complex to safeguard cities and states against demagogues in office; judiciary law, made complicated to limit the discretion of political judges — these are, for example, sure paths to the collapse of the democratic ideal. There is no safety in them.

The fundamental mistake in the overcomplexity of so much of our modern law is that it inevitably fails to render the main service which is expected of it, that is, to protect us against the dangers of the crowd-spirit. There is no protection in law, however complicated, against that spirit, if the crowd itself makes the law. This has always been true. It was true when tested in Greece and in Rome. Both of these ancient countries disintegrated under the crowd-spirit — that spirit which gov-

erns when men cease to reason as individuals but respond to appeals which come to them as masses. Democracy is under the same peril to-day wherever public affairs are dominated and directed in the same way: when a keen understanding of mob-psychology becomes the basis of political power; when policies are determined, not by the clear and continuous thinking of individuals, but by adroit propaganda addressed to the crowd-spirit, to men in the mass, to those composite prejudices which defy reason and make wisdom inoperative.

We must learn new ways for leaving the fog of crowd-compelling propaganda — that fog which is the natural atmosphere of the demagogue. We must attain the clearer air, in which men can see and think as individuals. The almost unconscious movement toward the simplicity which this paper has sketched is, in many aspects, a healthful movement toward a return to those simpler standards essential to the successful operation of a complicated social life.

The final hope for democracy must be, not in its letter law, but in its leadership. The day must come when the people's trust must be less in law and more in men. In the last analysis, the main test that will determine the survival of democracy will be its capacity for the wise selection of men — men sufficient in character and wisdom to be trusted with the powers of the state.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

BY E. BARRINGTON

It was the year of grace 1750, and old Mother Corrigan sat outside her door in Slattern Alley, smoking her pipe with a relish; and 't was a good day with her, for she had told his fortune that morning for Squire Tyrconnel, on his way to fight a duel in the Phœnix Park with Lawyer Daly; and when it was finished, says she to him: — 'Let you count the buttons on his body-coat, your Honour, and fix the third from the top in your eye. And when you stand up to him, say a prayer and pink him with your swordeen in that very spot, and the Lord grant him a bed in heaven, the old villain, for he 'll never be asking one on earth again.'

And as she said, so it was, and old Daly turned up his toes and never spoke more, when the Squire got him in the third button. And an hour after, Squire Tyrconnel sent his purse with five golden guineas in it, and a pound of the best rappee to be found in the Four Courts, and all for Mother Corrigan, and she was a proud woman that day. Her house was stuffed as full of money as an egg of meat; but no one would think it to look at her; for she had it all hid away like an old fairy, so that no one would give a thought to it.

She was sitting at her door at the top of Slattern Alley where it turns into Britain Street, and she in the best of good tempers, when a lady came by

with two young daughters beside her — a tall woman, with a fine blossoming colour in her face and an air like a peacock spreading his tail and her eyes as clear as spring water. It would be hard to see a finer woman of her age in a day's walk, and all the gentlemen going to and from the Castle must turn to have another look at the three of them. Her dress might be handsome at first sight; but, closer, you could see she had it held up with pins and stitches, and a bit of good lace fell over it to hide the wear in the front. Also, she drew her feet under her hoop, that they might not be noticed, though they were as small as a young child's. And so she minced along with steps like mice, for fear of showing the burst in her shoe.

But for all that she held up her head like the deer in the Lord Lieutenant's park, and her pride was enough for a queen, and too much for a poor lady walking the Dublin streets and holding her skirt up out of the mud.

But it was the two she had with her that any lady might be proud of. There were never two such out of heaven; and sure it may be believed, for the world has said it often enough since that day, and will say it to the end of time. For the elder was a sweet rogue, with hair like red gold clean out of the fire, and eyes like a blue June morning, and cheeks like May flowers that a rose has kissed, and lips that better than a rose would kneel to kiss one day; and her smile lit up the street, and she tripped along as light as a spring breeze.

But the younger — sure the Lord was well pleased the day he made her face, for 't was perfection's self. Her hair was a dark brown veined with gold, and her eyes like purple violets with the rain on them; and when she closed her long lashes 't was like a cloud over the stars; and her mouth, and the soft smile, and the dimple that dipped when she laughed — a man would stand all day to watch her and not think long. 'T is a strange thing that one girl will be like that, all beauty and shining sweetness, and another perhaps as good, — for better she could not be in her heart, — will be a poor sorrowful little victim that a cat would not look at in the dark!

And old Mother Corrigan saw them coming, and she took her pipe out from between her teeth, and says she: —

'Halt here, my ladies, the three of you, and hear the fortune that 's waiting you — the way you 'll be ready when it comes.'

'Fortune!' says the lady, stopping, a girl in each hand; ''t is the black fortune and the sad fortune that befell me since the day the gold ring was on my finger. And I don't want to hear any more, so I don't; for if I had more to bear than I have this minute I would n't face the morn's morrow.'

But Mother Corrigan rose up as nimbly as a woman to a dance, and she looked the lady in the eyes as if she was as tall as herself, and, 'Come in,' says she, 'for though 't is a poor place, the beauty of the three of you will light it like candles, and 't is here your luck begins.'

So they went in, and the lady said she had not so much as a silver bit to cross her hand with, and indeed would have pulled her daughters back; but the old woman would not have it.

'Leave it so,' says Mother Corrigan, 'what matters an empty hand to-day when you 'll fill the two hands of me with gold when the luck comes that 's coming? Give me your word, my lady, and I 'll take it for as good as five guineas.'

So she gave her word to fill Mother Corrigan's hand with golden guineas; and the two young girls were standing by, their cheeks like burning roses for fear and hope, as the old witch caught

the lady's hand, and gabbled something that was not a prayer, and the words came from her like a person talking in their sleep.

'High blood and poverty. Sure, your father had a crown on his head and no gold to gild it with.'

But the lady pulled her hand away angrily.

'Then you know who I am. What 's the good of play-acting? I guessed this would be the way of it!'

'I don't know and I don't care,' says the old woman with a grin. 'I 'm telling you what I see, and till this minute I never laid eye on you or yours. Don't you be speaking again, for there 's no sense in that; but harken!'

So she told her her father was poor and proud, an Irish lord with a castle in a bog and an old coach with the cloth hanging off it in flitters and the plough-horses to draw it; and that he never gave her a penny since she married, for he had it not to give. And she told her her husband was no better, but running after the cards and dice all day, so that all the world cried folly on her for taking up with him.

'But no matter!' says Mother Corrigan, 'for you did a good deed for yourself that day you stood up with him in the church.'

'A good deed!' says the lady, very angry. 'Don't you be a foolish old woman, and you so near your end. For I got nothing out of it but care and crying and pinching poverty and five children that I don't know how to put the bread in their mouths; and this minute I 'm as lonesome as a widow, for my husband is off and away in the country, and here am I in Dublin; and if I know how to get bit or sup for them it 's as much as I do know.'

But the old woman shook her head till her teeth rattled.

'Let you be easy and take what 's coming. I see you sitting in a king's house, and the walls all gilded gold, and the carpets like moss that your foot would sink into, and riches and grandeur, and everyone bowing down to the mother of the beauties.'

'Well, if the half of it 's true,' says the lady, 'the first news should come to me is that I 'm a widow; for 't is impossible it should happen as you say with a husband that has n't one penny-piece to rattle on a tombstone.'

'You 'll not be a widow for many a day, and 't is your husband's name brings the luck.'

'You don't know what his name is. You could n't! If you 'll tell me his name, I 'll engage to believe any mortal thing you tell me.'

So the three looked at the old woman; but she took another look at the hand as she might be reading a book, and: —

'Good-day to you, Mrs Gunning, and good-day to his Lordship's daughter, — my Lord Mayo, — and good-day to the mother of the two beauties that 'll sweep the world.'

And she clucked and chuckled to herself, highly diverted with their astonishment. How did she know it? What that old woman did not know would make but a short story. 'T was said she had informants over the whole countryside, like a Minister of the Crown.

They stared, for they were new come to Dublin, running from their debts in Roscommon and taking the chance to pick up husbands in the city, and there was not one there who knew them.

So she took the youngest girl's hands in hers and says she: —

'You 'll marry the highest man, bar one or two, in England. And you 'll not be content with that; for when you bury him, you 'll marry the highest man in Scotland; and if I sat here till to-morrow, I could n't tell you the half of the riches and glory that 's waiting for you. You 'll have to crawl through the black

mud to get the first; but after that 't is a clear course, and the mud won't stick to a duchess's gown, young Miss Elizabeth Gunning!'

A duchess! Elizabeth's eyes were like winter stars, they so sparkled — they would put out the light of diamonds. She held herself like a young poplar and says she: —

'And if you 're right, old woman, or anything like it, I 'll come and see you when I get promotion, and my Lord Duke shall fill your pockets with gold.'

But Mother Corrigan grinned like a dog.

'I have n't a pocket, my Lady's Honour. My hand 's good enough; but I 'll not be here when you come riding back to poor old Dublin in yer coach and six — and now for the fairy of the world!' — And she took the hand of the eldest, who was shaking like a leaf and expecting to hear of a prince and his blue ribbon at the least, and her eyes fixed on the old witch like two blue lakes with the stars dipping in them.

But she shook her head.

'A great man, but not so big a man as your sister's.' (The girl looked jealous daggers at Elizabeth.) 'A fine man, and the gold lace on him, and velvet and silk stockings, and gold buckles shining in the shoes of him, and a big house to live in, and fine clothes for your back, and —'

She stopped dead, like a horse pulled up on his haunches; but the young Maria twitched her by the raggedy sleeve.

'Go on. What is it? I want to hear.'

'Don't ask me, and you so beautiful!'

'I do ask, and I 'll have it out of you. I suppose you mean I 'll get old and ugly like yourself.'

'You 'll never be old and ugly. Them that remembers you will remember the loveliest thing God ever made when he took clay in his two hands.'

'I don't know what she means,' says Maria fretfully. 'But sure some women are handsome till they die. Tell us when will the luck come, and how?'

'With the Golden Vanity and a woman with a man's name. And now leave me, my three queens, and I 'll have a drop to warm me old bones and a whiff of the pipe to put the life in me. But don't forget the old woman when the great lords is kneeling before you and pouring the diamonds out of baskets before ye — and send the golden guineas, and —'

So she went on mumbling and muttering, and that was the first and last time the old hag told a fortune for love and not for money. She had not long to tell any, for she died next May, and not a soul to cry for her.

They stepped out into the sunshine, their heads high, and scarce a word to say to each other; for all three were thinking of the promises as light and glittering as soap bubbles. And Maria would not spare a word to Elizabeth, for not a woman but must walk after the heels of a duchess, and she was all for leading.

'The Golden Vanity!' says Elizabeth. 'Mama, what should that be? When I 'm a duchess —'

'I don't know, and most likely 't is not worth knowing.' Mrs Gunning was angry. Her fine brows were drawn together. 'Leave talking of duchesses, you silly fools, and go get the herrings for tea. I have left the children too long as it is.'

So she marched down Britain Street like a queen, for all her burst shoe, — a shabby street it was for such ladies, — and the two walked off to Fishmonger's Alley, and not a head but turned to look at them.

'Faith, they 're goddesses and no mistake!' says gay Mr Councillor Egan, on the way from the Law Courts, with his mulberry face and his mulberry

velvet coat. 'T was to Lawyer Curran he said it, and in a small city like Dublin the name held, and the two were called the Goddesses from that time.

Old Corrigan's words gave them courage for a while; but what can hold up against a diet of herrings day in and day out? And that was all the poor lady could give her family. What was she to do? Mr Gunning had took himself off to Castle Coote, his beggarly place in the country, where he could dice and drink in peace with the neighboring squireens, and live off claret and the skinny fowls that pecked about the avenue; and she had the weight of the children on her spare shoulders.

'T was about this time that young Harry Lepel, the first man they met, in a way of speaking, fell in love with Elizabeth, the younger. The way it happened was this. She was walking down Mount Street with Maria, and she let fall her purse, and nothing in it but a pocket-piece to save her gentility. Harry was strolling off to my Lord Cappoquin's, from mounting guard at the Castle (for at that time his Lordship lived in Merrion Square); and indeed Mr Lepel was as fine a figure of a young man as a girl could wish to see, in his regimentals all laced with gold and his handsome head above them — a brown man with dark eyes. And seeing a young madam drop her purse, he stooped for it and, coming up behind them, saluted very stiff and offered it, and the two turned and looked him in the face.

'T is certain a man might come up a thousand times behind a woman's back and not be startled as Harry Lepel was when he saw them; for there never was, nor will be, two such sisters. 'T was like a battery suddenly unmasked; and what chance had the poor devil that was marching up to it like an innocent? The only thing he could do was to surrender at discretion — but to which lady? That was the trouble. Elizabeth Gunning settled it for him.

'I thank you, Sir,' says she, with a smile that had ruined St Anthony, for she was one that smiled with her eyes as well as her mouth — a golden sunshine that the heart opened to naturally.

He was stuttering and stammering. 'Madam, I thank you for the happiness of touching anything your hand hath blessed.'

'T was sudden, I allow; but then, so too was her beauty. At all events, he dared no more, not having the courage, though all the will, to linger, and was turning off when a queer thing happened. But 't was to be.

A drunken poltroon of a bargeman was coming up from Liffey-side, lurching and yawing like a Dutch hooker in a gale; and seeing them in a little bunch on the cobblestones, he took an anger at them in his wooden head, and, whether purposely or not I know not, but he elbowed up against Miss Maria and drove her into the dirty kennel; and she gave a faint scream, for her shoes were destroyed with the mud, and it was the only pair she had to her name. So what does Mr Lepel do but let drive straight from the shoulder at the offender, and in a minute the shoes and the lady were out of the kennel and the bargeman lying there as snug as snug, and the oaths he let out of him blackening the air like a flight of crows. So Mr Lepel, smiling with set lips like a picture, says to the girls: —

'Ladies, permit me to escort you to your home. 'T is much to be regretted the streets are not safe for beauty unattended, though to be sure I have the happiness to profit by the circumstance. I trust it hath been no shock to your sensibility?'

And, indeed, tears had gathered in Elizabeth's eyes; but Maria was laughing like a Hebe, and looking up in his face — the blue-eyed lovely rogue!

'We thank you, Sir. 'T is what our own brother had done had he been more than five. But while he is in the nursery, we must be obliged to kind strangers for protection.'

'Madam, I would not willingly remain a stranger,' says Mr Harry, very eager, and touching his cocked hat. 'Permit me to present myself for want of a better introducer. My name is Harry Lepel.'

'I thank you, Sir. 'T will be remembered with gratitude. May we now bid you farewell?'

Miss Maria sank down, in a curtsey so well devised that it showed the littlest foot in the world, save only Elizabeth's. A fortunate bootmaker later was to make five guineas an afternoon by showing their shoes at a penny a head to the mob that gathered to stare at them; but that time was not yet come. Mr Lepel spoke earnestly: —

'Madam, you can't suppose — 't is not possible I can permit you to return alone after such an adventure. The sun sinks and the streets are mighty ill lit. If my company is disagreeable, I can walk ten paces behind; but otherwise —'

Here Elizabeth interposed, with a fine colour in her cheek: —

'The company of our protector can't be disagreeable — 't is a favour. But, Sir, I will be frank with you: we are in Dublin *incognita;* our lodging is not equal to our pretensions to birth; and in short —'

She hesitated, with her eyes dropped and the lashes like night upon her cheek. The crimson bow of her upper lip trembled — a seductive picture of troubled beauty. Anyhow it did Mr Harry's business for him. He could no more have tore himself away at that moment than he could have embraced the bargeman swearing blue murder at his feet.

'Madam, these are misfortunes that may happen to the greatest, and 't is easy seen that in your case breeding and birth combine with — beauty. Is it indiscreet to ask the name of the ladies I have the honour to address?'

''T is very indiscreet,' says Miss Maria, with one of her bright side-glances; 'but yet — should we withhold it, sister?'

'Surely not from so kind a friend.' Elizabeth spoke eagerly. 'Our name, Sir, is Gunning, and we are granddaughters to the late Viscount Mayo and nieces to his present Lordship. And when I add that our parents have fallen into poverty, you will comprehend —'

Her voice paused on a silver note, which had the beginning of a sob; and when Elizabeth saddened, the world must sadden with her, so lovely were her long eyes and the drooping head. Pity poor Mr Harry! Talk of Scylla and Charybdis — he stood between the Sirens, and could he have halved his heart (and many men have that power), one half had gone to either charmer.

'Madam,' says he tenderly, 'I feel for your sorrows more than I can express. Might I but have the happiness to be presented to your mama; for 't is the most prodigious circumstance — I am the son of Sir Francis Lepel of Tarrington in Yorkshire, and I have heard him speak of my Lord Mayo many a time. His Lordship stood second to my grandfather in his famous duel with Lord Ayrshire thirty year since. My name will not be unknown. Permit me —'

And again he saluted, very gallant, and the three proceeded down the street, the girls on thorns for thinking of the dingy rooms, and their mother down-at-heel, and the everlasting herrings sizzling on the grate, and Lucy and Kitty screaming for their supper. 'T was thinking thus that Maria touched Elizabeth's arm, as much as to say: 'Shall we let him go?' For indeed these girls had a perfect language of signs between them, elaborated in the shifts

and devices of their life; and Miss Maria, at least, was an accomplished little schemer. But Elizabeth responded not to the pinch.

'Why, Sir,' says she sweetly, 'the name is indeed familiar. Sitting on his Lordship's knee, often have I heard him discourse of Sir Francis. You are no stranger. Yet truth is best. We are poor, Mr Lepel. My sister and I are debarred from all the pleasures of our rank, and our only concern is how to lighten our mama's burden if we could. 'T is this makes us hesitate, for we can't offer you the hospitality we would.'

'Name it not, Madam, I entreat,' says Mr Harry, trying to look into those too seductive eyes. 'God forbid I should add to your anxieties. But had I the happiness to know your mama, whose beauty half Ireland knows by repute, sure I might be permitted to open the way to some pleasures. There is, for instance, a Birthnight ball to be celebrated at the Castle —'

'Sir, you are all goodness, but gentlemen understand little of the difficulties of poor young ladies of quality. How should they? We have no dresses fit for the eyes of his Excellency. Even shoes —'

She permitted a foot to appear beneath the edge of her petticoat and ambushed it again. But it had done its work.

'You tear my heart, Madam. But since that little marvel of a foot recalls Cinderella's, permit me to say that a fairy godmother smoothed the way for that young lady to a certain ball, and there she met the prince whose throne she afterwards shared.'

'There are no fairies in Dublin, Sir.' Her voice was like flowing honey, while the little foot so commended was bestowing a sharp kick upon the fair Maria, and thus it said: —

'Run ahead. Turn the corner and run like a lamp-lighter, and let mama know what is toward. Hide the herrings. Bundle the children to bed. Fling mama's Irish lace over her head. I can hold him fifteen minutes. Speed!'

'T is much to be said in one kick, and it takes a woman to say and a woman to hear; but Miss Maria was a woman, though but eighteen. She smiled like Truth's self.

'Sister, if 't is not disagreeable to you to spare me, I have the message to leave at Mrs Flaherty's, and will go forward and meet with you at our door. Excuse me, Mr Lepel. My sister is a slow walker and I a swift. I knew not 't was so late.'

Off went Miss Maria. Turning the corner, she picked up her petticoats and legged it along like a hare at dawn.

It may be thought that the acquaintance ripened in those fifteen minutes, which doubled into thirty. Elizabeth's step was slower, her voice more musical, even as a nightingale sings her sweetest to the moon. The shade of my Lord Mayo might hover about them to safeguard propriety, but Mr Harry drew as near as the rampart of the lady's hoop would permit, bending his head to catch her murmurs, and his nostrils inhaling the faint perfume of silken hair rolled back from the whitest brow in the world. They made a pair that many would have remarked, but for the ill-lit streets.

Maria awaited them at the shabby door in Britain Street.

'I would not go in, sister, lest mama should scold me for leaving you; and indeed I am but just arrived,' says she demurely. And since she had not entered, 't was singular how neat was the appearance of that dingy room; for 't was dingy, do what you would.

The fire burned brightly, and if there was a delicate odour of herrings and onions, 't was the worst could be said, for none were to be seen. Indeed, a rich perfume fought with it, as if a

hasty hand had dashed the odours of Araby here and there to discourage the herrings. A large velvet cloak, the worse for wear, disguised the rents of the sofa, whereon sat Mrs Gunning, majestic in another of faded purple satin, beneath which her dress remained conjectural. A noble square of Limerick point was flung over her head and hung veil-like by each ear; and, indeed, with the little cherub Lucy at her feet, she might have sat for an aging Madonna.

Kitty was bundled off to the camp-bed in the back room; and sure the picture was homelike, if you studied the handsome lady rather than the ragged chairs. 'T was the best they could do, poor souls, in fifteen minutes, and wonderful in the time. 'T is women for quick thinking and quick acting where men are concerned; and, indeed, the look of astonishment Mrs Gunning gave as the three entered was inimitable, though already she had every particular set down in her mind. She swept the stateliest curtsey, and cast a rebuking maternal eye on her daughters ere she addressed Mr Lepel.

But, when explanations were made, how did her brow clear and a fair-weather smile efface the frost! She welcomed him with cordial kindness, with such reminiscences of his family as warmed his heart; and though no hospitality was offered save one, — a bottle of generous claret in a silver cup enriched with the Mayo arms, — 't was given with such good-will, and served by so lovely a cup-bearer, the fair Maria, that the man does not breathe but must feel it worthy of the three ladies who tendered it. He toasted them one and all in turn, and if his bow to Elizabeth was a little lower, that circumstance did not displease Mrs Gunning.

'I leave you to judge, Mr Lepel,' says she, 'what it costs a mother to see her dear ones exiled from all the little gay scenes where it would become them to appear. But what can I do? My father's grandchildren, Mr Gunning's daughters, can't appear except with propriety; and why should I hesitate to tell so kind a friend that 't is beyond my power?'

'T was discussed between them all for an hour as to the Birthnight ball; but Mrs Gunning was resolute, nor could Mr Harry dare to make the offers that trembled on his lips. He could have groaned aloud to think on the sums he wasted nightly on gaming — one half of which would have adorned these beauties and set them free to flutter their wings in the sunshine of fashion. Later Maria, half-smiling, half-sad, told how they were promised luck by the old witch of Dublin, though she gave not all the particulars. She built not on it, she declared, nor yet did Elizabeth; and she, a soft sigh parting her lips, confirmed her sister: 'the more so,' says she, 'that none of us can imagine what is the Golden Vanity. Is there such a ship, to be the ship of our fortunes? 'T is that it sounds most like.'

He shook his head. Mrs Gunning softly remonstrated: —

'My dears, be not giddy, nor let your heads run on such follies. There is no such name and no such thing and 't is impossible —'

More she would have said, but a man came crying somewhat down the street, and beside him went another with a flambeau, that he might read a paper in his hand, and what the man cried was this: —

'Let the fashion of Dublin, both ladies and gentlemen, take notice that there comes presently to the theatre in Aungier Street the dramatic company which Mr Sheridan presents to his patrons in a new and luscious play, by name —'

But here was the speaker's voice

drowned by a wagon passing on the cobblestones.

'What is it?' cries Mrs Gunning, running to the window; for indeed she loved the play as well as did her girls. And, as if the question had reached him, the man turned towards her and bellowed like the bull of Bashan: 'The Golden Vanity!'

The little company within stared transfixed upon one another.

For the next fortnight did the three live in a kind of rapture; and 't is not to be wondered at, the name coming so pat on the prophecy. And sure, Mr Lepel was no less moved; for he took a deeper than brotherly interest in all that touched them, his heart being caught that day in Dublin streets; and if he then thought Elizabeth a beauty, it took not a week to rank her an angel. Before the week was out, he laid his heart and the reversion of the baronetcy at her foot, not regarding the worn little shoe that cased it. For, indeed, the sisters wore the same size, and Elizabeth being the better mistress of her wardrobe, 't is to be feared she sought often for her own, to find them gadding abroad on Miss Maria's feet and herself left to luck. 'T was mortifying, and her heavenly blush was as much owing to this circumstance as to the gentleman's ardour.

However, taken by Mr Harry's fine person and clothes (and which was the most potent is not known), she accepted the heart, and he set about to inform his father of his good fortune, for mother he had none. 'T was with inward quakings, for beauty, were it Helen's own, is but a blunted arrow against a seasoned heart of seventy: and Sir Francis Lepel had reached that discreet age. 'T was vain to tell him of celestial eyes and roseate bloom. God help us! 't is little he cared for the like. The baronetcy was poor and Mr Harry expensive, and what Sir Francis looked to was a fat balance at Child's the banker's. Was the lady a fortune? And when Mr Harry, trembling, avowed that a single doit could not be hoped in that quarter, the old gentleman, his temper as well as his foot highly inflamed with gout, swore to disinherit him if the matter went further.

Poor Harry was in a sad quandary. He slept and ate ill, and 't was provoking that Elizabeth bloomed like a rose and troubled not her fair head about Sir Francis. Her mind seemed possessed with but the one thought — to attend the Birthnight ball and, like the planet Venus, shine in her rightful heaven. And indeed Mr Harry could not fancy her heart so deeply engaged as he might wish; for he could scarce get a word in while the two peered into the mercers' shops, gloating on satin and muslin. Mrs Gunning, as improvident, was almost drawn in by them, when word came of a card debt that their papa owed to Sir Horatius Blake, and the unfortunate lady received not even the pittance that provided herrings for six hungry mouths; so that they were like to come down to dry bread, which event fairly ended all talk of the ball.

'T is not to be supposed that Mr Harry did not offer to set all the mantua-makers in Dublin to work, though in his heart he knew his own credit did not stand immaculate. He stormed up and down the room, protesting, vowing, exclaiming; but Mrs Gunning would have none of it. Says she: —

'I do all justice to your kind heart, Mr Lepel, but 't is not, because we are unfortunate, that we have no pride, and 't is impossible Miss Gunning should accept garments from the gentleman she honours with her hand.'

And Elizabeth, lovelier than ever in grief, confirmed her mother, Maria stamping her foot like an angry god-

dess. 'T will be admitted 't was a hard case. And since misfortunes don't come alone, arrived a furious letter from Sir Francis, demanding instantly to see Mr Harry, and acquainting him that his appointment in the Guards was cancelled, and he must join his new regiment in London at a day's notice. Sir Francis had good interest with the lady whose interest with His Majesty was unquestioned, and 't is to be thought this event did not come by chance.

Oh, then were wailings and passionate embraces on the part of Mr Lepel, Miss Elizabeth receiving them with wondering eyes. 'For London is not so far but we shall meet again, Harry,' says she, with her angelical smile.

He had preferred tears, no doubt; but a man must take what comes his way, and be thankful. He, who had never before been guilty of the like, now composed a set of verses of atrocious demerit. Indeed, the first two lines will suffice: —

> If from my Chloe's snowy breast I part,
> Grant me to know I bear with me her tears.

''T is very pretty!' says Chloe. 'O Harry, I would you did not love me so! A girl's affections are cool and temperate, I think — at least 't is so with me. Forget me a little, — though not too much, child, — and be happy.'

It might have been her mother who spoke. 'T is certain no person ever had the appearance of sweet simplicity more than Elizabeth Gunning; but whether 't was wholly devoid of art — Ah, well, shall we dissect the rose? 'T is sometimes best to enjoy and ask no questions.

The day of parting he came to Britain Street, and solemnly renewed his vows in the presence of Mrs Gunning and Maria.

'And, O my Elizabeth,' cries he, 'pledge me once more that hand which is all my joy. Swear that neither raging seas' ('t was a day calm as milk and the Irish sea like a mirror) 'nor the brutish tyranny of man shall divide us, and that our constant hearts shall never change!'

Miss Elizabeth raises heavenly eyes, a glittering moisture enhancing their brilliance.

'Have I not pledged my word, Harry; and if you believe not that, what will serve? Sure 't is you that rove and will see fairer faces' (frantic protestations from Mr Lepel) 'yet I don't doubt *you*. Farewell, dear Harry, and remember us when you are in the glitter of London.'

She covered her face with a handkerchief, and he took the last embrace, kissed Mrs Gunning's hand and Maria's, and hurried madly from the room. Elizabeth unveiled her face and folded the handkerchief for future use.

'He 's gone,' says poor Mrs Gunning, seeking her own; 'and if I know where to-morrow's dinner is to come from, for you all, I 'm — a Dutchman!'

They mingled their tears, and Elizabeth's were real enough now. 'T is possible, could the matter be sifted, that many more tears have been shed for absent dinners than absent lovers; and certainly, though beauty may survive without the last, it cannot without the first. There was so much of gloomy and terrible in their mama's aspect, that Maria wept also; and Kitty and Lucy, with the little John, who had all been secreted in the bedroom during the adieux, dashed in screaming at the tops of their voices, as if the heavens were falling; and so sat the poor unfortunate family drowned in tears. 'T was not balls they thought of then, nor departing lovers, but simply bread and herrings.

A lady came down the street, picking her way through the garbage that adorned it. Her dress was hooped in

the mode, and of a showy brocade, with much tinsel interwoven and very glittering, so that the ragged children in the gutter stood, finger in mouth, to see. She had a muslin cross-over upon an expansive bosom, and 't was finely laced with Mechlin, not too clean, and set off with a black velvet ribbon about the throat, graced with a clasp of paste. A large tilted hat tied beneath her chin shaded an arch and sparkling pair of eyes, which, though not in their first youth, lighted up a face with striking features and an air of easy good-humour. If her critics had accused this lady of being somewhat too good-humoured with the other sex, why 't was perhaps natural to her circumstances and needs no further excuse. Her worst detractors never denied her a good heart, and an ear open to the lament of misery. In her hand she carried a cane of fine ebony, and altogether appeared a radiant vision of a fine woman in the purlieus of Britain Street. She paused and looked about her, bewildered.

'I declare I know not where I am got to!' says she, half aloud. 'And these barbarians — 't is hard to be understood or to understand their gibberish. If now —'

And even as the words left her lips, arose a piercing wail from across the street, in which three lusty young throats united — Lucy, Kitty, and John, each outscreaming the other.

'Crimini!' says Madam, 'what 's this? Is Herod abroad in Dublin?'

The screams redoubled. She added: ''T is almost to be wished he was!' And stood half-laughing, half-unwilling to pass on.

'I will!' says she; and more doubtfully, 'I won't! 'T is not my business. Sure I have enough stage tears and sobs to make me distrust all I hear.'

She turned resolutely away, and halted again.

'Poor lady! 'T is a lady soothing them, and weeping herself. I will! She can but bid me exit.'

And so marched to the open door, and into the narrow passage, and rapped smartly with her cane on the door of the parlour, bringing all her natural assurance to bear.

Dead silence. The screams halted, as if a tap was turned off: whoever was inside was all ears. She rapped again. And now a scuffling; and Maria opened the door, and six pairs of astonished eyes gloated on the stranger. And no less did hers on the party within; for there sat Mrs Gunning, beautiful and maternal, with the little John's curly pate on her bosom; Elizabeth, lovely as the day, leaning on one shoulder of her mother; Kitty and Lucy, golden-curled cherubs, clinging to her gown; and Maria, like a sorrowful wood-nymph, holding the door. Sure, never was such a family, and these children seemed made of some more exquisite clay than ordinary.

'Lord, am I got into heaven, for I see the angels about me!' says Madam, advancing with a reverence lower than the paltry room demanded. 'Forgive an intruder, Madam, and confer a benefit. For being newly come to Dublin, I 've lost my way returning from Smock Alley, and while I called up courage to enter and ask it from any other than these savages, I heard a cry that hastened my steps. Be pleased to pardon me, and say if I can be of service to yourself and your sweet family; for 't is the plain truth — I 'm dazzled as I stand, by the beauty of your olive branches.'

'T is not possible to mistake the voice of sympathy, and Mrs Gunning, rising from her chair, curtseyed in her turn, and begged the visitor to be seated. 'Lord, Madam,' says she, 'you catch us very unfit for company; but so kind a heart needs no excuse, and I will be candid with you. We are of

birth and breeding like yourself.' ('T was a skilful compliment, and the lady simpered.) 'And therefore, as a gentlewoman of quality, you shall understand my grief when I present myself as my Lord Viscount Mayo's daughter, and add that I have not the wherewithal to clothe or feed these innocents! You are yourself too young to be a mother, Madam, yet will comprehend a mother's anguish. I am Mrs Gunning of Castle Coote, and such is my condition!'

She wept again. The lady applied a laced kerchief to either eye.

'Madam, a heart of marble must feel for you, and mine is not marble — far from it. But sure such beauty must open all doors. Marriage —'

'Alas, Madam, in these days of money-grubbing avarice, what is beauty? My second' — she indicated Elizabeth — 'is cruelly rejected by the father of a gentleman of birth not near so high as our own, because she has no estates pinned to her petticoat.'

'Monster!' cries the lady with spirit.

Mrs Gunning proceeded: 'And, O Madam, were you in want, as a lady of quality sometimes is, of a young lady to write letters, to keep accounts, and all those little useful arts such as mending lace and the like, I can truly say that in my Elizabeth you would find solid worth. She is graver than my Maria. Sure we cannot have had the happiness to meet you for nothing. 'T was ordained you should walk in upon us. Permit me to ask the name of our benefactress.'

The lady hummed and hawed a little; but not being easily daunted, she tossed up her head bravely enough ere she replied: —

'Gemini, Madam! We can't all be ladies of quality; and if we could, I see not who could provide the wants and amusements of the fashionable. To be plain with you, I am an actress —'

'An actress!' screams Maria, all rapture. 'Sister, do you hear? Was it not this very day I said, would I could go on the stage like the famous Mrs Woffington, and other beauties such as this lady. And then should I be happy and pour all the gold I made into my mama's lap.'

The lady shook her head, a little melancholy.

'Gold? Not much of that on the stage, young miss. 'Tis found there — true; but — but — indirectly. However, this concerns you not. Madam, I am in no need of such an attendant as you describe, having my dresser and —'

'I might have guessed it! When did luck ever come our way? Farewell, Madam. Return to your own happiness and abandon us to our misery.'

Heartrending! The lady drew nearer.

'Gemini, Madam! You misjudge me. A woman can but offer what 's in her power. A good word from me to our manager, Mr Sheridan, and with such faces I doubt not small parts can be found for your daughters in one of the plays to be produced here. We even now rehearse it, and the parts of Susan and Peggy Careless go begging. But dare I mention such a proposal?'

'Madam, you are all goodness and beauty!' cries Elizabeth. And Maria fell on her knees like one distraught and kissed the pretty hand in its black mitten. 'T was known to them that Mr Sheridan's company was from London and would return there; and indeed this came like a sunburst through the cloud, for 't was food, clothes, admiration, money, hope — and many other charming things that set them dreaming on worlds to conquer. They swept their mama away on the wave of their delight; and indeed that poor lady was always prone to take gilding for gold so long as it glittered sufficiently.

'And what, Madam, is this play in which Susan and Peggy appear?'

'Child, 't is "The Golden Vanity" — a play of a poor girl that weds a rich lord and —'

Heavens and earth! She could not continue, for how describe the joy and wonder of the family! Reserve fled away. Prudence borrowed the wings of Hope, and dressed her face with rainbows. Crowding around the stranger, they entreated her name, that it might grace their prayers; and she, radiant with the sunshine she dispensed, calls out: —

'Why, girls, sure you have heard it. 'T is I am the leading lady in all Mr Sheridan produces at present. I am George Anne Bellamy.'

'George!' screams Mrs G. 'A woman with a man's name, said old Mother Corrigan. Girls, your luck 's come!' And with that falls into strong hysterics and frights them all to death.

But joy is a strong cordial, and 't was not long ere she sat up, with George Anne's hand in hers, telling her the story of Mother Corrigan. 'T is to be supposed Mrs G. had heard that Mrs Bellamy's heart was not marble; but what was the lady to do? For my Lord Mayo spent his rents five years ahead, and though his good nature would give the coat off his back, that would neither clothe nor feed her family; while, as for Mr Gunning, that gentleman regarded his wife and children no more than the cuckoo that leaves her offspring to chance.

Mrs Bellamy was all ears. 'T was prodigious, 't was vastly astonishing, she vowed. Maria was sent out with half a guinea, and they had a comfortable dish of tea, with currant bread and what not; and she told them tales of the stage and the fine matches made by Mrs This and Signorina That, and, by the time the candles were lit, they were all sworn friends. They parted with embraces; for Mrs G. was as easy as George Anne, and the girls must needs follow the example set.

She had her way with Mr Sheridan, and she returned next day to announce her success, triumphing and rattling on like a girl herself, so pleased was she with their pleasure. All was joy and gladness, and she named the hour of the first rehearsal and their introduction to Mr Sheridan, when Maria, turning archly upon her, says: —

'Look you here, dearest Mrs Bellamy! Think what it will cost us to refuse this.' And so holds up a splendid card, thick as boards and embellished with a gilt edge and the Royal Arms and the Irish Harp, and Heaven knows what braveries, inviting the Honourable Mrs Gunning, Miss Gunning, and Miss Elizabeth Gunning to the Birthnight ball at the Castle, on the part of his Excellency, the Earl of Harrington. Diamonds were never so bright as the eyes that sparkled above it; for the charming new prospect of the stage had quite effaced the ball, and poor Mr Harry's trouble in securing the invitation was like to go for nothing.

'I care nothing now for it!' cries Maria, and Elizabeth echoed her; while George Anne looked thoughtfully at the Lion and Unicorn guarding a Paradise she could not hope to enter. Maria made to tear the card across; but Mrs Bellamy caught it from her hand and did not smile.

'Children,' says she at last, 'you know not what you talk of. I would have a word alone with your mama. Take the little ones in your hand, and go out a while in the sunshine.' She thrust some cream-cakes upon them, and they did so, looking doubtfully at her cloudy eyes; and when the door shut, she turned to Mrs Gunning.

'Madam, you know well 't is my wish to serve you and yours. But seeing this invitation, there 's thoughts comes into my head that I must needs speak out. This' (she flicked the card) 'is the life for the Miss Gunnings, and not the

stage. 'T would scarce become me to tell a lady like yourself what must be faced there, but — but — 't is much! Ask Peg Woffington — ask Kitty Clive — ask George Anne Bellamy!'

There was silence. Mrs G. stared at her, all aghast.

'Why, yesterday, all your talk was of pleasure and success. Sure, dear Mrs Bellamy, 't was not like your kindness to draw on the poor things till they can think of naught else, and now so far otherwise.'

'Why, Madam, I thought there was no other way. But seeing this, my mind misgives me and I falter. I 'm a plain-dealer, Madam, with all my faults, and 't is easy to be seen your daughters are a world's wonder. That being so, 't is certain the dangers are tenfold for them. They 'll see the glories and grandeurs — but not through a wedding ring.'

'If you mean, Madam, that my daughters —' Mrs Gunning flamed out, furious; but George Anne was not to be turned from her purpose. She raised her hand in a fine stage attitude.

'Madam, I wish vastly to serve you. Hear my proposal. Accept this invitation.'

'Impossible. We have no dresses, no shoes, no equipage, and no means to get them. 'T is absurd!'

''T is not absurd. Hear me. In the theatre properties is a fine dress for Lady Modish and two more for Peggy and Susan Careless. Not perhaps what such ladies might expect, but — I know men. There 's not a man will look at their gowns for looking at their faces, though the suits are well enough when all 's said. I vow, Madam, you have so long lived beside the two that you forget what beauties they are. I wager my next benefit to a China orange that you 'll have no more care once they are seen. Indeed, your young madams are what one reads of in romances. Give them this chance, and if it fails, I 'm good for my offer; but I 'm much mistook if you hold me to it. Madam, use your wits! Would you have them what I won't name, when they may be what your old witch foretold?'

She smiled her charming smile, and pressed Mrs G.'s hand. The lady pondered. 'T was disagreeable to owe such a thing to a mere actress, and one, too, whose reputation was a trifle flyblown. The stage she might have swallowed, but an entry to the world where she and her daughters had a birthright — Fie! 't was a very different pair of shoes. But George Anne had that in her eye that would be obeyed; and seeing it, Mrs G. dropped her high tone and returned the pressure with an air of sensibility.

''T was said by old Corrigan that 't was you to bring us luck, dearest Madam, and 't is certain you are prudence itself. If you will ensure us the dresses, I accept; and, indeed, my Lord Harrington's father was a friend of my own revered father in happier days. 'T is possible —'

''T is certain,' cries George Anne gaily. 'Not a word will I drop to Mr Sheridan who is a perfect Israelite where theatre matters are in hand.'

She was gone ere the girls returned, and 't is needless to tell their wonder. They preferred the stage, yet condescended to say they would favour the ball, since Mrs Bellamy counselled it. 'But, never, never will it turn my heart from the charming footlights!' says Maria. 'What say you, sister?'

'I know not. My taste is quieter than yours. I will tell you my mind the day after the ball. Poor Harry — 't is he has given us this.'

She would say no more, but sat thoughtful.

(*In the* Atlantic *for October, the Gunnings will find their fortunes.*)

A CONVERSATION IN EBURY STREET

BY GEORGE MOORE

A LETTER is sometimes very real, very personal — a living thing, that wheedles, cajoles, interests, charms, lures one's thoughts from daily concerns and projects, creating a little life of its own. I received one of this sort from Winnetka, Illinois, years ago; and after answering my correspondent's questions, I could not keep myself from complimenting him on his script, telling him it was like Poe's and Mallarmé's, natural and free from affectation; whereas François Coppée's merely mocked the fourteenth century.

So I wrote; for I always find it hard to raise up one man without pulling down another; and after posting my letter to Mr. Husband, I often caught myself wondering what manner of man he might be: young or old (his letter read like the letter of a young man), rich or poor, I asked, firm of purpose, or likely to be led away? This last question begetting a scruple lest a casual phrase of mine — intimating that a transcription of *The Brook Kerith* on vellum by him would be a beautiful thing in any man's library and, later, a nation's possession — should beguile him from his own tasks and bring a weighty parcel to 121 Ebury Street.

I dipped my pen in the ink; but, before writing a word, it began to seem ungracious to tell Mr. Husband that my letter of the eighth implied no more than a visionary admiration of a script. So I reached out for a telegraph form and wrote: Pay no heed to mine of the eighth. But will not this telegram give undue importance to a remark that he will accept as casual and unimportant if I refrain? I asked. And day after day doubts continued to gather; many specious phrases tempted me, but withal I kept my hand from paper; and at last a letter arrived from Winnetka, which I read eagerly for a reference to the transcription of *The Brook Kerith;* and finding none, it behooved me to judge Mr. Husband as a clever man who knew how to read a letter, distinguishing easily the casual from the pertinent.

Again I drew a sheet of letter-paper toward me, this time with a view to putting a number of questions to Mr. Husband about himself: was he a professional writer? had he published any books? and if he had, would he be kind enough to send them to me?

The answer I got was that he had written a book telling his experience in the coal mine into which he descended after taking his degree at Harvard; and whilst turning over the leaves of the short book that the post had brought, I said: I thought the sting was deep enough in me, but had the alternative been to seek a book five hundred feet under the earth, or not to write one, I should have been bookless. After turning over some more pages telling of the different shifts and the long way a miner has to go before he reaches the seam, I wrote a letter, but keep no faintest memory of it, nor of the next, and very little of the letter that Mr. Husband wrote from the coast of Ireland, whither he had gone to hunt German submarines, having

enlisted; and it was not till the other day that I got a letter written from an hotel in Jermyn Street, telling me he was in London for a short holiday, and sent a note to him saying that he would find me home at teatime.

At half-past four the same day, the young stalwart, who, after taking his degree at Harvard, had hewn coal for eight or ten months in one of the deepest mines of Indiana, stepped out of a taxi before the door of 121 Ebury Street. I am not far now, I said, from the knowledge whether his quest in the mine was a literary one, a derivative of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, or — What else could it be?

A moment after, I found myself the object of the same admiration that Zola used frequently when I called to see him. You will get over all that, I said to Mr. Husband; and before entering into serious conversation it seemed but courteous to express a hope that he had not suffered too much in the crossing. But a man who has prowled the Irish coast in winter in an American torpedo-boat does not suffer from seasickness, and the topic was dropped for a more homely question: When did you arrive in London?

Mr. Husband answered: This morning. His first act was, therefore, to write to me, whereat I felt complimented; and on my inquiring how he had spent his hours, he told me that he had spent them seeking the church in which Pepys was baptized. It lies behind Mark Lane, he said. Near the Tower, I interjected. I don't know where the Tower is, he replied; I have n't yet been there. The taxi took me round by the British Museum — Ah, I thought the taxi that stopped at my door looked a little tired! But you found the Church? He answered that he had; and I heard for the first time that Pepys's bust is retained on a bracket, and looks down upon the pew in which the diarist and his wife used to sit. You have imagined a great many things, Mr. Husband was kind enough to say, but I doubt if even you can imagine how much it means to me to come to a city that I have heard of all my life. All the books I have read, at least three quarters of them, were about London, or written in London; and here I am in London, with a fortnight before me to see as much of it as I can in the time. You will show me your pictures, I hope?

We walked round the dining-room, and went upstairs to the drawing-room. Ah! here is the Aubusson carpet, he said. At first, the drift of his remark escaped me; but a moment after, I remembered that I had introduced the carpet into different books; and having spoken of Manet and Monet, we returned to the dining-room, to talk of my books, till Mr. Husband began to feel afraid that he had outstayed his welcome, whereupon I begged him not to think that this was so; and he stayed for another half-hour, talking so well that I forgot the coal mine, and it was not till he stood on my threshold that I remembered it.

Mr. Husband, I have often wished to ask you, — it seemed unseemly to put the question in a letter, but face to face, — why did you go down into a mine to hew coal for ten months?

I had learnt all I could learn out of books at Harvard, he answered, and I felt that books did not seem to bring me nearer to life. If I had lived in Europe, I should very likely have gone to Paris, as you did; but being in America, there was nothing else for me to do but go down into a coal mine.

An excellent answer this seemed to me to be, and after watching him from my doorstep, I returned to my study to think the matter out, saying to myself that he could not have given a better answer, better than any I discovered in

all my meditations, for it profits a man but little to have read all the books in the world if he miss life. But he has not missed it; he finds it wherever he goes; and I caught glimpses in my thoughts of Mr. Husband visiting Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, walking in a dream and dreaming as he walked; and not a little curious to know how London struck him, I wrote, asking him to dinner; an invitation that he accepted.

You have had a week of sight-seeing, I said, and I hope London has not disappointed you. Only in two things, he answered. And what has disappointed you? I was disappointed, he replied, in the Elgin marbles and in Sickert's portrait of you in the Tate Gallery. This strange association of images — the Theseus on one hand and Mr. Sickert's portrait on the other — took me aback, and I spoke of Greek humanism, saying, doubtless, that whereas Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture represented oriental despotism, the Greeks had — Before I could bring my commonplace apology to a close, however, Mr. Husband interjected: — But Mr. Sickert's portrait misses you altogether. If a portrait is not like the sitter, it is not a portrait. The quality of Sickert's painting, I said, occasionally rivals that of Manet; but he is not primarily a portrait-painter inasmuch — A portrait that misses the sitter. Mr. Husband interposed; raising my voice a little, I insisted upon being heard: though Ingres's portraits are often very like his sitters, the absence of what is known in the studios as quality causes us to turn away from them with a feeling of disappointment, but the quality, or shall I say virtue, of Sickert's painting always detains me. I think a portrait ought to be like, Mr. Husband muttered, causing me a moment's annoyance, from which I escaped by changing the subject of our conversation, which was easy to do, for I was anxious to hear the further adventures of this young man, who was not prevented by his father's bankruptcy from finishing his University course and taking a degree; for while learning, he taught, edited books, thrived, and having in ten months tasted all there was of life in a mine, started for Texas and the chasing of cows, to leave this second source of life for a third — Mrs. Husband. And certain from the knowledge of his character already obtained that he had married his body's and soul's desire, I listened to the praises of her for whom he had consented to settle into a profitable business.

Your business gives you time to pursue your literary career? I inquired; and learnt that he had no fault to find with his business but one — it dragged him from his bed at seven in the morning. And nobody enjoys sleep more than I do, said Mr. Husband. Better than sleep, he added, is dozing. To turn over, said I, clasping your dreams to your bosom. My dream is my wife and my children, he answered. An answer I appreciate, I replied, though I never had a wife. But dozing, lying between sleeping and waking, chasing dreams — ah, yes, I know what that is. One of the charms of London is that I need n't get out of bed till nine, Mr. Husband muttered, addressing himself to himself rather than to me. And what do you dream when you lie awake in London? I asked, anxious to learn Mr. Husband as far as was possible in two visits. I dream, said he, that the next world is as pleasant as this one; and of course, if it is, we need have no fear of death. Another Paul! said I to myself; and aloud: O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

At which Mr. Husband's face was overspread with such a genial light of

cheerfulness, that he set my thoughts flowing, and in a trice I was lost in a dream of dewy hillsides and a radiant morning, with a young man blowing a fanfare to his comrades, the meaning of which was: Life is a perfect gift, and our duty is to enjoy it; by doing so we can help others to enjoy. If Mr. Husband had left my thoughts to swarm, an idea of a young man might have fixed itself in me, to flourish in due time.

The reader must not, however, draw from these words the conclusion that Mr. Husband had outstayed his welcome, nor can he be blamed for not having read himself into my mind. It were folly to find fault with a guest because he is not a soothsayer; and as Mr. Husband had come to hear me talk literature, it was but natural that he should break the silence with an inquiry about the book I was writing, and impossible for me to do else than abandon my dream of him and turn to *In Single Strictness*, saying that the revised sheets had been returned to the printer and passed for press. A very lacklustre admission this seemed to me to be, and to enliven it, I confessed that, whilst writing this new book, I seemed to myself to be writing something I had never written before, and for that reason believed it to be as good as any of the books I had offered to the public within the last ten years.

And so you took pleasure, Mr. Husband said, in writing this last book. Yes, for the reason I have given, and for another reason: I thought it was going to be my last book. But you will always go on writing? I am afraid I have written too much, and the man who writes many books raises his tombstone. But, I continued, if one does not write, and has lost the art of reading and never acquired that of fishing or of gardening, the hours go by on leaden wings. For you life extends in endless perspective beyond your own life; but I have nothing to look forward to when my library edition is published but a picture-gallery (one in the provinces might be given to me to look after), or to the learning of French and the senile temptation of writing a book in that language. But the end has not yet come, Mr. Husband, for on opening *Impressions and Opinions* — One of your best books, Mr. Husband interjected; I always take it up with pleasure. After reading a few pages, I said, thoughts began to gather in me of another book of essays, one that would not be unworthy to offer to my American readers. And what, asked Mr. Husband, will be the title of your new book? I answered that I was thinking of calling it *A Parley*, or *Parleys and Opinions*, or perhaps *Conversations in Ebury Street*. And its character? he inquired. I shall try to make it more like *Avowals* — sets of conversations between me and my friends. But you will not omit the article about Balzac? Not altogether, I answered. But the original article begins by comparing *The Human Comedy* to a great city seen upon a violet evening and a traveler standing on the crest of the hill. I once liked that opening, said Mr. Husband. I doubt if you would like it if you were to read it again, I answered; and he asked me if I had another opening in my mind. I replied that I had, saying: A line of Matthew Arnold has given me the clue; but not the line about seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. And to explain my aversion towards the aphorism, I recalled to his memory John Eglinton, one of the stalwarts who still walks daily from Terenure to the National Library, determined that, come what may, he will not fail in his duty to see life steadily and to see it whole.

We debated this phrase beloved of

journalists, till I began to feel that the evening was passing away, and to remove thoughts of the clock on the mantelpiece from my guest's mind, I returned for his sake to Arnold, who, after all, is literature, though he wrote words that have led a whole generation, headed by John Eglinton, astray. Two things, he says somewhere, are required for a work of art; the man and the moment; and if Arnold's words be true, and the moment be necessary, it seems to me not at all unlikely that we have seen the end of art in Europe.

And you will answer me — I will venture to suggest, my guest interposed, that the moment Arnold deems requisite will occur again. It does not seem to me likely, I replied, that the moment which called *The Human Comedy* into being will be repeated. Everything is repetition, but in distant time. The sun brings back the mallows in the garden, and they live again and spring in another year; but we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. I am prepared to admit, however, that Moschus spoke falsely, and that the universe, with all that is in it, great and little, returns after attaining unity, to spread itself out once more into sidereal systems billions of years hence. But our minds are too feeble to comprehend a billion years; and maybe a billion billion years would be needed for the accomplishment of Edgar Poe's poetic prediction.

From Poe we returned to Balzac.

Balzac was a man of the Napoleonic period, I said, and you will admit that many centuries will be needed to bring back the antique world to us. It was not until after the Battle of Waterloo that the antique world slipped forever behind us; and to apprehend the distance we have traversed since then, we need only to go to Portsmouth and look at Nelson's battleship; or, if she has been thrown to the ship-breakers, at a picture of her. Her mast and yards will tell us that she is of the kin of the ancient galley. Whereas a dreadnought — I will not labor the point.

But although the external world changes, said Mr. Husband, man remains the same. His instincts are the same, no doubt, I replied, but his beliefs in good and evil presences are different in every century; and who shall say that with the death of superstition — But is superstition dead? my guest asked me. And I answered that the superstitions that peopled the woods with Sileni and fauns, that gave Neptune to the sea and Zeus to the skies, were a more spiritual influence than our superstitions — never to sit down thirteen to dinner, and to be sure to turn round three times if you see two magpies.

And on these words we returned from theology to earth, myself holding forth, as it was my duty to do, since Mr. Husband had come to hear me speak, that art was the first of human instincts. The caveman drew before he began to worship, I said. I know the scientists hold that the caveman did not draw for his pleasure, but for some belief that the animal drawn was potentially dead; modern savages think the same.

I referred my guest to *The Golden Bough*, and was speaking of the great artistic periods, when Mr. Husband interposed with a question: Have you found a satisfactory definition of art? Tolstoy, he said, after rejecting many definitions, defined art as a means whereby a man communicates his sensations to another man. Tolstoy, I answered, was unæsthetic, and the average man reads his own justification in — Which do you place highest, Mr. Husband asked, *War and Peace*, or *Anna Karenina*? I answered that a

reply would lead me far away from the first chapter of my new book. And you know, Mr. Husband, I said, you asked me to tell it to you. Mr. Husband acquiesced.

We must not, however, leave Tolstoy too quickly, I continued; he is too great a man to be dismissed. A phrase often met in contemporary criticism is that a man can be judged only by his best works; all the same, it may be contended that a man's work is all of a piece, with very little variation, the inspiration of the truly great man being always by him. Few would come out of such a judgment unscathed, but Tolstoy would be sent to the galleys by a jury of æsthetes for *Sebastopol;* for in it he is eye and nothing but eye — an eye that sees everything and records everything, with the unvarying monotony of a cinematograph. If this terrible old man, after compiling many extravagant books on the indissolubility of marriage, had not run away from his wife and died in a railway station at the age of eighty-two, he would have been able to add to his long list of eccentricities another: a solemn declaration yelled from the Steppes, of course, that whereas Angelo or Donatello lied, the cinematograph tells the truth.

But being without the æsthetic sense, Mr. Husband interposed, his definition of art is as unacceptable as the definitions he disregarded. So it seems to me to be, I answered; and seeing that my guest was waiting for my definition of art, I said that the different arts were formulæ whereby man interprets Nature. And man, I continued, being isolated in different communities for several thousand years after the birth of civilization, was able to invent many formulæ. Now and then a seed came from overseas, and in a new soil and in a different climate a new flowerage began. Latin literature is derived from the Greek; it is said that Roman statues were the work of Greek sculptors — which may be true; who shall say? Be this as it may, it is certain that, in the third or the fourth century, art vanished from the earth, some theorists giving as a reason the descent of northern barbarians into Italy, others contending that to have art there must be long periods without art. What concerns us is not the reasons for the disappearance of art from the world, but the fact that it did disappear in the third century — not to reappear again for nearly a thousand years.

May not history repeat itself? Mr. Husband asked. And I answered: History repeats itself when the circumstances are the same; and it would have been strange if art had not returned, the circumstance of the thirteenth century not differing very widely from the fourth. A Christian world not differing very widely from a pagan, Mr. Husband interposed. The mediæval world was hardly larger than the ancient world, I replied, only portions of the planet being known to men. But today we are without gods, and the world is no bigger than a bandbox; every man is looking over the next man's shoulder, and a portrait painted in Christiania is indistinguishable from a portrait in Lima. The circumstances of the antique world and the modern were, till a hundred years ago, practically the same. We lived till 1850 in isolated communities; every town had a society, customs, and dialect of its own. Till 1850 many languages were spoken in these islands.

I remember the humming of looms in the village street, housewives spinning at cottage doors; and at the end of a passage in my house in Mayo stands a grandfather-clock which came from Castlebar at the end of the eighteenth century; the precise date I cannot

vouch for, but it is certain that a grandfather-clock has not been made in Castlebar since 1850. It was about that time that beer ceased to be made at Moore Hall; the brew-house still existed in my childhood, but we got our beer from Ballinrobe; now the beer comes to Ballinrobe from Dublin. Moore Hall was built in 1780 by Mayo builders and carpenters, and few houses in Ireland or England have withstood a hundred years of wear and neglect better than this hale old house, standing on a hill overlooking some ancient island castles. In my childhood, Mayo builders, carpenters, and blacksmiths were little inferior to those who built Moore Hall. I remember one of Mayo's carpenters designing and making a handsome wardrobe; he could not read or write, but it may be doubted if Mayo's newspaper-reading peasantry could show so excellent a craftsman; and of this I am sure, that Mayo is a drearier county, for landlords and peasants alike, in the twentieth century than it was in the first half of the nineteenth.

I looked inquiringly across the hearthrug, afraid lest this big-framed, even-complexioned, blue-eyed, dark-haired young American, who sat in the armchair opposite to me, was wearying of my discourse. I am not given to holding forth like my friend W. B. Yeats, and I beg the reader to believe me when I say that, if I emulated Yeats on the 27th of March, 1922, it was because my guest wished it. Yeats does not waste himself on one; so there is a distinction. And afraid to pursue my theme till it became tedious, I bethought myself of an anecdote whereby I might enliven it for him; wherefore I related that some twelve or fifteen years ago I went to call on Sir William (then simple) Orpen, who came to Dublin every six months to teach drawing in the Metropolitan School of Art. The studios in which I was invited to seek him seemed strangely crowded for a country whose chief ambition is the priesthood; and this thought had barely come into my mind when the clerical appearance of the students caught my eye, and I began to ask myself if Ireland had turned from theology to sculpture, for the greater number were producing faint resemblances to pears and apples with wet clay. My wonderment was interrupted by Orpen making his way through the serried ranks, his smile telling me as he came that he guessed the reason of my astonishment. But, said I, whence come all these people to learn modeling? There must be fifty or sixty here. — From all parts of Ireland, he answered. And the money that brings them to Dublin — whence comes it? — They don't pay to come here; they are paid to come. And what do they come here for? To get diplomas, he replied, that will allow them to teach. — So men come here not to study art, but to learn to teach art, I said. The teacher has to be taught! — Yes, he said; and it is the same everywhere.

But tell me, Orpen, why the students dress like clerics. They come from Christian Brothers' schools, Orpen answered. But what conception, I said, can the people who invented this system have of art? — You must ask your friend, Mr. T. P. Gill, about that, Orpen replied. And I heard that a Metropolitan School of Art has been set up in every large town; for, according to the newest principles, everybody must get his chance whether he wants it or not. To admit, Orpen continued, that one man brings a gift into the world and that the next man does not, would amount to an admission that the Liberal Party cannot rectify Nature's mistakes. What would become of democracy if such a thing were admitted? I am amazed, I said, for I

did n't suspect imbecility in the average man. The average man is not imbecile, said Orpen, but principals are. The Minister of Education would admit that genius cannot be produced artificially, but his contention would be that genius can look after itself, and that it is his business to look after mediocrity. He might even say: Let us create an atmosphere.

Wonderful, thrice wonderful! I replied; and began a story that I had from my friend Tonks, the Slade Professor, of how an artist was treated by Mr. Fisher, or his department. The man was an artist — he had gained his living by painting; but after the war he fell into difficult circumstances, and applied for the post of teacher at a provincial school; mind you, he was an artist who had gained his living by painting. The headmaster of the school at which he wished to teach had seen his paintings in various exhibitions, and the artist thought that all was settled. But when he interviewed Mr. Fisher, or his department, I know not which, he was told: Yes, your pictures are well enough, — we have photographs of them before us, — but you must go to Kensington and go through a course of pedagogy. Pedagogy — what is that? I asked. I never heard the word. Tonks explained it to me, and I answered: Well then, if a school were started to teach young ladies how to write novels, and I applied for the post, I should have to learn how I was to teach them to write novels? Most undoubtedly you would! That is the Fisher formula. Mr. Fisher, I continued, will admit that his system is not perfect; he hopes, of course, to improve it as time goes on; others will say that we are pursuing a false system of teaching, but nobody will admit that all teaching is futile, — worse than futile, poisonous, — and that the poison will continue generation after generation, until there is no handicraft and no art worth speaking of left in England.

So you see, Mr. Husband, we are without hope of a Renaissance of illiteracy. It would seem that every epoch is represented by a word, the thirteenth by *filioque*, the Napoleonic Empire by organization, the twentieth century by education. And upon my word, I would welcome a reversion to theology. The arts flourished in it, and, if certain questions were not asked, men and women were left to their instincts.

You think, said my guest, that man has not advanced in intelligence? But you do not think so, Mr. Husband; nor does anybody but those without knowledge of the world's history — the history of Greece, for example. Mr. Fisher knows that forcible education was not the law of Athens, and that wisdom thrived without it; and if he believes in detaining young folk at school till they are sixteen, and brings down Wranglers from Cambridge and Firsts from Oxford to teach them, it is because he does not know how life is made, or because his belief in forcible education springs from money. Money hides from learned men many things that the poor know well, and every workman knows that a boy released from school when he is fourteen is set upon learning a trade; but if he be kept at school till he is sixteen, he very likely becomes part of the vagrant class. At sixteen, a boy begins to look round, to think; and seeing that there is no future for him in ploughing, mowing, carting hay, and reaping corn, or following a flock, he hesitates to return whence he came. If he be a town lad, the plumbing trade does not entice him; the slater's still less, for, if the sewers are deep, the roofs are high; and if you press him, saying: Well, if you don't enter a trade, how do you hope to get a living? Live on the old man, I

expect, is the answer you will get. Now the new laws allow boys to be kept at school till they are sixteen; but they permit exceptional boys to be detained till they are eighteen, the exceptional boy, in the eyes of the schoolmaster, being the boy who passes examinations.

At one moment of my life, I remember being able to count twenty men among my friends and acquaintances who had taken Firsts at Oxford; and looking back upon them now, they seem a very sorry squad, indeed. Some lived upon their relations; some had small incomes, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year, and struggled to make two ends meet in furnished apartments; some turned to journalism, and wrote paragraphs and turn-overs for the *Globe* newspaper; some drifted into the *Times* office; others into chambers in the Temple, glad to accept what are known as *soups* at the Old Bailey. It was not that these men came into the world stupid: as boys they were intelligent enough; but the effort to acquire knowledge for the honor of a First poisoned their minds.

Education, said Mr. Husband, must come from within, not from without. In response, I answered, to an instinctive prompting. All education of value, Mr. Husband continued, is self-education; that is my experience.

I regretted afterward not having listened instead of recording my own experiences and ideas; but the impulse of speech was upon me, and I said: Our concern is not with the men who go to universities and wear their brains away in learning things they do not want to learn, for the sake of their parents, who would like to say: Johnny took a First. At Oxford a few mental wrecks don't matter; my pity is for those in the elementary schools, who are turned from their natural instincts.

The making of round pegs for square holes, Mr. Husband chimed in, and I answered: Yet it should be clear to everybody who gives five minutes thought to the question that the destiny of the great majority of mankind is to dig the field. An everlasting law that no Government can change, said Mr. Husband, and I replied: The country goes to the town, but the town never returns to the country.

I often wonder if Mr. Fisher, on awakening from his educational dreams, asks himself how the world will get its food when the shepherd no longer goes to the fold, lantern in hand, and the ploughman to the stable. It is hard to think that he ponders his educational schemes without sometimes seeing the peasant as Atlas; and the explanation that he is a Londoner, bred and born, is not enough. He cannot have escaped seeing a man hedging and ditching, on his holidays; but very learned men often have eyes only for print, and are unable to appreciate the country until they read it in books; it may be that Mr. Fisher is one of these.

If he understands what he reads in print, all will be well, said Mr. Husband; for I can see that you are bent on enlightening him. I was moved to reprove Mr. Husband for his facetiousness; but, remembering that he was my guest, I said: Though there be no hedging and ditching in America, Mr. Husband, there are certainly coal mines, and you are perhaps the one educated man in the world who has hewn coal in a mine five hundred feet deep, of his own free will. So tell me, you who know something of manual labor at first-hand, — no, I am not punning, — tell me if education and manual work are compatible?

I read yesterday in the newspaper, Mr. Husband said, a speech by Mr. Winston Churchill, in which he told that Bolshevism had reduced Russia, the granary of Europe, to a desert

where millions are dying of starvation. Bolshevism, he said, will do the same in England if it gets a footing here; and while Mr. Churchill spoke, Mr. Fisher was making the bed for Lenin.

I was about to start again on the words: The law that is over us, when my guest interrupted, and I listened, nothing loath, having already had my fill of words. It may be well for you to hear, said Mr. Husband, — I hope you don't mind? On the contrary, I replied; you can illuminate the question whether forced education — I was going to say, began Mr. Husband; and then stopped suddenly, as if ashamed at having interrupted me. I waited. I was going to say, he repeated, that Aristotle thought it quite natural that men should be born slaves. I have not read Aristotle, I answered — my defective education. A wisdom that has illuminated century after century is not listened to to-day, his ideas being treated as out of keeping with the progress that has been made since his day. Progress! I continued, looking into Mr. Husband's face; a book might be written indeed about the progress we have made. But, however well written, the book would fail to open the eyes of the blind century we live in. The worst slavery of all is to be set to perform tasks that are out of our instinct. A hare beating a tambourine in Regent Street is one of the most pathetic of all spectacles. I saw one once and introduced poor puss — Into *Evelyn Innes*, said Mr. Husband. Yes; and now I compare the showman to the Minister of Education, who is daily dragging men and women out of their instincts, out of their nature, out of their genius, creating the worst slavery of all, and so needless, for a moment of thoughtfulness might have revealed to Mr. Fisher the fact that the Liberal professions cannot absorb everybody. It might, indeed. And so we find ourselves in the midst of doctors who would like to look after a farm, artists of the stuff that sailors are made of, secretaries who detest writing and dream over their machines of washing-up dishes, and shop-girls who wearily stand behind the counter, thinking how happy they would be broom in hand.

After a pause, during which Mr. Husband was kind enough to wait for me to collect my thoughts, I said: We have forsworn our hands, and invented machines that do badly the work that the hand did very well; and having got so far, we would, by means of enforced education, wipe out original instincts and remake mankind; for it amounts to as much. Everybody in the Education Office knows that he cannot educate himself, but he is convinced that he can educate somebody else. The Liberal belief that everything can be remedied by education is strangely pathetic; and the word education, like *filioque*, reveals us to ourselves, and, if not for long, we apprehend for a moment, at least, how pathetic is the race of man.

I wonder what Aristotle would think of the modern belief that everybody is a slave who does not go to an office and sit on a high stool and keep accounts. I wonder what Aristotle, who thought it quite natural that men should be born slaves, would think of the idea of the office-stool and a fortnight's holiday. I think I can see him, in my thoughts, looking at the office-stool, and after looking at it for some time, his words sound in my ears: But men are shaped differently; do you not keep different sizes? I think I can hear Mr. Fisher answer: At present the size does not fit all men; but we hope that all men will soon begin to fit the stool. A Platonist, surely, Aristotle murmurs. I always dreaded his influence and now find it predominant after more than two thousand years. How very extraordinary! And then Aristotle might

ask: Enforced education, or enforced slavery — which? Why is one meritorious and the other abominable? All these young men and women do not want education; they hate it.

Ah, yes, said Mr. Husband, interrupting my dream. There are many among the young generation who dislike, and intensely, the education that is being forced upon them; who, as you would say, Mr. Moore, are inspired by their instincts to avoid it; and many would prefer to educate themselves, feeling that they could do it better. But their parents are not of that opinion; for parents ascribe their comparative failure to their lack of education. Therefore they cry out that their children shall be retained at school till they are sixteen, and make sacrifices for this calamitous end.

Parents, I said, have sacrificed their children. Once it was to gods, now it is to education; fetish after fetish, and none more reasonable than another. The flower blooms according to its law, Mr. Husband answered; the planets follow their courses according to law. Everywhere we look, we find law; but however much we may seek, the cause of the law escapes us. Perhaps, I said, that is the reason why we try to get above the laws of Nature.

Tell me, I continued, changing the subject suddenly; passing from philosophy to practical truths, is it true that in America all manual labor is done by emigrants? I believe the servant problem is a very pressing one. Our servants come from Ireland, Italy, and Sweden, Mr. Husband replied, and that is why the immigration laws are not more strict; at least seventy per cent of our manual labor comes from the middle of Europe. The first generation works hard, the second generation works less, the third generation looks upon itself as American, and aspires to the liberal professions, which cannot absorb everybody.

I asked him if he had met no American hewing coal. About five-and-twenty per cent in the mine in which I worked were Americans, he answered; and he spoke of some lean hunters, who came sometimes from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Maryland: who, he said, when not hunting or mining, are employed in feuds, vendettas, the causes of which are forgotten, so long ago is it since the original shooting. Dick knows that he must shoot Jim when he meets him, and Jim is not more knowledgeable; enough it is for him to know that he must pull the trigger first.

Mr. Husband's stories of the Blue Ridge Mountains were brought nearer home by a remark that even Irish raiders could learn something from these lean mountain men. Are there mountains in Maryland? I asked. You see, dear reader, I was fortunate enough to be possessed of an instinct that persuaded me to accept thrashings rather than submit to education, else my lot might have been to write like Mr. Hardy, our modern Æschylus; whereas, by a little act of courage and avoiding the Bible till I was fifty, I wrote *The Brook Kerith.*

But I am wandering from memories of my delightful guest. What I remember next of the evening's conversation is Mr. Husband telling me many stories of the childishness and improvidence of the negroes he had met in the mine.

You are not afraid, I asked Mr. Husband, that, when they outnumber the whites, they will revolt? A successful revolt, he answered, implies organization. And we spoke of Hayti, Mr. Husband telling, what every schoolboy knows, but which I did not, that Hayti had belonged to the French, and that the French revolutionaries sent over a deputation conferring freedom upon

the negroes, the first result of which was a massacre of the whites and then a massacre of each other.

Mr. Husband's anecdotes illustrating the childishness of negroes had enlivened our conversation; and unwilling that it should again darken, I asked him if his eyes could distinguish a gleam of light on our horizon. His cheerful optimism did not desert his voice even when he said that the world would continue its breakneck pace till it toppled over into the barbarism of the Middle Ages. Just as you have predicted, Mr. Moore, emerging, much reduced by famine, a smaller but more beautiful planet.

And it seeming to me that I could not run the risk of losing the pleasing optimism of Mr. Husband's voice, I refrained from speaking of the desolating tide of children flooding our doorways, and spoke instead of my Parisian life — one that all Americans like to hear; peopling my anecdotes with those who assembled at Tortoni's during the seventies. And as a *bonne bouche*, I related my last visits to the great tribe of Impressionists, now reduced to two, Monet and Mary Casatt; and Mr. Husband listened, as all Americans listen to such tales, till he began to remember that his days in London were numbered, and that he must not miss a night of long slumber. For heaven only knows when the chance of a ten-hours sleep will come again! he said. I think I told you that I have to leave my bed at seven? Yes, I remember, I answered; and it is now going on for midnight. But do not leave on account of me; I sleep on in the morning and rise when I am rested. Mr. Husband hesitated, as if he had something still in his mind to say, and I wondered what it could be.

We have talked, he said, when I opened the front door for him, about a great many things, without, however, mentioning my handwriting. You see, I am now in business, and am afraid it would be rather too long a job to copy out the whole book; but if you would like a chapter of it — My dear Mr. Husband, your letters are enough; and after bidding him good-bye once more, I returned to my Aubusson carpet and my lyre-shapen clock, feeling that I would have done better to have talked less and to have drawn Mr. Husband into further confidences about himself. But no further confidences would have helped me to understand him better than his first avowal: that, after leaving Harvard University, he had gone down into a coal mine in search of — what? The last thing that anybody would suspect: life — primal, fundamental life. And I sought, without finding them, the words in which he had said he had gone down into the mine in search of primal life. He said nothing about escaping from conventions and prejudices — what did he say? I asked myself; and stirred the fire without being able to recall his words.

The words, however, that I am sure of, are: If I had been in Europe, I might have done as you did — gone to France and lived in Montmartre; but being in America, there was nothing for me to do but go down into a coal mine. How admirable! How altogether admirable! In these words we see the man from end to end, we weigh him, we appraise him. And before a dwindling fire I sat for a long time, thinking of Mr. Husband's sea voyage, his arrival in New York; pausing after rising from my chair, so that I might better consider the question whether he would sleep a night in New York, or catch a train to take him to Chicago. The answer came: He is too eager to see his wife again, to wait in New York; he will catch the train.

THE JUNGLE OF THE MIND

NOTES ON A DISFRANCHISEMENT

I

A LITTLE patch of sunlight made a leaf transparent against the doorpost at the right of the porch. Its finely veined shadow was thrown across the page of my book, like some ghostly finger pointing the way among the close even letters of the print. The book was a story of peasant life in Italy — a story indelibly impressed on the memory because, right in the last chapters, it slipped very quickly from consciousness. So slight a thing it was, the straw that pointed the way to disfranchisement. The year had been one of stress, undeniably — a perfectly human year, such as is common to all who live actively; the last months a slight blur, a feverish fear of small duties looming large, and then a sudden sickening terror. Life all at once became unlivable without reason.

Two days before one had been 'sent home to rest on a light diet, a slight temperature'; this afternoon, up again and reading, with every muscle relaxed, but attention strained to the utmost in order to focus on that book to the exclusion of business thoughts. One must not think of work at all. Just then, without attention relaxing in the least, the meaning slipped from the black, regular letters on the page, as if drawn out by some secret and malign exterior force, as definitely as if the book had been taken from my hands. I could no longer concentrate, or marshal the forces of mind even to a simple story. A kind of deterioration or disassociation had begun. I could no longer think. And slowly, with a nauseating certainty, I knew it.

That afternoon a little boy came home, bringing little cakes for the 'temporary invalid.' The sunlight was very bright on his shock of hair, not less yellow than it, and on the lady in gray beside him. Dinner-hour came. It was quietly served, cool, and with blue plates, and silver that had long, smooth, uncluttered surfaces. But the 'temporary invalid' seemed to be slipping away from it all into some gulf, and was holding on with an intensity so intense that it almost nullified itself.

The next day, back to a little house where two children were waiting for the usual vacation stories and games. But this time there were none. A wild rebellion had set in — I would *not* have a brain that refused to serve me; I would *not* — and yet, there it was. No beast of the jungle ever fought against his captivity more senselessly than the feverish occupant of that berth in a Pennsylvania Pullman did against that overpowering fact. The realization brought almost sheer madness on the heels of 'a slight mental-nervous unbalance.' Regard for those about me, for consequences, appearance, conventionalities such as hold between guest and hostess, even if the two are of one family, were gone. As a result, the only maid in the house where there were two children wisely fled at my approach.

One day there were dishes to wash. Conscience reasserted itself and I started in. I had done that before, many times, usually with a grim determination to 'get the job done.' As a little girl, I had attempted it with a secret loathing of my lowly state — did they want me to grow up to be a cook? Would that I had! Think of wages. Again, I had washed them with a blithe, debonair spirit, lots of hot water, and foamy soapsuds full of jewel-like bubbles; it was not half bad. And often I had scraped away the half-eaten meal with religious disregard of mundane affairs — committing Browning as I did it. But this time it was none of these.

I began. The plates felt big, slippery, and unfamiliar. What did you do with them? I could remember the process, but with each dish it had all to be thought through again, and things did not come out even. Each separate bit of china and silver seemed to arrive and stop in a different and aborted stage in its evolutionary progress from egg-and-bacon smeariness to pantry shelves. *I could not wash dishes.* I tried and I could not; and if I lost my job, which I certainly should, I could not even be a cook.

Just then, the little boy who was manufacturing music-rolls for the pianola, with yards of wrapping paper and a ticket-puncher, wanted flour-and-water paste for his business, please. It had too much water in it, and spilled all over the dining-room table. I could not make paste, either; and what would his mother think?

Next, the little girl wanted to start for Sunday School. A tiny, pale-blue, wash-silk dress about two feet long needed pressing. It would not be pressed. It grew instantly animate. It rolled and slid and crawled under the iron, like a hot fishing-worm. I could not press. Even the big darky laundress coming to-morrow was more adapted to life than I. *I* could n't do anything.

II

Well, many a wiser person than I has taken the next step, and succeeded or failed as the fates decreed. They say it was all 'bluff,' hysteria — very likely. I hate the latter enough for it to have been. Certainly it was undeniably cheap, like the rusty, paper-backed novels one filched from the latest culinary newcomer when one was just twelve; or, worse, like Elsie Dinsmore. Then, too, it came at an adventure-seeking age, when one must have new experience, even if one has to pirate it from life with skull and crossbones on the sails. There were three trials. In the white medicine-chest was a large bottle marked 'wood alcohol, poison.' The 'poison' part of the label was what attracted my eye. I consumed it in its entirety — my first and last pre-Volsteadian experiment. I do not advise it — it 's hot, choking, and humiliating to the dust.

An idea like this dangling before one in the sun, and through sleepless nights, must be pursued for the sake of the audience, if for nothing more. A double dose of sleeping powders followed next — a long, long sleep. One awakened. It was so wearying! And, bluff or not, the choice between a probable insanity and death is a queer thing to be given to toy with at twenty-four. I was going at it again.

There was a patch of blue sky outside my window — just sky, no trees. A robin and squirrel with flirting tail were holding converse on a telegraph wire. The air was hot and bright. It would be so nice to leave things like that and go on. I could throw away the bottle — they would n't know what it was; an easy, cowardly thing. So it came, namely a sweet, hot taste, a humming in my

ears, a quick blackness, too quick for me. The bottle was still clenched in my hand, so they found the antidote, all because somebody went upstairs to get some silk to make another dress for the little girl. A doctor came. He made holes in my arm with a hypodermic, as if he were doing punch-work embroidery, until, defeated, sick, self-condemning, and furiously protesting, I came back from eternity for another try at existence.

Then followed a long summer, under the care of nurses in a sanatorium. The lady whose little boy brought the cakes for the 'temporary invalid' came quickly, forgiving. But I loathed myself too much to care even for her. There was another who stayed five months. But she hardly penetrated the oncoming dreams and deliriums.

It was the time of the great war madness. Some little of it seemed to have lodged in my spent brain. We had all of us felt its clutch and looked with a sick dread, in spite of our better judgments, at the pink-cheeked children among whom we worked. What if it 'got' them, as it did those suffering mites in Serbia and Belgium? Without reason I secretly reached the conviction that it had. A certain large building, where I had worked, appeared to my distorted vision a veritable Blue Beard's palace, the steps filled with the maimed and bleeding, children *I knew* with hands cut off.

How long this particular delusion lasted, I do not know; perhaps hours, perhaps weeks. It was intermittent and only a part of many. Actuality faded. Real letters came as from another world. The dead and the living seemed to mingle. Time ceased to count. Past, present, and future met in each sickening to-day. Then, one made atavistic journeys into 'pithecanthropian' or caveman indecencies — sliding past grim New England ancestors and modern training with electric swiftness, on to the next experience, until at last autumn came.

III

Something had to be done. After much holding back, reluctantly it was done. The seal of the state was called in, and on the word of three competent physicians, the requisite number, I was adjudged a lunatic. It was what, in a way, I had expected from the first day when I was ordered home. An institution for the insane opened its doors to me. It was all those about me could do.

That first day is not remembered. It is photographed, no — etched, on the groundwork of my convolutions. I was lying in bed in Ward 10 of the hospital. A woman was sitting beside me, asking a great many questions in a quiet voice, a stenographer taking down the answers. They began with: —

'What year is this?'

I think I knew.

'Have you ever been in love?'

Everyone has been seventeen, and 'infatuation' was the word stumblingly used to express this idea.

'Who is the President?'

Who was the President? I knew there had to be a president, — it was Wilson's administration, — but I could not remember his name, and I said so. Would anyone say that those three physicians judged me wrongly?

The quiet voice went on. Then behind its owner someone suddenly opened a door. It was late autumn. The sun had that thick, heavy quality peculiar to the time of year. It fell full on her hair, and played through its crispness like golden syrup, turning it to a warm, soft, amber glow. Through all that strangeness, confusion of mind, and weariness, Something Beautiful came. *It* came, — I say it, because the one asking the questions hardly seemed a personality for a long time, — and con-

tinued to come twice every day with calming regularity. And one looked forward to those hours wistfully. Finally, I was told she was 'the head physician and in charge of your ward.'

Days followed days and grouped themselves into weeks, weeks into months. One afternoon, late, a nurse came on the ward hurriedly, waving a paper and calling the news: 'Reims has been destroyed — the beautiful cathedral of Reims.' For a time the world and its tragedy penetrated my fastness. Reims was but a torn sentinel, jagged against the sky; the girls I knew were making bandages at home or nursing 'overseas'; the boys, some of them, already were Flanders mud. I wondered if the dead were ever so dead as I there in that place of protection. I doubted it. And after that, in times of lucidity, every little service proffered came with a whip-end of stinging reproach — to be waited on when fighting men were dying for those same kindly offices! It was too much.

Yet from moments or days like this one swung so cruelly far. A certain Sunday finally reached its end — a dull, sodden, breathless day, continuing on endlessly from six o'clock. The head physician came on the ward. I had strayed into the surgery, and was lolling against the table where she daily examined patients. She entered the room all in white, fresh and smiling, and asked simply: —

'What are you doing?'

I had been doing nothing forever, or so it seemed. I faced her, and deliberately, without malice, picked up a small medicine-glass and threw it. My aim was good. The glass missed her head by about two inches and splintered on the floor. A quiet voice said, —

'It is a miracle it did not kill me.'

And the doctor left the ward. Almost immediately the happening faded from my mind. At that time, it seemed to me no more unusual than the picking-up of a teacup at tea-time did to those at home. It was in line with the day, distorted, smouldering, yet dull to the point of stultification. I quite forgot the occurrence; yet it was to return upon me with that boomerang-like force which would almost imply in the world an eternal power of justice.

I had plenty of time to think, in so far as I was capable of it. My mind went back constantly to my very early childhood. As a little girl, I played free from school all day, in the wind, every day, much of the time in the top of a cherry tree. And when, flushed and breathless from play, I slipped indoors at evening, my mother could only look speechless at my play-worn clothes, my father remark laconically that my hair would make 'a good blue-jay's nest.'

How far away all that seemed! What a fascinating idea that — to have one's hair be a blue-jay's nest! Some use for it at last! A little bird would be tucked in every curl; and how carefully each lock of hair would be spread on the pillow, as the birds twickered drowsily while I went to sleep myself. Many times I heard it in my mind's ear.

But here there were no pleasantries of thought like that. Days came when the air from cherry trees, full of bird notes, entered in reluctantly through *iron bars*. My hair would hardly have invited a magpie. It was brittle and burned with fever, I guess; and it was stiffly braided. My nails were split, skin rough and scaly. Feet were crossed and bound to the foot of an iron bed by a sheet skillfully twisted into a noose. There was a sense of rough cotton all about one. The upper part of the body was incased in a canvas jacket laced down the back, known as 'sleeves' — perhaps because it had no sleeves, only sewed-up ends, traps for hands. To these were attached long, strong tapes, like trunk-straps, which were in turn fastened to

the iron supports beneath the bed. Movement was largely impossible, made so lest wild, disordered thinking should grow objective, as in the case of the glass, and result in fierce, unpremeditated action.

So that iniquitous-looking object, bound, almost dehumanized, certainly disfranchised, fed, cared for physically, yet mentally inaccessible and struggling — that was I. Still, through it all, every day someone spoke my name in a low voice, calling as if from an immeasurable distance. Every day, without fail, the head physician made her rounds. The effect was like that of some wholesome, natural phenomenon, regular and unaccusing, healing and calming, untouched, but touching with sure thought. Little by little, with incredible slowness and still more incredible perversity, the thing lying there moved toward the normal.

IV

One rainy day in November, word came that I was to be 'transferred' from the main building to A-Cottage, where convalescents were housed. 'You get home quicker from there' was the current report. The process of making the return from complete mental chaos to the usual semi-orderly state of mind known as sanity had so far progressed. But there was cruelly much yet to be done.

The one thing that stands out as an almost immediate result of that change was a reawakened interest in environment, particularly the human element therein. I got out of that closed door of myself a little. Perhaps that is one test of the normal — a keen sense of others. My world shifted, and gradually I began dimly to find a place there among those strangers, strange in many unfamiliar ways, and having known a mode of life, many of them, very different from mine.

The setting was a large house, with two large rooms at either end, little ones 'for visitors,' along a well-lighted hall opposite the dining-room, and upstairs, beds and clothes. There was more activity than I had known for months — a piano, sewing being done, a certain number of household duties regularly performed. There were patients who went each morning to the laundry, others afternoons; and there was a group that went to the 'embroidery class' every day in the main building.

I joined none of these. In fact I could not, yet. It seems in retrospect that I simply sat and watched and answered a few questions now and then, and asked many. There is a little girl who sat beside me on the couch that first day. Her name is May. She is a child of ten, perhaps, mentally, whose birthdays number twenty, or maybe more: slight, pretty in a half-blonde way, and appealing. A wrist-watch and a locket constituted our first topic of conversation. She showed me a picture in the locket.

'He had pneumonia in Germany,' she told me, 'the last time I knew of him. And there is another at home. He said he would take care of me, but he has n't written lately. He said he would take care of me, well. I wonder why the doctor *won't* let me go?'

She spoke in this vein frequently. Her mother is in another ward of the hospital. She lives only physically, never talking, just lying there day after day. May takes her fruit and things sometimes, but there is slight response. I noticed that she frequently cried quietly after these visits. Her father, a farmer, and a little sister, came twice. That is all.

But the weeks slip by, and small interests hold fast and little pleasures loom large in that place, for most of the patients. There are a number of diver-

sions, like the weekly dances. Such hair-curling and powdering of noses — quite as at home! I never went, or almost never. The crowding together of so many inmates was overwhelming. It weighed one down with a hopeless sense of really tragic lives massed as one rarely sees them except in war-time — and that is quite different. Then there came choking memories of a few grand balls, with pink chiffon and of cotillions with favors. Why had one ever had them, if one had to be so far from the possibility of having them again?

Very different from May is Sally, who followed me with interest, curiosity making her brown eyes snap. She, too, is a little girl grown large. She has a couple of children.

'They are awful cute,' she volunteered, 'in Saint Elizabeth's Home. When Charlotte was a baby, she was the fattest thing you ever saw, and she laughed till her toes dimpled. Did you ever have a baby?'

'Heavens, no!'

'Well, you don't know what you missed.'

Still, to me who don't know what I missed, very fortunately, it is unthinkable that maternity could fall so lightly on any human creature as on that child. How could one come out of that furnace of experience so utterly unsmelted, so unformed. But then she was very young, only seventeen.

'I was working out,' she talked with very little questioning, 'and he said I could have a nice home. So I took all my money and bought clothes. Before we were married, he brought me lots of candy, and he just could n't keep his hands off me. Liked me? Oh, gee! My sister went to the train with me. We were married in Kentucky.'

She wears her wedding-ring now.

'But the next morning I told him I did n't want to be married. He said I *was* married, though.'

Actually the child had not known, I think, the privileges the vows permitted him, any more than she understood the responsibilities they required of her.

'We went to housekeeping — swell mahogany furniture and a nice rug and a lamp. He 's got 'em now. I don't know, I just could n't remember; burned the roast to cinders, and did all sorts of things like that before the baby came. Then afterward I could n't even remember where I left off feeding her and dressing. Then I did n't even know I had a baby. Then I came here. I was awful out of my head. But I am better now. I work in the laundry afternoons and go to the dances. The attendants dance with me, especially McKnight, and sometimes the Board of Administration.

'Margie Blum irons next to me. She does the doctors' clothes.'

I do not know how many times I fled, to escape Sally's artless descriptions of all 'hand-embroidered' things not to be known about at all outside of families, save during that brief display of daintiness which comes with trousseaux. But such all-too-obvious distinctions are quite beyond Sally's horizon.

Then there was Miss Sanderson, who half appropriated me, or I her. She had known nine languages. She still remembers some, and will not let you forget it. One time, when we were pursued by what seemed a real danger while out walking, she gave cries of alarm — in Greek! That was convincing. She read a great deal. Later I read to her, never satisfactorily. She took me, after a long time, for walks, when we found birds and wild flowers, especially white violets, and *mud*. We had a mutual genius for mud.

I am eternally grateful for those hours out in the sunlight. They were to count incalculably toward recovery, but they had a teasing, tantalizing quality of *half* freedom. One was

'not allowed off the grounds,' but they are very, very large. There is a brook in the meadow, and many hollow trees full of chipmunks with bewitching manners. Very often squirrels' tails winked at you out from under this spring's ferns and last autumn's leaves. She really loved it all, and could communicate that love with a curious blurred intensity. In some ways she was a bit like other people I had known — perhaps that is why we were together so much.

V

There was always a crowding sense of people — people who stayed and those who came and went. I never went. I seemed eternally to watch suitcases come over from the main hospital, and their owners wave their hands at us and go — home. Hardly ever was one alone. Rows of people when one went to bed, three or four when one washed one's face; dozens when a letter arrived, tens of dozens when candy came. There were actually about sixty-five women in A-Cottage.

One day I got a room of my own — true privilege. It had a bed in it and sometimes a chair, and heavy wire over the window — no bars. The door, or the controlling of it, belonged to anybody else but the occupant, for the door-knob was a half door-knob, and that half on the outside. It was hardly a lady's boudoir, but it was a room, warm and comfortable — and I was a few æons away from the state of mind that occupies a boudoir. I never have reached that state, financially or otherwise. I have always slept in a very simple bedroom, except when on a couch in an apartment house, when there was company and there was not space.

At night, on one side of me a woman moaned for her daughter sometimes; on the other, a ponderous, quiet person, who, during the day, was monosyllabic, occasionally erupted into violent nocturnal vituperations, cannonlike in their weight, swordlike in their keenness. Pestilence, slow torture, sudden death were exploded in some unknown mortal's direction. Across the hall, another woman nakedly cursed the doctors and obscenely commented upon them, because they had the poor judgment to keep her where she undoubtedly belongs. And over and under all this, sleep came, and oh, how we welcomed it!

Those nights in that little room were to continue for almost three years. I traveled home there — a long journey. I waded out through senseless tears; came up often in the morning, ash-gray with fatigue arising from even more senseless, flaming anger; kept myself back with sheer mulishness — I sometimes fear my ears might have grown long like that animal's, just from similarity of temperament — and locked myself away from freedom, with dull inactivity and the lack of that lift in life that we call trying.

Yet all through those years, more and more the acute consciousness of emotional states faded, and people came nearer and nearer, with all their complexities and queer simplicity. I became less and less a projecting piece of human furniture.

One twilight in July, a little woman came over from the main hospital, accompanied by a nurse, as we all had been. Her black hair was piled high, her voice filled with cosmopolitan smoothness, and her manner full of ease. Yet, even in those first few moments, unconsciously she seemed to be desiring to become the centre of attention — that unconscious demand of so many women who possess real charm.

She told me long afterward that her father was a great man in his country. He was a statesman, and diplomatic circles had been open to her in her girlhood.

Diplomatic circles had also clamped an unwelcome marriage upon her over thirty years ago. She had escaped it overseas. A new country offered her its complex pleasure and troubles, never quite understood by her, but always varied and richly plentiful. There was no wonder that she was the magnet of that little group at A-Cottage, and continued to be for some time.

She related to me many stories of her early girlhood in that distant southern country. This one I liked, and remembered perhaps better than the rest. She gave it to me in about the following manner. We called it the 'Story of the Fifty-Cent Tree': —

'In accordance with the rules of a well-ordered household, each morning my mother inspected us after the nurse had finished our toilet. One day, a terrible and unforeseen thing occurred. My brother and I were running down the hall; he jostled me, and I fell against my mother's door. It responded instantly to the pressure of my small and impetuous body, opened, and unceremoniously I was thrust in upon my mother *without knocking*. That was an unforgetable offense — to enter a room without a rap at the door. My mother told me quite plainly that, if such a thing happened again, to the convent I should go, and not see her face for a year.

'About seven months later, my nurse and I were having a tussle over a sash. It had come untied. She wanted to make the bow properly. I was grown up, I thought, and wanted to do it myself, whether properly or not. I pulled away from her, and a second time fell into my mother's room without a knock at the door. My mother kept her word, and at the age of nine I went next morning to the convent, a two days' journey from home, for a year's stay.

'Often my mother came and watched me at play with the other children in the old, old garden among the olive trees, or hid in some ancient niche in the cloister as I passed; but she was firm. I did not see her face. The only certain knowledge of her visit that came to me was that conveyed by the sweets and dainty clothes she left behind her.

'One person I did see was an old friend of the family — almost like a guardian. He came every Friday. On one of these visits, I distinctly remember, he asked me if I had ever heard of the ancient miracles of my country. I knew very little of the current peasant lore. He told me a few tales, and then, in order to inculcate economy, a trait that was sadly lacking, in a joking way, never dreaming the extent of my credulity, he said: —

'"If you will give me fifty cents of your allowance every week, I will plant it; it will grow into a tree; and when you leave the convent, you will be very, very rich."

'I gave him my fifty cents each week, and oh, my dreams! I could see that tree as your children do a Christmas tree in anticipation. I told all my schoolmates of the tree. My emphatic belief was such that they too acquired confidence. We planned together. It was the complete fulfillment, for each of the youngest children in that convent, of her most cherished desire. Even the peasant children in the village knew — I was to be rich, rich. They should no longer be hungry. Alvarez was to have new shoes, his brother a coat, and so on endlessly.

'When I went to sleep, homesick and lonely for my mother's face, it was the thought of the fifty-cent tree that stayed my tears.

'At last, the year was ended. I was home. Was I glad to see my mother? Yes, but — And see how my little brother had grown. He could say my name. It was very wonderful; still I wanted to see the fifty-cent tree. I

clutched my old friend's hand. We went into the warm sunlight of the garden.

'"Look, the rosebush! They planted it just for you, and how the orange trees gleam with great golden balls! You saw none like that when you were with the sisters, I am sure."

'"But," I cried, "my fifty-cent tree; where is my fifty-cent tree?"

'"Oh, that," he laughed. "You are too old for that; and besides it did not develop very well."

'In a second of stunning realization I understood.

'"You lied to me. There is n't any fifty-cent tree. There never was any fifty-cent tree."

'Slowly the truth burned in.

'"I would like to kill you because you lied to me."

'"Would you?" he said with genuine penitence. "The gardener there has a hatchet."

'He put the shining thing into my hands. His own exquisitely formed one was lying on the garden wall, all flecked over with leafy sun and shadows. I lifted the hatchet. There was a horrible spurt of blood, but no outcry. Years later, in my country, you might have seen a great general who always wore a glove on his left hand because he had lost two fingers. As for me, I was ill in bed for weeks over what I had done. And not being able to face my friends in the convent, or the village children, because of my inability to carry out my plans, I was sent, at my own passionate request, to another convent. The next year I continued my education in France.'

VI

That was all; but this and similar stories opened the gates into another life. It was a wholesome thing for me. A more subjective happening was to come, which made me particularly keen, and awake to my relations with others. As I was preparing to go to sleep one night, out of the dark, like a cutting flash of light, a memory assailed me. I suddenly recalled that Sunday on which I threw the medicine-glass at the doctor in a moment of sheer madness. Other similar scenes followed it. I threw a glass at the doctor! I threw a glass at the doctor! I — but how could I? How could anyone? Each day I saw her, tactful and patient. She was like a balance wheel for us all. It missed her eyes by about an inch. They are very blue.

Over again, day after day, the thought followed me — a horror. Yet, at the same time, it was a strengthening one. I knew I could not do it again, and that I was feeling what any normal person would feel at such an outrageous act. There were times, however, when the affair became an obsession. Every sharp sound seemed like something brittle smashing. I slept restlessly for some weeks. It was a distinct relief to see the doctor each morning, well and whole, though I knew, of course, that I had not hurt her, physically at least.

I even went to a dance one night to rid myself of the idea's reoccurrence. Then, one spring day, I stepped out with the doctor as she went to her duties in the main hospital, and told her. She said: 'Why do you bring it to my consciousness?' and then, seeing my need, 'You were very sick!'

The sharing of that haunt flowed through me with an instantly healthful effect. The impersonal explanation, along with a little personal forgiveness, sealed my loyalty and devotion to the doctor — feelings aroused the first time she had sat by my bed, in the receiving Ward 10, nearly four years before.

All through these years my thoughts wandered frequently back to my very little girlhood, back to that first twilight of consciousness, and to the quaint

ideas and misconceptions babyhood holds for me. My childhood companioned me often.

Of all the childishly profound questions that I had asked about the universe, as all children do, this one seemed to cling to my memory with greatest clearness.

The question: 'Why are flowers here at all?'

The answer: 'Because the One who made the world thought them.'

I was thrilled — 'thought them!' Often I had held a flower in my hand, the very quality of beauty caught and made tangible, a quiet thing, delicious to all senses, so good to smell! How would it feel to think a flower, to think a world, to think a star, a sun, a universe, a system of suns, above all, to evolve a human being? I still wonder.

I was sure that the doctor, had she been with me when I was little, could have answered that question better than anyone I had ever known. That is what she does — *thinks* human beings, thinks them back to original fineness and confidence. She takes tattered, nebulous bits of intelligence, and welds them whole; ragged souls, and mends them with true feminine patience. She re-creates.

Suppose one had slipped out of earthly touches in a swift moment, would there have been a sufficiently active consciousness to proceed with immortality, provided there be such? If I, among hundreds, had lived on there without just that help, would there ever have been keenness enough to savor existence anywhere? One might almost dare believe that eternal life hung in the balance there many times. Who knows?

VII

One force was working steadily toward recovery, namely, the influence of out-of-doors. The last spring there was poignant to a degree expressed by nothing so much, perhaps, as those vivid lines of Stevenson's: —

> Thy most pointed pleasure take,
> And stab my spirit broad awake.

It was my privilege to carry the preceding day's report over to the main hospital each morning, very early. Those dawns cut clean into one with an almost surgical keenness. To feel it again was sometimes overpowering. The stars' pale gleam over a last fall of snow, seemingly reluctant to be the last; a new moon above the April fringe of an elm tree — things like these fairly made poems in one's corpuscles. My body again reacted to the touch of earth's 'renewal.' Life surged in.

There is a little woman who works there, in a garden set on a hill. It is fragrant against dark trees, and overlooks the road and distant tilled fields. Hepaticas and snowdrops are planted early, inviting the freshly swarming bees. It and the little woman's white-clad figure added no little to the charm of a newly perceived Nature.

Unconsciously, for some months, I had been preparing myself for a very definite and positive form of appreciation of all this. A half-year or less before, I had with much difficulty got around an inflexible hospital rule. All were required to retire at *eight*. That meant lying there in my little room, without a light, at least ten hours. It was healthful, no doubt, but boredom raised to the *n*th power. One could not sleep all that time. I began to rise as soon as it was light, before it was permitted, and stealthily and surreptitiously to plaster myself against the window, book in hand.

These books were, many of them, reminders of a lost epoch of leisure — Hazlitt, Montaigne, De Quincey, a bit of Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, and some of the longer and less well-known

Irvings. With them came a revivified sense of the spell words may weave, and a desire to use them.

Instead of counting sheep to put myself to sleep, until my flocks exceeded the fondest dreams of Solomon, I began, for the first and last time in my life, to rhyme. The rhythm and soft meeting, in sound, of words soon sent me quietly away from active consciousness. In the morning, I wrote down the lines, so as to continue the next night. The results of this effort would undoubtedly have the same effect on a reader that they had on me, that of somnolence. But these small scraps of paper were invaluable in the outlet they gave and the peace they provided each evening. So for me spring translated itself very positively into words, a few of them my own, but mostly those of the authors I was reading. It was a concrete thing by which to make a connection.

One of the brightest of these May days the doctor said I might go home. This was after several 'trial visits.' I went swiftly. I found the same house, with the two children. This time there were plenty of stories and games, but four years older, to fit the more discerning ears and lengthened legs. Following in amusing, confusing succession came skirts shockingly short to unaccustomed eyes, *Main Street*, *Limehouse Nights*, the latest Galsworthy, a three-year-old Ibáñez, new to me, nothing close to one's feet but silk stockings, and all the baths I wanted at irregular intervals, and *no* state soap.

States may be able to make laws, educate citizens, regulate traffic in liquor and Henry Fords, and do various other wonderful things, but they can't make soap. Like Bre'r Rabbit, I cry: —

'Skin me, . . . snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs. Roas' me, . . . and hang me just as high as you please, but don't' — cause me to use state soap again. I could not face the possibility.

Later, there came a position in the same large building, where there is a 'new person' to direct one, who says this is going to be a 'highly diverting winter.' That I can well believe, since she is to be so large a part of it. The little boy who brought cakes to the 'temporary invalid' is mostly legs, — all that is not smiles, — and is preparing for college. His mother is still forgiving. I like her so much that I can no longer spare the time to hate myself.

And in the midst of all this I am climbing a sheer wall of readjustments, a little breathless, now and then slipping ridiculously. To balance myself, I may get on the train and see the doctor sometimes. And occasionally I get letters from her. I shall use them carefully, and make a firm handle of them, by which I may hold on to the lovely things she has given me again — a whole world. Thus I, who had the fortune to be *both* a woman and a lunatic am reënfranchised.

THE LIFTED LATCH

BY AMORY HARE

When in the shadow of the Postern Gate
I stand to wait the changing of the watch
Which shall convey me, suddenly sedate
And dumb with wonder, toward the mystic Latch
That, lifting, opens heaven on my sight,
By the last sentry of departing Night
I shall be told, 'Fear not, but speak the Truth.'
As one who goes to trial will supplicate
Neither by speech nor gesture, but by youth,
By bright youth treading so unwittingly,
So, peradventure, will the sight of me,
So silent there, move the new guards to tell
What answer wins Christ's pure blue asphodel.
And one will say, 'Speak not of what you wrought.'
And one, 'Tell not your wealth, nor what you gave.'
And yet another, 'Cringe not like a slave,
Nor yet be proud, for man was made from naught.'
And one who by my wonderment was moved
Will whisper, 'Only tell how thou hast loved.'

So, when the Moment comes, my kindling soul
Shall meet again the brave and beautiful
Which touched me here, and healed and made me whole,
Filling my heart till it was dutiful
Through love of beauty. Crowned with joy in these,
I shall be gifted with a courage born
Of beauty that was fashioned night and morn
In that dark world which gave me memories
Too poignant to be lost.

'And have you loved?'
'— O Gentlest One who visited our earth,
I have loved well the westward winds that moved
The weary seas to merriment and mirth;
The upland fields in wheat; the larks at dawn
Flighting before the plough; the orchard smell;
And all the jewels on the dreaming lawn
When morning breaks; the gray furred buds that swell
On twigs in March; and then the sudden, pale,
Gleam of fresh-trumpeted wet daffodils,
April's bright bugles, vibrant with the hale
And hearty breath of Spring's green yeomanry,
Carousing 'mid the wine that earth distils
At bidding of the sun! All things that grow
My heart has held; and things inanimate
Fashioned by men, by humble men and great;
The fruit of patient hands, both high and low.
Structural beauty, as in stately stone,
Imperial arches that swift rivers span;
And beauty that is latent and alone
As pine trees are; and I have loved all hours
Of day and night at home, where quiet is.
Lord, I have loved my sewing as my flowers,
My sweeping as my children's morning kiss.
Thou knowest that I loved man's honesty
And all his fortitude and gallant strife
Which brought him near to Thee; the chivalry
With which Thou gird'st him for his spirit's life,
Lest earth extinguish him. Thou knowest this,
And knowing this, perforce must know as well
That other love of which I need not tell
Since Thou Thyself hast made it what it is.'
Thus my loved earth perchance my heaven shall prove
Through grace of loving what was mine to love.

BRET HARTE AND MARK TWAIN IN THE 'SEVENTIES

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARIES OF MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FIFTY years ago Bret Harte and Mark Twain, in their thirties, were beginning to make themselves known, as their earliest writings were already known, to friends and admirers in the East. For each of them the *Atlantic Monthly*, hospitable to newcomers in the field of letters, provided an important medium for reaching a new and larger circle of readers. With each of these contributors to the magazine, James T. Fields, its editor from 1861 to 1871, entered, as was his wont, into relations of cordial friendship. At the same time, and afterward, his wife was keeping a copious diary, in which she recorded, not merely her own sympathetic observations of the greater and lesser figures she was constantly encountering, — chiefly through the practice of a memorable hospitality, — but also many things recounted by her husband after his excursions into the world.

Of all the young Lochinvars of the pen who came out of the West while Mrs. Fields was thus engaged, Bret Harte and Mark Twain were the daring and dauntless gallants who most captured the imagination and have longest held it. To each of these she devoted a number of pages in her diary, to which they contributed elements of distinctive color.

From the pages relating to Bret Harte the passages immediately following are taken. — EDITOR.

I

Friday, March 10, 1871. — Too many days full of interest have passed unrecorded. Chiefly I should record what I can recall of Francis Bret Harte, who has made his first visit to the East just now, since he went to San Francisco in his early youth. He is now apparently about thirty-five years old. His mind is full of the grand landscape of the West, and filled also with sympathetic interest in the half-developed natives who are to be seen there, nearer to the surface than in our Eastern cities.

He told me of a gambler who had a friend lying dead in the upper room of a gambling-house. The man went out to see about having services performed. 'Better have it at the grave,' said the parson to whom he applied. Jim shook his head, as if he feared the proper honors would not be paid his friend. The other then suggested they should find the minister and leave it to him. 'Well,' said Jim, 'yes, I wish you'd do just that, for I ain't much of a funeral "sharp" myself.' He told me also, as a sign of the wonderful recklessness which had pervaded San Francisco, that at one time there was a glut of tobacco in the market, and a block of houses going up at the same period, *the foundations of those houses were laid of boxes of tobacco.*

Bret Harte, as the world calls him, is natural, warm-hearted, with a keen

relish for fun, disposed to give just value to the strong language of the West, which he is by no means inclined to dispense with; at ease in every society, quick of sense and sight. Jamie, who saw him more than I, finds him lovable above all. We liked his wife, too, — not handsome but with good honest sense, appreciative of him, — and two children. She is said to sing well, but poor woman! the fatigues of that most distressing journey across the continent, the fêtes, the heat (for the weather is unusually warm), have been almost too much for her and she is not certainly at her best. They dined and took tea here last Friday.

Tuesday, September 5. — J. went to Boston. I wrote in the pastures and walked all the morning. Coming home, after dinner, came a telegram for me to meet J. and Bret Harte at Beverly station with the pony carriage. I drove hard to catch the train, but arrived in season, glad to take up the two good boys and show them Beverly shore. . . .

We sat and talked during the evening. Mr. Harte had much to say of the beautiful flowers of California, roses being in bloom about his own house there every month in the year. He found the cloudless skies and continued drought of California very hard to bear. For the first time in my life I considered how terrible perpetual cloudlessness would be! He thinks there is no beauty in the mountains of California, hard, bare, snowless peaks. Neither are there trees, nor any green grass.

He is delighted with the fragrant lawns of Newport and has, I believe, put into verse a delightful ghost story, which he told us.[1] He has taken a house of some antiquity in Newport, connected with which is the story of a lady who formerly lived there and who was very fond of the odor of mignonette. The flower was always growing in her house; and after her death, at two o'clock every night, a strong odor has always been perceived passing through the house, as if wafted along by the garments of a woman. One night at the appointed hour, but entirely unconnected in his thought with the story Mr. Harte had long ago heard, he was arrested in his work by a strong perfume of mignonette which appeared to sweep by him. He looked about, thinking his wife might have placed a vase of flowers in the room, but finding nothing, he began to follow the odor, which seemed to flit before him. Then he recalled, for the first time, the story he had heard. He opened the door; the odor was in the hall; he opened the room where the lady died but there was no odor there; until returning, after making a circuit of the house, he found a faint perfume, as if she had passed, but not stayed, there also. At last, somewhat oppressed perhaps by the ghostliness of the place and hour, he went out and stood upon the porch. There his dream vanished. The sweet lawn and tree flowers were emitting an odor, as is common at the hour when dews congeal, more sweet than at any other time of day or night, and the air was redolent of sweets which might easily be construed into mignonette. The story was well told, and I shall be glad to see his poem.

Many good stories came off during the evening, some very characteristic of California, such as that of an uproar in a theatre and a man about to be killed, when someone shouts, 'Don't waste him, but kill a fiddler with him.' Also, one of the opening nights at the California theatre, the place packed, when a man who has taken too much whiskey makes a noise; immediately the manager, a strong executive man, catches him up with the help of a po-

[1] 'A Newport Romance,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1871.

liceman, and before anybody knows the thing is done, or the disturber what is the matter, he finds himself set down on the sidewalk outside in the street. 'Well,' said he with an oath, 'is this the way you do business here, raise a fellow before he has a chance to draw?'

Mr. Harte is a very sensitive and nervous man. He struggles against himself all the time. He sat on the piazza with J. and talked till a late hour. This morning at breakfast I found him most interesting. He talked of his early and best-loved books. It appears that at the age of nine he was a lover and reader of Montaigne. Certain writers, he says, seem to him to stand out as friends and brothers side by side in literature. Now Horace and Montaigne are so associated in his mind. Mr. Emerson, he thinks, never in the least approaches a comprehension of the character of the man. With an admiration for his great sayings, he has never guessed at the subtle springs from which they come. The pleasant acceding to both sides in politics, and other traits of like nature, gives him affinity with Hawthorne. By the way, he is a true appreciator of Hawthorne. He was moved to much merriment yesterday by remembering a passage in the notes, where he slyly remarks, 'Margaret Fuller's cows hooked the other cows.' Speaking of Dr. Bartol, he said, 'What a dear old man he is! A venerable baby, nothing more!' But Harte is most kindly and tender. His wife has been very ill and has given him cause for terrible anxiety. This accounts for much left undone, but he is an oblivious man oftentimes to his surroundings — leaves things behind!!

January 12, 1872. — Bret Harte was here at breakfast. It is curious to see his feeling with regard to society. For purely literary society with its affectations and contempts, he has no sympathy. He has at length chosen New York as his residence, and among the Schuylers, Sherwoods, and their friends, he appears to find what he enjoys. There is evidently a *gêne* about people and life here, and provincialisms which he found would hurt him. He is very sensitive and keen, with a love and reverence for Dickens almost peculiar in this coldly critical age. Bryant he finds very cold and totally unwilling to lead the conversation, as he should do when they are together, as he justly remarks, he being so much younger — but never a word without cart and horses to fetch it.

Bret Harte has a queer absent-minded way of spending his time, letting the hours slip by as if he had not altogether learned their value yet. It is a miracle to us how he lives, for he writes very little. Thus far I suppose he has had money from J. R. O. & Co., but I fancy they have done with giving out money save for a *quid pro quo*.

Saturday, September 18, 1875. — Bret Harte came on the half-past 12 train. He came in good health, save a headache which ripened as the day went on; but he was bubbling over with fun, full of the most natural and unexpected sallies. He wished to know if I was acquainted with the Cochin-China hen. They had one at Cohasset. They had named him Benventuro (after a certain gay Italian singer of strong self-appreciation, who came formerly to America). He said this hen's state of mind on finding a half-exploded fire-cracker and her depressed condition since its explosion were something extraordinary. His description was so vivid that I still see this hen perambulating about the house, first with pride, second with precipitation, fallen into disgrace among her fellows.

He said Cohasset was not the place to live in the summer if one wanted sea-breezes. They all came straight from Chicago!! He fancied the place, think-

ing it an old fishing village, not unlike Yarmouth. Instead of which they prided themselves upon never having 'any of your sea-smells,' and, being five miles from the doctor, could not be considered a cheerful place to live in with sick children. He said he was surprised to find J. T. F. without a sailor's jacket and collar. The actors among whom he had been living rather overdid the business; their collars were wider, their shirts fuller, and their trousers more bulgy than those of any real sailor he had ever observed, and the manner of hitching up the trousers was entirely peculiar to themselves and to the stage.

We went to call upon the Burlingames. In describing Harrisburg, Virginia, where he had lectured, he said a committee-man came to invite him to take a walk, and he was so afflicted with a headache that he was ready to take or give away his life at any moment; so he accepted the invitation and walked out with him. The man observed that Harrisburg was a very healthy place; only one man a day died in that vicinity. 'Oh!' said Harte, remembering the dangerous state of his own mind, 'has that man died yet today?' The man shook his head gravely, never suspecting a joke, and said he did n't know, but he would try to find out. Whereat Harte, to keep up the joke, said he wished he would. He went to the lecture, forgetting all about it, and saw this man hanging around without getting a chance to speak. The next morning, very early, he managed to get an opportunity to speak to him. 'I could n't find out exactly about that man yesterday,' he said. 'What man?' said H. 'Why, the one we were speaking of; the Coroner said he could n't say precisely who it was, but the one man would average all right.'

Harte said in speaking of Longfellow that no one had yet overpraised him. The delicate quality of humor, the exquisite fineness in the choice of words, the breadth and sweetness of his nature were something he could hardly help worshiping. One day, after a dinner at Mr. Lowell's, he said, 'I think I will not have a carriage to return to town. I will walk down to the Square.' — 'I will walk with you,' said Longfellow. When they arrived at his gate, he said, he was so beautiful that he could only think of the light and whiteness of the moon, and, if he had stayed a moment longer, he should have put his arms around him and made a fool of himself then and there. Whereat he said good-night abruptly and turned away.

He brought his novel and play[1] with him, which are just now finished, for us to read. He has evidently enjoyed the play, and he enjoys the fame and the money they both bring him.

He is a dramatic, lovable creature, with his blue silk pocket-handkerchief and red dressing slippers, and his quick feelings. I could hate the man who could help loving him — or the woman either.

II

In the passages touching upon Mark Twain, now to be copied from the journals, he is seen, not in Boston, but in Hartford. On the first of the two occasions recorded, Fields went alone to deliver a lecture in Hartford, and in answer to a post-card invitation, signed 'Mark,' stayed in the new house of the Clemenses. On the second occasion, three weeks later, Mrs. Fields accompanied him. After her husband's return from the first visit she wrote: —

April 6, 1876. — He found Mrs. Clemens quite ill. They had been in New York, where he had given four lectures, hoping to get money for Dr. Brown. He had never lectured there

[1] Probably *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar*.

before without making a great deal of money. This time he barely covered his expenses. He was very interesting and told J. the whole story of his life. They sat until midnight after the lecture, Mark drinking ale to make him sleepy. He says he can't sleep as other people do; his kind of sleep is the only sort for him — three or four hours of good solid comfort — more than that makes him ill; he can't afford to sleep all his thoughts away.

He described the hunger of his childhood for books, how the *Fortunes of Nigel* was one of the first stories which came to him while he was learning to be a pilot on a Mississippi boat. He hid himself with it behind a barrel, where he was found by the Master, who read him a lecture upon the ruinous effects of reading. 'I 've seen it over and over agin,' he said. 'You need n't tell me anythin' about it; if ye're going to be a pilot on this river, yer need n't ever think of reading, for it just spiles all. Yer can't remember how high the tides was in Can's Gut three trips before the last now, I 'll wager.' — 'Why no,' said Mark, 'that was six months ago.' — 'I don't care if 't was,' said the man. 'If you had n't been spiling yer mind by readin', ye 'd have remembered.' So he was never allowed to read any more after that. 'And now,' says Mark, 'not being able to have it when I was hungry for it, I can only read the Encyclopedia nowadays.' Which is not true — he reads everything.

The story of his courtship and marriage, too, was very strange and interesting. A portion of this has, however, leaked into the daily papers, so I will not repeat it here. One point interested me very much, however, as showing the strength of character and rightness of vision in the man. He said he had not been married many months when his wife's father came to him one evening and said, 'My son, would n't you like to go to Europe with your wife?' — 'Why, yes, sir,' he said, 'if I could afford it.' — 'Well then,' said he, 'if you will leave off smoking and drinking ale, you shall have ten thousand dollars this next year and go to Europe beside.' — 'Thank you, sir,' said Mark, 'this is very good of you, and I appreciate it, but I can't sell myself. I will do anything I can for you or any of your family, but I can't sell myself.' The result was, said Mark, 'I never smoked a cigar all that year nor drank a glass of ale; but when the next year came, I found I must write a book, and when I sat down to write I found it was n't worth anything. I must have a cigar to steady my nerves. I began to smoke, and I wrote my book; but then I could n't sleep and I had to drink ale to go to sleep. Now if I had sold myself, I could n't have written my book, or I could n't have gone to sleep, but now everything works perfectly well.'

He and his wife have wretched health, poor things! And in spite of their beautiful home must often have rather a hard time. He is very eccentric, disturbed by every noise, and it cannot be altogether easy to have care of such a man. It is a very loving household, though Mrs. Clemens's mother, Mrs. Langdon, hardly knows what to make of him sometimes, it is quite evident.

Thursday, April 27, 1876. — We lunched, and at 3 P.M. were *en route* for Hartford. I slept and read Mr. Tom Appleton's journal on the Nile, and looked out at the sunset and the torches of spring in the hollows, each in turn, doing more sleeping than either of the others, I fear, because I seem, for some unexplained reason, to be tired, as Mrs. Hawthorne used to say, far into the future. By giving up to it, however, I felt quite fresh when we arrived, at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Clemens's (Mark Twain's) carriage waiting for us, to

take us to the hall where he was to perform, for the second night in succession, Peter Spyle in the *Loan of a Lover*. It is a pretty play, and the girl's part, Gertrude, was well done by Miss Helen Smith; but Mr. Clemens's part was a creation. I see no reason why, if he chose to adopt the profession of actor, he should not be as successful as Jefferson in whatever he might conclude to undertake. It is really amazing to see what a man of genius can do besides what is usually considered his legitimate sphere.

Afterward we went with Mr. Hammersley to the Club for a bit of supper — this I did not wish to do, but I was overruled of course by the decision of our host. We met at supper one of the clever actors who played in a little operetta called *The Artful Mendicants*. It was after twelve o'clock when we finally reached Mr. Clemens's house. He believed his wife would have retired, as she is very delicate in health; but there she was, expecting us, with a pretty supper-table laid. When her husband discovered this, he fell down on his knees in mock desire for forgiveness. His mind was so full of the play, and with the poor figure he felt he had made in it, that he had entirely forgotten all her directions and injunctions. She is a very small, sweet-looking, simple, finished creature, charming in her ways and evidently deeply beloved by him.

The house is a brick villa, designed by one of the first New York architects, standing in a lovely lawn, which slopes down to a small stream or river at the side. In this spring season the blackbirds are busy in the trees and the air is sweet and vocal. Inside there is great luxury. Especially I delight in a lovely conservatory opening out of the drawing-room.

Although we had already eaten supper, the gentlemen took a glass of lager beer to keep Mrs. Clemens company while she ate a bit of bread after her long anxiety and waiting. Meantime Mr. Clemens talked. The quiet earnest manner of his speech would be impossible to reproduce, but there is a drawl in his tone peculiar to himself. Also he is much interested in actors and the art of acting just now, and seriously talks of going to Boston next week to the début of Anna Dickinson.

We were a tired company and went soon to bed and to sleep. I slept late, but I found Mr. Clemens had been re-reading Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* in bed early, and revolving subjects for his Autobiography. Their two beautiful baby girls came to pass an hour with us after breakfast — exquisite, affectionate children, the very fountain of joy to their interesting parents. . . .

Returning to lunch, I found our host and hostess and eldest little girl in the drawing-room. We fell into talk of the mishaps of the stage and the disadvantage of an amateur under such circumstances. 'For instance, on the first night of our little play,' said Mr. Clemens, 'the trousers of one of the actors suddenly gave way entirely behind, which was very distressing to him, though we did not observe it at all.'

I want to stop here to give a little idea of the appearance of our host. He is forty years old, with some color in his cheeks and a heavy light-colored moustache, and overhanging light eyebrows. His eyes are gray and piercing, yet soft, and his whole face expresses great sensitiveness. He is exquisitely neat also, though careless, and his hands are small, not without delicacy. He is a small man, but his mass of hair seems the one rugged-looking thing about him. I thought in the play last night that it was a wig.

To return to our lunch table — he proceeded to speak of his Autobiogra-

phy, which he intends to write as fully and simply as possible, to leave behind him. His wife laughingly said she should look it over and leave out objectionable passages. 'No,' he said, very earnestly, almost sternly, '*you* are not to edit it — it is to appear as it is written, with the whole tale told as truly as I can tell it. I shall take out passages from it, and publish as I go along in the *Atlantic* and elsewhere, but I shall not limit myself as to space, and at whatever age I am writing about, even if I am an infant, and an idea comes to me about myself when I am forty, I shall put that in. Every man feels that his experience is unlike that of anybody else, and therefore he should write it down. He finds also that everybody else has thought and felt on some points precisely as he has done, and therefore he should write it down.'

The talk naturally branched to education, and thence to the country. He has lost all faith in our government. This wicked ungodly suffrage, he said, where the vote of a man who knew nothing was as good as the vote of a man of education and industry; this endeavor to equalize what God had made unequal was a wrong and a shame. He only hoped to live long enough to see such a wrong and such a government overthrown. Last summer he wrote an article for the *Atlantic*, printed without any signature, proposing the only solution of such evil of which he could conceive. 'It is too late now,' he continued, 'to restrict the suffrage; we must increase it — for this let us give every university man, let us say, ten votes, and every man with common-school education two votes, and a man of superior power and position a hundred votes, if we choose. This is the only way I see to get out of the false position into which we have fallen.'

At five, the hour appointed for dinner, I returned to the drawing-room, where our host lay at full length on the floor, with his head on cushions in the bay-window, reading, and taking what he called 'delicious comfort.' Mrs. Perkins came in to dinner, and we had a cosy good time. Mr. Clemens described the preaching of a Western clergyman, a great favorite, with the smallest possible allowance of idea to the largest possible amount of words. It was so truthfully and vividly portrayed that we all concluded, perhaps, since the man was in such earnest, he moved his audience more than if he had troubled them with too many ideas. This truthfulness of Mr. Clemens, which will hardly allow him to portray anything in a way to make out a case by exaggerating or distorting a truth, is a wondrous and noble quality. This makes art and makes life, and will continue to make him a daily increasing power among us.

He is so unhappy and discontented with our government that he says he is not conscious of the least emotion of patriotism in himself. He is overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and wishes he were not an American. He thinks seriously of going to England to live, for a while, at least; and I think it not unlikely he may discover away from home a love of his country which is still waiting to be unfolded. I believe hope must dawn for us, that so much earnest endeavor of our statesmen and patriots cannot come to naught; and perhaps the very idea he has dropped, never believing that it can bring forth fruit, will be adopted in the end for our salvation. Certainly women's suffrage and such a change as he proposes should be tried. . . .

It is most curious and interesting to watch this growing man of forty — to see how he studies and how high his aims are. His conversation is always earnest and careful though full of fun. . . .

We sat talking, chiefly we women, after dinner, and looking at the sunset. Mr. Clemens lay down with a book and 'J' went to look over his lecture. I did not go to lecture, but after all were gone, I scribbled away at these pages and nearly finished Mr. Appleton's *Nile Journal.* They returned rather late; it was after ten. . . .

Saturday morning. — Dear J. was up early and out in the beautiful sunshine. I read and scribbled until breakfast at half-past nine. It was a lovely morning, and I had already ventured out of my window and round the house, to hear the birds sing and see the face of spring, before the hour came for breakfast. When I did go to the drawing-room, however, I found Mr. Clemens alone. He greeted me apparently as cheerfully as ever, and it was not until some moments had passed that he told me they had a very sick child upstairs. From that instant I saw, especially after his wife came in, that they could think of nothing else. They were half-distracted with anxiety. Their messenger could not find the doctor, which made matters worse. However, the little girl did not really seem very sick, so I could not help thinking they were unnecessarily excited. The effect on them, however, was just as bad as if the child were really very ill.

The messenger was hardly despatched the second time before Jamie and Mr. Clemens began to talk of our getting away in the next train, whereat he (Mr. C.) said to his wife, 'Why did n't you tell me of that?' etc., etc. It was all over in a moment, but in his excitement he spoke more quickly than he knew, and his wife felt it. Nothing was said at the time, indeed we hardly observed it; but we were intensely amused and could not help finding it pathetic, too, afterward, when he came to us and said he spent the larger part of his life on his knees making apologies, and now he had got to make an apology to us about the carriage. He was always bringing the blood to his wife's face by his bad behavior, and here this very morning he had said such things about that carriage! His whole life was one long apology. His wife had told him to see how well we behaved (poor we!), and he knew he had everything to learn.

He was so amusing about it that he left us in a storm of laughter, yet at bottom I could see it was no laughing matter to him. He is in dead earnest, with a desire for growth and truth in life, and with such a sincere admiration for his wife's sweetness and beauty of character, that the most prejudiced and hardest heart could not fail to fall in love with him. She looked like an exquisite lily as we left her. So white and delicate and tender! Such sensitiveness and self-control as she possesses are very very rare.

May Day. — Jamie recalled one or two things 'Mark Twain' had said which I have omitted. When he lectured a few weeks ago in New York, he said he had just reached the middle of his lecture, and was going on with flying colors, when he saw in the audience just in front of him a noble gray head and beard. 'Nobody told me that William Cullen Bryant was there, but I had seen his picture and I knew that was the old man. I was sure he saw the failure I was making, and all the weak points in what I was saying, and I could n't do anything more — that old man just spoiled my work. Then they told me afterward that my lecture was good and all that; I could only say, "No, no, that fine old head spoiled all I had to say *that* night."'

VÆ VICTORIBUS: A LESSON TO CONQUERORS

BY IVAN OSTROSHKI

I

After kissing me, she said, —

'Oh, how glad to see you again. Do you know me, or have you forgotten me? I have changed so — disfigured as I am by sorrow, hunger, and all the sufferings inflicted by the enemy.'

'Stoja, certainly I know you,' I answered.

'My dear, sweet Iko, I came to complain to you. Until to-day I managed somehow or other; but now I and my children are facing the end — we shall die like dogs of horrible hunger.'

'What's that you say! If your children are so in need, go tell my mother to give you two or three pounds of flour; as you know, I brought a little grain from Pec.'

'No, dear Iko; indeed, your mother and I divided the last bit of bread and flour without your orders.'

'And what of your husband?'

'Don't you remember? Did you hear?'

'Oh, of course — I did. He lies dead at Stit.'

'Yes, he is at Stit with his comrades, and I beg of you to help me,' said Stoja, her eyes filled with tears.

'My dear, don't weep. Only tell me why you ask sight of a blind man. Don't you realize my position? If the Austro-Hungarian army of occupation knew that I had fled from their prison-camp, they would tear me to pieces with their bayonets like a loaf of bread! But at any rate, tell me of your misery and what I can do for you.'

'You remember it was long ago that our ever-proud Montenegro capitulated, and that King Nicholas fled to Italy. During those unforgetably dark days, the Austro-Hungarian troops entered our small and beloved country. They did not harm us women, nor the children and old men, but they robbed us of everything we had — animals, hay, grain, straw, and potatoes. For only one of all the animals they took did the Austrians give me a certificate. With this little paper I went several times to K——, where the military treasury is, trying to receive something for it in order to save my children. Again and again I went to K——, but again and again they did n't pay me. Until to-day we have eaten food fit for animals, but we can't exist on it any longer. Look at this false bill, and if you can't help me — kill me!'

'Is the enemy's military treasury still at K——?' I inquired.

'Of course it is there, and they pay all bills of value— all, that is, of which the *Zettel*[1] is good.'

As I looked at the bill, written perhaps by a drunken Boche, an idea flashed through my head. Why had I studied German for more than eight years? Against brute force I should have to use deceit. I looked again and again at the bill, first on one side, then on the other. It was very small, about the size of a cigarette paper. One had written upon it in German, with a pen-

[1] Certificate of requisition.

cil, and God only knows what it was! I could just make out the name of the troop and a very indistinct signature, perhaps that of a common soldier or corporal of the Austro-Hungarian army. There was no seal at all. After turning it over once more, looking at it and thinking, I finally made a decision. I copied the little bill — *Quittung* — on a larger paper. On this paper I wrote distinctly in German that one ox had been requisitioned. I signed it with a signature resembling the original as much as I could possibly make it do so. Besides that, I put the name of the regiment which took the ox, and also the name of the soldier, drunk and ruthless, perhaps, who gave this Quittung to Stoja. The name of the regiment was K. u. K. 21 Jäger Batallion Kommande. I wrote the copy with a well-disguised handwriting. When I had finished the copy, I held it over some smoke for a moment, crumpled it, and tore it a bit, in order that it might appear old enough to have been written when the Austro-Hungarian army was in the village.

I thought that I myself would go to K——. The question was, how, in my position? If they should find me out, what would happen to me? Nothing less than death on the gallows, at the same place where they hung Vlajko Veshovitch, a student of law and a brother of Radomir Veshovitch, Montenegrin Minister of War.

II

Disguised in rags rather than in a suit, and followed by Stoja's elder son, Milun, I started early the next day for K——. When we entered the town, what a feeling was ours — what great sorrow! In that little town of the mountains there was dying away completely the pride and cheerfulness of the days before the war. The whole town and its surroundings were redolent of tyranny, of humbleness. In all the streets there were machine guns, cannon, and strong bodies of troops with bayonets. What a sickening feeling to see that they were enemies! The pale faces of the Montenegrins gazed at the barbarian forces, while three fourths of the shops in town were shut up. I asked where the military treasury was, and they told me. The house in which it was, was surrounded by a strong guard under full arms.

The day we reached K——, there was no payment. The payment was going to take place the next afternoon. I had a day in which to see several of the Quittungen of these people who also came for payment. Among these Quittungen and Zettel there were a great many which were issued in exactly the same way, with actual valuation of the animals or goods which had been taken; but on half or two thirds of them the appraisals were very much undervalued. What a lot of papers they were! What writing there was on them! In how many different languages they were issued! They can best be characterized by the motto of a Gallic duke, 'Væ victis!' What was written on these Quittungen in Hungarian, Rumanian, and other languages, I do not know, but on those that were written in German, I read the following: —

'What we took will be paid for by King Peter and King Nicholas.' — 'Serbia is a little country, but it is the promised land. In passing through, we found plenty of wine, whisky, beer, chickens, and especially — ah! — sweet and charming ladies.' — 'The women of Montenegro are so tall and charming, but they are wild as tigers, and they flee from us soldiers of the Emperor as if we were beasts. But our bayonets will compel them to be obedient, and the women of Montenegro will very soon be as tame as rabbits.' — 'How foolish is Serbia! If she would only

wage war with wine, whisky, beer, and fat swine, I am sure she would conquer the entire world!' — 'Ha! Ha! How many sublime nights I have spent roasting chickens and sleeping among the barrels of wine and whisky twenty-three years old!' — 'What we took we won't pay for because we took it by force.' — 'In Serbia we triumphed and had everything, but here in Montenegro we have nothing to eat, and it seems as if we must all starve. However, it is better that you starve since we are the conquerors and you are the conquered.'

And how many examples of these and similar papers there were! They surprised me not a little, because all the Germans of Austria-Hungary whom I had known before the war were very peace-loving and kind-hearted, much different from the people of Prussia. When I read those odious and sarcastic writings on the Quittungen, I was wondering whether the most horrible punishments would be bad enough for these human animals; whether there was no possibility of avenging this barbarism of a 'civilized' century. Surely the end would justify the means! Not a tooth for a tooth, but thirteen for one! I said to myself, 'Until to-day I have neither been a liar nor a forger, nor have I been without character wherever virtue was demanded by a sane conception of life and the judgment of conscience. But here and to-day, should I be virtuous before these beasts? I must do what I can to seek vengeance for this brutality, or die in the attempt!'

After further meditation, I took a large piece of paper and upon it I made out a Zettel. I wrote the name of another village; I wrote that one horse had been requisitioned. Since, in undertaking this business, ninety-nine per cent of my life was already hanging on the gallows, it was very difficult to make a decision, and therefore I prayed with fervor to God to help me. As I have mentioned several times, I never was godless, but I had always avoided all obscure and mysterious superstitions which had sprung up in our religion.

In life, and in all religious dogma, I tried to follow a clear path, which was in conformity with a reasonable conception of our existence. But now, undertaking this very dangerous enterprise, when even the rugged mountains of Montenegro shivered at the heartless atrocities of the enemy, and when I was going to die with the direction of my mother and the voice of righteousness, I said very quietly: 'O God, help me now; I am undertaking a most righteous task in the darkest time of human existence.'

After I had prayed and asked the help of God; after the Zettel had been written, except for the signature of the treasurer, I was wondering what name to use for the latter. Finally I chose the name of Gottlieb, which in translation means 'beloved of God.' On this Zettel I put the same heading as that which was on Stoja's Quittung — 'K. u. K. 21 Jäger Batallion Kommande.'

After I had written the Zettel in a small inn, I soiled it and crumpled it between my palms, so that it would not look as if it had been done recently. After everything seemed all right, I decided to do this: the next day, at the time of payment, I would first give to the treasurer Stoja's real Quittung, and mine, which was false, I would hold in my pocket. Then, when I had given up Stoja's true Quittung, I would watch very carefully to see whether it was verified by means of a treasurer's duplicate. If there was no verification, and if Stoja's Quittung was paid, I would say to myself, 'Oh, woe to you, aristocratic and fat treasury of the Emperor; for with my lean plebeian hands I will draw my Zettel from my pocket and put it before the treasurer!'

III

The next day, at about half-past two, the payment began. We entered the door through several lines of soldiers with bayonets. And then, what a wonder! Many of the not altogether authentic Quittungen were paid. I inquired of one woman, among those who had already received money, if there were any questions about duplicates of the Quittengen. She said that they just looked over them, wrote something upon them, and then green paper money emerged like water from a very big chest of money.

My turn came to enter. I did so. In the treasury office I saw the two Austro-Hungarian officers, one of whom was the Oberstleutnant. How fat that Oberstleutnant was. It seemed that half of the treasury office was filled by his body. He could not speak the Serbian; but the other officer, a first lieutenant, did. The Oberstleutnant was sitting at the table, upon which rested a huge chest with the money; while to his left stood the lieutenant.

Upon entering the office, I approached the Oberstleutnant, proffering him Stoja's Quittung. At the same time my eyes wandered to the chest filled with money. The Oberstleutnant, leaning back in his chair, took the Quittung and glanced at it cursorily. After a moment of uninterested inspection, he turned it and scrawled on the back, '*Bezahlt*' — paid. He handed it to the lieutenant, who began counting out the money. When I saw the success of Stoja's Quittung, I immediately drew from my pocket my Zettel, and handed it to him without hesitation. This was treated in similar fashion and as before was marked, Bezahlt.

The lieutenant looked me over from head to foot, then, stretching out the money for both Quittung and Zettel, said, 'Here is the money for the one bill, and this is for the other. Don't mix it. Is n't there anyone better to come for the money than you? What sort of a lout are you?'

Slowly, and in a humble and frightened voice, I answered: 'No, no, there is no one better than I, most honored gentleman.'

And all the while I was thinking: 'But if you knew who I am! With the assistance of your military treasury, there will not be a better man in Montenegro nor all Austria-Hungary, nor in the whole world, yes, in spite of your thousands of bayonets!'

I picked up the money and hurried from the treasury office. Outside I found Milun and gave him his share — one hundred and seventy crowns. Before leaving K——, I made some purchases for my mother and brothers, and also secured some tobacco for the old men of the neighborhood.

Not being able to enter my own home, I called for my mother to meet me. At that meeting I gave her the things I had bought for her; among them a big new mirror. Unable to account for their presence, she began to accuse me.

'Dear, you must return this all to Stoja. Is it fair to take advantage of her and take her money and rob her?'

For answer I embraced her and drew her head close to me, so that our two faces were visible in the mirror.

'My dearest mother,' I said, 'you did not bear a sack of straw, but a son, strong and a man, as a son should be. You have borne me, who come from prison-camp to save you and Stoja and the children. This mirror I shall not take to Stoja; it must remain forever in our home; for with this new mirror comes new happiness. See, here is money.' And, kissing her several times, I pressed into her hand half of the money still left to me.

The recital of my story followed, and she pledged to keep it secret. For,

should the enemy suspect, our home and all our possessions would perish in flames.

When my mother comprehended the full result of my successful expedition, she fell upon my neck with kisses.

'As a child,' she said, 'you were so restless, your father would have cast you out had it not been for me. But I knew that you would grow to be my strength. Then I called you my lost hope, but now I will call you my found hope and savior. So long as you help the needy, God will help you; beloved, when I am gone, do not cease from bringing help to poverty.'

Not yet realizing the grimness of realities, nor suspecting that which was to happen later, I pondered whether my two paid bills, the Quittung and the Zettel, would be sufficient, with the relief which they had enabled me to effect. But what foolishness! To stop — No, never! I was satisfied with a modest life. I never thought to worship before materialism. My God was never Almighty Gold. Long ago I set my estimate on life; my wishes for wealth had been, and ever would remain, below the *aureum medium*.

But in something else I recognized no moderation. Where the voice of my conscience called me to fitting revenge, I found no modesty. In my lust for vengeance I was ruled less by reason than by my desire for just retaliation. I was ruthless and reckless of my life. What! Should I remain passive in the stormy times in which I lived? Should I not attack and damage as much as possible the military treasure of the enemy, whose troops with their odious levies so oppressed the poor? Should I feel mercy toward an enemy whose tyranny was crushing my countrymen beneath it? Never! My duty called me, my inner God cried out to me, 'Ivan, Ivan! Forward, forward, retaliation, retaliation, and that only!'

IV

We stayed with the cattle that summer, in a spreading mountain wood of beech and evergreens. There I continued my forgeries. During my first visit to K—— with Milun, I had discovered that horses, swine, and oxen received the highest appraisal. Therefore, my Quittungen and Zettel were written for such beasts, supposedly taken in requisition.

When a large number of these bills had been prepared, I revised them carefully, to make sure of the genuineness of their appearance. From time to time I dispatched trusted friends to turn them into money. Thousands of crowns were obtained in this way, which I distributed among the band of comrades in arms who had joined themselves to me, and among the poor of my district.

With some of the money, my mother and younger brothers traveled to Berane, and there purchased cattle from the Turks and Albanians. To quiet the inquiries as to the source of this money, my mother professed to be spending the money which I had brought with me from Serbia. But with the continued purchases of cattle, rumors began to accumulate. It began to be suspected that my mother and brothers were spies in the pay of the Austro-Hungarian armies of occupation.

With the spread of these voices, I began to contemplate hiding my mother and brothers in one of the rocky gorges, and falling upon the enemy with my guards in a surprise attack, as a pledge of my loyalty to my countrymen and a vindication of my family's name. The thought of the severe punishment which would be meted out to my district, as well as to all of Montenegro, restrained me. It would be as when the Montenegrin Minister of War had killed the Austrian officer, and escaped by leaping from his horse amid

the bayonets of two companies of the enemy, of which I spoke before. So I decided to keep quiet and pursue my business as in quiet times.

How happy my little brothers had become since they had enough to eat! One of them, eight-year-old Milich, I found had named one of the calves of the purchased cows, 'Zettel.' Upon my inquiring the reason for this strange name, he told me that mother had said I was raising money on Zettel, and in honor of this he had christened the calf Zettel. I forbade him to mention the word again, and reproached mother for her indiscretion, lest information reach the enemy. In such case punishment would fall swiftly.

For myself I feared little. With my arms and guards I was safe in my distant retreats. My companions called me the 'Emperor of the Mountains,' and I felt superior to the German Emperor William or the Austro-Hungarian Charles. For my guards were tried and the bravest fighters, my court and palace were the rugged forests and mountains. And with my Zettel and Quittungen, I was better paid per day than the rulers who fought against my country. Some days I was rewarded with from three to five thousand Austro-Hungarian crowns.

V

One day I was informed by my messengers that funds were running low in the treasury. However, money was brought in from Vienna and Budapest and I renewed my old business. At last came bad news. It was announced that no longer would Quittungen and Zettel be honored, unless they bore the seal of the Austro-Hungarian officers who had ordered the requisitions.

In spite of the information, I continued to send messenger after messenger for money, but with the same result; there was to be no money without sealed Quittungen. Bills without such seals would be honored only when verified by the local Montenegrin authorities, and the commander of the troops where such requisitions had been made.

In the face of this unpleasant news I bethought me what I should do next. My operations had brought relief to countless inhabitants of the vicinity. I must continue with my Quittungen and Zettel, but how? The verification of the Montenegrin authorities I might obtain somehow, but what of the signature of the Austro-Hungarian officers?

What was to be done? I asked myself again and again. I was in desperation at the sight of families dying from hunger about me. But to ravage and plunder private property — rather death than that. Not so with the money designed to be spent upon grenades and machine guns and the engines to exterminate human existence. Why should I not seize and employ that?

Long meditation brings solution. I sent one of my guards, disguised, to purchase a large piece of rubber. Of this I fashioned a magnificent seal, more formidable than the seals of the Austro-Hungarian officials or even of the Emperor Charles himself. Upon it I engraved the following: 'K. u. K. Proviantur Abteilung N. 15,'[1] in such manner that the 15 might have been mistaken for 15, 17, or 14.

When the seal was ready, I wrote many Quittungen and Zettel, dating them from the period when Austro-Hungarian troops had entered Montenegro. Also I increased the amounts to be paid; for now, for some time, that ignorant and impolite official of the treasury had refused me payment. I did not doubt the effectiveness of my seal; but, to be more certain, I signed my claims with the names of various

[1] Imperial and Royal Commissary Corps No. 15.

majors or colonels, suiting the rank to the size of the amount to be collected, and making sure to make use of enough different handwritings.

Choosing to make the requisition from an Albanian rather than from a Montenegrin, I sealed it and wrote the signature of Heinrich Stein, Colonel.

When I had written a number of these certificates, I sent my guards to K—— with them, to obtain payment. They demurred, however, one of them saying, 'If we go again with false certificates, our lives will be in danger. If you order us to go to K—— again, we are ready, but we go only with grenades and bayonets.'

I decided to go myself. What underling of the treasury would dare refuse to honor so imposing a seal and the signature of the colonel, Heinrich Stein? Before setting out for K——, I exchanged my Montenegrin garb for the dress of an Albanian. My face and hands I smeared with dirt, to the extent that one might believe that even the ocean had dried up.

I had reached K—— and was approaching the treasury office, when a Dalmatian, in the uniform of an Austro-Hungarian soldier, stopped me with an angry shout.

'What, you here again!'

'What do you say?' I asked him mildly.

'I suppose you do not remember that you were here long ago, to collect on your requisition,' he answered.

I expostulated. 'My goodness, what is the matter with you! I am here today for the first time in my life. You know, sir, Montenegrins hate us Albanians, and I never could come here before; they would have killed me. Now, thanks be to God, since you, our mighty ally, are here, I come to pay some bills.' This in a polite and soft voice.

My questioner persisted.

'No, no. You came since we have been here.'

'I swear in the name of Allah, I never was here before.'

'You lie, you Albanian swine! I know you were here before, and as dirty as now. What you Albanians need is some of those Montenegrins to teach you with a whip and to make decent men out of dirty animals and bandits. We shall be leaving here soon, and then they will come and give you the lessons you deserve.'

'What do you say?' I returned. 'Do you not know that we Albanians are allied with your peoples. If you say again that the Montenegrins will rule here again, I shall tell that to your pasha and you will have deserved lessons from him.'

With this parting fling, I attempted to push past him and ascend to the office; but found his bayonet pressed against my breast.

'Only try to enter,' he said grimly. 'If you try to go up, this bayonet is faster. Back, Albanian swine!'

I gave up the attempt to enter, but was well pleased with the success of my disguise. I felt confident of his ignorance of my nationality. The soldier, who was a Dalmatian, perhaps a Croat or Serb, I perceived was entirely in sympathy with his own people, although in the service of the enemy. I discovered later that many such Dalmatian soldiers paid with their lives for their sympathies with their Serbian countrymen.

VI

The payment began the same day. Among others I entered the treasury office again, passing between many files of soldiers with bayonets, as when I had come with Milun. In the treasury office were several officers in military uniform, some seated and others standing about, talking and smoking.

None of the former officers were present, but I noticed among them one in the uniform of a German officer. With the innate military pride of the Prussian soldier, he was sitting in a large chair, with his spiked helmet cocked on his head, his sword lying across his knees, and his legs crossed. The officers spoke some Hungarian, but mostly German.

As we entered, several of them looked at me, and soon the eyes of all of them were turned upon me, while they remarked to one another how 'pure' and 'clean' I was. Some of them began examining our bills and Quittungen, of which some bore seals and some did not. Finding several bills *minus* seals in his hands, one major leaped from his chair like an outraged cock, clutching his long hair with his fingers and crying, '*Schrecklich! schrecklich!*' — Horrible! horrible!

The major then went from one to another of us, looking at our bills. When he came to me, I bowed to him, according to the Turkish custom, while everyone in the treasury office burst into laughter, even the major, who such a short time ago had been so angry over the bad bills the Austro-Hungarian and German army officers had given to the poor people. When all the bills had been seen, he rang a bell. A sergeant entered. He was ordered to call at once the mayor of the K—— commune.

Until the arrival of the mayor, the major separated two of us from the seven who had entered the treasury office together. These two were an old Montenegrin and myself, 'a dirty Albanian shepherd,' as one of the officers had remarked when I entered the office. We were taken apart because our bills were all right and sealed, especially mine, with the most excellent of seals.

'You two wait here,' said the major, 'and you five take yourselves off.'

The mayor arrived, and the major addressed him through the same interpreter he had employed with us, — a young cadet, — for the mayor could not understand German.

'Why is it, sir,' he demanded, 'that this eastern part of Montenegro has taken more funds for requisitions than all the rest of the country put together? We have made horrible expenditures, and there are always so many bills without seals. If we continue to pay as we have been doing, we who do the paying may soon find ourselves on the gallows. According to some bills, if they were properly sealed, I don't know how many oxen, horses, and swine were requisitioned. Is it true that this eastern part of Montenegro possessed such a huge number of animals?'

'Sir,' replied the mayor, 'it is no wonder the requisitions were so large from this part of Montenegro. This was the richest section in many kinds of cattle, not only in the Balkans, but perhaps in the whole world.'

As the major mentioned the vast requisitions of oxen, horses, and swine, and the unsealed bills, I thought to myself: 'My major, do not be so angry; I am that wealthy man who collected so much on unsealed bills, and I am also the man who shall again collect with sealed bills. Not only that but I am the man who made those seals.' Thus thought I, and I longed to say it.

Having obtained this information about the wealth of the land from the mayor, the major was silent for a time. Finally, he took my bills and those of the old man. Then he went out upon the balcony and began addressing the people below in German, while the cadet translated his words into Serbian.

'Pay attention, people! This command has announced several times that no bills of requisition shall be paid unless bearing seals like these.' (Here he showed our bills.) 'Those who do not have sealed bills, like those of this old

Montenegrin and this Albanian, may go back home. There have them certified by our officers and your mayor, and when they are properly made out, come back again and they will be paid.'

There was a sound of assent from the crowd, and those not having sealed bills began to depart.

We again entered the office, with the eyes of the officers bent upon me, and their comments relating to my cleanliness ringing in my ears. I feigned not to understand. The excitable major, now smilingly asked me through the interpreter if I still had anything at home. I replied to the major, in a dialect no Albanian either living or dead could ever have understood. Indeed, I I did not understand myself, but I was convinced that none of the officers understood Albanian, and it was necessary that I make them believe that I was of that nationality. As I spoke, the cadet's face became red and he burst into laughter again. The question was repeated, and I was asked if I understood the Serbian language. I bowed once more to the major and said, —

'O happy pasha, may our Allah and your God both reward you with life, health, and full happiness. When you are happy, so am I, for we are both allies.'

'Have you not enough water in Albania?' inquired the major, 'or are the mountains and rocks dried out?'

'Of course, happy pasha,' I responded, 'there is sufficient water.'

'How many times are you Albanian people in the habit of bathing, and do you ever wash your face?'

'Our wives, O blessed pasha, bathe very often, but we poor men have no time for bathing, for we must work very hard.'

'Perhaps you take a bath every tenth year?'

'Oh, no, happy and blessed one! Once every Ramazan.'

'And what is a Ramazan?'

'Our holy day, which comes once a year.'

'Then you bathe once a year, do you?'

'Oh, but sometimes we bathe twice a year; only that does not happen very often. You know, happy pasha, I hate the people of Montenegro and Serbia. Will you give me two or three cannon, so I can kill them?'

'Oh, no, no, we can't give you cannon. But we will give you money on your bill to buy — I mean to marry as many wives as you like.'

My remarks had elicited no small amount of mirth from the listening officers. Now they put my money in an envelope and, giving it to me, cautioned me to be careful not to lose it and to beware of Montenegrin *komita*. Before leaving the treasury, I again made a very respectful bow, holding my hands to my breast like a real Turk or Albanian of Mohammedan faith; and, after the bow, drew nearer to the major, as if to kiss his hands or the hem of his coat.

Puzzled, the major asked the cadet what I wished. The cadet repeated the question, and when I had made known my intention, there was a new round of laughter. I did not succeed in kissing the major's hand, but I did carry away from him nearly four thousand crowns that day, and left them all happy enough. And why not? In their blindness they had been very kind and generous to me.

When I reached my 'court and palaces' again, my faithful guards welcomed me joyously. 'No one leads the Imperial and Royal officers of the Austro-Hungarian army around by the nose as our Iko,' cried one of them.

As before, party after party went again and brought money. But after a while I was informed by one of my 'valets' that the treasury had been transferred from K—— to Podgorica.

PREACHING IN NEW YORK

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

[The kindness with which the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* received a few pages from a diary of Preaching in London, has encouraged the writer to hope that they may be willing to share some of his impressions and experiences of New York, of which Americans know almost as little as they know of London. Returning from the City Temple in November, 1919, he began his work as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, on the first Sunday in December; and the following diary, taking up the tale where the London diary left off, covers two years, made the more interesting by the new, strange, and almost terrifying America which he discovered on his return.

The New York of to-day is unique, peculiar, puzzling, — bewildering even to its own people, — incredibly provincial for all its cosmopolitanism; no longer the 'Little Old New York,' when Delmonico's was on Broadway, and Tiffany's looked out on the fountains in Union Square, and a Daly first-night was like a large family party. It is a vast, far-spreading human encampment of many races; a gigantic medley of wealth and want, of palaces of pleasure and hovels of poverty; an apocalypse of America at its brilliant best and worst; at once a problem, a prophecy, and a challenge.

No doubt old New Yorkers will smile at more than one entry in this diary; but they must remember that the writer had not known our chief city before, save as a tourist and casual visitor, and that is hardly to know it at all. These impressions, observations, and reflections, such as they are, may have a certain interest, if not as interpretations, at least as a series of pictures of men and women and things.]

November 14, 1919. — Farewell, England! How lovely it looked to-day, as we rode down from London to Southampton — like a huge park, neat and well-kept; its red brick houses half-hidden by vines; a soft haze hanging over the scene, like the mist of temperament in the hearts of its people. What a wonderful people! From the battle of the Somme, well-nigh four years gone by, until to-day, I have walked with them in the Valley of Shadow; and I know of what fibre they are made. I have seen the soul of England, — quiet, heroic, incredibly courageous, unconquerably cheery, its valor brightest when the day was darkest, — and to the end of my days I shall walk more reverently because of that vision. Shadows still hang over this lovely land, like frayed clouds after a storm; but they will lift and melt away, and the story of those bitter years will become a part of the sad annals of the world. Pray God this Island Home, so beloved by a might race, may never again be wreathed by clouds of war!

November 16. — What shall we do, and how can we do it? In Russia they have turned the world upside down, and the stokers are on top. But revolution never rises above the spiritual level of those who make it. Tolstoy thought that all of us ought to take our turn at stoking; and there may be something in the idea, though his example came to little. Carlyle was sure that humanity must at last stumble across the line between Nonsense and Common Sense. But common sense is not enough. We live in a common-sense world, and it looks like a Devil's Kitchen. Something

more divine, more daring, than common sense is needed, if we are to have common sense. Jesus was right, and all the facts confirm his vision: Brotherhood is the fourth dimension! So one dreams, sailing on a gray, fluffy sea from the land of day before yesterday to the land of the day after to-morrow!

November 20. — The news is that the Senate has rejected the Treaty of Peace. No wonder; it is a monstrosity — a league of idealism and a treaty of imperialism, each making the other null. Alas, one fears that the Senate rejected the idealism more emphatically than it did the imperialism. One is not surprised that Mark Twain wanted to meet the Devil, 'if only to see a person who for untold centuries has been the spiritual head of four fifths of the human race and political head of the whole of it, and must have executive ability of the highest order.' At Paris he acted as president of 'the heaven-and-hell amalgamation society,' and his feat was nothing short of a masterpiece.

It reminds one of Joseph Parker and his famous sermon on 'God and the Experts.' When he told a group of young ministers what was to be the subject of his sermon, he dared them to guess what his text would be. They tried valiantly, but failed. Nor did they find out until he mounted the high pulpit and announced the words, 'The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.' Then, after a dramatic pause, he thundered: 'The *builders!* The men who know all about stones!' Again, at Paris, the experts, — the statesmen who know all about states, and carry their pockets full of provinces, — having rejected the corner stone, have built a house that cannot stand.

What different views one hears in the hum of talk on board this miniature world. Most foreigners are puzzled, not knowing what to make of it all. Americans are depressed or elated, according to party. My British friends are irritatingly serene. Every one of them ought to be in an asylum for the hopelessly sane. They never lose their heads. Of course, they miss a lot of fun by not going crazy occasionally, as we do in America; but if they could be distributed over the earth in right proportion, they would keep the whole world from going mad.

November 23. — As we near America, all its history and legend throbs in my heart, vivid and thrilling, like a sweet habit of the blood. The very air is different, as if the spirit of home has run out to meet us on a lonely sea. Yet these years of tragedy have left in me a great veneration for the land whence our fathers came, and for its people. In America they are sure to be saying ugly things about England, as in England they said nasty things about America; and I shall be hurt both ways. It is plain that I am in for a hot time from now on, like a man torn between his wife and his mother, both of whom are adepts at snippy gossip.

November 24. — Slowly our good ship crept through the gray mists of a late autumn morning, passing Lady Liberty to whom a British friend took off his hat, saying that She ought to stand with her back to a land of Prohibition — ashamed! Then, dimly at first, we saw the wonderland of the city, rising sheer from the level of the water, half-fantastic in its airy lightness, like a range of fairy mountains — only the sky line was broken with more precision than in the wild architecture of nature. Above all towered a peak which might be Matterhorn, which they told Cardinal Mercier was the spire of the 'Church of St. Woolworth.' The Cardinal, it is said, looked dazed, not remembering any such Saint in the calendar, but ready for any new adventure

that might befall him in America. And so, home at last!

It is bewildering to pass quickly from Old London Town, with its time-stained buildings and its whity-brown atmosphere, into the brilliant streets of New York, with its newness, its youthfulness, its lucid sunlight in which everything stands out distinctly, and where the air is like champagne. Still more disconcerting is the difference in psychological climate. One is all repression, the other all expression. 'Hush! It is so rude, don't you know' — that is England. 'Hello! Hurrah! Where do we go from here?' — that is America, the land of talk, where people tell all they know and live with the blinds up. Meanwhile, the first letter I opened, from a great editor in the Middle West, was not very encouraging: —

Why stop in New York, if you object to living in a foreign city? It is a meaningless conglomeration of humanity, swept together from the ends of the earth; an unhealthy coating on a stone tongue in the mouth of the Hudson — a wart on the nose of civilization. Its architecture, like its confusion of tongues, has the Tower of Babel backed off the map. The Jews own it, the Irish run it, the Americans visit it in rubberneck wagons. It is bounded on the east by Blackwell's Island, on the south by Wall Street, on the west by Greenwich Village, on the north by Babe Ruth and the Polo Grounds. Its business is chasing the dollar, its diversion the leg-show, its political symbol a Tiger. When you land, buy a ticket to America!

November 30. — Went to hear Dr. Kelman, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he has just begun his ministry. It looked like a City Temple congregation, and I wondered if the preacher felt an atmosphere different from a Scottish church. He seemed restrained, as if hesitating to let himself go. I know the feeling. I had the same sense of strangeness the first six months at the City Temple, until one of the deacons said to me, with a smile, 'Quit that pussyfooting, like a cat in a strange garret.' Dr. Kelman begins his ministry in an evil hour of rancor and reaction; but he will win through, as much by the genuineness of his manhood, as by his genius as a preacher. The first Sunday he was here a little child was run over by a car near the John Hall Mission, and he was soon knocking at the door of that beshadowed home. Such things mean more than much eloquence. Someone called Dr. Kelman a preacher of 'the middle register'; it may be so, but he took our minds to church. There was no flowery emptiness, no pious pap. The sermon had the ring of reality, as of a man looking straight at the truth and telling it simply and vividly, in a style both noble and chaste, without sacrificing either candor or restraint. All the way through, I seemed to be listening to an old Greek who had seen Jesus in Galilee and Judea, and had journeyed to America by way of the land of Bunyan and Stevenson, of whom he has written with such fine interpretative insight. Long may he labor among us!

December 10. — There is something new in American life, which I feel everywhere but find it hard to understand — a wild, shuddering fear, half-hysterical in its panic. When I ask what it means, I am told that we have been sleeping over a volcano, and that it is a fifty-fifty chance of saving our institutions. What nonsense! Our people do not trust one another, and speak in a whisper. When I tell of the freedom of speech in England, I am assured that it will never do here. The melting-pot does not melt; and after fifty years of immigration we are still a heterogeneous people, with every European race and rancor represented. Free speech may be possible in England, my friends argue, where everybody knows every twist of the public mind; but it is differ-

ent when an Irish Catholic policeman has to listen to an atheist Russian Jew on a soap-box at the street corner. Yet I have seen a London 'Bobbie' keeping order in Hyde Park, while a Red Russian anarchist spoke his piece.

No, it is all wrong. No doubt there are undigested foreign groups in America, — chiefly in our cities, — but repression is a poor aid to digestion. If our people do not understand their new neighbors, it is high time they made their acquaintance. Wholesome fear is stimulating, but this paralyzing terror is absurd.

December 21. — To-day the Buford sailed, with two hundred and fifty alien radicals, deported on charge of being anarchists; one of them was a boy eighteen — what harm has he done America? It is the war-mind gone mad, running down Reds as of old men hunted witches; but what strikes one is the absurdity of it all — like calling out the heavy artillery to bombard mosquitoes. At the same time, one hears the most rabid abuse of the President, which does more injury to our institutions than all the Reds in Redland. If there is evil propaganda among us, surely it is to be met by propaganda of the right kind. America has more to fear from the blind rage of mob-mindedness than from all the agitators. No one can really injure America but Americans; and they are in a fair way to do it by a terror-stricken intolerance to-day, followed by indifferent negligence to-morrow. Only about half of our people ever vote!

January 10. — By happy accident ran into Edwin Markham at the Club to-day. Had not seen him since five years ago, when we waylaid him on his flight from the Far West, and detained him for three snowy days in Iowa. Whatever the weather, it is always springtime in his climate. If white winter has settled on his good gray head, it is because the summer has gone to his heart, where there is always bloom and bird-song. Walking in *The Shoes of Happiness*, he knows how to join the joy of youth without its silliness and the wisdom of age without its weariness. We talked of many things: of the blind spot in Whitman — as of one who went to séances where things get blurred; of the present state of poetry in England, of a long poem he had written, the title of which did not fit; of all the world and the rest of mankind. The upshot of an argument about the nature of poetry was that he promised to come to my Recognition Service, and make an address on 'The Poet and the Preacher.' Thereupon, as an advance deposit on that promise, he sat down and wrote a quatrain, which, he said, sums up my faith; as indeed it does — only, alas, it makes most of us Christians of the Left Hand: —

> No soul can be forever banned,
> Eternally bereft;
> Whoever falls from God's right hand
> Is caught into his left.

January 12. — To-night a dinner was given in my honor, attended by fifty of the leading ministers of New York, representing all denominations. It was a fraternal hour, offering an opportunity for an account of my experiences in England as bearing upon the problem of Anglo-American friendship; and a discussion of the new function of the Christian ministry in international affairs — my experience being significant only because it is related to the larger issue. The dinner was a gracious conspiracy instigated by Dr. Frederick Lynch, one of the most useful men in the nation, and one of the most lovable — a liaison officer in the service of Christ, whose life is a ministry of reconciliation, interpretation, and strategic good-will.

Since my return I have done little else but speak in behalf of fraternity between English-speaking peoples; but

I seem to be talking against the wind. My ship of good-will runs into all kinds of snags, — Irish snags, Japanese snags, naval snags, — and I do not get very far. Debt on one side, suspicion on the other, joined with lack of knowledge on both sides, make hard sailing. Whatever it is, apart from mere mischief-making, which has again aroused ill-feeling, it is a stupendous stupidity. Surely the friends of Anglo-Saxon fellowship make a mistake in narrowing their appeal. It is not merely for the countries concerned that such unity is necessary, but for the peace and stability of the whole world; and in both countries the wider conception would do much to dissolve misunderstanding. Perhaps, in a better mood and under a clearer sky, we can at least see the snags and avoid, if not remove, them.

January 25. — To-night was my Recognition Service as minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, and it was an hour of fraternal courtesy and Christian good-will. It is an old church, as we count oldness in the New World; and, like other churches, it has journeyed uptown with the years, from Pearl Street, opposite City Hall Place, to Seventy-Sixth Street, overlooking Central Park. Organized in 1838, it has had three ministers in the last seventy years, a record highly honorable alike to pulpit and pew. In 1852 its edifice stood on Broadway, near Spring Street, and there Thackeray delivered his lectures on the English Humorists. On Broadway, and later on Fifth Avenue, its pulpit was glorified by the genius of Edwin Chapin, whose eloquence made it a forum of liberty in the anti-slavery agitation, a shrine of patriotism during the Civil War, and an altar of faith until his death in 1880. Eaton and Hall each added a dimension to its history and its power.

The church to-day, built in cathedral style with a Magdalen College tower, is rich in memorials, and its chancel is one of the loveliest in America. A mosaic of 'Christ at the Feet of His Disciples' rises above bas-reliefs of Dr. Chapin by St. Gaudens, of Dr. Sawyer by Bickford, and a tablet to Dr. Eaton. A carved oak pulpit and an exquisite Tiffany communion altar stand between stately candelabra — which always make me think of that 'Lamp of Poor Souls' kept burning in the ancient cathedrals. To the right, an American flag hangs from a staff cut from a rail off the old Lincoln farm. To me the Whitfield memorial organ, with its myriad tones and echoes, is a symbol of the faith of the church, as if foretelling the triumph of a Divine Love which shall yet woo every wandering human tone into one sovereign Harmony — a time beyond time, when the nameless pathos, which haunts all earthly music whatsoever, shall be heard no more.

February 12. — Dr. Fosdick spoke at the Lincoln Night gathering of the church clubs, his topic being the future of New York — which he quickly dropped for matters nearer to his heart. Had not heard him since he came to preach for me in the City Temple during the war. While others feel dismay at the sulky, uppish mood in which America is flouting its own idealism, he is defiant, and some of his sentences flashed like zigzag lightning. Master of all the arts of speech, using jeweled phrases with inevitable ease, he made the issue of religion in our day and land startlingly vivid and compelling. Sturdy, picturesque, winsome, he is a prophet of that new note in Christianity heard by a small but gallant company of young men in all communions, who mean to preach it with gentle but relentless insistence in the days that lie ahead. He speaks as a man of insight, with the artist touch and the glow of genius. There is no fluffy prose-poetry, no perfumed and prettified art decorating a

candied Christianity; but a vital mind laid against the stuff of life — virility kindled by vision and softened by that pity which is the heart of all great preaching. No man among us gives more promise of Christian leadership in a tangled time.

March 1. — Preached recently for the first time in old Plymouth Church, bringing the greetings and blessing of the City Temple, where the picture of Beecher still hangs in the lecture-room and the memory of his eloquence is a legend. Joseph Parker and Beecher were friends, and it behooves us to recall such historic ties at a time when voices of consideration are few and faintly heard. Each in his own distinction and power a supremely great preacher, — Parker a trumpet, Beecher an orchestra, — both made their pulpits, shrines not only of Christian faith but of international good-will. In Plymouth Church there sounded the wondrous voice of the greatest preacher to the people our race has known — the Shakespeare of our pulpit, whose genius seemed inexhaustible in its fertility, whose ministry marked a new date both in the religion and politics of our Republic. From that pulpit he went on his memorable ambassadorship to England, to plead the cause of Lincoln in the forum of British public opinion; and his victory was one of the noblest triumphs of the spoken word in history. Whatever may be the chances and changes of the future, Plymouth Church and the City Temple must be kept as shrines of historic memory and thrones of spiritual prophecy.

March 12. — Went the other day to a Freethinkers' society, and heard a lecture that filled me with amazement. I had thought that species of mind extinct; but it still persists, like a rut in an abandoned road, as archaic as the crude dogmatism which it denies. Ingersoll was delightful, with his rich humanity, his rippling humor, and his radiant prose-poetry — a positive mind on the negative side of religious thought. Without his genius, 'rationalism' looks like logic-chopping pettifoggery; a thing killed and stuffed. But it can be amusing, as when the great advances of religious thought are interpreted as retreats followed up by the Rationalist Army. They are like men who have been bombarding a position and find that the enemy has long ago moved elsewhere, unaware of their existence. But to save their face they must keep up the bombardment. Make-believe championship of free thought to-day is like going over the top of an imaginary trench — futile, not to say pitiful. The old dogmatism and the old rationalism, as much alike as two of a kind, are alike obsolete. They are not refuted: they are forgotten. It reminded me of old Wallaston, in the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, whose ideas acquired long ago had 'never fructified in him, but were like hard stones which rattled in his pocket.'

March 14. — Somehow I have a curious feeling about the Drinkwater play, *Abraham Lincoln*. It handles the supreme figure of our history reverently; but, though he loved the theatre, it is hardly fair to put the least theatrical of men on the stage. Something deep in me protests against it as a sacrilege. The play did good in London, as an interpretation of Lincoln to the English people, albeit not without error. The servants were too much like English servants, and the negro dialect was more like North American Indian dialect. Also, the drinking proclivities of General Grant were exaggerated. No doubt these defects have been removed; but I doubt if anyone ever called Lincoln 'Abe,' even behind his back. We may be a nation of back-slappers, but there are some men with whom we take no liberties. The first act, except for one

moving moment, — when Lincoln is alone, looking at a map of his country, — has too much spurious prophecy. Yet the figure does grow portentously, and in a world of flesh and blood and spirit. Hook, the fictitious member of the Cabinet, embodying the distrust of Lincoln, is a happy stroke. What reception would the play have had if it had been the work of an American artist? As it is, a play from London, like a hat from Paris, is the thing.

March 20. — Some reporter caught a flying paragraph from my sermon to the Sons of the American Revolution; and now I am flooded with letters telling me what is wrong with the Church. Everything is wrong with it, apparently. Seven men take pains to tell me that religion is a narcotic, and the Church an 'organized fake founded upon myth and mystery.' Conservatives think it is infected with radicalism, and radicals denounce it for its 'abject, cowardly obeisance to organized and endowed injustice.' One man thinks it useful only as a nursery, an ambulance, or an undertaker. A long essay tells me how and why, if the pulpit adopted the gospel according to Henry George, the churches would be filled with eager multitudes. Some hold that the plight of the Church is due to its loss of the great expectancy of the speedy and dramatic coming of Christ; and others that it preaches a truncated gospel, bereft of the power of healing. Numbers of letters tell of failure to meet ordinary obligations, lack of neighborliness, trickery, fraud, and scandal on the part of church people — it makes me sad to read about it. One woman insists that there is more 'honest-to-God religion' outside the Church than inside, and that it would be just as well to close the churches, and in their stead to print a placard to be hung in schools, railway stations, and the post office bearing the words of Jesus: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Besides, it would be less expensive.

So it goes, leaving me bewildered, until I remember that the Church is just ourselves, with the faults of humanity, and will not be better till we have better material. Most of these letters affirm that economic issues are replacing theological questions in the mind of to-day; a man from Detroit states it plainly: 'Men are thinking to-day of the means of living, not of the meaning of life.' What we are confronted with is not, specifically, indifference to religion, but indifference to nearly everything outside the circle of the Cult of Comfort. Shifting the emphasis from theology to sociology will only mean a a new sectarianism in place of the old, — a radical church on one corner, a conservative on the next, — and the last state will be as bad as the first. Amateur sermons on economics make a terrifying prospect!

Of course, the preachers come in for a hard hammering, and, as the late Dean Hodges used to say, 'It is richly deserved by those who deserve it.' Much of it is deserved, by reason of the conditions under which ministers work. They are an underpaid, overworked, heroic set of men, and the demands upon them are so exacting, so exhausting, that they have little time to be preachers, much less prophets. They have no easy task, trying to bring high truth home to moving-picture minds, in a day of moral chaos and paprika cleverness. The keyboard of the modern mind is new, and they have not yet learned to play on it. But the realities remain, and the ancient needs of the heart; and if we interpret them in terms of our time, — not using a violin as if it were a 'cello, — there will be ears to hear. The Church is dead! Long live the Church!

April 1. — Five Socialists were ex-

pelled from the New York Legislature to-day, after a long trial. All Fool's Day was an appropriate time for such a proceeding; the deed fits the day. America must have lost its sense of humor. I am not a Socialist, nor the son of a Socialist; but surely a man has a right to be a Socialist in America, and to hold office as such, if fairly elected. Anything else makes our whole system a farce. Once men were burned for their ideas; now we ought to burn the ideas and let the men live. Unless, indeed, we are afraid of ideas, as we seem to be. Respect for minorities, no matter how small, is a first principle of democracy. It is better to let folk blow off steam; it prevents explosion. If we tolerate only those who agree with us, what virtue is it? Even tyrants and bigots do the same.

April 4. — Easter Day! When an old civilization was dying and another was coming to birth, it was the Christian vision of the Eternal Life that gave relief and renewal; and that vision we must recapture for our troubled time. The idea of immortality current to-day is far removed from the faith by which the new, uprising Christianity grasped the crumbling classic world and reshaped it. Indeed, we think only of a future life, — 'a series of moments snipped off at one end, but not at the other,' — whereas Jesus saw each life as part of one great Life, which moves and cannot die. It is a day not for arguments, but for anthems!

April 10. — While in England I was often asked about Frank Harris; but I knew him only in such books as *The Bomb*, a volume of his *Portraits*, and his study of Shakespeare — which made me mad in five spots at once. So I went recently to hear him lecture on Wells; but he told me little that was new, — except some personal reminiscences, — and he seemed less happy than usual in his power of depicting personality. There was a fine line about John Morley whom he followed as editor of the *Fortnightly:* 'The bleak face lighted up with a glint of wintry sunshine.' It reminded me of the description of Roosevelt by Wells years ago: 'The friendly peering snarl of his face, like a man with the sun in his eyes.' With his moustache, his unreadable eyes, and his heavy voice, the lecturer looked more like a fighter of the Middle Ages than a modern man of letters. He has that rare and precious thing called genius; but my impression was puzzling, as of a man at odds with himself, or with the world; a proud, sensitive man, thwarted if not lacerated. Either he has had a bear fight with himself, or he has been the sport of ill fate. If, as I have heard, he is writing an autobiography, perhaps it will tell us the secret of his enmity to England, which so many regret. There is something haunting in him, something wild, untamed, quixotic, but lovable withal; like a man ready to throw a bomb loaded with — pity!

April 14. — Religious work of a Protestant kind on Manhattan Island is an adventure these days, since only a little more than seven per cent of its population are of that persuasion. Neighborhoods shift swiftly, baffling the shrewdest forecast; and a church often finds itself a lonely island in an alien sea. Old families break up or move away, and the young people seek the suburbs to rear their families. Homes give way to hotels, apartments, and boarding-houses, — poor substitutes, — making the tie between home and church tenuous. Many who come from smaller communities, not finding the old informal fellowship in the city, abandon the Church, or else become 'church tramps.' Vacations lengthen and the church year shortens. The glitter of the city fascinates, its rush and hurry wear the nerves — making the 'dear City of God' seem dreamlike and remote. What will

be the fate of our city churches — except those that stand on old foundations — is hard to know. No ordinary methods of work apply, yet the need of spiritual fellowship in the 'crowded loneliness' of city life is appalling. Some of our customs try me, especially the funerals at night, as if in our neck-and-neck race for the nickel we did not have time to pay respect to our dead. No wonder Jesus wept over a city, knowing its brutality, its black wickedness, its nameless possibilities, and its aching pathos!

April 18. — Dr. Holmes thought that preachers are in danger of becoming heathens for lack of religious instruction; and, as the old country preacher said of St. Paul, 'I fully agree with him.' Anyway, I make it a point to hear preaching, and one of my shrines is the 'Skyscraper Church,' as the Broadway Tabernacle is called. There, for more than twenty years, one of the greatest living preachers has kept the light of God aglow amid the glitter of Broadway. Dr. Jefferson distrusts oratory, — he so fears unreality, — yet he is one of the noblest of orators, if one stops to think about it, having an amazing gift of lucid, fitly colored, persuasive speech. At first, he gives one an impression of austerity; but as he begins to speak, his rugged face is illumined by an inner brightness, and one forgets everything, — even the preacher himself, — and remembers only the Master. He takes us captive unawares, showing us the beauty of the Gospel and the meaning of our fleeting lives, our duty for to-day, and our hope for the morrow. It is an unique eloquence, simple, soft-spoken, searching; and if the ear is sensitive, one hears an undertone of pathos — as of one in whom faith and hope dwell at peace with pity and acquaintance with grief. What a ministry for this gay and giddy-paced city — rich in culture, lofty in ideal, tender in comfort, valiant for righteousness! If some great Angel could gather the testimonies of its influence, what a record it would be!

May 3. — Attended a meeting designed to discuss the religious training of the young for an hour on a week day. Such meetings make the cynic rise in me, asking whether it is because the Angel of Wisdom has been so busy on some other planet that religious education has gone so awry here below. There is a type of training which Dr. Holmes fitly described as pathological piety, rich in tuberculous virtues. There is the merely mechanical variety, enforced by discipline without joy, and thrown off as soon as passing years make a way of escape. There is the opposite error of too great vagueness; not over-feeding, but under-nutrition. As between old-fogyism and new-faddism, we flounder. Yet there must be some way of giving our children the truths that make us men, — simple as the speech of home, sweeping as the contour of the sky, — bringing memory, habit, and example to the nurture of the highest life. Surely this is the one eternal education; and yet we fall short of it both in content and in method.

October 15. — It is always a joy to hear Dr. Felix Adler who, for more than forty years, has been a seeker after 'the secret of the good life,' both as to its philosophy and its practice. Bred in the austerities and depths of Hebrew faith, he fell under the spell of the ethics of Kant touched by the teachings of Jesus, and the result was a fine, firm, ethical mysticism, worth more to his country than many battleships. His system is now set forth in a stately volume entitled, *An Ethical Philosophy of Life*, aglow with a passion for righteousness, rich in spiritual gleanings, surveying the whole field of human relations. It is a new version of the Golden Rule: 'So act as to elicit the unique personality in others and thereby in thyself.'

Still, it is a philosophy, not a gospel; the will to religion, without the power of reconciling duty and joy. There is struggle, discipline, and moral passion, but not the emancipating vision.

October 18. — Went to hear a lecture on 'How to Control the Subconscious Mind,' and learned many things. From what I can gather, after reading Freud and Jung, we do need a policeman in the basement. Once only a storeroom, the Subconscious has become the seat of morality, the custodian of health, and the arbiter of fate. Whether friend or fiend, is uncertain; it knows no rest and does it works while we sleep. Though apparently omniscient, it has curious streaks of stupidity. The way to control it, according to the lecturer, is by auto-suggestion; that is, by saying a thing over and over, — like beating a tom-tom, — until the subconscious mind gets the idea. As *Punch* once put it, —

> There was a young man of Kilpeacon,
> Whose nose was as red as a beacon.
> But by saying, 'It 's white,'
> Twenty times, day and night,
> He cured it, and died an archdeacon.

What fads people will take up, willing to turn themselves into automata rather than undergo the effort and discipline needed to organize the inner life. Surely it is not the Subconscious, but the Divine Conscious, of which we must lay hold, if we are to live in 'the glory of the lighted mind.'

October 20. — As I listened last night to Mr. Root on the League of Nations, the words of Roosevelt were in my mind: 'The greatest man that has arisen on either side of the Atlantic in my lifetime.' It was a large remark, and must not be taken too literally, like his estimate of himself as 'a mediocre intellect highly energized.' It was a very impressive scene — a little gray man, speaking in quiet, measured words, and a vast audience listening as to an oracle. It used to be a saying in New York: 'If you loot, see Root, before you scoot'; which was a tribute to his acumen as an attorney. Since then he has had great causes and whole nations for his clients; but he is still an attorney — having all the handicaps that go to make up wisdom, but lacking the seer-like mind. Yet it means much to have a mind of such gravity, sanity, and clarity devoted to the public service. For thirty years or more he has lived at the centre of affairs, without yielding to cynicism. Time has mellowed his spirit, making him more magnanimous; but one misses in him a rare thing not easily defined. Manner, magnetism, wit? Call it, rather, the spiritual quality, the poetic touch, the haunting accent that moves the heart. Men admire Elihu Root; they loved John Hay.

THE NEW BARBARISM

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

THE deviser of the electric bell has probably long since gone where all janglings cease, but his alarming contrivance is with us still. The evil that men do lives after them, as even Mark Antony observed; and sometimes the ingenuity of it blinds us to its darker side. How happy any gong-banging savage would have been, had he been able to rig up an arrangement to keep his gong banging continually while he sat back and reveled in the noise! But would he have been any less a savage for his success?

Once, and once only, have I encountered barbarism — that is, if one may say so, barbarism proper. I left by the first boat, but before it called, I had registered three definite impressions. They were Noise, Odor, and Confusion. Of course, there were other minor ones. There was no water even to wash with; and one felt a general insecurity of life and liberty, a certain well-known English resident having been freshly kidnapped and held for ransom. But these were incidents. The others were fundamental.

As we dropped anchor off the mole, a crowd of barbarians made their appearance on shore, yelling and gesticulating in the wild cannibalistic manner well known to readers of Tartarin and Crusoe. If it had not been for the providential appearance of a representative of Mr. Cook, we might have thought twice about landing. The yelling, which had come faintly to us on the ship's deck, became pandemonium when we arrived upon the mole. There seemed to be no method in it, each man merely shouting his loudest in sheer excitement. It was the voice of barbarism upraised in salute to civilization.

But at five o'clock of a dark winter afternoon, when stores and offices are closing, and streets are packed with hurrying throngs, you stand on the pavement waiting to cross the crowded street, amid the warning notes of motors, the shrill whistles of policemen, and the rush of clanging trolley-cars, the whole fitfully illumined by an arc light, and the elevated roaring deafeningly overhead — and you ask, Is this civilization? Does the mere fact that all this din and confusion are mechanically produced really make them civilized? Or is it only the big brother of barbarism?

The old barbarism exulted in Noise, Sensation, and Slaughter. But how poor were its achievements in these directions beside those of the new! And what, in the name of fair play, could their poor old lungs and tom-toms accomplish against those modern marvels, the whistle, the siren, and the cut-out? At a recent dinner of patriotic speakers, the occasion was enlivened by a Jackies' band. Upon the illimitable spaces of the high seas, its appalling clamor might have melted into music; but in a small dining-room, seating only a thousand or so, the finer effects were lost. I was surrounded by great conversers, but against that avalanche of sound they were as impotent as I. We read each other's

lips a while, then simply clung to our chairs and waited, till

> Silence like a poultice came
> To heal the blows of sound.

And odors! Those of barbarism are strong for a mile or two, but they cannot carry like those of civilization. All the scents of Araby and Cologne could not disguise the odor that one beneficent industry daily distills upon one million of my fellow citizens. My own experience of it runs back only some fifty years; but it is not new. Only it grows stronger and more analyzable as the years roll by. The poet's 'leagues of odor' puts it none too strong.

On summer evenings the train often bears me along a beautiful stream, winding between wooded banks, and breaking now and again into waterfalls and rapids. Beyond it, the sinking sun gilds the fleecy clouds, and all their sunset glories are mirrored in the brimming river. The soft air of evening floats in at the windows, fragrant with forest odors. Everything conspires to soothe the jaded senses, until we reach the vicinity of the cheese factory, when the fragrance is suddenly displaced by something quite different, but fully equal to anything I can recall in my brief visit to barbarism.

Barbarism rejoices greatly in display, in feathers, beads, and warpaint — which brings us to the delicate and difficult subject of dress and jewels. As respects woman's use of these, let us content ourselves with remarking that there are few jewels that seem really to enhance beauty. But when one sees his fellow men wearing diamond studs, in negligee shirts already equipped with their full complement of buttons, one is really at a loss to determine whether this be the new barbarism or the old.

And when the weather is raw and unfavorable, and the golfers few upon the links, and I hear a shrill chorus of chattering voices from the caddie house; or when the skating-house is full of uproarious boyhood shouting meaninglessly together, I know it for the voice of the old barbarism lifted by our youth in the savage stage of development, through which, according to a well-known theory of social evolution, we all must pass — if so be we do indeed pass through it and emerge safely on the further side.

Barbarism, no doubt, saw more of slaughter than do we; but the old yearning for it will not die, and we certainly make the most of what we have. We film it, headline it, and chart it, until it becomes a staple feature of our daily life. Like Dryden's Alexander, thrice we slay the slain, and the most Cowperian of us would feel a haunting void were it withdrawn. There is still a strain in us that calls for a certain amount of bloodshed, real or imaginary, to be enjoyed, if not experienced. Mere accidents, it is to be observed, do not satisfy this craving.

How our sensibilities are harrowed by the inexplicable disappearance of a little girl from some household previously unknown to fame! What has become of her? Has she been eaten by a bear, or fallen into the lake, or run away with the butcher? All these promising clues are followed out in turn by the faithful, relentless, and sleuth-like press, but alike in vain. If our interest does not wane, we are gratified (or disappointed) to learn that, in sober fact, she had gone on a visit to her aunt in the country, and had not been seeing the papers there. Fatal omission! One cannot safely refrain from seeing the papers, if only to keep them from getting the idea that one is missing, and investing one with an air of sinister and tremendous mystery before one knows it. For, after

such investiture, it is useless to explain, protest, or deny. One remains a being of mystery, a person with a past, obstinately carrying one's hollow secret with one to the grave.

Nor is the new barbarism without its religion. In all great cities it rears its spacious temples, with vast naves rich with bronze and marble. Upon a kind of pulpit high above the throng appears at intervals the muezzin of the cult, and intones his litany: 'The train — is now ready — for De Kalb — Marshalltown — Omaha — Cheyenne — Salt Lake City — San Francisco — and Los Angeles — The Pacific Limited — leaving — at ten-thirty — from track three.' His is no inconsiderable art; for he pauses after each measure, until the last great true note dies away; and he keeps his voice to the last syllable on the same level tone. Not even on 'Track Three' does it descend. The effect is stately, liturgical, worthy of its splendid setting. And the worshipers seated in the pews at once rise up in obedience to his call, and move silently out to Track Three. Even we who are left behind know something of their exalted mood, for has not the muezzin with his chant sent our thoughts hurrying over the plains and Rockies to the coast, and conjured up within us many a rich memory and high aspiration?

If transcontinental departures are events, still more are such arrivals. You stand at the gate with a throng of expectant sons, mothers, and daughters, and the California train pulls slowly and interminably in. From it emerge in a triumphal procession the hadjis, the devotees of travel, a fanatical gleam in their eyes, the bright light of achievement upon their faces. They have arrived!

No religion is worth anything without hardship, and the new one has its share. You will spend hot hours of a July evening, waiting in line by the hotter kitchen of the dining-car for a chance to sit down and be fed. Or you will dash off at so-called eating-stations, and snatch a hasty meal, or purchase a sodden cake right out of the refrigerator. You will toss restlessly in chilly uppers or gasp in stifling lowers. You will sit for hours on observation platforms, long after observation has ceased to be a pleasure. You will see the frost gather on every bit of metal in your car, and the desert sand will sift in about you unto suffocation. But you will travel. Nothing can stop you. As for these light afflictions, you will glory in them. Such is religion.

And who does not know the sects and schisms of travel? — how some swear by Florida, and some by California, while others find salvation only in Canada, Alaska, or the Orient; but each is forever dinning in your ears the dogmas of his cult.

Nor is the new religion without its adepts. I met one of them once — a child not yet in her teens, yet set apart as a devotee of travel. Her sole interest was to inquire how many times one had crossed the ocean. If but six times, one was naught; she had crossed twelve — or was it sixteen? With her, at any rate, it was something more than an annual experience. But that was years ago. Nowadays the question is, how many times have you been round the world? A colonel told me the other day that he had been round twice in one year. I wish he and the little girl, now grown no doubt to fanatical womanhood, might meet.

Of course, travel has its high days, its pilgrimages, its evangelistic literature, designed to implant in the minds of the stay-at-home public, if such there be, an insatiable yearning for it. It has even its daily exercises. I, unfortunately, can walk in three minutes

from the garden gate to the museum where I muse for a living. But I have, therefore, no opportunity to progress in the new cult such as is enjoyed by my neighbors, who travel from eight to twenty-eight miles to business every morning. Still more blest are those whose duties call them every week or two to New York or Washington.

A rich store of common experience binds these travel-adepts together. Once, on the ocean, I sat at table with a certain much-traveled man, of large and placid habit, whose wont it was, at dinner, after the steward had conferred upon each of us our ration of six raw oysters, to beckon the man to his side and devour any surplus. He could inform us just how many of them one was likely to get with one order at each of the leading American hotels. I, in my superficiality, had never realized that such inequalities existed.

In the mountains of Kentucky, we are told, if a girl marries and settles twenty miles from home, her family definitely resigns all expectation of seeing her again this side of heaven. But we less sheltered beings think nothing of journeying that far for dinner, or even tea. To be deterred by an insubstantial consideration like distance would argue a fatal weakness of the modern mind. It would violate the new religion, the purpose of which is the annihilation of distance.

An aerial friend assures me that he has taken breakfast and dinner in Fresno, and lunched the same day in Coronado, over three hundred miles away. In one of the chief seats of the new barbarism a favorite afternoon diversion is motoring past forty miles of billboards, embodying the very purest traditions of savage art; a sight to gladden the palæolithic decorator of the cavern of Altamira. And the other day, in the seclusion of a western golf-club, one man was telling another how Tom Jones had motored down from San Francisco to Los Angeles in twenty-three hours; to which the other irreligiously replied, 'What delayed him?'

But it is in its ways of trade that barbarism is most instructive. The street vender cries his wares through the city, and will pursue you far with his insistent demands that you buy. The shopkeeper will follow you for blocks, with his patter of rapidly falling prices. In rural Egypt, in former days, if you wished to hire a donkey, you had first to hire a man to protect you from the rabble of donkey-boys from which you were to choose. With resounding blows of his staff, he would keep them from actually riding you down in their determination to win your trade. The insistence of trade and the violence of competition are stable features of barbarism.

We do these things a little more subtly, perhaps — or, should we say, more crudely? In effect, if not in person, the peddler hounds us through the town, by day and night. If we ascend into the street cars, he is there. If we motor over the boulevards, he is there. If we open a magazine or a programme, he is there. If we look over our morning mail, he is there. If the telephone rings, he is there, desiring to take our photograph or clean our rugs and curtains. His hand is under the door with a dodger, and up the telegraph pole with a placard. Night itself does not obscure him.

The old barbarism was undoubtedly gossipy and scandalous. But it did not gossip and scandalize in editions of half-a-million copies. The old barbarism was hideous, vulgar, and noisome. But it did not have all the resources of machinery and capital to help keep it so. The old barbarism was noisy and dirty; but the distribution of dirt in barbarism is nowhere nearly as efficient and constant as in civilization.

As a great prima donna remarked the other morning, 'I have washed my hands fifteen times to-day already, but I love your city.' The whole population of the metropolis where I reside is each day evenly and patiently coated with soot, and will certainly end by going over to the pigmented races which we have so long misprized.

I once had occasion to walk across the Nile Valley at Abydos, a distance of some eight miles, to catch the Cairo train. As it was market-day, the little winding path across the cultivation was dotted with groups of peasants, old and young, journeying in my direction; and many a courteous old Egyptian, seeing me hurrying along, alighted from his camel or donkey to offer me a ride. Perhaps it was their gentle influence that led me the other evening, as I was returning from the City of Destruction in a crowded railway train, to yield to a chivalrous impulse and, at the risk of having to stand up for twelve minutes, offer a young woman my seat. Before she could take it, an old gentleman, surely devoid of all nobler qualities, slipped nimbly into it, leaving the baffled young woman to languish in the perpendicular, until the neighboring sitters adroitly crowded together enough to make a fractional place for her, in which she continued her journey.

But then, of course, Egypt is one of the most ancient seats of civilization.

'GONE AWAY'

BY EMMA LAWRENCE

Her eyes, dark and troubled, opened suddenly. The immaculate nurse, sitting beside her, near the shaded lamp, waiting for some such sign, nodded almost imperceptibly to the doctor, who appeared at once — she could feel his hand on her wrist, see a shape between her and the light. Somewhere, from the depth of her consciousness, she knew she could summon a smile for him, if only it did n't hurt so damnably where the smiles came from. She managed it feebly, and caught her breath, the agony of making her muscles meet her will was so great.

The doctor patted her hand and turned to speak to the nurse; almost at once, she felt something cold on her arm, smelled alcohol, followed by the swift prick of a needle. Was it a needle, or all her pain plunged into one tiny segment of her flesh, to be withdrawn — presently?

When the pain left her, or, rather, when she left the pain (she knew from experience it was always there; without the wings which the morphine lent her, she could not hope to sustain her consciousness above it), she would be able to think, and she wanted desperately to think. She wondered vaguely why she had never thought more when her body had been well and whole — when thinking would have proved no effort, and she would not have had to hurry so horribly. She supposed because her body, her beautiful, strong body, was always suggesting so many delightful,

charming things to do, that her brain had to work and plan for it, like a mother planning and arranging for an adored and pampered child.

The drug lifted her higher from the pain-racked thing on the bed which interfered with her thoughts — a frightened, hurt child now, who wanted all her time and patience. Perhaps it was asleep; at least, it had stopped fretting, and she was free of it for a little.

While it slept, she must think, against the time of its waking, when it would claim her, clasp her in its hot embrace, and carry her with it into that deep, dreamless sleep from which neither of them would ever awake. Or would she awake, freed from the tired, broken body forever; would Death accomplish the miracle finally, which morphine temporized with — permanently divorce her mind and body? Death could n't be that, — life after death could n't mean the continuance of one half the life she had before, — a floating, disembodied consciousness, with no purpose, nothing to direct.

She was getting at things wrong — she had best go back — not very far back; there was n't time — but back to the morning she and Peter had gone hunting. Somewhere, between then and now, there had been herself, her complete, whole self, which she doubted ever could be again. Even if she lived (and she knew living was extremely improbable) it would be herself maimed, altered, separate from the energy, the joy of living, which had been so a part of her; and in dying she could not hope to find the whole.

No; she, as she knew herself, as her world knew her, had ceased to be, had disintegrated, as it were, when, hounds in full cry, the fox in view, Live Wire had jumped into the gravel-pit.

The tiniest fraction of time before he had landed, — on his back and on hers, — they had both been there, themselves; then he was not any more; there was no more of him, Live Wire, her big thoroughbred, except his body, which, worth thousands before that jump, was now worth so little that it was decaying somewhere in the earth, and in time would be earth; and she — had begun to go out, to become extinguished; life had consumed her, and after this last flicker she would become ashes.

She had been asleep that morning before she and Peter had gone hunting, sound asleep — dead asleep, she would have said then, not knowing what Death meant. The alarm-clock had gone off suddenly, in angry spasms, as if it resented being asked to render service before daylight. With that sound she had come together swiftly, leaped into being aware of herself, awake. She remembered that she had reveled for a moment in the warmth and comfort of her bed, dreading to exchange it for the cold room, cold water, and the bother of dressing — boots and an ascot. And then Peter had come in, half-shaved, to shut her windows, light her light, and tell her what a bully morning it was.

They had had coffee, hot from a thermos bottle, left overnight in the library, and had pretended to be burglars, moving stealthily about their own dark house and out into the frosty air. They had raced to the stables, to get their blood going; and, arrived there, had delighted in the mysterious look of the familiar place — the artificial light, the bustle of the sleepy, half-clad grooms, the perfection of their horses.

Mounted, Peter on Philanthropist, and she on Live Wire, they had gone out to meet the early light, see the air whiten and flush as the first band of red showed on their horizon. She had been conscious of being laved in happiness, of soaking it up, of being afraid that some bit of it would escape, that there was n't enough of her to absorb all the

beauty and pleasure and thrills which immersed her on every side — she and Peter hacking to the meet, owning this clean, fresh, wonderful world, which they must shortly share with the day and the workers.

It had grown lighter, whiter; the river had seemed to be returning to the clouds, so thick was the smoky mist arising from it, as if some long-heralded genius had actually succeeded in setting it on fire. There was sun enough to catch the frost; the early rays were so level with their eyes that they almost hurt; things took on color, the darkness receded, concentrated, formed shadows. Peter had improvised something: —

> 'Wake, for the hounds of day have put to flight
> The fox of darkness from the fields of light';

and she had given a little cry of appreciative pleasure, and tried, very shyly (for their few months of marriage had not familiarized them with sentiment), to convey to him how happy she was and how much she liked new days and Live Wire — him and his parody. And they had reminded each other that they must continue their reading and educate themselves. (They had begun Mr. H. G. Wells's *Outline of the World's History in Two Volumes*, as she always called it, delighted that the author's verbosity could be meted out to such length; but they had not read very far; first, because they had become involved in a discussion as to whether the acceptance of the theory of evolution did not tend to a belief in a world-made God rather than a God-made world, and second, because it had been such fun to plan a hunt on the prehistoric animals, Peter riding a Brontosaurus and she a Diplodocus.)

The day, putting on light, became familiar, was recognizable though new, when they reached the meet; the private wonder of it disappeared with their cheery greetings to the field. But those had been nice, too, and so were the restless horses, and the darling hounds straining at their couplings, sure it was half-past six and time to go into cover. Somewhere near her a man smoked a pipe, and she had been glad, glad of the sweet smell of the tobacco and the little drifts of blue smoke. Infinitely happy, she had sat her horse, watching the hounds work, with ears strained and expectant for the first whimper when they found.

'That's Soubrette,' she had whispered wisely to Peter, when the sound reached them; 'the others are going to her; hark — they 've got it.'

A moment of suspense, then the music of the pack's voice poured over them, became fainter, and the huntsman sounded, 'Gone away.'

Ten — twenty minutes of supreme joy followed; then, choosing her own line, she had put Live Wire at the big wall which separated them from a roadway, seen the yawning pit of raw earth too late to check him, and thought, — not word by word but in one flash, — 'The Garrisons must have taken gravel from this bank for their new avenue'; and had known no more — the light she had watched grow was blotted out.

That had been the end of life as she had known it: pain, and the brief respites from it which the morphine granted her, and which she employed to sum up what she had taken from her few years of living — these were not life, saturate with adventure, the joy of things seen and unseen. It was the end of a day for a merchant who takes account of stock before he puts up the shutters and goes home. And the commodities she had dealt in? Happiness — she had had so much, and hoped she had meted out fair measure. Goodness — she was a little vague as to what goodness was and doubted if she had dealt much in it; in her sheltered, care-

free existence there had been too few temptations to measure her resistance, no demand on her capacity for sacrifice. What she had given of herself — her time, her strength — had been given gladly, freely, because she loved giving and gave gayly.

There were people — her Aunt Carrie, for instance — who thought some of the things she did were wicked: fox-hunting and smoking cigarettes and playing cards for money and the red stuff she put on her lips (only she did n't any more because Peter had hated it so). But her Aunt Carrie's idea of goodness was so negative that her ideas of badness could never be very convincing: it consisted of being kind and superior, and never getting any fun out of things or trying to see the other person's point of view. As when she visited the hospital, which was kind, and treated the beautiful, clean nurses with amiable condescension, and told the patients how comfortable and contented they were. When *she* herself visited the hospitals, she had felt humble and insignificant before the splendid women who could alleviate pain, and before the courage that could withstand it. Aunt Carrie had told her that, whenever she entered a ward, it was always with the thought, 'His will be done'; but she could never help thinking, 'What rotten luck!' And now, in her own hour, she was sure that she did not want a Lord who had willed Live Wire to jump the one panel that led to the gravel-pit, but One who said, 'Bad luck,' and was sorry.

She wished she had had children. If Death was the complete annihilation which it appeared, one's hope of immortality seemed to depend on one's children — they alone were the open avenues to the future; and those like herself, the result of generation after generation, from the very beginning of things, who died without having had a child, proved to be blind alleys, which Nature had run into, after all these æons of time.

The wings were drooping a little; she came nearer, became almost one with the body on the bed. She was aware that Peter was beside her now, her hand in his, and she would have given all the little time which remained to her to have been able to present it, palm uppermost, to his grasp. How silly the spiritualists were, she thought, to think she could come back to Peter after she had really gone away, through clumsy tables and foolish rappings, when even now, when they were so close to one another, she could not force one little sign, through the medium of her body. Was that all it had ever been, the medium through which she had been known and loved, had expressed her knowledge and her loving? She hoped that was it, it assured her that, for anyone who had known and loved her, she would live forever — on beautiful, happy memories, words said — to children not yet thought of, Peter's children, perhaps — things done, because she had once lived.

The wings failed her. What did it matter, she thought, if the little spark of consciousness she called herself went out or upward? And in reunion with her body, she gave a little sigh to find it free from pain.

MERLIN MET MORGAN-LE-FAY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

The King commanded two Knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin. . . .

And the third sister Morgan-le-Fay was put to school in a nunnery, and there she learned so much that she was a great clerk of necromancy.

SIR THOMAS MALORY: *Le Morte D'Arthur.*

MERLIN met Morgan-le-Fay
In a Cornish lane;
Witch-words on her young lips,
And a blackberry stain.

In her hair a tangled spray
Of wild blackberry thorn.
'Merlin, Merlin, tell me,
Is the baby born?'

Merlin lifted up the veil,
Crooned a sleepy charm,
Cuddled Arthur, King of Britain,
Close in his arm.

Young maid Morgan-le-Fay
Stood tiptoe to see:
'Now that you 've come, brother,
Who 'll think of me?

'Britain's hope and Britain's glory,
You may be — one day.
As for me, I 'd rather be
Morgan-le-Fay.

'When I am put to school
In a nunnery,
I shall learn to weave spells
And spin sorcery.

'I shall be a great clerk,
Wise in necromancy.
I shall plague the King of Britain,
If I take a fancy.

'When I 'm a damosel,
I 'll do as I dare.
I shall be a proper witch;
'Ware, brother, 'ware!'

Merlin wagged his awful beard,
Smiling through the crinkles;
Bent his shaggy brows above
Eyes full of twinkles.

'Fie, fie, Morgan-le-Fay,
Bow your naughty knee;
Kiss your liege, kiss your brother;
Swear fealty.

'Though you 're a proper witch,
I 'm a proper wizard:
I know the magic books
From A to Izzard.

'Fools put their trust in magic,
Black, white, or gray,
I cannot save the kingdom,
You cannot betray.

'Arthur and his Table Round
Will dree their own weird.' —
Morgan-le-Fay stamped her foot
And tweaked Merlin's beard.

'Why are kings? Why are witches?
Why am I, I?
Merlin, let me bite the baby,
Let me make him cry.'

THE STRANGE MIND OF INDIA

BY J. A. CHAPMAN

THE CLERK

BABU NANDA LAL GUPTA was employed in the Cash Department of the Calcutta firm with which I myself was at one time associated. I had noted him as a thoughtful-looking man, whose reflections on things in general it would probably be interesting to have; but, obeying the unwritten law that confines the intercourse of the *sahib log* in business firms and the Bengalee clerks strictly to business, and having little or no business to discuss with Nanda Babu, I hardly ever spoke to him.

After I had left the firm, I felt more at liberty to follow my own impulses; and having had a small volume of verse printed to give to my friends, I presented him with a copy. He was probably, of all those to whom the book was given, the one who read it most carefully. He was certainly the only one to write paraphrases of some of the poems, and present them to the author. They formed a document which confirmed the impression that Nanda Babu's reflections would be interesting, or, at least, that they would bear a strongly marked individuality. The quotations from the *Bhagavadgita*, the references to *Jivatma*, *Paramatman*, and *Avidya*, in the notes to the paraphrases, — for they were provided with notes, — might owe much of their impressiveness for me to their being so charged with echoes of the unfamiliar East; but the choice of poems to paraphrase and comment on — with one or two exceptions, those of 'saddest thought' — was an index to the man's mind not involved in ambiguity.

Fate was shortly afterward to throw Nanda Babu and myself together once more. On returning from work one afternoon, I found him seated, tightly clutching his umbrella, on a stiff seat in the hall. On seeing me enter, he jumped to his feet, saying in a tone of strong excitement: 'I have left Messieurs Searle and Coy. I will never go back.'

'Oh!' I said. 'What has happened?'

'The *bara* cashier' (that is the chief Bengalee cashier) 'asked me to-day to leave my work at the counter, and post up the cashbook.'

'Well, was there any harm in that?'

'Yes, sir.' He spoke excitedly. 'It makes the third time he has done it. He means to give my post at the counter to his nephew. That would be committing an injustice. By leaving the firm, I prevent it.'

'You don't prevent the nephew getting your post, which is the important thing. You had better go straight back.'

'No, sir. Never!'

'Then you mean to let the cashier's nephew have your post, without making any attempt to prevent it?'

'I could n't prevent it, sir, and it would be an act of injustice of which the bara cashier would be guilty. By giving up my post, I remove the temptation to which he is exposed. That is the right thing to do, according to our way of thinking.'

'It 's a wretchedly illogical way of thinking, if you will excuse my saying so. Don't you see that you don't really *give up* your post? The bara cashier will have deprived you of it, whether he takes it away and gives you another, or you resign. And whatever post you hold, your salary will be the same. If you resign, you simply throw away a good post — or a good salary.'

'I do not think so, sir. The necessity is that the bara cashier should not be exposed to the temptation of committing a sin.'

There was silence between us for a time. I felt that I was getting beyond my depth. I was sitting on the stiff seat on which Nanda Babu had been seated. He stood in front of me. Presently I spoke again.

'You mean me to understand that when the bara cashier this morning — was it in the forenoon?'

'Yes, sir.'

'When he asked you to leave your work at the counter, you said nothing, but simply came away?'

'Yes, sir. I got my umbrella, and came here.'

'Then you 've been here some hours?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why did you come to me?'

'You will help me, sir.'

'I see! That 's your idea!'

Again there was silence for a time, and again I broke it.

'You said a moment ago that you could n't prevent the bara cashier's nephew getting your post. *I* could easily prevent it. I should only have to go and speak to Mr. Searle. I 'll do it.'

'No, sir. It would get the bara cashier into trouble.'

'If it was wrongdoing, it would only be *my* wrongdoing, and it would lie very lightly on my conscience.'

'No, sir. It would be mine, too. If I had not come and told you, you would know nothing. What I have told you, I have told you in confidence. You could n't speak to Mr. Searle without betraying confidence.'

'If that 's how you think of it all, I don't see that my speaking to Mr. Searle would do much good. You positively forbid my speaking to him?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very good, then — I won't.'

I did not. I found him another post; but it took me some time, and during that time, I am afraid, Nanda Babu was often a hungry man.

THE PRIEST

Buddhism having left India for its homes in Burma, Ceylon, and the Far East, it became possible for men to forget the existence of even so holy a place to Buddhists as the temple at Bodh Gaya, which marks where Buddha, under the Bodhi tree, attained complete enlightenment. It *was* forgotten. What furthered that fate was the slow but sure burial of the temple under the ever-shifting silt of the Ganges and the Sone. The surface of the land, in those parts and in many others, rises, they say, a foot every century.

The existence of the temple, as I have said, was forgotten; and thus it became possible for the land on which it stood, or underneath which it then was, to pass by a grant from some Mogul ruler into the possession of a Hindu mahant (incumbent). He found it a profitable possession; for, peace and security once more restored to the land, the temple could be excavated, and, that done, it became a place of pilgrimage for both Hindus and Buddhists. That brought offerings to the temple.

Trouble, however, was due to arise. There was a riot, in the course of which

something was done that was grossly insulting to the Hindus. The incensed mahant retaliated by robing the image of Buddha in the temple, after the manner of Hindu images, and by putting a caste mark on its forehead. That was very grievous to Buddhist pilgrims.

One of them was the Tashi Lama from Tibet. He was accompanied in his pilgrimage by a political officer on the staff of the Foreign Office in India — an army captain. He confided to this Englishman his desire that steps should be taken to end the scandal.

The captain's idea was to form a society, which should stand out as the champion of the Buddhist rights. A distinguished Sanskritist—a *Mahamahopadhyaya*, and something of a Tibetan scholar, too — was appointed secretary, and at his solicitation I accepted the treasurership. As the society did not then, or ever, possess a single cent, my duties were light. Indeed, they began and ended with attendance at one meeting. At that meeting, held appropriately at the Indian Museum in Calcutta, the captain outlined a pact which he proposed that the society, speaking for Buddhists, should make with the mahant. I forget the terms of it, and remember only that I thought they would be as grievous to Buddhists as the fact of the berobed and bedaubed image. I spoke in that sense, with such persistence that, at last, the captain assented to an adjournment of the meeting. The society never met again.

A little while afterward, as I was seated at home, writing, the Mahamahopadhyaya walked in, followed by a Buddhist priest from Chittagong. The latter had desired to see me; and so the Mahamahopadhyaya had ventured to bring him. I supposed that he wished to speak to me about the pact, but apparently not. He sat in silence, gazing at me. I could not speak any language that he understood, so I could not speak to him; but, to break the silence, I mentioned to the Mahamahopadhyaya that I was soon to visit Bodh Gaya. I was then informed that I should be furnished with a letter to the custodian of the Buddhist rest-house there. We then sat in silence for a little, until the Mahamahopadhyaya beckoned to me to rise, saying that the priest wished to pronounce a blessing. We all three rose; and for a few moments the room was full of the sound of sonorous Sanskrit.

He had come for that. The thought of it has been strangely sweet to me.

THE SCHOOLBOY

It happened when I was principal of a famous madrasah (Mohammedan college). The calendar is sprinkled with vacations for the scholars of such institutions. There must be one for Ramazan, one for the Muharram, one in the Hot Weather, one at Christmas, and so on; so that, once, when my scholars petitioned for a fortnight's holiday on a very poor pretext, I felt bound to refuse it. On the day on which, had I granted the petition, the madrasah would have been closed, word was brought to me that the scholars were all on strike. I was writing a letter, but I stopped and went to see. The compound seemed full, but I should say that it held only about half the students — from three to four hundred. The other half was in the surrounding streets.

The faces of the head maulavi and the other teachers peered out of the windows of the upper story. I wish I could convey the impression that they gave of tearful, utter helplessness.

I sent word to the head maulavi and the other teachers that they were all

to be seated in their chairs, on their little raised platforms, just as if their classes had assembled, and were quietly at work. I did not quite know what good that would do; but I went on the instinct that not one of the seven or eight hundred individuals with whom I was about to deal would have thought of sending that word, had he found himself in my place. It would deepen the impression that I was an unfathomable mystery. That, I knew, was what every sahib strikes them as being. So, if I must work a spell on them, it would be better done, I thought, unwatched by tearful eyes.

I had once arrived at the gates of a Calcutta college when a strike was on. There was a great crowd, in the midst of which stood the principal, a Bengalee. His hair and his eyes were wild, his arms uplifted, and in tones of supplication he pleaded with his erring scholars. They seemed to take it very lightly.

There were two gates from the madrasah compound to the street. I entered by one, locked it, and put the key in my pocket — in the sight of many witnesses, of course. There would be for them, I hoped, something symbolic in the locked gates. Once locked, how were they to know that they would ever open again?

I took my stand midway between the other gate and the madrasah steps; and, taking out my watch and holding it up as high as I could, I explained to those within hearing that I gave them five minutes in which to go, either to their classrooms, or out into the street. I did n't care which they did, I told them. If they chose to go out, I said, I meant to go out with the last, and to lock the gate behind me.

The crowd round me grew bigger, of course. I was n't quite sure how, if they did not go to their classrooms, and refused to leave the compound, I was to get them all out of it single-handed; but time would soon show. Meanwhile, for something to do, I counted the minutes aloud as they passed. 'Four minutes more!' — 'Three minutes more!' — 'Two minutes more!' —'One minute more!' — 'Half a minute more!'

When there was only a quarter of a minute left, there was a sudden cry raised for two minutes more, in order that those in the street might be told, and have time to come into the compound. I granted that, and the counting began again. 'Two minutes more!' — 'One minute more!' — 'Half a minute more!'

They seemed to find the counting very impressive. And here I should say that they were n't all boys. Some of them were almost full-grown men, and some were quite that. Not a few of the faces round me were bearded. A man may go to a madrasah when he is sixty or seventy, and have a teacher, or a 'spiritual guide,' young enough to be his son.

At the sound of 'Half a minute more!' all faces turned to the madrasah steps. My first thought was that, whichever way the crowd moved, I must move with it, I was so pressed against by bodies on all sides. I had even, for a fraction of a second, the fear of being crushed to death. My second thought — or feeling rather, and a very queer sensation it was — was that the crowd was *swaying*. Then we all moved on together — in the direction of the classrooms. I moved until I came to a projection by which I could anchor myself. From there I watched them stream up the steps.

When I got back to my study, I took out my watch and found that the strike, from beginning to end, had lasted about twenty minutes. 'It was you that stopped it!' I said to my watch, as I put it back in my pocket; 'for *I* did nothing. I merely held you up.'

THE SECRET JOURNEY

BY EMMA PONAFIDINE

I

IMMEDIATELY after my sons were released by the Tcheka, the elder was made 'Military Instructor' in our Volost, where he superintended the military training of young men in the various villages; and so we had the comfort and help of his being with us.

During this winter, — 1918–19, — we first came in direct contact with the Bolshevist authorities in the city; and the peasants came to us, advising us to join their commune, arguing that they might be able to protect us if we belonged to it. They passed a resolution in a Skhodka held without our presence, stating that as the 'Ponafidines had always been friendly and good to the peasants, and *Whereas*, since the Revolution, they had never shown any political activity, but had always been ready to submit to all the revolutionary laws of the parish committee and commune,' they asked to have 'citizens Ponafidine and their sons registered as members of their community.'

This was, of course, not a political confession of faith, but a purely agrarian step. That it never had any practical result for us was not the fault of the peasants. In all that followed, when they repeatedly asked us if they might interfere in the action of the Bolsheviki against us, we advised them to keep still, for we doubted if their resistance would have any weight, while it surely would bring down on them the wrath of the Bolsheviki.

Our first visitor from the Bolsheviki was the County Commissar of Agriculture, an Esthonian, a butter-maker by profession, who arrived with secretaries, assistants, and professional farm-managers. He was exceedingly polite, and altogether quite won our confidence. We heard later from one of those present, that he said, 'That 's the way I always treat them, until they lose their fright and show me everything. Then, when I have got what I want out of them, I begin to squeeze.' And he certainly did squeeze us later on.

He went all over the estate, and then came in and discussed matters with us in a friendly and apparently open manner. He said that the chief object of the Commissariat was to see that no ground remained uncultivated, and that the greatest number of cattle and horses were raised. He assured us that we might remain in possession if we would guarantee to cultivate all our land as it had been done by us formerly, in order that we could give as much to the market as we did before. Under such circumstances, we could be permitted to have hired help, as was the rule on state farms.

We explained that it was out of the question. We had neither horses to plough with, nor cattle to furnish manure, as in other years, nor means with which to hire help. Also, we should cause bad feelings among the peasants, who now had the greater part of our grass-lands. The strongest argument of all, that we did not trust him and his

fine words, or any other Bolshevik, could not, of course, be expressed.

His next suggestion was that they make a state farm in Bortniki, and I remain to manage the dairy for them. This last I evaded, claiming the right to do so, because I was over age for such work, and could not leave my sick husband. The question of establishing a state farm was left open, but everything they said pointed to such a fate for our estate. Before he left, I said to the Commissar, 'What is to become of us in case the estate and all our property is taken from us? My husband and I are, unfortunately, still alive; how are we to be supported?' In reply, he threw his hands in a comprehensive gesture about the room, and said, —

'Oh, all this, your house and personal belongings are yours. They cannot be touched. We only take the farming implements and live stock. You and your husband can receive rations as issued to old people; your sons, of course, will be in the military service.'

He left us feeling, on the whole, reassured; we had not sufficiently learned the lesson that the Bolsheviki were teaching us, and therefore took the word of a Commissar as worth something.

A short time after this incident, going out into the hall one day, when I was quite alone in the house with my invalid husband, I saw three big, strapping Red Army men standing in the doorway, who, on seeing me, raised their rifles as for 'Attention,' and with one voice shouted out, —

'In the name of the Russian Socialistic, Federative, Soviet Republic, we arrest — your property.' And at the last words they brought down their rifles to 'At ease.'

I went up to them and asked them not to make so much noise, as my husband was sick, and added, 'Now just put down your rifles, — you won't frighten me, — and I 'll get the samovar ready; we 'll drink tea, and afterward you may tell me what you want.'

At the sound of the word 'samovar,' instantly all their bellicose instincts were forgotten, and they asked eagerly, 'Where shall we put them?' And, standing the rifles in a corner that I indicated, they followed me docilely into my husband's room.

I hastily explained to him in English that I thought the boys were all right if handled carefully, and to them I said, 'You sit down and talk to my husband, who is blind and lonely, while I prepare the samovar for tea.'

I left them cosily chatting and smoking cigarettes that my husband offered them. With tea and black bread, all we had to offer them, they became still milder; and finally, when they handed me a small piece of paper (we were having a paper famine and even official documents were written on little scraps, sometimes even on packing paper), it proved to be from the Commissariat of Agriculture, and began: —

'Take from the Ponafidines thirty tablecloths, ten pairs of curtains, ten pairs portières, and ten window-shades, twelve upholstered chairs' — and I forget now how many tables, books, bookcases, mirrors, and wardrobes, all to be taken for the 'Communistic Club of Ostashkow,' our county town. The paper was signed by the County Commissar of Agriculture.

As no business is ever done in Russia without bargaining, I did not see why this should be an exception, so began to use all my powers of persuasion — so successfully, that they came down from thirty tablecloths to eighteen; and when I took them around the house, to choose curtains and tables, they were kind enough to say, 'Oh, give us what you care least about'; and on leaving, they gave us a receipt for all they took.

This, by the way, was the only raid made on our house where the commission went through the form of giving us a receipt.

We parted quite touchingly. They invited us to come and see their club, and all went up to the bed to shake my husband's hand very politely and to apologize for disturbing him. Later on, one of our acquaintances told us of a big military dinner given to all the Commissars and other Communists of importance — a very fine dinner for those hard times. Our friend, however, said that all his appetite left him when he saw the table spread with a handsome cloth for twenty-five persons, with my monogram and crest in the centre.

We were very much relieved to have this Communistic visit end as peaceably as it did; for two of the members of the party had been among those who had so maltreated neighbors of ours. They had arrested a Madam K—— and all her family and guests, and kept them locked up, the family in different partitions of the cellar, without giving them seats or even straw to lie on: and there they were held for ten days. The guests, as presumably less culpable, were confined to rooms in the house, and all were brought into the dining-room for their meals, while soldiers, with rifles, guarded them, and entertained them by encouraging remarks, such as, 'Eat more, it may be your last meal.'

When Madam K—— complained of the dampness in the cellar, they said, 'Never mind, even if you do take cold; for you will be shot to-morrow at the latest.'

All these remarks Madam K—— answered mockingly, and added, 'We must all die some day, and I would far rather be shot and done with, than to have this kind of a life last, or to lie an invalid for years in my bed.'

Madam K—— was expecting a number of friends and relatives from Petrograd and Moscow, who were coming to the country in hope of laying in food-supplies. They continued to arrive for several days; and as each party of guests drove up, they were politely ushered to their rooms by the Red Army and Tcheka men, where they were promptly locked up, to their great astonishment.

Among the last to arrive was a French lady, who outwitted the Tcheka men in a very clever manner. She had jewels hidden inside the stocking on one foot, and when she was searched, as all were, she made a great fuss, pretending to be very bashful, and begged to take off her shoes and stockings herself. This she did, very coyly under her skirts. Somehow she managed to strip the same foot twice, and the soldiers shook out the shoe and turned the stockings inside out, never noticing that it was the same foot each time.

The Communists who visited us told us, with the greatest glee, of the indignities they heaped upon Madam K—— and her guests; but they fortunately were very good tempered when they came to our house.

This again shows how uncertain our life was, and how our fate always depended upon the persons and the mood of the persons who happened to visit us. And this very uncertainty was one of the most wearing features of the long years. Many a bridge that we dreaded to cross, we found, on approaching, never existed; and again, when we least expected it, a flood would burst upon us. What has driven the refugees in tens of thousands from Russia, has not been altogether the fear of famine and starvation, but in some measure the impossibility of leading the life that made us each evening thank God for one more day of comparative peace, and in the

morning ask Him for help to bear whatever the new day might have in store for us.

II

In spite of the promise of the Commissar of Agriculture, our personal belongings continued to be taken from us; and in April of 1919 the estate was turned into a state farm. We were permitted to live in a small bungalow on our (former) land and to cultivate with our own hands as many acres as a peasant family of the size of ours would be entitled to have.

In the late summer of the same year, my husband died, and we were able to bury him in the family vault, where for three hundred years the members of our family have been buried. My youngest son and I were alone; my other son was stationed only some four hours by train from us, but the two telegrams we sent him reached him after his father's funeral. We could not send for him, as no permission was given to private persons to travel on that road. The peasants, however, rallied around us and did all they could for us in those sad days. My youngest son was then working in the Government Forestry Department near us, and he and I continued to live as before until September, 1920, when we were turned out by order of the Central Government.

The order was to evict us with two weeks' notice, giving us what was strictly necessary as to household goods, forty pounds of flour, three changes of linen and other garments, 'according to the season' — this, after repeated assurances that what we raised ourselves could not be taken from us! Existing 'decrees' also ensured us, as the family of a Red Army man, exemption from all requisitions, and from any curtailing of our rights. Here again we found that the 'freedom' and 'liberty' of Bolshevist Communism, as well as their decrees, are subject to many interpretations.

On hearing of this order, the peasants went to town and interceded for us so successfully, that we were allowed a year's supply of flour for myself, all our vegetables, and most of the clothing that we had saved. My sons were supposed to get army rations. The horse and the cow were to be taken from us.

The first years we had scrupulously kept intact the inventory of our property as made out by the peasants in 1917. Though we had often found ourselves in great need of what we could have obtained by bartering our household goods or clothing, we had never touched anything. But finally the day came when we realized that we were dealing with robbers, and that we must have more courage in acting for the future.

So we began to 'steal' our own property that the Bolsheviki claimed as the 'people's,' and to hide it. We had a girl in the house who watched and reported our every movement, so it took a good deal of skill to outwit her. During the day I would collect what I most wished to save, and pack it in boxes or bundles, at odd moments, as I could, when this girl's eyes and ears were otherwise engaged. Some dark or stormy night, when our spy was asleep, my son and I would grope our way in the dark to the attic, carrying the boxes or bundles down the stairs, stopping breathlessly to listen to each sound — down the hill, keeping well in the shadow of bushes and trees, to our little boat moored to the landing. Then we would row across the lake to where some 'speculators' were waiting to buy what we had; or, more often, to a neighbor's or some trusty peasant's who would hide the things for us. Sometimes a few days later we would learn

of a contemplated raid on one of these houses, and then another night-expedition would have to be undertaken, and a safer hiding-place found.

In this way we gradually smuggled clothing, household goods, and rye out of the house, until we had things hidden in twelve different places. So when the black day came and we were finally turned out of our last home, and were faced with life without our cow, we were able, by selling some of these treasures, to get the means of persuading the Agricultural Department to leave us our cow. In those hard times, if we could only have milk with our potatoes and rye bread we felt that we were rich indeed, and had no right to complain.

The cow once secured, the next problem was how to feed her. We had hay enough that my son had harvested himself, and we managed by a little extra persuasion to get this supply included in the permission for taking the cow, but this hay was in our barn, over twenty miles from the city, and it would have to be carted around the lake.

At this time we were suffering from an acute salt famine that continued for many months. There is plenty of salt in Russia, but this was just another example of mismanagement. In our part of the country salt was so scarce, and so dear, at that time, that it was used as our standard currency. Go to the market place and ask the price of anything and you were given it in so many pounds of salt; hire a carpenter, washerwoman, or day-laborer, and salt would be demanded in payment.

And here we — without salt, or any apparent prospect of obtaining it — were told by the peasants that they would only cart the hay to town for salt! Seven pounds of salt for each load of hay, and as the roads at that season were very bad we knew that the loads would be small. Trusting to Providence, we promised to obtain the salt in some way, and they brought us the hay, consenting to be paid gradually as we could get the salt. Immediately on arriving in the city I went to some Jewish acquaintances who had hidden supplies and who gladly gave us salt for milk. As the price of salt was so exceedingly high, it took nearly the whole winter's supply of milk to get sufficient to pay for bringing the cow's food to town, leaving very little for our own use.

The little town to which we had moved was so crowded with troops that we almost despaired of getting lodgings. One basement room had to serve as bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen for us, and a little stable was found for our cow, with a loft for the precious hay. Hard as our life was in many ways, we felt that it was easier to endure these new troubles than it had been to live on the old estate and see the house where generations of our family had been born and had grown up and died, now occupied by strangers.

III

All these years we had been cut off from the outside world. No mail had come through from November, 1917, to October, 1920. All the news we had came through the Bolshevist papers. They gave accounts of the spread of Bolshevism abroad, and of the conversion of more and more countries to Communistic ideas.

At last, one never-to-be-forgotten day, letters came from dear friends in America, saying that they were working to get us out. Only those who have gone through what we in Bolshevist Russia have endured, isolated as in a prison, can understand what we experienced when those letters came, assuring us that there were people liv-

ing as human beings have a right to live, and that there was a hope of our escaping from what was a slow, living death. Life in Russia is now one long-drawn-out physical, mental, and moral torture, especially for people of our class. It is next to impossible to get out of the country, prohibition and strict surveillance within, and many complications that meet a Russian citizen as soon as he crosses the frontier. But at last, in December, 1921, the longed-for moment arrived, and it was in an unexpected way.

Every step had to be taken with the greatest care and secrecy, not only for our own sakes, but to avoid any risk of involving our friends. Hard as it was, therefore, to leave without a word of farewell, we decided not to take anyone into our confidence, and we left Russia without even the landlord of the rooms we occupied having any suspicion of our intentions.

Finally, one dark stormy night, the three of us — my two sons and myself — started on what we knew was the road either to freedom or to death. We took with us only what we could carry in sacks tied on our backs, and were guided by people whom we did not know, and whose faces we never saw through that long black night.

We found ourselves driving through snowdrifts in absolute silence; passing places where we had to make long détours to avoid exposing ourselves to lights, or running into the Red sentinels, stationed all along the border. After driving hours in the bitter cold, and having many false alarms, we came to a very serious obstacle in our path. It was an open, riverlike channel, some fifty feet broad, where large blocks of ice were floating. Our guides told us they were in the habit of unharnessing their horses and laying them bound with ropes on the sledges. Then, by gathering the blocks of ice together with long hooks, the sledges could be pushed across. We asked where we should be during that operation, and were told that we could 'jump from block to block.'

In the darkness we could just distinguish black spots on the white snow, which we knew were open places in the ice and meant water. Our men began feverishly to unharness the horses; but, something alarming them, they decided that it was too great a risk to spend so much time, and that we must get across as speedily as possible.

Passing long ropes under the bodies of the horses and around the shafts, the ends of which were held by the drivers, we proceeded to cross as best we could. The large blocks of ice were drawn together, making as solid a mass as possible; and over this the horses stepped quickly and lightly, as only Russian horses can do, accustomed as they are to crossing unsafe ice.

One of our horses broke through, but my son and the driver jumped off the back of the sledge on to the firm ice, and with the support given by the ropes the horse was able to scramble out and we all crossed in safety.

A few days later, when safely over the frontier, we met a family who had experienced greater difficulties than those that had fallen to our lot. Their horse, breaking through the ice, had been unable to get out and, in its extremity, began to scream. Fearing that it might be heard by the Red sentinels, the guides struck it over the head, and pushed the body of the horse and the sledge under the ice so as to leave no trace — and continued their way on foot.

After going some hours farther in the darkness, we were told that the frontier was crossed, but we soon found that our trials were not at an end.

The understanding with the guides had been that they were to take us to

a village, where we could get a horse to take us farther. What was, then, our dismay when our guides abruptly stopped and, ordering us to get out, began throwing our sacks after us onto the snow, telling us that they would take us no farther! All our protestations were in vain. Waving their hands indefinitely in the darkness, our guides kept repeating: 'Go in that direction and you will be sure to strike a village.' Taking up their reins, they dashed off, and were soon swallowed up in the darkness.

Unbroken snow and drifts lay before us in the direction so vaguely indicated, without a track to guide us; but we tied on our bags and set out as hopefully as we could. I, however, came very near wrecking our expedition; for my knees were so frozen that I could not make them bend. The snow was drifted in some places nearly to my waist, and every few steps I would fall. In fact, we all did; but the difference was that my sons could at once regain their feet, whereas I had no strength to rise with the bag on my back. My sons would remove the sack and pull me to my feet, only to be obliged to repeat the operation after a few steps.

The night was wearing on, and we were not far enough over the frontier for safety; but I could do no better. As a last resort, one of my sons suggested going on in hope of finding help, leaving us with his bags to struggle on as we could. So my eldest son and I took one bag at a time, dragging them a few rods, and then going back for others. In this way, falling and rising, we made some progress, until, to our dismay, we realized that the footprints that we were following were being fast obliterated by the storm, and the horror of losing each other was added to our anxieties.

My son and I held a council of war, and decided that he was to go on and get into communication with his brother. This he was very reluctant to do, as it involved leaving me quite alone; but I insisted that in doing so lay our only hope of keeping in touch with each other.

Before starting, my son gathered all our sacks and, piling them up, told me to sit down and rest; then he in turn disappeared in the darkness. I soon found that sitting still and thinking was the last thing to do, and that I must act — even if with little result. Taking one bag at a time, I stumbled on, making some headway, until I found that the footsteps I was following were becoming so faint, that in the darkness I sometimes had to feel for them with my fingers. This seemed to me the last straw, and dropping the bag that was in my hand, I hurried on, feverishly trying to go as fast as I could, losing all estimate of time. It seemed to me that eternities passed before I saw, way ahead of me, a light brightly gleaming in the darkness.

IV

No lost mariner ever saw the saving light with more thankfulness and joy than did I, alone in the darkness, with dangers worse than shipwreck behind me. Now I felt I could rest and get my breath. Gathering up all our sacks, I sat down and patiently waited till I saw the dark figures of my two sons looming out of the darkness. Now we did not mind stumbling and falling, for we knew that the goal was near.

It seems that the son who had gone first struck a little clearing in the forest — the only one, as we afterwards learned, anywhere near. Here he found a forester's cabin and, waking the family, asked them to put a lamp in the window to guide us, and to prepare something hot to drink. Retracing his steps, he met his brother, and the two found me.

When we entered that little one-roomed cabin, and were met by the fragrant aroma of real coffee, the first we had smelled — to say nothing of tasting — in years, I think that was one of the strongest sensations of that long night.

The young wife spoke no Russian, but her heart went out to us, and she bustled about, getting our frozen garments thawed and dried, and placed before us a steaming coffee-pot, milk, and — what seemed to us a most unwarrantable extravagance — a saucer heaped full of sugar. We had not seen so much sugar in one place for a long time. She then made us comfortable, one on her bed, others on the floor, to rest while her husband went to a neighboring village.

How we slept! It was day when the men came in, and we had a long argument about hiring their horse to take us to the quarantine. On every frontier these quarantines are established against Russian refugees. Though nominally to protect Europe against the epidemics, — now a part of the Bolshevist régime, — it seemed to us that there was more of political than sanitary significance to the quarantine, where we were told we must spend two weeks.

On arriving there we found that our friends in America had taken all necessary steps to make the remainder of our journey both safe and comfortable — and so we were led out of that land of desolation and suffering. Our escape was made possible, humanly speaking, by the activity of our friends; but every step was so wonderfully guided and the rough ways made smooth, that we could only thank God for his mercy to us.

In looking back, we felt that we had awakened from an awful nightmare. We almost forgot that we were leaving all we held dear and our homeland; for Russia is so changed. Our family also is almost entirely broken up. Death, — largely from privations, — exile, imprisonment had done their work.

What we left is not Russia. Not only have the Bolsheviki ruined a great empire and made it desolate in every sense of the word, but the very life and spirit of Russia are changed. Among people once unparalleled for their kindliness, hospitality, and charm, one now sees, on the one hand, only the despotism, brutality, and even luxury of the few, in whom not a Russian trait seems to have survived; and, on the other hand, the cowed, starving mass, with all initiative and life crushed out of them.

But I fully believe that Russia is not dead. How long it will take her to rise and shake off the heavy yoke that is crushing all intellectual and moral life, and begin a new and freer development, no one can foretell. 'Many waters must flow' — as the Russian proverb has it — before peace and life can come; and, in the meantime, the toll must be great in life and misery; but the dawn will come with God's help. While holding fast to this belief, one's heart is heavy in thinking of the many lives so uselessly sacrificed, families scattered, and suffering endured — and oh! so bravely that no pen picture can portray the reality.

The only gleam of light came through the wonderful work of Hoover's Relief Administration. One of my nephews, also a Russian refugee, wrote me of the help he and his family had received through that organization, and added: 'So long as Russians have breath in them, they will pray God to reward the Americans who sent them food for their starving bodies, and, above all, words of cheer to keep up their courage in their time of dire need.'

LEADERS OF BRITISH LABOR

BY E. T. RAYMOND

[*Mr. Raymond's illuminating analysis of British politics, begun in the August* Atlantic, *with portrait etchings of Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, and thumb-nail sketches of Mr. Bonar Law and some others, here concludes, with a précis of the British Labor Party and its leaders.* — THE EDITORS.]

I

THERE remains Labor. Three years ago I remarked that a great political genius, with no point of view but that of the architect, would prefer the materials offered by the Labor Party to any at present available. I still adhere to that opinion. The decay, apparently irremediable, of the older aristocracy, the loss of political power and, still more, of political instinct by the middle classes, have given the English masses an immense preponderance, in political keenness as well as in numbers, of which some great man is sure, sooner or later, to avail himself.

There are spiritual qualities in 'Labor,' which, properly used, would give it, under adequate leadership, a power and a dignity at least equal to those of any of the historic parties. The better kind of British workingman is that rarest of beings, a patriot who loves his own country more than he hates others. His 'internationalism' is all on the surface; he is at bottom the most English thing in England. Knowing that he has to live in his country, whatever betides, he has no motive, as the commercial classes too often have, to calculate national prosperity in the terms of profit earned at the nation's ultimate cost. It is true that, being in touch with the sternest realities of life, he cannot afford to look far ahead; for him the daily wage must always be the first question. But, apart from his absorbing interest in the meat that perishes, he is a romantic and an idealist; fair-minded, altruistic, remarkably free from envy, malice, and uncharitableness, and possessed of a fervent desire, as well as capacity, to admire what he can genuinely recognize as superior. Under a leader of fine intellect and heroic temperament, British Labor could, without great shock or destruction, achieve a social rearrangement far exceeding in thoroughness and beneficence any of which British history bears record.

As things are, however, the Labor Party is but an embodied satire on the natural and legitimate aspirations of the English masses. It has achieved a considerable Parliamentary representation, and it may well win a good many seats at the next election. At the by-elections, alone among the parties, it has revealed great accessions of strength independent of local and temporary factors. But the larger grows the phalanx of heavy trades-union leaders in the House of Commons, the less moral and intellectual weight Labor seems to possess in the councils of the nation. Its Parliamentary representa-

tives are deficient in almost everything that counts in a popular assembly — in enthusiasm, industry, debating-power, tactical ability, and sense of values. They derive a certain strength from their personal integrity, using the word in its most narrowly material sense; for, though a Labor vote is often stupid, it is seldom venal; and the worst that can be generally alleged against the class of workingman M. P.'s is that they have latterly tended to wind up as rather highly paid civil servants.

For intellectual honesty, however, they are not distinguished; and, without charging them, as Lord Birkenhead did, with 'consistent and abject poltroonery,' it is impossible to acquit them of failing, in face of the great problems of the last few years, to see and act straightly. The fault is possibly due rather to mental confusion than to moral obliquity. Certainly, in the case of Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose retention of his primacy during so many checkered years is a signal reproof to those who charge the masses with inconstancy, the head is rather at fault than the heart. Mr. Henderson is thoroughly well-meaning, and as little unremindful of his moral responsibilities as Mr. Pecksniff. But he is afflicted in a rather unusual degree with a common British characteristic, that 'woolliness' of mind which, though perhaps of some advantage in practical politics, makes the speculative essays of so many British politicians an astonishment to the outside world.

Mr. Henderson has read many times the Sermon on the Mount; and, in his capacity as Wesleyan local preacher, has given his own valuable comments thereon. He has also read, with perhaps less mastery, certain abridgments of the works of Karl Marx and his commentators; and, like the authority on Chinese metaphysics, he tries to 'combine the information.'

Unfortunately, he is dealing with things that simply will not combine; and in consequence Mr. Henderson suffers from what Mr. Chesterton once wittily described as a literally splitting headache — a permanent schism in the mind that produces a habitual inconsistency. He can scarcely speak without contradictions, which are obscured only by the vague and cloudy character of his rhetoric. We are to have perfect freedom for all, combined with universal compulsion. There is to be national control of the means of production, but no 'bureaucracy.' The 'biggest incomes and fortunes' are to be the main source of revenue, but Labor will incessantly work to make big incomes and fortunes as impossible as they are inequitable, and 'the notion of private gain' must be replaced by 'the notion of public service.' On the subject of taxation, indeed, Mr. Henderson's ideas are as simple as those of any old-time dey of Algiers. He seems to regard 'big incomes' as a sort of spontaneous growth, encouraged rather than checked by hard grazing. On no other assumption can we reconcile his desire to 'eliminate profiteering' with his promise to make the profiteer pay the bulk of the expenses of what would certainly be a most expensive form of government.

More artfully concealed, but scarcely less fundamental, is the trouble which sterilizes the considerable abilities of Mr. J. R. Clynes. His case is not Mr. Henderson's. He speaks much too clearly to think muddily; and if he were always free to give the counsel he would desire, British Labor would be viewed with less suspicion than it is to-day. But Mr. Clynes, with many excellent qualities, — moderate, quick of vision, and as intellectually honest as he can afford to be, — has hardly the substance to be a leader who leads.

There is too much difference between the speeches in which he thinks it safe to say what he thinks and those in which he says only what his followers like to think that he thinks.

After all, there are ample excuses. More than any of his fellow ex-Ministers, Mr. Clynes in office displayed the essential qualities of statesmanship — courage, judgment, initiative, and a capacity for noncommittal coöperation with people who may be the opponents of to-morrow. He has, too, a dignity which might not be inferred from the first glance at his insignificant figure and small, sharp, terrier-like face. That such a man should be too often obliged to argue on lines which obviously fail to appeal to his understanding is sufficient indication of the servitude which present conditions impose on those who purport to lead Labor.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, the divinity who shapes the ends of all who work on railways, is almost the only other figure on the Labor Bench who counts, since Mr. Brace, the splendid, became a Government servant, and could indulge without proletarian criticism his taste for a good cigar and a tolerable picture. Though, as a trades-union leader, there are few to vie with him in clear perception, both of his own interests and those of his men, Mr. Thomas, like the other Labor leaders, is, on his political side, a man of double vision. Mr. Thomas, indeed, has a multiplicity of personalities. He is an organizer of extraordinary talent, who achieved almost a miracle in uniting all the separate railway trade-unions (each representing a social division much more marked than that which distinguishes a marquess from a baronet) into a single organization. He is a trained and skillful negotiator. He can be, when he likes, a rampant demagogue, whose 'warnings' at first sight seem scarcely distinguishable from incitements, although at the last his word is always for prudence and for peace. He is a revolutionary, who proposes to work by evolution, and fears no 'riotous breaking from old ways' — or, at all events, 'only in the passing stage.'

But he is also — most important of all — a thoroughly middle-class person, who likes flattery, and values the fact that he can always get breakfast at the Prime Minister's table. The two understand each other, as Welshmen and old friends, exceedingly well; and when there has been a crisis in the railway world, Mr. Lloyd George has probably slept the better through his confidence in the essential respectability of Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Henderson was, a very long time ago, a moulder. Mr. Clynes once won a scanty wage as a 'little-piecer' in a Lancashire cotton factory. Mr. Thomas, an errand-boy at nine, was an engine-cleaner in his later teens. All of them are now in comfortable enjoyment of incomes which, however far from excessive, are by no means contemptible. To arrive at their present positions they have gone through much. No labor is more exacting, no routine more wearisome, no self-suppression more repulsive, than the labor, the routine, and the self-suppression of a Labor leader.

Is it rational to expect those who have won through, by patience, tact, persuasiveness, and pliability, such as no ambassador was ever called on to display, to be wanting in the defects of their qualities? Can such men be supposed to mean the things they constantly have to say? Can they be imagined as earnestly bent on social changes which, desirable or undesirable, can assuredly be compassed only at the cost of much sweat, and perhaps some blood?

II

No. British Labor's time, it seems to me, is not yet; nor will it come until it has thrown up from its own ranks, or attracted within its orbit, one whom it is prepared to accept, and one who is worthy to act, as its master. It is not by those who repeat formulas, and especially borrowed and alien formulas which they only half understand and do not half believe, — which is certainly the case with the British Labor leaders and Marxian Socialism, — that great democratic movements come about. History tells us that no great outburst of democratic zeal is evoked except by great and simple men, with a great and simple message, to deliver which they are ready to risk all, even their respectability. And that sort of man is seldom found among those who have plodded their way, with patience and caution, from a lowly position to one simply comfortable. The great popular leader is often a damaged aristocrat. He is sometimes an eccentric man of wealth. He is sometimes a genius from the depths. Men who have had much will gamble their last crown through despair. Men who have much will gamble their last crown through tedium. Men who have never had anything will stake the only thing they can risk — their lives. But the man whom, of all others, we least expect to play a big game of any kind is the one who, starting from nothing, has become the possessor of a few hundreds in first-class securities, and the master of a nicely furnished little home. Of such are the Labor leaders who, at one moment, call for the resignation of the most profligate of capitalistic Governments, and the next (at a hint of dissolution) cry, in effect, 'Oppressors of the people, conscienceless despots, how dare you put us about, and threaten us with a further run on sorely depleted funds, by talking of giving us an early opportunity to destroy you?'

Such, as it appears to my judgment, is a not unfair presentment of the political conditions in Great Britain to-day. If it be true that the Government is so wanting in any principle of vitality that it would fall at a blow, or even at the blast of any trumpet giving forth a not uncertain sound, it seems also true that there is no arm strong enough to strike the blow, and no mouth capable of forming a genuine note of defiance.

One real thing, it is true, remains, and it would be capable in a short time of communicating reality to other things. I mean, of course, the so-called Die-Hard Conservatism. These people represent something in certain respects rather stupid, but also something very genuine and vital. They are, for the time, deprived of their natural organs by the adherence of all possible leaders (with the notable exception of Mr. Bonar Law) to the Coalition; but it is not improbable that, like those other organisms that walk backward, — the respectable family of crabs, — they will shortly develop new limbs — and claws.

Something over a year ago, I suggested that Mr. Lloyd George, 'the born explosive of party union and builder of flying bridges between incompatibles,' as a witty critic has called him, was ambitious of stinging British Toryism into paralysis, without actually killing it, so that he might, like the ichneumon fly, provide living pabulum for some political larva of his own production. That scheme has now failed, obviously and finally. Genuine British Toryism does not mean to be killed or paralyzed. It is, on the contrary, the only British party with a definite aim, and that aim is most definite. It is simply to rid itself, by any

means, and at the first possible moment, of the Lloyd George connection.

Unless Mr. Bonar Law should decide to help it, however, it can hardly emancipate itself by the time an election comes. It must, therefore, be assumed that the Coalition will go to the country in its present form, and secure a majority. But the conditions of the next Parliament will not be the conditions of this. The dependence of the Prime Minister on Conservatism will be much more marked; the independence of individual Conservatives will be correspondingly accentuated; a large party of very definite convictions, unfavorable to continued coalition, will form; and it is not consistent with any theory of political human nature that some clever man, either in the Coalition or without, will refuse the opportunity open to him who becomes its leader.

British political conditions are so singular, the character of the Prime Minister is so incalculable, that it would be foolish indeed to attempt to predict the precise development of the movement toward stable equilibrium which is undoubtedly beginning. The possibilities of minor complications produced by the final burst-up of the Coalition are almost as numerous as the ways of arranging how, in a train carrying five hundred people, two hundred can travel with their faces and two hundred with their backs to the engine. But one or two conclusions seem to be justified.

There will reëmerge, sooner or later, a genuine Conservative party, of which Mr. Lloyd George will not be the leader, partly because he is not wanted, partly because he can hardly acquire, at his time of life, the accent of Toryism. The mere existence of this party will tend to reconsolidate Liberalism, which still represents the habitual mood of a large body of the British people, and represents even the British people itself in certain of its moods. Labor, until it has produced its man, seems destined to continue a rather niggling and ineffective Ishmaelite.

It will be observed that no allowance has been made for the factor of Mr. Lloyd George's personality. I am, indeed, disposed to think that, once he is out, he will remain out. His ascendancy depends on the prevalence of turmoil. There was a certain truth in his description of himself as a stormy petrel, whose element is the tempest. He has always not only made his best figure, but prospered best, in conditions of crisis. During the latter years of the war, every reverse only added to his security; and it is hardly unfair to say that, since the Armistice a quarterly political sensation has been necessary to maintain his prestige. The country, however, shows unmistakable signs that its nerves will no longer respond to stimulus; it wants, above all, sleep; and, once it has sunk into much needed repose, Mr. George will be at a disadvantage. Clever as he is, there is one thing Nature has put beyond his power. He can do nothing without a brass band, and his sheer incapacity for quiet routine must tell against him with John Bull, when that much-tried personage has got his head well on the pillow.

LIBERIA AND NEGRO RULE

BY EVANS LEWIN

I

THE recent arrangement with the Negro Republic of Liberia, whereby America will undertake certain administrative duties and will grant a loan for the development of that rich and backward portion of the coast of Guinea, has introduced a new and startling feature into the administration of Tropical Africa — new in the sense that America is strengthening the somewhat nebulous relations she has long maintained with that portion of Western Africa, and startling because, for the first time, she is seriously undertaking administrative responsibilities in a continent from which, except for the previous agreement with Liberia in 1911, she has studiously held aloof.

When I wrote my book, *The Germans and Africa*, at the beginning of the war, I was much criticized, on both sides of the Atlantic, because I suggested that the time was not far distant when the United States would be compelled by economic necessity to accept responsibilities in a portion of the world which, hitherto, had been regarded as peculiarly the domain of European enterprise. What I then wrote was as follows: —

> There remains one great and powerful nation that as yet has taken no part either in the regeneration or exploitation of Africa — a nation that sooner or later will be compelled to obtain new sources of tropical supplies, and to extend her influence over other portions of the globe than those now under her sway. The future of the United States as a plantation power has so far scarcely been considered. The entry of America upon the African continent would involve a reversal of traditional American policy, though not so great an upheaval as would have been the case before the Philippines, some of the Samoan Islands, Porto Rico, and Cuba had come under the American flag or had fallen under American influence. Yet even were America desirous — and there is no present evidence of such a desire — of undertaking fresh responsibilities (in Africa), and even were Great Britain anxious to assist, it is hardly probable that such assistance would be forthcoming without some substantial compensation in the form of a reorganization or exchange of territory. But such a possibility may well occur within the present or next generation. America, if she is to continue triumphantly in the future along the paths of progress she has trodden in the past, can hardly afford to deny herself the opportunity of acquiring tropical possessions, from which she might gather the products that will be needed for her own enterprises. The vast stores of rubber, cotton and other fibres, vegetable oils, copra, tea, coffee, and other tropical products that are consumed by her population or utilized in her factories will doubtless, if her progress is to be assured, be obtained from American territory outside the boundaries of the United States.

While it is by no means suggested that what is essentially an economic arrangement between the most powerful Republic in the world and probably the weakest independent state outside Europe necessarily involves the territorial absorption of the latter, it is evi-

dent to those who are conversant with the processes of economic expansion that, by obtaining a commercial foothold in Africa, the American people has entered upon the first step that leads to direct economic, if not political, control.

It is neither desirable nor necessary to discuss the action of America in all its bearings, either as to whether the people of the United States will eventually realize the factors and ultimately undertake all the work that such an arrangement involves, or whether the European tropical powers will welcome the presence of a newcomer on their African preserves; but it is certainly pertinent to consider two important aspects of the question immediately brought to the front by the Liberian agreement — the first purely economic, and the second political and sociological.

The development of tropical Africa, and more particularly those portions of the continent that lie within Upper and Lower Guinea, has been extraordinarily rapid during recent years. Railways have been, and are being, built, which are draining toward the coastal outlets the vast agricultural wealth of the interior plateaus, and will eventually form the main economic avenues whereby the latent wealth of Western Africa will be fully developed. Enormous agricultural developments are taking place in all the African colonies bordering on the Atlantic; native industries, such as the cocoa industry of the Gold Coast, have been established and developed entirely by native labor and under native peasant-proprietorship, on a scale undreamed of even a few years ago. The natives of Western Africa are becoming educated in the best means of developing their own territories to a degree unknown at any period of their history. They are undergoing a process of agricultural regeneration, which undoubtedly will turn their lands into a vast tropical storehouse for the supply of European markets and manufacturers, and will bring them into closer and closer touch with the economic life of Europe and with the political and social systems of the Western nations. The time cannot be far distant when the profound and disturbing changes of the present will produce in West Africa a race — or rather a number of races — who will have attained a degree of civilization that will fit them for political advances for which, even now, a small, but as yet unrepresentative, minority is clamoring. That process must necessarily be slow, but so long as Western civilization itself endures, it will be sure.

The economic development of Western Africa is at present practically in the hands of two, or, if the immense basin of the Congo be included, three European nations — Great Britain, France, and Belgium. The first administers four widely separated territories: the Gambia Colony, a small enclave on both sides of the lower reaches of the vast Gambia River, which in the future will form a great highway of commerce from the interior of Western Africa; and the three colonies and protectorates of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria. The last is in itself a vast tropical empire, peopled by nearly eighteen million inhabitants of diverse races and civilizations, some of whom, long previous to the advent of Europeans, had reached a high stage of development and had evolved civilizations peculiarly their own.

Surrounding these British colonies are the really immense territories of the French Colonial Empire, stretching from the Mediterranean in the north to the Gulf of Guinea and the Congo in the south, and from the Atlantic in the west to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in the east — an enormous block of territory, embracing the temperate north-

ern lands of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, where some millions of Frenchmen are already settled, and the purely tropical countries south of the Sahara, which forms at present a natural barrier between the two great sections of French Africa.

In the far south Belgium administers a country embracing the enormous and fertile region of the Congo Basin, with thousands of miles of navigable waterways, and agricultural and mineral possibilities that even yet are only partly realized. Here then, not only within easy reach of Europe, but also facing the American continent, is a region which offers unrivaled possibilities of development and practically every tropical product used in modern industry.

The position of Western Africa, vis-à-vis America, is the economic factor to which I have alluded above. A glance at the map will reveal two important facts which have a direct bearing upon the economic expansion of Western Africa. The first is that not only does the coast of Guinea lie within easy distance of Brazil and thus in direct communication by land with the Argentine and South America generally, but it also represents that portion of the African continent which is nearest to the eastern littoral of the United States. Direct steamship communication between the West African ports and New York is certain to be developed largely in the near future, when the agricultural wealth of Guinea is more fully realized. The second fact is that the economic development of West Africa is proceeding upon lines that will bring to its western coasts, where are to be found the best harbors, the products of the interior.

I have already alluded to the Gambia River, which at present is practically unused as a great economic highway into the heart of Guinea, because of the unnatural diversion of traffic due to political factors that would be involved in the development of the great natural routes of commerce. But there are other harbors, — though none of them served by so valuable a waterway, — equally effective for the development of this portion of West Africa: the great ports of Dakar and Konakry, in the French colonies of Senegal and Guinea respectively, and the extremely valuable natural harbor at Freetown in Sierra Leone. The value of the last port, however, is largely discounted by the fact that it can serve only the comparatively restricted area of the protectorate, so long as France and Great Britain are trade and political rivals in West Africa. But it is mainly from the point of view of French policy that the position of West Africa must be regarded; as the French, by their system of railway expansion, are seeking to develop their territories from west to east along the vast grasslands which form the interior plateau toward which all West African colonies rise from the coast. By joining Dakar and Konakry with the headwaters of the Niger and Senegal, as they have already done, and by continuing their railways from west to east toward Lake Chad, the French are developing a great railway system that will drain toward these two ports and toward the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea, by means of their branch railways, the as yet entirely undeveloped produce of the interior.

There is, however, one other factor in this connection that must be taken into account. The French are in possession of the key to rapid railway communication between South Africa and Europe — the Sahara. It is an essential feature of French policy that sooner or later a great trunk line shall be constructed from Algeria across the Sahara to the Niger River, and thence to the port of Dakar, the nearest point

to South America; or alternatively, and perhaps additionally, a railway along the coast from Dakar to the international port of Tangiers. It is too much to claim, as some authorities have done, that a Saharan railway would be likely to pay its way by the conveyance of produce between Western Africa and Europe; but undoubtedly it would form the quickest route for mails and passengers, and may thus be regarded as a world-route of the future.

South of the areas drained by these railways, and within easy reach of the American coasts, lies the great territory of Liberia — a practically undeveloped country, possessing enormous latent wealth in tropical products, and economically one of the richest regions of Western Africa.

II

Having considered the economic factors connected with the European development of Western Africa, we come to the second important aspect of European control — the policy involved in native administration, and the right attitude to adopt toward the backward races, in view of the changes that have occurred in our conception of the duties of a protecting power. It is now fully realized, especially since the adoption of Article 22 of the Treaty of Versailles, that the economic development of Tropical Africa involves the recognition, and not only the recognition but the actual fulfillment, of the doctrine of trusteeship. It is no longer possible to adopt the old German view, as stated by Hassert, that 'colonization consists in the utilization of the soil, its products and its men, for the economic profit of the colonizing nation'; or, in Fischer's phrase, 'colonizing Africa is making the negroes work,' even though there are still many who regard economic considerations as the primal motive in civilizing Africa. The economic imperialism which recognizes only the duty of paying dividends to shareholders is almost a thing of the past; and it is generally felt by most colonizing nations — certainly by Great Britain, France, and America — that the doctrine of trusteeship on behalf of the backward races of mankind is the essential, and indeed vital, moral stimulus without which no European power is justified in enforcing its will upon weaker peoples.

Although the recognition and practice of this doctrine do not preclude the economic development of a country in the interest of the protecting power, they do involve the assumption that that development must not be contrary to the interests of the natives. Forced plantation labor, with its attendant evils, as taught by Karl Peters and practised by the Germans, has given place to a wiser and more humane statesmanship; so that it is no longer possible to regard as serious such a statement as the following: 'To me the most advantageous system seems to be one in which the negro is forced, following the example laid down by Prussian military law, to devote twelve years of his life to working for the Government. During this time he should receive food and shelter, and a small wage, say about two shillings a month, like a Prussian soldier.'

Lord Milner has officially laid down the policy of the British Government on the subject of native labor, 'in order that there may be no room for doubt in the matter.' The 'traditional policy,' he says, 'is absolutely opposed to compulsory labor for private employment. . . . It is a point of fundamental importance that there is no question of force or compulsion, but only of encouragement and advice through the native chiefs and headmen.' The claims and demands that arise out of our dual responsibilities as controlling

powers in the Tropics — as trustees to civilization for the adequate development of their resources for the benefit of the whole of mankind and as trustees for the welfare of the native races — are frequently mutually antagonistic and extremely difficult to adjust. How far this 'encouragement and advice' should go is a difficult matter to decide; but there can be no doubt whatever that it occasionally proceeds too far, even in those colonies where the doctrine of trusteeship is now fully recognized. It is my intention to inquire briefly how this doctrine is being applied in Tropical Africa: and the question is equally interesting to British and Americans, in view of the fact that both are trustee powers.

It may, of course, be assumed that no country is sufficiently altruistic to undertake the painful, and often thankless, task of administrative work in Africa purely from moral motives, and with the sole idea of benefiting mankind. We are still far from the millennium, and it is certain that the prime motives that move mankind in the mass are those concerned with self-interest. Thus, American administrative work in Liberia, British administrative control in Nigeria, and French administration in Senegal have, as their primal factor, the economic development of those countries. But such economic development is assuredly not unconnected with, or divorced from, the high moral obligations officially recognized by the Treaty of Versailles.

The subject of native administration in Africa is one of enormous importance, for upon the application of correct principles depend in a large measure not only the stability of the economic machine, but the happiness and future prosperity of vast numbers of peoples who hitherto have been regarded as among the most backward of the races of mankind. It is precisely here that the forces that are moulding anew the destinies of Africa — modifying, and occasionally destroying, the established customs and habits of the native races; changing the age-long political dependence upon native chieftains into dependence upon European administrators; sometimes forging the bonds of economic servitude upon races who hitherto have been more or less free within their own peculiar spheres; or erecting a new and bastard civilization on the ruins of an effete but venerated system — have to be judged.

Administration, to be effective, must seek to preserve instead of to destroy. In its modifying and civilizing mission it must keep all that is good in native life and customs; it must support the independence of the chieftains and aid them in the work of governing their own peoples; it must preserve the economic freedom of the races under its charge, and not allow them to be exploited for the sole benefit of European traders, settlers, or planters; and, above all, it must safeguard the rights of the natives in their own lands; train them in agricultural work, so that they can develop their own farms and plantations; and, by realizing that the true prosperity of a tropical country is founded upon agricultural development, foster by every means the latent ability of the natives to sow and reap their own crops. In other words, one of the main functions of administration must be to prevent native races from becoming mere wage-earners working for others, instead of being primary producers on their own behalf. It is entirely because the Germans failed to recognize that the possession of land was essential to native races, that their policy had such disastrous results in Southwest Africa, where a whole race was practically exterminated because of its devotion to the pastoral lands of its forefathers; or in the Cameroons, where villages were

depopulated because of the constant demands for plantation labor.

The problem differs largely in the various African colonies. In some, such as East Africa, where the presence of a large and intrusive European element has immensely complicated the task of administration, although enormously adding to the economic value of the country, the native peoples had hitherto been largely of a nomadic or pastoral character, roaming over or occupying large tracts of country without effectively developing them. Here it is obvious that the natives as such can have no exclusive rights over the land; and although this may not justify the policy that has been pursued, it goes far toward explaining it.

In others, such as the contiguous country of Uganda, where the natives have been largely agriculturists who, by their numbers and influence, have formed powerful native kingdoms, it has obviously been the correct policy to safeguard jealously native rights over the land. This has especially been the case in West Africa, where the British Government has not only deliberately followed the policy of ruling, so far as possible, through and by means of the native chieftains, but has also, during recent years, encouraged by every possible means the formation of a class of peasant proprietors working for themselves, under expert European advice wherever possible.

With respect to the actual work of administration and its main purposes, so high an authority as Sir Frederick Lugard, one of the outstanding figures of modern Africa, has stated that 'We must continue to guide and control; the keynote of our endeavor being to create a class of rulers fit to assume by gradual processes a limited responsibility, while devoting our energies to raising the ignorant millions to a higher plane, by a system of education suited to their needs.' On the other question — native agricultural development — Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor-General of Nigeria, a country which may be termed the African India, has stated that agricultural industries in those tropical countries which are mainly, or exclusively, in the hands of the native peasantry have a firmer root than similar enterprises when owned and managed by Europeans, are the cheapest instruments for agricultural production, and are capable of a rapidity of expansion and a progressive increase of output that beggar every record of the past. There can be no doubt, with the examples of the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and Uganda before us, that the policy of peasant proprietorship, wherever there is a natural agricultural bent on the part of the native races, has been triumphantly vindicated.

It may not be considered out of place, therefore, if I attempt to apply the lessons already learned during a long period of experimental administration in West Africa to the question of Liberia. There the problem is essentially different from what it is in any other portion of the continent, because Liberia is a large and practically undeveloped country in which, in the past, a small educated native community, settled along the coast, largely the descendants of freed slaves and not necessarily of the same races as the remainder of the natives, has been struggling to educate and administer upon European lines the large and unresponsive masses of the interior.

It is a singular fact that African natives, as a whole, feel little respect for those Africans who, not being of their own particular race, attempt to administer their territories, unless such natives are acting under European direction. With their own hereditary chieftains and headmen it is a different matter. In the case of Liberia, there-

fore, the task of the educated coastal native has been exceedingly difficult. With inadequate financial resources, and with the inertia, if not the active hostility or contempt, of the interior natives to overcome, it is no matter for wonder that the development of Liberia has been retarded instead of advanced by that very political freedom which is the most cherished possession of European races.

For this reason, therefore, American administrators have an almost unique opportunity in Liberia; and if they are able to train the Liberians to govern themselves they will have rendered a real service to the cause of West Africa.

They will, moreover, have provided an object-lesson as effective in its way as that offered by the British administrations in Nigeria and the Gold Coast.

In Liberia it is entirely a matter of educating the natives of the interior in agricultural work, and convincing them that their economic independence is intimately connected with the development of their own lands and resources. If they are once convinced that there is no danger of their becoming merely the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a dominant caste, be it European or native, and that their lands will be respected and their customs, so far as they do not actively conflict with the higher ethical teachings, will not be interfered with, the task of administration will be comparatively easy.

THE INDIAN FERMENT. II

BY C. H. VAN TYNE

I

THE outstanding leader of the Indian masses in the last few troubled years has been Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, and of him I found the greatest differences of opinion. Is he politician, demagogue, or saint? Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde? Is he 'that lunatic' as I heard a British general call him, or a seer comparable to Buddha or Confucius? Is he 'that blackguard' or a 'reincarnation of Vishnu,' as I was repeatedly assured? Is he 'filled with humility,' or has attention made him 'vain of power'? To answer these questions, I read all I could find of his writings, and better still I went to see him.

It was at Ahmadabad, during the late December meeting of the All-Indian Congress, that I first saw Gandhi. Mr. Amballal, a rich mill-owner, kindly arranged the meeting. In his car we drove to the Congress Hall, erected outside the walls of Ahmadabad, near the vast tent-city built to house the many thousand delegates and their friends. All the curious square tents were built of slight wooden frames covered with Indian woven cotton cloth, or *Khadi*. The thousands of visitors had come as is the custom all over India in attending fairs or sacred festivals, literally taking up their

beds and walking, at least to and from the railroad station. Their wants are few: a blanket, a bag of rice, a simple cooking utensil or two. If it is warm, they wear little but a loin cloth: if cold, they wrap their many-colored blankets around them. One missed the picturesque turban or other headdress, because all the faithful wore the Gandhi cap — a homely white skull cap, hopelessly inartistic, but the token of submission to the will of the great 'Mahatma.'

As we neared the Congress Hall, with the giant spinning wheel before it, — Gandhi's device for winning economic independence, — we met the thousands of delegates coming out. Everybody seemed to know Mr. Amballal, but they looked at me with curiosity. 'Gandhi is coming and will soon be in his tent,' was the answer to the questions of my Indian friend. We turned aside, worrying our way through numbers of tongas, autos, and pedestrians, and drove as near as we could get to Gandhi's tent; then walked through a narrow lane made by the ten thousand wildly enthusiastic Indians shouting: 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' (Victory for Gandhi, the holy man.) I have seen many American crowds, madly shouting their admiration for Roosevelt, but never with greater devotion than that of these dusky-skinned masses. Knowing full well the race hatred with which Gandhi, willingly or not, had filled his disciples, and recalling the fate of an American in the recent Bombay riots, I hoped fervently that Mr. Amballal's power was as great as it was reputed. There was no need to worry, for everybody looked at me merely with curiosity.

At last we reached the simple tent reserved for the great leader. Following the old Indian custom, which all obeyed, we took off our shoes before entering. Passing through the outer room, we entered Gandhi's own room, in which there was a spinning wheel, whereon the leader was used to spin as an example to his followers. Besides the rush matting, there were a pallet and two pillows on the floor, and three bricks at one side of the room. This was all the furniture.

Soon we heard the voice of the crowd outside grow in volume, and going to the door we saw Gandhi, the saint, the seer, the reincarnation of Vishnu, drive up in a Ford car! There flashed through my mind the memory of his fierce denunciation of machinery, and modern rapid locomotion. In a moment, the man who had aroused India's spirit as no man, dead or alive, had ever done, stood before me, and I was being introduced. Except for a loin cloth and a narrow scarf, he was naked, wearing no sandals, no cap such as his disciples wear. He shook hands, his eyes cast down, and there was an air of humility. I noted that he was a small man, that every rib plainly showed, and that his whole physique was frail. When he looked up at me with a tired but kindly smile, I saw that he had lost the two upper front teeth.

As he talked, I began to understand why C. F. Andrews 'loved him like a brother,' and why the proud Brahman, S. Srinavasa Iyengar, spoke of him tenderly as 'my master.' I understood why the Inspector of Police at Poona enjoyed nothing more than to talk with him, though, as he laughingly added, 'I may have to arrest him any day.' Gandhi's eyes were liquid, filled with a spiritual light, and there was a mildness, a sweetness of spirit, a compassion for one who could not see the light, who could only stand in the outer darkness of the materialistic world. I recalled what his friend Jayaker had told me of Gandhi's 'selflessness,' — a word his admirers never omit, — of his gentleness, his piety and religious fervor. In

America, he would be merely a curiosity. The long-haired men and the short-haired women would gather around him and console him because nobody appreciated him; but in India, whose mystic soul is stirred by nothing as by religion, millions turn to him, swayed, I feel sure, much more by his religious appeal than by his political ideals. The Maharajah of Alwar was more than half right, I believe, when he assured me: '*Mr.* Gandhi is not of any influence, but *Mahatma* Gandhi is listened to because he is a holy man.' 'If you and Gandhi and I,' said His Highness, 'were to go to the gates of an Indian village, and determine by lot which would be announced as a mahatma, it would not make the least difference which of us got the title and went in. To the one with that title all would come, asking no questions, but accepting whatever he said without question.' It is true that Gandhi has more than once declared that he is not a mahatma; but his followers insist upon the title.

Only by reviewing the political and social ideas of this new messiah can one understand the amazing miracle of his leadership. 'India,' he says, 'is being ground down, not under the English heel but under that of modern civilization.' — 'There is no end to the victims destroyed in the fire of civilization . . . it is like a mouse gnawing while it is soothing us.' It is railways, lawyers, and doctors, he declares, that have impoverished India. 'But for the railways, the English could not have such a hold on India as they have.' These railways have spread bubonic plague, he asserts, because they carry plague germs. 'Railways increase the frequency of famines, because, owing to facility of means of locomotion, people sell out their grain . . . become careless, and so the pressure of famine increases.' He forgets that it is the railroad which has enabled the Government so to combat famine that, in its worst aspects, it has practically disappeared. He clinches his argument against railways by asserting: 'Good travels at a snail's pace — it can therefore have little to do with railways, . . . but evil has wings.' — 'God set a limit to a man's locomotive ambition in the construction of his body.'

It is not the railroads alone, Gandhi teaches, but lawyers who have 'enslaved India.' They will, 'as a rule, advance quarrels.' — 'They have made brothers enemies.' — 'Lazy people, in order to indulge in luxuries, take up such professions.' If law 'pleaders were to abandon their profession and consider it just as degrading as prostitution, English rule would break up in a day.'

They have also used the medical profession, he declares, for holding us. 'Doctors have almost unhinged us. Sometimes I think that quacks are better than highly qualified doctors.' Diseases arise by our own negligence or indulgence. 'I overeat; I have indigestion; I go to a doctor; he gives me medicine; I am cured; I overeat again; and I take his pills again. Had the doctor not intervened, nature would have done its work, and I would have acquired mastery over myself, would have been freed from vice.' — 'Hospitals are institutions for propagating sin.' The Mahatma's pure reason is never marred by facts. In one passage of *Hind Swaraj*, Gandhi bitterly attacks vivisection, and one seems to be listening to a voice from the Middle Ages.

And what does Mr. Gandhi conclude from all this? 'Those alone who have been affected by Western civilization have become enslaved.' Get rid of it, and India is free. He believes the old civilization of India 'is not to be beaten in the world. Rome went, Greece shared the same fate, the might of the Pharaohs was broken, Japan became

westernized . . . but India is still sound at the foundation.' He glories in the fact that 'we have managed with the same kind of plough that existed thousands of years ago.' Indeed, I can testify that, while traveling 5000 miles in India, going out frequently into the country districts, I never saw a modern plough, or a reaper and binder, or a threshing machine, or any agricultural implement not used by the sons of Abraham 3000 years ago. They reap with a sickle, and thresh with a flail that was old when Methuselah was a child.

Perhaps nowhere else does the ancient world survive to the extent that it does in India; and if this is a virtue, by all means give her the palm. Gandhi complacently decides that India 'has nothing to learn from anybody else, and this is as it should be.' — 'A nation with a constitution like this is fitter to teach others than to learn from others.' Wherever in India the curse of modern civilization has not reached (he has in mind the backward districts, as travelers describe them), India is as it was before, and is happy and free. All Indians, by going back to the simple life, using the *charka*, or spinning wheel, to make their own simple Khaddar cloth, giving up machines and English luxuries, may be free. 'It is *swaraj* [self-rule] when we learn to rule ourselves.' Only 'our adoption of their civilization makes the British presence in India at all possible. Your hatred against them,' Gandhi counsels his followers, 'ought to be transferred to their civilization.' When they wish to resort to warfare, he asks them gently, 'Do you want to make the holy land of India unholy? To arm India on a large scale is to Europeanize it. Do you not tremble to think of freeing India by assassination? What we need to do is to kill ourselves. It is a cowardly thought, that of killing others. Those who are intoxicated by the wretched modern civilization think these things.'

He would therefore simply use 'love-force, soul-force,' or passive resistance. That plan was sure to appeal to an Oriental. A governor of a great province described to me how thirty thousand Indians in his capital city lay down on the street-railway track and stopped all traffic for two days. In desperation he at last ordered the chief of police to bring a company of dragoons into the city, select a place where the horsemen could be seen coming for several blocks, and then order to charge with lowered spears and come thundering down upon the prostrate Indians. He sat, in an agony of suspense, until word came by telephone that the passive resisters had broken and fled, clearing miles of the track.

When Gandhi was asked how he would meet the wild Afghans if they were to swoop down out of the Northwest hills to ravage India when the British had left, he answered that he would meet them with 'soul-force.' Police-Inspector Griffith was discussing with Gandhi the punishment of criminals, which the reformer thought was all wrong. 'What would you do?' asked the Inspector.

'I would punish them as I did my daughter when she told me a lie: I fasted for a fortnight.'

'But,' said the Inspector, 'if you fast a fortnight for a lie, how long must I fast for a murderer? Besides, there are 54 murders a year in this city. When would I get a chance to eat?'

'Oh! now you 're unreasonable and I can't argue with you,' replied Gandhi.

He would, therefore, resist evil by deliberate self-suffering, not deliberate injuring of the wrongdoer.

In one of his famous interviews with the Viceroy, the Mahatma had argued against repressive measures, and urged 'soul-force.' 'Can you tell me,' queried

Lord Reading, 'any example in history when government has successfully used soul-force?'

After just a moment's hesitation, Gandhi replied: 'Ah! Your Excellency, but this is a new dispensation.'

Yet this 'Grand Old Fanatic,' as one of his deepest admirers dubbed him to me, had a good English education, first in India, then in London University, and finally by completing his studies for the bar in the Inner Temple. He speaks excellent English in a most eloquent way, though he is not at all oratorical, and is more likely to scold his audience than to tickle its vanities. With all his maddening unreason there is about him something fundamentally right-minded. He is quite right that Indians cannot win *swaraj* by force. He is right in urging Brahmans to sit at the table with 'untouchables,' and thus rid caste of one of its worst features. He has attacked fearlessly some of the worst evils of Hinduism. Whatever one may think of noncooperation and its danger, it has done much that Gandhi's admirers claim for it. He has made the Indian people feel their unity as never before. He has awakened Indians from two hundred years of dreaming 'in slavery,' — as agitators love to call the British late benevolent absolutism, — to a pride that will not tolerate assumed superiority.

When, as I was leaving India, I heard of Gandhi's arrest, and later, on shipboard in the China Sea, learned that he had been convicted and sent to prison for six years, I found that I had mingled feelings about it. I thought of Gandhi's gentleness, his lovableness, the atmosphere of saintliness about him, the frail body always overtaxed and ever driven on by a high sense of duty. I recalled him — simple, undefiled, living in the pure radiance of the spirit. These thoughts made me sad. But when I reasoned about it, I knew that, had I been Viceroy, I should have arrested Gandhi six months earlier! I never could have had Lord Reading's patience, or the courage to face the criticism of those who gnashed their teeth at his delays. I have only admiration for the wisdom and patience of the Viceroy, a liberal man, a strong, calm, and reasonable man, who wished nothing so much as to do right. Though keen in his intuitions, he is cautious in action. His critics say that he lacks firmness. When I saw him, he was acting from day to day as the hour seemed to demand, but waiting for a policy. He had two firm convictions: one, that civilized society rests on respect for law — that was Gandhi's Nemesis; the other, that legal consideration ought not always to be uppermost in a statesman's mind — that was Gandhi's hope. Gandhi's persistence in civil disobedience compelled the Viceroy to act on his first conviction.

I asked Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, President of the Bombay Legislative Council, and loyal supporter of the British Government, why it was that I could detect in him and other Indians, who bitterly criticized Gandhi's methods, an underlying reverence for the man. 'It is,' he replied, 'the religious appeal, the strongest of all emotions in an Indian. I, who gave up my Brahmin prerogatives that I might fight the battle for the depressed classes, and who have a reasoned hatred of idols, have felt the religious emotions well up within me when, even lately, I have entered a Hindu temple and looked upon the stone idols. Millions of Indians believe Gandhi to be a reincarnation of Vishnu. "He will become a God," they declare.'

It must not be forgotten that for the masses Gandhi is not merely what his own words and conduct would make him, but what his followers, good and

bad, have told the most credulous people in the modern world to believe him to be. A most active extremist organization exploits this holy figure as its greatest asset. One finds Gandhi's pictures for sale in every bazaar in India, often drawn in the midst of other sacred figures suggesting his close relation with the Hindu gods. It has been carried in chariots in the sacred processions so loved by the Hindu. Simple village folk, I have been told repeatedly on the best authority, pray to these pictures. They find the leaves of trees stamped with the Mahatma's name; and the cunning charlatan who did it sells the leaves to awe-struck worshipers. Ignorant peasants are told that, if they do not heed Gandhi's commands, they will be turned to stone. They are promised that, when the Gandhi *raj* (rule) comes, they will have no land-tax to pay, no famine or scourge will appear in the land, and the Golden Age will come.

The Mahatma himself frowns on all this; but, fearful of injury to the whole cause, he finds it hard to control the fringe of cranks and of unprincipled rogues that follows any great movement. Gandhi finds consolation in his nobler followers, like Mr. Jayaker of Bombay, who, though a graduate of Oxford, rich and influential, dresses in *swadeshi* cloth and thrusts his bare feet into Indian slippers. I recall him, gentle as a dove, soft-spoken, with a mild, sad face, and a soul that glowed with enthusiasm over Hindu philosophy, Hindu art, Hindu literature. His culture and refinement, his gentleness and sweetness of nature are all devoted to admiration of Gandhi. So, too, S. Srinavasa Iyengar, who admitted to me that, at first, he had opposed Gandhi's noncoöperation, but that, at last, he had 'seen the light,' and was 'filled with a strange happiness' when he realized that its value was, not the trouble which the noncoöperators gave the British Government, but the unity and self-control which they acquired for Indians. 'We gain *swaraj* day by day,' he assured me with ecstasy, 'as we conquer ourselves and go to prison or give up luxuries or offices for the cause.' — 'We don't hate the English,' he declared, true to his master's teaching; 'we serenely ignore them.'

Nevertheless, the result of Gandhi's noncoöperation methods is the breeding of hate, as the riots at Bombay, Madras, and Chauri Chaura plainly revealed. In each it was Indians who chiefly suffered. Indians maltreated, killed, and burned each other; but the attack was made by noncoöperators upon those who seemed either to obey English-made law, or to favor the British Government. It was of little use for Gandhi to fast, to declare that noncoöperation stunk in his nostrils, and to threaten to go into exile in the Himalayas. In vain, he urged criminals to deliver themselves to the authorities and confess their crime. It was to no purpose that he declared the Chauri Chaura tragedy 'a third warning from God.'

So far as Government was concerned, Gandhi's doctrines had led to these tragedies. He himself confessed at Ahmadabad: 'I have said times without number that *satyagraha* [insistence on truth] admits of no violence, no pillage, no incendiarism; and still, in the name of satyagraha, we burned down buildings, forcibly captured weapons, extorted money, stopped trains, cut off telegraph wires, killed innocent people, and plundered shops and private houses. If deeds such as those would have saved me from prison-house or scaffold, I should not like to be so saved.' With all his fasting and sorrow, his is the ultimate responsibility. He had declared openly, in print, 'I deliberately oppose Government, to the

extent of trying to put its very existence in jeopardy. I seek to paralyze Government.'

In Bombay, a wealthy Parsee gentleman came to take me for a ride in his car. As I stepped in, I saw a large six-shooter lying on the seat. With some embarrassment, my host put the weapon out of sight with the words, 'Mr. Gandhi has made that necessary.' When that stage had been reached, it was time for Government to act. His imprisonment, strangely enough, has hardly caused a ripple.

II

The Government of India Act would have had a better chance from the first, if it had not been for the unfortunate circumstances under which it was inaugurated. There were several untoward events. Immediately after the end of the World War, the Government of India, fearing that upon the passing of its war-powers would come Indian anarchy, with which it had no adequate powers to cope, pressed through its Council the Rowlatt Acts. These acts gave the Government an extension of its war-powers for what seemed an adequate time. The acts remained a dead letter, and have always had a fictitious value in the argumentative battle between the Indians and the British. Many Indians protested, and Gandhi began his campaign of passive resistance, using the favorite argument of a conscientious objector, which violates the basic principles of law and order as accepted by believers in our Western civilization.

The first display of his power was a *hartal* at Delhi, later widely extended to other provinces. A hartal is often described as a strike, but it means more than that; for, when it is successful, a whole city seems dead. All shops are closed, all activities cease, people remain in their houses, with shutters down. It would be impossible in any land but India, where fear of public opinion is a dominant force.

Aroused by this agitation, which went far beyond the actual demands of the occasion, the people of the Punjab were aroused to a frenzy in which they made a brutal attack upon an Englishwoman, murdered five Europeans in Amritzar, and created the impression in the minds of those in the midst of these riots that all the Punjab was in open rebellion — that another Indian mutiny was imminent. The very British understanding of the Indian people led them, perhaps, to be too fearful. It is easy for one who is inexperienced to be misled by the customary docility and obedience to law that obtain among the Indian masses. The Western mind does not easily grasp the fact that these resigned and mild-mannered people can be stirred, by appeals to their ever-dominant religious fanaticism, to a high pitch of reckless fury. No lie can be too crude, no deceit too open, to draw them into insane violence unknown in present-day civilized lands.

Out of this situation came the well-known 'Punjab affair,' General Dyer's folly, which cost nearly four hundred Indian lives. A ghastly blunder had been committed, for which only the most prompt repudiation by the Government could make the least amends. There was fatal delay, and when the Hunter Commission was appointed, it was too late to appease Indian opinion. It availed nothing that Dyer was retired from the service, and that the British Cabinet at last stigmatized his action as transgressing 'certain standards of conduct which no civilized government can with impunity neglect, and which His Majesty's Government are determined to uphold.'

It was too late. The affair determined the hitherto wavering Gandhi.

He had fasted for the violent sins of his followers, but now he denounced as satanic the conduct of the agents of the British Government. Until it should show a complete change of heart, Gandhi declared it a deadly sin for Indians to coöperate with it. In a word, an almost isolated instance of bad judgment and inhumanity by an individual was made to suffice as an indictment for a whole régime. True the British Government did not hasten to repudiate the action, but that only implicates a busy Viceroy and a British Cabinet harried by more world problems at the moment than has been the lot of any other government in history. English journals and members of Parliament denounced the affair without stint.

With this 'Punjab wrong' was linked the 'Khilafat wrong.' After the treaty of peace with Turkey, at the close of the World War, in which the conduct of the Turks had aroused the moral indignation of the world, Moslem leaders began to arouse the Indian Mohammedans with the cry that Islam was endangered. It was urged that the capital of the Islamic world, Constantinople, had been seized by the Allies with British approval; that the Khilafat was threatened, and that other Moslem holy places in Asia Minor had been violated by the British, in spite of promises to the contrary. A fictitious importance was attached to it, and a vast amount of exaggeration was indulged in with respect to it. The Honorable Mr. Fazlul Haq said to me that some of his fellow Moslems had openly confessed to him that 'they did not care a brass anna for the Khilafat; but the object of agitation and non-coöperation campaigns was to pave the way for Revolution in India.'

It is certain that it was necessary in this case, as it was not in the Punjab case, to engage in a propaganda to arouse the interest and sympathy of the masses. Moreover, in this case, English statesmen were victims of historical events beyond their control. Had they been disposed, for the sake of peace in India, to yield all that Turkey wanted, they would have had to face as the alternative the indignation of a world (especially the United States) surfeited with Turkish horrors. There had been no intent of inflicting injury on the Moslems of India. Gandhi, however, was persuaded by the Khilafat agitators that the Mohammedan movement was a manifestation of religious faith. In his simple way he unquestioningly accepted it as his own, calling it a revolt of Moslem conscience against British world-tyranny, just as defensible as the Hindu conscientious revolt against the 'tyranny' of the Rowlatt Acts. The Mohammedan was to accept the Hindu movement of passive resistance, though he much preferred to fight; and the Hindu was to accept the Moslem Khilafat movement. Both were to display the soul-force of India, arrayed against the brute force of the British. Gandhi declared anyone treacherous to the soul of India who would accept any mere constitutional reforms, like the Government of India Act, as reparation for this double wrong. To paralyze this Government, he organized his non-coöperation movement. Step by step with that has gone a campaign of complaint against Government, carried on with all the bitterness and invective which the radical Indian press and the extremist orator could summon.

The Indian agitator would make a much better impression upon one if he could be less extravagant in his arraignment of the British régime. After being led up tortuous streets and down back alleys, through low dark hallways, into council rooms of sedition, I have sat with the agitators in their clubs, with twenty to twenty-five dark-com-

plexioned faces about me, earnest with rebellious feelings. When they got excited, they all talked at once and, being foreign, to me seemed most alarming. I felt very strange and alone among those outlandish Oriental figures. I returned to my room more than once expecting all India to be in flames the next morning; but awoke to find the dawn as serene as ever, and no news except of some isolated riot.

The curious Oriental dress enhanced the alarming effect. Some about the council table wore only a loin cloth and a *khaddar* scarf. Others were in rich robes and handsome turbans. I recall one occasion, when I sat next to the son of a rajah, whose ancestral face must have been aristocratic from the days of Buddha. Opposite sat a dirty-robed, bare-footed, scowling Pathan, who looked as if he had just cut a throat and was enjoying the recollection of it. Some had caste-marks painted on their foreheads. Some were oily and fat, while others were thin, with fanatical faces. One of Gandhi's disciples proclaimed himself the 'destroyer of Government and the founder of the true religion.' All tried to impress me with the ineffable sins of the British Government.

The average extremist has only begun when he denounces the 'Punjab affair' and the 'Khilafat wrongs.' He declares that Government raises too heavy taxes, with which it pays lavish salaries to Englishmen, spends recklessly on the army, and burdens the people with a costly removal of the Government to the mountains during the hot season. Indians are not trained as army officers, and are given only the minor and ill-paid civil offices, the Nationalist asserts. Government allows Indians to be ill-treated in the British colonies, he affirms; 'Being a foreign government, it is selfish and tyrannical.' It has, cries the Gandhi disciple, made the people poor by draining India of its wealth. This brings in its train, one is told, famine more frequent and on a scale unknown before. Government has taken the Indian peasant's land, the trade of the merchant, the industry of the artisan, declares the agitator, and it seeks to root out caste by polluting the sugar and salt that men eat, even the clothes that they wear. With its everlasting canals, roads, and railways, it has loosed malaria. It has even poisoned wells, I have been informed, and maliciously brought in the plague. All this was aimed at reducing the population, and making it easier to govern.

One Bengal enthusiast sat, with his little Babu secretary by his side, and delivered to me in my Government House parlor an oration intended to demonstrate that the true cause of all Indian unrest was — the Englishman's fondness for beefsteak! With statistics from the 'All-Indian Cow Conference,' he showed that this led to killing too many cows, which reduced the draft animals, thus cutting down the acreage ploughed, and resulting in a smaller harvest, which left the Indian people half-starved and hence discontented! I was appalled at the British heartlessness; but I wondered why the beef eaten by seventy-seven millions of Mohammedans had so much less effect than that eaten by two hundred thousand Englishmen.

From some noncoöperators I learned that the British had made no effort to educate the people; but others complained that they had destroyed religion by their godless system of education. In short, cried C. R. Das to me, as we talked in his cell in Alipore jail, the British have enslaved a whole people who are now struggling to be free.

Omitting the Khilafat matter and the Amritzar affair, which have been weighed above, I wish to say that, after

a most dispassionate examination of these alleged wrongs, I must conclude that some of them, like the plague and malaria and beefsteak arraignments, are absurd, some are the results of advancing Western civilization, and the rest are based upon such temporary errors of judgment as all governments, are likely to commit, or upon unalterable conditions or stupendous facts before which any government would stand appalled. The Indian Government has to meet the needs of a modern state, with the slender resources of an Oriental community. Moreover, it has to bear the blame not only for its own faults, but also for plagues and badly managed monsoons, just as American administrations are blamed for bad harvests and the influenza. When all is duly considered, there is much truth in the British assertion: 'We have labored untiringly to reconcile Hindu and Moslem. Our schools and our railroads have shaken the exclusiveness of caste; ancient privileges are disappearing before justice and reform laws; by the universal spread of the English language, we have furnished all educated Indians with a common medium for exchanging their thoughts. We found India under an inefficient despotism and we banished it.' At the Darbar in Delhi, the thought came to me that only the British rule made it possible for all the forty Indian princes to meet peacefully under one canopy. The only unity that India enjoys to-day is the gift of the British rule. It has beyond question brought India nearer to political competence and national unity than she would in all reason have been without it.

III

With those who only carp at what England has done in India, I have no patience. They belong with those who, as Sydney Smith said, curse the solar system because under it has come all our woe.

As for me, the marvel of British rule in India never ceased to appeal to my imagination. In Bombay, or Madras, or Calcutta, the British society, with its British statues, British churches, British conventions, and red postboxes, goes serenely on, as if there were no brown waves of humanity beating ever upon the shores of this island of English life. In India there is one ruler to two hundred thousand ruled. No wonder that Horace Walpole cried: 'The Romans were mere triflers to us.'

If the British should leave suddenly, without preparing the Indians through a long period to assume the burden of government, there might easily be realized the prophecy which a governor of one of the great Indian provinces made to me. 'There would at once be riot, murder, rapine, in the great cities,' he said. 'All money-lenders would stop business, all stores close, there would be no food. Within three weeks or a month, the Afghans would pour in from the Northwest for pillage, plunder, and rapine. The Parsees would be wiped out of Bombay, the Marwari from Calcutta. Mohammedan would be arrayed against Hindu, Hindu against Moslem. Millions would pay the forfeit, anarchy would reign.'

The Resident at Baroda, Mr. Crump, told me of taking five or six Sikhs to Calcutta. On arrival, he gave them some money with the caution to behave themselves, have a good time, and report next day. When they appeared he asked, 'Well, how do you like Calcutta?' One of them replied: 'It would be a great city to loot, and ten of us could do it, too.' Thus the big, warlike Sikh of the Punjab looked upon the little, rather timid, Bengalee, whose alert mind brings him prosperity which his neighbor covets.

It is this which the efficient British

Government prevents. It is an alien government, but I have had even extremist Indians admit to me that, if India is to have any foreign government, they would prefer the British to any other. 'Yes, even to your own,' added one frank Nationalist.

Many of the Indian leaders deny that there is any ground for the dire prophecy of evil days in store for a self-governed India. A merchant from Indore, complaining bitterly to me of the arrogance of the British in assuming to be better able to care for India's political welfare than the Indians, cried passionately: 'Think of their assumption! My people were highly civilized thousands of years ago, when your people and the English people were running about wild in the Teutoburg Forest.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but we have kept on running ever since, while yours have stood still.' It was said with a smile, and he let it pass.

I had heard the argument a hundred times in different forms. I shall never forget the Honorable G. S. Khaparde, of the Council of State, pacing up and down before guests, who had adjourned from the dining-room to the parlor, and fervidly discoursing on India's past. 'Look at her, worshiping to-day the same gods, keeping to the same civilization, she had four thousand years ago. Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome have passed away; their gods are no more; their civilization is dead; they are a mere historical memory; but India still worships at the old shrines and follows the old social customs, in spite of invading Greeks, Persians, Moguls, and British. And, like Cleopatra, "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." '

Sir Surendranath Banerji declared that the ancient Hindus had been the spiritual teachers of the world. This mission has ceased to function, he sadly admitted. 'It must be set in motion again, that India may save mankind from the materialism and badly directed moral culture which led to the World War.'

It is customary for Indians to sneer at European civilization. The war exposed it, they say. Surely Indians never made such a mess of their affairs as the statesmen of Europe! They forget that British power rescued India from just such a scene of clashing races; that thrones, dominations, princely ambitions, had for ages wrecked India before the British compelled peace.

IV

Does India stand in the forefront of barbarous nations, or in the vanguard of civilized nations? I don't know. But, if prevailing ideas in our Western world are right, India is not wholly civilized. India has a state of society, not savage exactly, but simple and destitute of comforts, beyond the conception of untraveled Americans. It is a society which has its simple pleasures, and a not unaffectionate family life. Its only outstanding civilized trait in Occidental eyes is its art creations along certain lines. In any native street, one sees beautifully carved columns, beams, lintels; and in the temples and mosques of Northern India one sees architectural beauty unsurpassed by the classic or Gothic architecture. Yet all these lovely monuments of Indian art were being neglected, and even used for building materials, until Lord Curzon began his noble work of rescuing the decaying and neglected temples, mosques, and ancient forts.

In a lifetime men do not tire of India's myriad colors, its myriad forms. In dress alone, its people know an infinity of ways of exposing the charms of the human body. I have

never before seen such artistic grouping of colored garments as a large crowd of Indians displays. Nor can one elsewhere see such a variety of faces as in an Indian crowd, from the ferocious long-haired Bheel, to the refined Christ-like Brahman. The streets of Bombay, with their hundreds of thousands of chattering, aimlessly moving human beings, doing a myriad of inexplicable things in the midst of sunlit, highly colored streets, are the most interesting of sights. Such squalor, such dirt, such incredible fanaticism, such bathing in vile, sacred pools, such mumbling of holy phrases, such fits of passion and such mild resignation, I never saw or want to see again.

That the English have taught these writhing, wriggling, filth-enjoying live things even the rudiments of sanitation is greatly to their credit. I take a reverent attitude before the patience and devotion that has moved fanatical mountains. I have the greatest respect, and even admiration, for many cultured Indians I have met; but my Occidental density renders me wholly unable to see the wonderful spiritual qualities which enthusiasts find in the lower classes of Indians. If I have correctly measured the attainments of Indian civilization, it will need generations of patient effort to raise it to a stage where more than four or five millions out of the three hundred and fifteen millions can intelligent y take part in their self-government.

Moreover, there is the question whether India has men capable of assuming the burden of governing one fifth of the human race. The English say: 'Political responsibility is a thing few Indians will shoulder; if they do, they grow weary soon, and allow self-interest and family interest to corrode it.' I have had astounding cases of nepotism in Indian high officials absolutely proved to me. Many emphasize the contradiction between the Indian politician's distrust of the British, and the almost universal Indian respect for, and demand for, the Sahib's administration.

That the majority of Indians do not favor Indians in offices of trust, is a common saying in India. 'Many Indian officials have quick, destructive little minds, touchy, vain, polite, evasive, but not strong, confident, burden-taking minds,' asserted a keen, liberal, and experienced Englishman. Perhaps this is a prejudiced, uncharitable view; but when one talks with cultured Indians — the best of them — and appreciates the singular gentleness of soul which marks them, one wonders whether out of their number one could select a minister with 'backbone and guts' — one who will 'pull his weight and not be afraid of a racket,' as an English friend expressed it. Nevertheless, I have never felt any doubt that experience would give them the sterner qualities. It is all a matter of being gradually accustomed to the burden.

And one can never get out of one's mind the ominous historical fact that in India, in the past, any race that came down from the Northwest and conquered it, had the energy and spirit to build a civilization, effective government, architectural monuments, and all before the climate sapped its strength; but when that time came, it fell before a new invasion from the North, which, in its turn, built a new civilization and awaited again its Nemesis.

The British alone, coming to India by sea, returned as individuals to their home, and, like the giants of old, renewed their strength on that soil. In spite of historical ill-omen, however, the Indians have a very natural and proper ambition for self-government, with which every magnanimous person will sympathize; but surely a mere ill-considered try for it, at the frightful

cost of universal anarchy, in a country like India, would be ghastly folly.

All prophecy as regards the political future of India is futile; but I am convinced that the British will work out some solution of their problems in that troubled land, which will put an end to the present political ferment. A most lovable Scotch missionary, who entertained me at Poona and who went with me to a meeting of the Deccan Liberal Club there, came away shaking his head sadly, saying: 'The fire has been lighted. The flame will never go out. England has lost India.'

I do not now agree with him, though at the moment I did. The men who are really in power in India — Lord Willingdon, Sir Harcourt Butler, Sir William Marris, Sir George Lloyd, and many others — are right-minded; they wish to do the right thing, and if the people at home, in England, will let them alone, keep their hands off, a wise solution will be found by those actually in India, who understand all the subtle influences, the unique conditions, and the almost morbid sensitiveness of the Oriental mind.

It was unfortunate that the visit of the Prince of Wales focused English attention on India at a time when it was most important that there should be no censorious comment from British sources on the way the new reforms were working.

The rising tide of criticism in England, which swept Lord Montagu out of office, is bitterly resented by Nationalist leaders. The Indians are most sensitive to any indications that London means to put any obstacles in the path of their political advance under the new Act. Any suggestion that Parliament is saying: 'Oh, we did not mean to go as far as that when we gave India the new scheme,' is maddening to men who think that they have not been given enough.

The fall of Lord Montagu, who stood for the new era in the Indian mind, made more stir in India than the arrest of Gandhi; for many interpreted that to mean reaction at Whitehall. Lord Curzon's talk about 'a subordinate branch of the Imperial Government, six thousand miles away,' and English criticism of the personnel of the Delhi Legislature, simply pour oil on the flames of Nationalism and race -feeling in India.

This great imperial problem must be solved in India. It is not within the power of any party in England to arrest the movement of political opinion in India. In the present stage, the temper of that opinion is one of the vital factors; and any attempt to reassert the control of the Imperial Parliament too obviously will have a bad effect.

EUROPE IN THE MELTING POT

WITH SOME NOTES ON FRENCH STATESMEN

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

RATHER foolishly asking an American visitor to Paris what America was thinking, I received the well-deserved reply: 'But America is not a country — it is a continent!' What is true of the Pacific seaboard may not be at all true of the Atlantic littoral. And so Americans, who are inclined to generalize about Europe, should remember always that Europe, like Walt Whitman, is large and contains multitudes. Each nation has its own point of view, which often differs entirely from the point of view of other nations. There is at this moment absolutely no European idea; Europe has no purpose, but has a dozen contradictory purposes.

Nor is it true to say that Europe is definitely divided up into settled hostile camps. The European schism of which we sometimes hear is a schism whose frontiers are unfixed and protean. This power to-day is on the side of that power; but to-morrow it may be on the side of the other power. Europe — thy name is fluidity! Fickleness — thy name is Europe! Nobody except one of those dogmatic persons who write predictions in the newspapers, in the sure and certain hope that they will be forgotten before they are falsified by events, would venture to declare how the chief nations will range up. What it is possible to say is that the present alignment is not a permanent alignment; but what the permanent alignment will be, or even whether there can be a permanent alignment, no statesman can say. Things may turn out altogether differently from what may be now imagined.

It is, at a given moment, comparatively easy to suppose that the Entente between France and England will cease, and that England will take her stand with Germany. It is facile to picture a Russo-German alliance. It is the fashion to deplore the isolation of France. But all this is gratuitous assumption. Because it is likely at a certain instant, it does not follow that it will be likely an instant later. The wheel is constantly turning. In the whirligig of time are many reverses. It would be just as reasonable to suppose France and Germany allied against Russia and England; and whoever may scoff at the notion may live to repent.

In most speculations about Europe far too much is taken for granted. There are subtle and hidden factors which are operating, and the diplomatist who knows most is the diplomatist who confesses that he knows nothing of the future. I make these remarks by way of reaction against the rapid crystallization of notions that have only a superficial justification. When you

have as many countries as there are cards in a pack, it is the height of folly to pretend to know how they will be shuffled. For example, who has paid the smallest attention to the Scandinavian countries? And yet these Scandinavian countries are destined to have an immense influence on the European situation. I wish that somebody would study and work out the effect of them upon the general scheme.

It is usually thought that the Baltic States are doomed to disappear when Russia recovers; but surely there is a considerable chance that they will form a lasting buttress against Russia. Generally men shake their heads about Poland, believing that Poland must be crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of Russia and Germany; but why should not Poland work in friendly coöperation with Germany on the one hand, or with Russia on the other, or even with both? Her present attitude undoubtedly is not her final attitude, and already one may detect a weakening of the ties which bind her politically to France, whose outpost she is represented to be. Can anyone prophesy what will happen to the Petite Entente? Is Czechoslovakia with France or with England, or is she seeking to make terms with her great Slav neighbor?

And Italy? Where does she stand? Will she compose her quarrel with France? or will she reach out through Austria, whom she no longer fears, to Germany, whose ally she once was? Will Austria, in spite of artificial and arbitrary injunctions of treaties, join up with Germany? What will be her ultimate relations with Hungary? Will Hungary and Rumania, forgetting their differences, find it desirable to make common cause against Bolshevism? And in the Balkans, properly so-called, what combinations will be formed? Will Greece look east or west? Will Yugoslavia continue to scowl across the Adriatic at a frowning Italy?

I could give the conventional answers to these and to many other questions, but I do not guarantee that the conventional answers are the right answers. On the contrary, I believe that, in all probability, what appears probable will prove improbable.

In short, it has become necessary to issue a warning against the diagrammatic statements of diplomatic writers who solemnly draw and color the map of Europe, but who will find that the map will not keep still and that the colors will run.

Europe is in flux. Europe is in the melting pot. No one can tell what the new Europe will be like. Polish boundaries are still unmarked; and disputed provinces, like Bessarabia, constitute terrible danger-points.

II

Nevertheless, some tendencies may be set down; and, above all, it is useful to consider the character of a few typical European statesmen. I have already, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, drawn some portraits of French politicians; but I may add to the gallery some *croquis* of M. Poincaré, M. Tardieu, M. Barthou, and M. Caillaux.

When M. Poincaré came to power, the British Government and the British press were quite openly against him. Never did he receive the smallest official or unofficial assistance. Everything that could be done to make his task harder was done. This, in my opinion, was a mistake. The personality of M. Poincaré may not be found pleasant, and Mr. Lloyd George is essentially a man who is moved by prejudices. He has almost a feminine sensibility. He has likes and dislikes. M. Poincaré was one of his dislikes. The result was that, if he did not personally

oppose M. Poincaré, — so far as a minister in one country can oppose a minister in another country, — his henchmen and his tame writers, taking their cue from him, did so. The French Premier had to struggle against this antagonism. Rarely have I seen anything more foolish in diplomacy. M. Poincaré was forced into a false position. He was compelled to proceed to extremes which he would have wished to avoid.

The day when France will accept the dictation of another country as to her Prime Minister or her Foreign Minister is over. Frenchmen remember the fate of M. Delcassé, virtually dismissed because Germany demanded his head. If Mr. Lloyd George desired to carry out his plans, he would have been wiser to persuade M. Poincaré to go along with him, and to set aside his personal antipathy. It is, unfortunately, true that these personal antipathies play an important part in foreign affairs. How absurd! Beyond M. Poincaré, beyond Mr. Lloyd George, beyond any other person who happens to be invested with authority, is the nation. Over these petty quarrels of individuals, is the cause of humanity. While sympathizing very much with many of the aims of Mr. Lloyd George, the present writer was led to believe that he was 'not big enough,' by nothing so much as this personal feud and resentment against M. Poincaré.

The French statesman, by general British consent, was described as the French Kaiser, and was depicted in a Prussian spiked helmet, ready to unsheathe his glittering sword, and to shake a menacing mailed fist. The truth is, of course, that M. Poincaré (in a figurative as well as literal sense) wears a shining silk hat and white kid gloves, and for weapon carries only the bourgeois umbrella of a prudent life. M. Poincaré will never be understood unless it is recognized that his violence is chiefly verbal — and is a very methodic violence, full of reservations.

His mind is the mind of the cautious lawyer. On nearly every occasion that I have seen him, he has spoken of 'Article so-and-so,' and has interpreted texts. In procedure he is inimitable. Were he pleading in a court of law, there is no point that he would miss. His technical skill is remarkable; and were diplomacy purely a thing of juridic intelligence, M. Poincaré would be the greatest diplomatist I have ever met. The Poincaré method, however, breaks down in this — that he has to execute his own judgments. He cannot, having made his plea, pick up his portfolio and leave the court, knowing that an official will carry out decisions with which he has nothing more to do. He is his own court, his own advocate, and his own bailiff.

I do not mean that M. Poincaré is incapable of real energy, but merely that, if he lacks any quality, it is the quality of forgetting his documents, of disregarding his texts, and of taking action. Living facts do not always present the same appeal to him as to Mr. Lloyd George, who, on the other hand, is far too much inclined to overlook legal and logical rights.

III

There are pressing M. Poincaré, on opposite sides, M. Tardieu and M. Barthou. M. Tardieu is certainly one of the cleverest politicians in France, and if his day is not yet, it will come. His personality is perhaps not altogether *sympathique*. He is somewhat too conscious of what he knows. He marshals his facts and his figures clearly and irresistibly — and yet one is not convinced: one is rather annoyed at his rightness, which is a still more rigid rightness than that of M. Poincaré. He

makes less progress than he might otherwise make because he is regarded by Parliament as too much of a superior person. One respects a man whose arguments are water-tight and iron-bound; but one likes better the man who comes down to our level and is a jovial virtuoso. M. Tardieu endeavors to be mathematically correct and omniscient, whereas a man like Mr. Lloyd George depends upon intuitive judgment and is not afraid of lightly leaping over chasms of ignorance. After all, in politics it is the light leaper who goes farthest.

Strongly in M. Tardieu's favor is his utter loyalty to M. Clemenceau, his master and mentor. It was M. Clemenceau who gave him his chance, and he will not desert the old Tiger because the jackals are baying at his flanks. France, like other countries, is deplorably ungrateful to her politicians. When M. Clemenceau was in power, everybody fawned at his feet. When he fell, his popularity vanished in a night. The Tarpeian Rock is still near to the Capitol. But when M. Clemenceau was friendless, M. Tardieu remained his friend. In good and bad report he stood by him and by his treaty. M. Tardieu will see no fault or flaw in the treaty. He demands the treaty, the whole treaty, and nothing but the treaty. If matters have not turned out as was expected, if disappointment and disillusionment have followed, that is because the treaty is a 'perpetual becoming.' Its virtue lies in its proper application. The bad workman always complains of his tools.

In the triangular duel, M. Barthou takes up his corner as in the famous scene of Captain Marryat. That M. Barthou possesses ability of a high order, though not of the highest order, is not to be questioned. But he is to be placed rather in his relations to others, than on his own footing. I can best illustrate this point by saying that, when M. Briand was Prime Minister, M. Barthou was regarded as his possible successor because he was more conservative; and when M. Poincaré was Prime Minister, M. Barthou was considered his possible successor because he was more liberal. He is a man who, in default of being chief, must for safety's sake be made a lieutenant — and even then safety is not necessarily secured. He will show up as more this or more that against the background of his chief; and according to which point of the triangle his chief occupies, will he appear conservative or liberal. With a man of the Right he will seem to be to the Left, and with a man of the Left he will seem to be to the Right; and so will he always have his supporters, always will he have rosy prospects, always will he commend himself to the inevitable adversary of Left or Right — but always will he fail to obtain the entire confidence of the Chamber.

IV

What does the future hold for M. Joseph Caillaux? M. Caillaux has undoubtedly become extremely active once more; and, in spite of the ban which is placed upon this one-time leader of the Radical Party, he is still to be reckoned with. For many years, according to the judgment of the High Court of the Senate, he is condemned to lose his political rights. It will be remembered that his conduct during the war was considered to be anti-patriotic. He believed that the war might, or ought to, have been ended sooner. He adumbrated an eventual *rapprochement* with Germany. He was understood to be against a policy which committed France for a long period to British tutelage. It is not necessary to state precisely the charges which were brought against him — indeed, it would

be difficult to state them except in these general terms. But at any rate, rightly or wrongly, he was found guilty by the High Court and may not even live in, or visit, Paris. He may not even be elected on the local *comice agricole* — which is hardly a political body. Thus, if the sentence stands, he is excluded altogether from political life until he reaches an age when he would, in any event, normally retire from the arena. And yet, it cannot be denied that there is some suggestion that he will return.

There is nothing to stop him from writing. He is writing books, and he is writing in the journals. His books have real force, and are taken by his admirers to show that he has not lost his grip of finance. Now it so happens that, in the long run, when all the political controversies shall have died down, it is the finances of France which will demand serious attention. Finance Minister after Finance Minister comes and goes; and as yet there is no hint of the solution of France's problem. There are many people who hold that no first-rate politician, who is capable of tackling the true central question, has emerged, and that M. Caillaux in his seclusion is the man to whom France will ultimately have recourse.

Personally, I am inclined to doubt the validity of such indications. Not until the *Bloc National* disappears, not until the Radical Party is again predominant, can the verdict against M. Caillaux be quashed. And I am bound to say that the chances of the Radical Party are not as bright as is often represented. One cannot be dogmatic; but unless the financial crash of which many folk love to talk is nearer than I can imagine, the Bloc National will continue to rule the roost. Even assuming that the Radicals come back, there would be inevitable objections, due to jealousy, due to lack of courage, to any revision of the old sentence. Other leaders have come to the front, who would make way reluctantly for M. Caillaux, who is an impetuous, somewhat supercilious, overbearing, and sharp-tempered man. However this may be, it would be well not to leave M. Caillaux completely out of the reckoning, for an unexpected turn of the wheel would bring him and his policy, which implies a Franco-German economic accord, back into effective international life.

V

Probably it is true that the real trend of the world is toward the Left — that is to say toward liberalism. But we must not exaggerate the speed of the movement. One may find that many institutions which are regarded as bulwarks of the Reaction have disappeared and are disappearing; but it does not necessarily follow that with them vanish tyranny and obtuseness. If one looks around Europe to-day, one will find many ruined thrones. But what of that? The kings depart — but not the captains, and not the capitalists. The Tsar, the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, and many minor monarchs, no longer reign. Is therefore Russia less oppressed? Are the people of Germany freer? Is not Hungary notoriously governed by a military caste? And though England retains her King and her House of Lords, while France long ago became a republic, is it not a French publicist, M. Jacques Bainville, who boldly cries: 'Let us frankly take up our position as the most reactionary country in the world!' I do not accept his estimate, but it indicates sufficiently that it is not so-called proletarian rule, or so-called bourgeois rule, or so-called aristocratic rule, or so-called military rule, that makes the difference to the happiness of a people. Apparently the real ruler everywhere is Big Business. It is in economic terms that one

is obliged to speak. I recall the expression of Camille Desmoulins, when he dissociated himself from the Terrorists of his time: 'No, Liberty is not a courtesan of the Opera, it is not a Phrygian cap, a dirty shirt, and rags.' Communism has found that out and has been found out.

Indeed it is difficult, if one looks closely at the European situation, to discover genuine signs of a movement to the Left. England is certainly trying to escape from the vicious circle of the treaty she fashioned for her own imprisonment. Mr. Lloyd George is describing the attempt in moral phrases. But the purpose is not moral. It is purely economic. The fact is, that there are electoral problems and there are unemployed problems. France is thinking, above all, of her budget, and of taxation, and of the bankruptcy which many Cassandras are crying. Russia is preoccupied with reconstruction, but is not willing to make doctrinal concessions. Germany is clearly wondering how she can escape from the burden of reparations. Italy is concerned about her want of coal and the general industrial depression. Austria is asking how she can live. Other countries are anxious, either to stick to the economic as well as the territorial gains they have acquired, or to recover those which they have lost. Look where you will, it is the economic equation which matters; and, as the profit of one country is the loss of another, they are all at sixes and sevens. It should be candidly acknowledged that the motives everywhere are egotistic. The thing is, to find the common denominator. What is to the interest of all? If only they could see it, the good of their neighbor is their own good, and trade freely flowing may be found to be the unifying and pacifying factor. In my view, it is the only hope of peace; but unfortunately commerce has two faces. It may divide, or it may knit together. At present it divides.

Two commodities which are necessary to industry are the objects of strife and are determining the political currents in Europe. One is coal and the other is oil. It is better to face the facts with complete frankness. While it would be foolish to deny that there are purely political problems, they are dominated by these economic problems. Whatever subject was discussed at Genoa, every delegate was thinking about oil. Russia is, from the international standpoint, chiefly remarkable as an oil field which may become a battlefield. Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well — but it is an oil well. When it can be decided, to the general advantage of Russia, England, America, and France, how and by whom the oil resources of the great land are to be exploited and to whom these riches are to be allocated, the Russian enigma will be largely solved. If only this could be got out of the way, the rest would be easy. Obviously the fight is chiefly between America and British interests, with France playing the part of honest broker. Apparently, France has given up thought of herself taking a leading part in the working of the oil wells; but if she is more or less disinterested, she nevertheless sees political advantages as well as material advantages in supporting this or that company, this or that country. I do not intend to do more than to indicate that here is one of the keys to European politics.

The second key is coal. If Russia may be described as an oil-problem, Germany may be described as a coal-problem. Here France is intensely interested. Without discounting what I have already written in respect of France, I may add that, in addition to purely financial considerations, there is also this broader economic

consideration. Of two things, one: either France must come to a peaceable arrangement with Germany, by which the iron ore of Lorraine is exchanged against the coal of the Ruhr or smelted in Ruhr furnaces, or France must obtain forceful possession of the Ruhr, if she is to make the most of the great windfall of iron ore she has obtained in Lorraine. To obtain control of the Ruhr is to obtain a double profit. Not only is the German metallurgical industry ruined, but the French metallurgical industry is placed in the most favorable situation.

Here, however, is where French interests come up against, not only the interests of Germany but the interests of England, who has hitherto led the way in coal and iron. It is possible that, if French military operations in Westphalia resulted only in the destruction of the German metallurgical industry, England would be able to look on with some indifference. But it is impossible that the definite superiority of France in these vital possessions should not arouse alarm in England. France already holds the most abundant deposits of iron in Europe. It would be too much that she should also have an incontestable advantage in coal.

Thus, besides the masses of the British people afflicted by unemployment, Mr. Lloyd George can command the support of the magnates of industry and the coal-owners, when he opposes the invasion of Westphalia. The enterprise, it has been pointed out, would be as dangerous for England as for Germany. Now, France is not and never has been keen upon making the most of the opportunity that is offered her; but in view of so much provocation from Germany, and from those who unthinkingly denounced the Entente in England, the ranks of the more adventurous capitalists in France are strengthened. No such midsummer madness has ever been known in European politics as the tactics of English men and parties who would break with France, instead of remaining with her at any cost and thus serving to check the transports of the extremists. I repeat that there was never any demand for the occupation of the Ruhr until there were stupid voices raised in England for the smashing of the Entente and the abandonment of France.

Nothing will ever be accomplished until all these cards are placed on the table and the international situation is regarded, not so much as a moral problem (for alas! much masquerading morality and canting humanitarianism have served only to camouflage, but not to conceal, the real issue), but as an economic problem — an economic conflict in which nobody will win if regard is had only to individual interests. An equitable arrangement will result in the salvation of Europe. A continuation of the struggle will result in the beggary of everyone.

If the movement to the Left in the world at large is not so swift as is represented, neither is it in France in particular. First, it is by no means certain that the Radicals in 1924 will triumph over the Bloc National; and second, it will be seen that, in the nature of the case, the Radicals, when they get down to essential things, can adopt no other attitude than does the Bloc National. M. Herriot, who, since the eclipse of M. Caillaux, is the Radical leader, or M. Painlevé, who is a sincere Radical, who has been, and may again be, Prime Minister, is obliged to take account of these implications if the attitude of England remains what it has become. Once it becomes an economic battle instead of an economic accord for coöperative purpose, the cleavage must grow deeper and wider. There may be devil's broth brewing in the melting pot in which Europe is seething.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THEN AND NOW

HISTORIANS need not write heavy books to explain that times change: let them publish a few letters from each era, and the trick is done. A glance at the two letters which follow shows the truth of this statement. Both were written by young people, 'in their teens,' and both are descriptive of the places where they found themselves.

The first was in the mahogany sewing-box, inlaid with satinwood, lined with faded crimson satin, and furnished with tiny ivory sewing implements, which was left to us by our great-aunt. The yellowed pages are not complete; but as the writer refers to his twentieth birthday, and the date is 1857, we can place him fairly well.

The second letter was found on the street, evidently having blown off the ashman's cart. Being unsigned and impersonal, it seems possible to publish it as a sign of the times.

The first letter is dated from 'The Inn of the Lily of Laughing Tuscany,' Pistoja, Italy, and runs:—

The morning of my twentieth Birthday
May 1, 1857

It is such a pleasure, my dear Lucy, to be seated at my table, this lovely morning, with my books about me, and my brain refreshed by dreamless sleep. My cares in running the house in Cambridge before our dear Mother's death did sit rather heavily upon my shoulders, and it is a joy to me to sit here and think that no calculations as to whether shad or sheep is cheaper today need bother me. The servants come and go in the courtyard below, but I am not disturbed by thoughts that later they must be fed, and the lights may burn all night for aught I care. I have no conscious agony over coming bills!

How many times I wish that you were here, dear Lucy; and my thoughts are not wholly unselfish, for you, and you alone, know how to trim my quills to a decent point. What struggles I have to keep myself supplied with anything comfortable or practicable, and how many times I have to fall back upon prosaic steel! Thoughts of the library at Cambridge, with my dear cousin seated by the open fire sharpening my pens, bring such thoughts of homesickness, that I think I will at once plunge into a description of my arrival at the Lily of Laughing Tuscany.

This is a charming Inn, one of the pleasantest I have as yet encountered on the Grand Tour. I arrived here on a cheerless and rainy twilight evening, in a heavily-built, and somewhat shabby traveling coach, which may once have belonged to some Milord di Londra. It entered the gate of the ancient and stately city of Pistoja, with a flourish, and drew up at the doorway of the Inn. The *vetturino* was a beetle-browed, thick-set, thick-headed countryman of Boccaccio and Macchiavelli, spattered with mud, and with a complexion no less muddy than his boots. As he opened the door, my fellow passengers alighted first. I had passed some six hours with these two, who were plainly husband and wife, and from the United States. The gentleman had slept most of the way in the swaying, jolting vehicle, and the only time he had addressed me had been in the language

of the country. As I was wrapped in one of those large, brigandish cloaks which I had purchased at Bologna, and had answered him in the same tongue, he had no reason to think I was not what I seemed — a somewhat melancholy traveling Italian youth. I would have made myself known, had there been a good opportunity to do so; but the feeling of traveling *incognito* was very interesting.

The gentleman, then, alighted. He wore a cloak which looked like a dressing-gown, as it was blue and orange plaid, checked off in large squares with green and black. His temper seemed as infirm as his body, and as the coachman held the door open for him, touching his hat and murmuring something about '*buonamana*,' the old gentleman pushed him sternly aside with a word or two of very pure English, in which a passerby might have caught 'Scoundrel' for one word, and, possibly, 'Damned' for another!

The next time I saw the elderly gentleman and his gentle spouse was when we met in the dining room of the *trattoria* for dinner. The gentleman was warming his feet before the small open fire, and complaining about the sheets on his bed, which he said were 'damp, unaired linen, as he knew by just touching them.' As it was necessary for us to join forces if all were to get the benefits of the fire, I introduced myself, and we were soon comfortably comparing notes on Italy and America, for the Stepgoods were themselves from Hingham, Massachusetts, and knew many of our Cambridge relatives. The gentleman was on a trip for his health, accompanied by his good wife who took every care of him, and whose patience I never saw equaled.

Mr. Stepgood declared that the wine would not be fit to drink and that he must have tea with his supper. He added in the next breath that there was no decent tea in Europe, and that he had been damnably cheated in London where he had paid half a guinea for a quarter of a pound of tea. He exclaimed irascibly, 'I suppose Mrs. Stepgood has lost it by this time, too.'

Mrs. Stepgood said sweetly, 'No, Mr. Stepgood, it is right here in my dressing bag. I always keep that with me until I feel sure of the servants in these European hotels.'

She produced the tea, and a pair of thin silver spoons, and rang the bell for a servant. None came, and she rang several times. Mr. Stepgood by this time had changed his mind, and thought he might like some mulled wine. I offered to try to discover the kitchen and raise a saucepan, a lemon and the wine itself.

'And sugar,' said Mr. Stepgood crossly; 'Mrs. Stepgood never would remember the sugar if it were n't for me!'

Mrs. Stepgood poked in the interior of the dressing bag again, and triumphantly produced several lumps of the commodity. She held them out to Mr. Stepgood. 'Stolen from the last supper table, no doubt,' scolded the invalid; 'but no matter, it will help me to warm my cold bed.'

I left the room, and hunted down various dark passages until I came to the Malebolge which serves for a kitchen to the Lily of Laughing Tuscany. It was a picturesque room, and if not underground, it seemed to be. The occasional beat of a horse's hoof clattering on the stones of his stall, and the slight odour of hay indicated that the room was on the border land between man and beast. The hearth was raised three or four steps from the floor, and on it the fire flickered, casting long shadows into the surrounding gloom. At either end was a smokejack, some two yards in length; and at one side was a seat with a very high back

for the convenience of late comers on a cold and rainy night. In the middle of the room was a long table, and at one end of it a picture composed itself which Correggio might have painted. Amid the blackness and vagueness which gave a certain sublimity to the smoky rafters sat a young man as handsome as Raffaelle, leaning his hand upon his arm, and lighted by the dim radiance of one of those tall brass lamps that travelers in Italy so greatly admire, and whose light is not equal to that of one good firefly. The youth was reading his dingy book with such rapt attention — (*The letter ends here*).

DEAR DICK: —

The All-American Girl has just blown in from her first trip on the Nile, and found your letter waiting. Say, Kid, you have no idea how good the little old U. S. A. stamp looked to yours truly. Have been on the go ever since we struck these shores. Took a look around Rome a couple of weeks ago, seeing more historical spots than I ever knew were in the world. None of them meant anything to me, so we won't dwell on that much. Saw some swell ruins by moonlight — looked a lot like the Stadium; you know, the place where they used to run a free-lunch counter for the lions, with Christians *à la* king. Then blew down here; nothing much doing, too many old fossils on board. One of the party who steers us around is beginning to take notice, and I must say he is very Sheik (get me, kiddo?), but I 'll never have a chance so long as the Dame in charge of us girls has her eyesight. Bought a new ring yesterday which is easy to look at, one of those big bugs or something, mummified. I 'll wear it the next time we take in a toddle party. Lord! Will I ever get back to the Big Country, and be a human being again! When I trip over the pond next time, I 'll have a husband along to show me the sights. Fond of travel, Priceless?

Long about July 1st, have a brass band down to the station, for the All-American will breeze over on the five o'clock that afternoon, and believe me, child, you 'll look good to me. Your sea-going hack will have no terrors for me now I 've ridden a camel, I 'll tell the world. Farewell, Bozo, till we meet, and have lots of pinwheels and skyrockets ready for a big step-out on my return. Bye.

THE RACE OF TOM

CATS are the Only Woman's favorite animal. Sometimes I 've even thought that she hardly makes a sufficient exception in favor of man. And I 've learned to understand the cat, partly by being with *her*, and partly by traveling. True, as Pierre Loti says, 'On a le sens de chat, ou on ne l'a pas.' Yet not even with the *sens*, can anybody completely fathom the cat by staying at home. Some one or two individual specimens are certain to get in the way, and obscure one's sense of the cat *per se*.

The Only Woman, reading the foregoing over my shoulder, denies that the cat may be completely fathomed at all.

'You know very well,' she says, 'that nobody could do it, even by circumnavigating the globe.'

I yield at once. I always yield to her when it comes to cats, chiefly, I think, because she does n't want to keep one. Keeping cats is a mad practice, something like having children, but without that consciousness of public approval, of doing one's duty and of God being responsible, which sustains the courage of parents. Why, if you keep a cat, it may die. Also, if you are a nomad, it 's out of the question.

So we have to enjoy the cat temperately, intermittently, humbly, and by

the sufferance of others. A degree of asceticism is necessary to the perfection of any passion. For all I know, there may be such a thing as cat-satiety. Travel spares us that. It has also taught us the inner significance of the cat's Latin name — Felis Domestica. Some might translate it, 'Happily Domesticated,' which is ridiculous. But 'At Home Everywhere' is a true rendering; for the cat is universal.

I don't mean merely that it is to be found everywhere. The dog is to be found everywhere, too. But, whereas the dog is like the dyer's hand, tinted somewhat by environment, stained not a little by the surrounding ocean of human nationality, so that there are American dogs, English dogs, French dogs, Russian dogs, and not anywhere simply dogs, the cat is always simply the cat, whether domiciled in Egypt as a god, or among the white shadows of the South Seas as an outcast.

There are inner differences, it is true, but they reflect on the character of *Homo*, not of *Felis*. You can tell all you need to know about the society of a region simply by the way in which its cat regards your first advances — by her patient waiting to give you a chance to prove yourself, or by her celerity in climbing the nearest tree. The dog has spoiled man by sticking to him through thick and thin. The cat, like woman, makes certain cultural demands.

This is the secret, I think, of the implacable feud which exists between cat-lovers and the partisans of the dog. There is no *sens de chien*. Anybody can appreciate the sentimental faithfulness of the dog. But dog people resent our preference for aloofness, treachery, and indifference. They suspect the existence of something fine and consciously superior, which they cannot grasp, and they retaliate usually by resorting to bad language.

They even pretend to be annoyed by those mystically soothing notes indicative of sublime insight into the sad heart of things, which arise sometimes at midnight from back fences and kitchen roofs, and are known to the Anglo-Saxon as caterwaulings, but to the Frenchman more politely as *miaulements*. And the very men who hurl shoes at this music seem unable to discover anything disagreeable in the intermittent, senseless yapping of a wakeful cur. There is no use in arguing about it. Nobody can love Dickens and Thackeray equally well. The catophile will inevitably choose Thackeray, and prefer Baudelaire to either. On a le sens de chat, ou on ne l'a pas.

The most perfect cat I ever met lived in Venice. The Only Woman and I were proceeding toward the Accademia, along the street known as the Rio Terra de S. Agnese. He was seated in a doorway waiting to be let in.

We both stopped. The cat was no Royal Siamese, Blue Persian, or Angora, but of the common variety called Tiger — and of an age which permitted the golden subtints of his fur to begin to make themselves felt. A glance was sufficient to assure one that he had not a single physical imperfection, from the tip of his tail to the clean, sharply turned corners of his eyes.

I stooped, holding out my hand cautiously. He turned his head in our direction, and said: —

'Meow!'

'What a wonderful creature!' I exclaimed, after having rung the doorbell for my new friend's accommodation, and passed on so as to avoid explanations on my own account.

I felt the Only Woman's hand tighten on my arm. 'I was so afraid you would n't see it,' she whispered.

'See what?'

'That he is the greatest cat that ever lived.'

'I 'm not blind,' I retorted, hurt, and saying to myself that I would never have accused *her* in that way — not without, at least, taking evidence.

'But it was n't only the outside of him,' she went on in explanation. 'He was just as intelligent as he was lovely. How did he know what kind of people we were? How did he dare be so friendly? There are plenty of folks in the world who would have scatted him.'

We continued our way, happy in the thought that there was something in our very appearance which distinguished us from those who could have said, 'scat.' We were also happy in the knowledge that we did not own the Perfect Cat. I 'd rather own the Venus of Milo. You could watch over that, I suppose. Anyway, it would never die or grow old.

LITERARY REAL-ESTATE

Sometimes I wonder what writers, if they had n't been writers, would have done for a living? Rossetti and Du Maurier, of course, would have given themselves wholly to art, and Sidney Lanier brimmed over his cup with music. Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton are men who can both lecture and write; in fits of sickness I long for kind, capable Mary Roberts Rinehart to 'special' my case; while Kipling, accredited agent of the Red Gods, could arrange delightful, adventurous trips to dead, enchanted cities and painted islands in the Pacific. But since, like everyone else, I look when I read for the thing that most interests me, I have been wondering lately how many authors could have been successful interior decorators. Now, anybody can *describe* a room. Minute detail is n't what I mean; that 's a matter of mere statistics: so many tables, so many chairs. To make a reader feel a room's *presence*, its infinite, intimate charm, is a different thing, given supremely to just a few.

But those few do it so exquisitely! How comfortable you always are in Archibald Marshall's novels, whether you are visiting the Clintons, or sitting at ease with Mrs. Redcliffe in her gay-chintzed, oak-raftered room glowing with candles, softly shining with the rare undergleam that comes with old, loved things: treasured china, polished brass, and well-rubbed furniture. As you read, a sense of incomparable ease is directly transferred to you — so directly, indeed, that I am determined Marshall shall do such a room for me. But, if ever I am an innkeeper, or owner of a Manor Farm, I shall retain the services of Charles Dickens. For, just as *Pickwick* always makes me hungry, so do these ample abodes find me stretching like a cat to the warmth of their welcoming hearths. Candlelight, candlelight, and crackling logs, and merry voices. 'If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.'

And yet, is this picture more endeared than *Snowbound?* Ah, I never want a New England farmhouse unless our gentle, kindly Whittier will arrange it for me. So often I have sat happily in that homely, firelit room, watching the cat's dark silhouette upon the whitewashed wall, the witches making their tea under the bare-boughed lilac tree, the mug of cider simmering slow between the straddling feet of the old Turk's-head andirons. Not Time nor Change nor all the deep-piled snows of winter can ever quench the memory of that ruddy fire glowing on the wide and clean-winged hearth.

But again I turn to England — to Coleridge. (Is it their 'abidingness' that gives the English such an ex-

quisite sense of interior?) He is to fashion for me a Gothic room, a

> Chamber carved so curiously,
> Carved with figures strange and sweet;

perfect in every detail, down to the silver, angel-swung *veilleuse*, to protect me all the night from wandering spirits of the dark. And for it Keats shall stain a jeweled mullioned window, to throw its benediction of colors on me as I kneel at my orisons, and place magic casements to look out upon the foam of perilous seas.

Next, should I desire a Renaissance apartment, — I don't in the least, but everybody else seems to, nowadays, — why, that I would entrust to Browning; the poet who wrote 'The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's' could not help revealing the resplendent paganism of that triumphant time. But Tennyson can't and shan't decorate even a corner of a room for me! Despite Maud's own little oak room, notwithstanding all the splendid pictures in 'The Palace of Art,' I have misgivings; I distrust the soundness of his taste. I vow that the *malice* of Max Beerbohm's very Victorian cartoon is not in my mind as I write; but I am convinced that Lady Flora, taking her 'broidery frame and adding a crimson to the quaint macaw, was but completing a scheme that already dominated the drawing-room — other quaint macaws in staring crewelwork on cushions and screens, with, probably, the final elegance of antimacassars on chair-backs. Rather Tennyson shall 'landscape' my estate for me, spread his dark green layers of shade, give me a high hall garden, with rooks to cry, 'Caw! Caw! Caw! Caw!' at the falling of twilight. Though I do hope he will consult Amy Lowell about the more intimate house-planting; I want her flowing melodies in blue, her parterres of brilliant tulips. And I should welcome a few words of advice from Compton Mackenzie, since *Plasher's Mead* always inspires me with the hope that some day I shall marry a gardening parson in the South of England.

Amy Lowell, too, — for she so well knows how beautiful the sun can be on bricks and pewter, — shall plan my kitchen — after talking it over with Padraic Colum, who is to hang the lantern-clock, and fill my dresser with shining delf. Oh, and I am almost forgetting my haunted chamber! I 'm writing to Walter de la Mare about that, for he will contrive such delicately modulated terrors: faint winds to stir a dusky arras; frail, wistful ghosts to flitter down old galleries polished by moonlight.

The loveliest chamber I have not yet shown you — Galsworthy's matchless 'little whitewashed withdrawing-room of a thatched, whitewashed cottage. . . . A log, dropping now and then, turned up its glowing underside, and the firelight and the lamplight seemed so to have soaked into the white walls, that a wan warmth exuded. Silvery dun moths, fluttering in from the dark garden, kept vibrating like spun shillings, over a jade-green bowl of crimson roses; and there was a scent, as ever in that old, thatched cottage, of wood-smoke, flowers, and sweet-briar.'

But for an all-round understanding of Things, the Things that are tangible thoughts, give me Anne Douglas Sedgwick. In every story that she writes there is this inner sense, the same serene discernment: 'The Third Window,' 'Hyacinths,' 'The White Pagoda,' all are examples of excellence. Her rooms are the backgrounds of her characters; sometimes, indeed, they seem almost the characters themselves.

Do you envy me? I am neither rich nor poor; to quote my beloved Horace Walpole, I have just 'a middling

house'; but *cric-crac*, in an instant, behold my palace rise. And not yet have you tasted its fullest joy; I never have to dust; I walk through my rooms, and find them swept and garnished. Praise be, I don't even *know* that there is such a thing as a Servant Question!

NEDDING

I USED to think that the world was filled with all sorts and conditions of men, but that was before the Only Woman and I took to Nedding. Now we know there are only fifteen or twenty at the outside. Nedding is a very simple pastime, within reach of anybody whom necessity or disposition compels to travel even a little.

She invented it — at Avignon, if I remember — by simply remarking as we sat there having a coffee in the *Café des Négociants:* 'Why, that man over there looks exactly like your uncle Ned.'

Until that hour we had both preserved our infantile illusion that the human family was a vast agglomeration of desperate units, grouped somewhat carelessly into races, but otherwise decidedly heterogeneous. A great many apples must have fallen to the ground before there came a Newton to deduce the law of gravitation. Do you see? No sooner had I discovered that the man at the neighboring table was but another edition of Ned, than I became aware that his companion, a woman whose sharp features seemed to have been thrust into visibility by the pressure of a volcanic personality, was but the double of Fanny, a nursemaid, sacred to the memory of my tenderest years. Much social as well as temporal and geographical — to say nothing of ethnological — distance separated them, no doubt. Nevertheless they had been cast in the same mould.

That opened my eyes, and the eyes of the Only Woman. To Ned and Fanny were soon added Father, Mrs. B., Dollyann, the Farmer, Splitcracker, and Double Bass. Avignon began to seem like a reincarnation of our native town. A nomadic existence led us back to Paris; from there to London; thence to Marseilles, Turin, Venice, Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, to Avignon again. Nomadism is a weary thing when it is one's business. The hours that one spends in cafés become simply irksome. But it is different when you have discovered a great secret of the race and have something to look for.

Ned reappeared in Paris the first day we were there. He had grown a moustache and lost most of his hair. The hair was even of a different shade. But nothing could disguise him. He has never deserted us since, except in Turin, where our stay was short and filled with uninteresting matters. Nor have the other members of the Doubles family proved less constant. Their numbers are increasing every day as our trained senses become more apt in piercing through superficial differences to hidden identities. We have had to invent new nicknames, as types never noted before thrust themselves repeatedly upon our attention; and one of the things that help us to look forward with pleasure to an approaching pilgrimage to the home town is the hope of finding the overlooked originals who will make these types as old as the others.

For the human race is composed of a very few strains. They run through races, tribes, and nations like threads through a pattern. You, who consider yourself so original in thought and feature — the Only Woman and I will agree to find your twin in any town on earth to which you will pay our traveling expenses. How witnesses dare to identify the defendant in the offhand way they do at criminal trials passes my comprehension. I would not swear, now, even to Uncle Ned.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, an old *Atlantic* contributor, brings to her study of the Byron-complex sound psychological insight, and a flair for controversy. She writes, however, 'I do not, of course, pretend to keep my head about Byron, but . . . I have been as moderate as woman could!' We refer our readers with satisfaction to the new volume of Byron letters, letters among the very best in English, recently edited by John Murray, and — with a vigorous caution not to read it — to the reissued edition of *Astarte*, wherein Byron's grandson spits upon his grandfather's grave in order to champion his grandmother's wrongs (both published by the Scribners). **George W. Alger** is a New York lawyer who drafted the New York Employers' Liability Act and many amendments to labor and child-labor laws. Upon several occasions **E. Barrington,** who is a British scholar, has given stories to the *Atlantic* with authentic and entertaining eighteenth-century backgrounds. This romance will form a chapter or two of a volume to be published in the autumn. **George Moore,** the English author and lover of life, in conversation with Joseph Husband, talks with Chicago in this number of the *Atlantic*. We are not permitted to disclose the writer of 'The Jungle of the Mind,' but regarding the remarkable mental experience, we quote the following letter from a physician of reputation: —

I am greatly interested in the author of this paper, not only personally but from a scientific standpoint. According to all our textbook symptoms of *dementia præcox*, she was surely that. For a long time the condition looked hopeless, but we took some desperate chances with her in the way of freedom and occupation, and gradually she gave up one symptom after another until at the last there seemed to be a very rapid readjustment.

* * *

Amory Hare is a poet well known to *Atlantic* readers. She sends us 'The Lifted Latch' from her home in 'The Little House,' at Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. The paper on Bret Harte and Mark Twain has been edited by **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** from the letters of Mrs. James T. Fields, the wife of a former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The paper is part of a book to be published October 1. From his own experience **Ivan Ostroshki** tells the human story of the German occupation of Serbia. He is now a student in an American university. *Atlantic* readers will remember **Joseph Fort Newton** as the author of 'Preaching in London.' He is the pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York.

* * *

Edgar J. Goodspeed, who contributes 'The New Barbarism,' is a professor at the University of Chicago, and the author of many volumes of Biblical lore. **Emma Lawrence** is Mrs. John S. Lawrence of Boston. The *Atlantic* has printed several of her stories, among them, 'The Floor of Heaven,' in the August issue. **Florence Converse,** poet, novelist, and member of the *Atlantic's* staff, gives us this month the poem, 'Merlin Met Morgan-le-Fay.' 'The Strange Mind of India' is illumined by **J. A. Chapman,** who has devoted twenty-odd years to the sympathetic study of Bengalee character. He is librarian of the Imperial Library at Calcutta. **Madame Ponafidine** concludes her terrible story of sufferings under the Russian Revolution and after, by setting down the details of her escape.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is a British editor and student of political forces and personalities. He is the author of *Uncensored Celebrities*, and contributed 'The Future of Mr. Lloyd George' to the April, 1921, *Atlantic*. **Evans Lewin,** who is Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Librarian of the Colonial Institute, is an eminent authority on contemporary Africa. **Claude Halstead Van Tyne,** head of the Department of History in the University of Michigan, continues his story of 'The Indian Ferment' which he began for *Atlantic* readers in July. He has recently

returned from India, where he has been studying at first hand the chaos of political and social upheaval. The *Westminster Gazette* was represented at the Peace Conference by **Sisley Huddleston,** whose dispatches won him wide recognition. In this number he discusses the relation of French problems to the present chaos of Europe.

* * *

Southerners from half-a-dozen states have written to us confirming the absolute authenticity of Eleanor C. Gibbs's 'Plantation Chronicles.' To be able to speak or write real 'nigger' is an accomplishment; for unfortunately the comedians of our press have succeeded in corrupting this most interesting of American dialects almost past recognition. A correspondent writes us the story of a Southern girl abroad, who when told of the advantages of a polylingual education, exclaimed, 'but I speak four myself!' 'Indeed,' said her friend, 'and which are they?' 'Good English, bad English, baby talk, and nigger.'

* * *

The *Atlantic's* discussion of the Ku Klux Klan has stirred discussion and brought us many letters. Here is one from Klan territory: —

Dear Atlantic, —

I read with much interest the article in your magazine on the Ku Klux Klan. As a resident at the centre of their operations I have had plenty of opportunity to study the workings of this organization. I perfectly agree with you that, although the Klan proclaim their innocence of many of the crimes committed in the name of Law and Order, that, if the Klan had not begun it, the others could not have followed.

A Klan parade was staged here last winter and it was openly announced that the Klan paraded only where law enforcement was lax. Of interest during the parade was a solitary negro who took a position of vantage on a corner and watched the whole affair unmoved. I later sought an interview with this negro and found him to be a native of one of the New England states. He was born in the North and held much the same idea of the Klan as most sensible people, namely that it is ridiculous in its methods, ritual, dress, and language. The older negroes and most of the real Southern negroes, however, are afraid of the Klan for the same reasons stated in the article: because they have no idea what the Klan desires when they say that they 'will not bother any negro who behaves himself,' and so forth and so on.

So far as I can see there is no need for all this mumbo-jumbo to aid the Law, and the idea of each Klansman being a detective to watch his neighbors is hardly in keeping with the three rights of man — Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Sincerely yours,
Leslie G. Cutler.

An important commentary on the attitude of certain officers of the law toward the Klan comes to us in a letter from Nebraska: —

Dear Atlantic, —

Some three months after the murder of the negro woman mentioned in the *Atlantic's* article on the Ku Klux Klan, two policemen attempted to arrest a negro suspected of auto-stealing in the same city. One of the officers was shot and killed. The usual mob formed, killed the negro, and burned the body. The significant thing is this: at the burial of the dead officer, a delegation of white-robed, hooded figures appeared and deposited the usual tribute in the grave, indicating that the officer was a member of the Klan. Their action explained fully what I heard repeatedly during several weeks spent in Texarkana, that no police officer would interfere with the Klan, no matter what it had done. It is easy to understand why, if the officers had taken the oath quoted by Mr. Percy.

Walter H. Riley.

* * *

We are glad to correct an error which appeared in the name of one of our contributors in the July *Atlantic*, by printing this kind letter of the author: —

Dear Atlantic, —

It is very sad, when one has finally achieved the great ambition of every true daughter (and granddaughter) of New England, and *got into the Atlantic*, — albeit it was only in the Contributors' Column, — to do so under the wrong name. Many times since my marriage, half a century ago, have I wished that either my husband's Dutch patronymic did not look so much like Sharp, or else that my writing were more legible. The name is not Sharp — it is Shoup.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Samantha Whipple Shoup.

* * *

Professor Herman T. Frueauff of Allentown, Pennsylvania, writes us that he recalls his excitement when the first issue of

the *Atlantic* came to his house in November, 1857. He wonders whether any of our other readers have such long memories. We wonder, too.

* * *

We have received a number of letters critical of Dr. Channing Frothingham's article in the July *Atlantic*, from chiropractors, osteopaths, and their patients. We have no hesitancy in saying that we believe Dr. Frothingham's position essentially sound and we were at some pains to verify the correctness of his facts. But because, like him, we believe there is useful truth to be found in the other schools as well, we are glad to publish two carefully considered letters from a chiropractor and an osteopath which state their positions more fully:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have always felt that the motives of this magazine are to give the truth to its readers, regardless of its own, or the opinion of any group. Believing this to be true I wish to call your attention to several statements appearing in Channing Frothingham's article on 'Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Profession of Medicine' in the July issue of your worthy magazine.

Who but a medical doctor would hold it a grievous fault that the chiropractor is given a course in the fundamental principles of advertising? Two years ago this course was not given. Since, it has become a part of the curriculum, not by crowding out some other subject, but by adding more time to an already long course. This was instituted at the insistence of a single man, it being his idea that a person is only half equipped who is given something to sell and is not taught how to sell it. The chiropractor is of necessity an educator. Where is he going to learn how to educate anyone if not in his schools?

He says that chiropractic is only a theory, but only states half enough when he fails to say that medicine is only a theory. Two theories in fact, and opposing ones at that. Theories which after years of trial are no nearer a scientific basis than the day they were founded.

Likewise the statement, 'the chiropractor claims a misplaced vertebra is the cause of disease,' places us in an unfair position, for it only states half enough. A chiropractor believes that disease is always caused by an abnormal expression of the vital forces within the body. He is interested in the spine because it is practically the only structure in the body that can interfere with the distribution of mental impulses from the brain to the tissue cells.

The chiropractors are criticized for not conducting more research work. It must be remembered that chiropractic is a new science, and that most of its energy has been utilized in fighting for its life. It has recently established the National Chiropractic Research Society. It has been conclusively proven by animal experimentation that spinal pressure can and does bring about functional and structural changes in the periphery. The spinographic plate proves definitely the universality of abnormal spines. The clinical results are such that many people are becoming boosters in spite of their own natural prejudice.

Dr. Frothingham seems sincere when he is alarmed that many patients may fall into the chiropractors' hands, and so much valuable time be lost that they may become hopelessly incurable. He is unduly alarmed, for he must remember that practically all of the patients that come to the chiropractors do so after they have made the rounds of the medics. Usually, if they have been to five doctors, they have been treated for five different conditions. It 's not through the chiropractors that the patients are losing so much time, but through self-medication — an evil that can hardly be laid at the chiropractors' door.

There would be no chiropractic problem if the present health methods were efficient. People do not try a new health method if they are satisfied with their present one. The way to deal with the situation is for the medics to give service to those that come to them, but not through the legislative halls. Whether chiropractic is going to succeed medicine is no concern to the chiropractor, for he knows that medicine has the happy faculty of succeeding itself every decade. He does know that chiropractic shall stand as a separate science. On this issue he is willing to die.

These problems are to be solved, not by one group writing diatribes about the other but rather by each group knowing its own sphere, and doing its work honestly and efficiently. It does seem to be the height of egotism for one group to think that the world can look only to them for help.

— —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No one who had investigated the osteopathic colleges could have said, as did Dr. Frothingham in the July issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that osteopaths discard 'all the accumulation of facts in the science of medicine.' The osteopathic colleges give a complete course in all branches of medical science except materia medica and pharmacology and they all include in their curriculum a careful study of *some* drugs, which all osteopaths consider useful, such as the anæsthetics, antiseptics, anthelmintics, emetics, counterirritants, cathartics. The Los Angeles College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons gives a complete

course in Materia Medica and Pharmacology. All the osteopathic colleges give a four-year course; all make a high school education an entrance requirement; some also require for entrance one year of college work in the sciences. The originator of osteopathy himself was very insistent that students be thoroughly trained in anatomy, physiology, and all the allied sciences. He said, 'Imperfect knowledge created a desire to go out into the world as know-alls and cure-alls who wanted to write and say all and much more than is in osteopathy.'

A brief résumé of what has occurred in California may clarify the situation.

Ever since there has been an examining board in California, osteopaths have taken the same examination in *all subjects* as the medical graduates. The medical graduates were granted, upon passing these examinations, a license to practice medicine and surgery. The osteopaths were given a license to practice osteopathy. Osteopathy was not defined, and there trouble arose. The medical profession claimed that osteopathy meant manipulation only. Osteopaths claimed it meant all measures studied in the osteopathic colleges of which they had proven their knowledge before the medical board.

Finally, in 1913, the state legislature tried to settle the matter by passing a law which provided that all, whether medical men or osteopaths, who had completed a certain course of study and who passed the physician and surgeon examinations should receive the physician and surgeon license. The state medical board then refused to allow osteopaths to take the regular physician and surgeon examinations. They forced osteopaths who had had four years' intensive training to take what they called a drugless examination and to accept licenses which allowed them no more privileges than were enjoyed by chiropractors with practically no education. The osteopaths took the matter to court and after two years of expensive litigation won. But the judge warned them that the relief was temporary. That if they so much as changed their janitor the medical board might again disapprove the school.

Can you not see that such a state of affairs endangers the very life of the osteopathic school? Students will not continue to enter a school which can give them no assurance that, after four years' preparation, they will have the privilege of using their training. Can you not see that under the domination of the medical profession the school will be forced to choose one of two alternatives: either to reduce its standards of education to that of the chiropractic schools and prepare its students only for such work as the drugless license permits; in other words teach only manipulation and drop from its curriculum the other branches of medical science (which Dr. Frothingham says we *should*, but does not seem to know that we *do* study), or the school must die. We are forced to conclude that if they must tolerate rivals they prefer ignorant ones.

The California law requires the same educational standard for medical men and for osteopaths. Please note that the bill which osteopaths are sponsoring, and which is to be voted on next fall by the people, expressly states that these educational requirements are in no way changed, that osteopaths shall now and hereafter fulfill any educational requirements which the legislature has imposed or shall impose on the medical profession. The bill simply provides that the medical law be administered to osteopaths by a board of osteopaths chosen and appointed by the Governor, instead of by a board of medical men who do not want to apply the law to osteopaths. If the osteopathic school is to be able to maintain high standards and live, this bill must pass.

Osteopaths are thoroughly educated in all the branches of medical science. But, owing to medical propaganda, they have made slow progress in educating the public to that fact. It is not fair that a magazine of the standing of the *Atlantic Monthly* should in one unfair article tear down what they have been years laboriously building up.

Dr. Frothingham says that the osteopathic research institutes have published no satisfactory proof of the correctness of osteopathic theories. We suspect that he did not investigate the reports of the institute any more carefully than he did the curriculum of the schools.

Osteopathy was not founded upon a theory as Dr. Frothingham says. It was founded upon observations. Then theories were evolved to explain observed phenomena.

Let us have a *thorough* and *fair* investigation.

Respectfully,

MARY L. LECLERE, A. B., D. O.

* * *

Madame Ponafidine, whose experiences with Bolshevist Russia are familiar to *Atlantic* readers, sends us the following statistics, which give in numbers some of the terrors she has put in words. The figures appeared in the Paris *Gaulois*, being the reports of the Extraordinary Commission, which had been printed in *Soviet* newspapers. Since October, 1917, executions in Russia numbered: —

Bishops	28
Priests	1,215
Professors and Teachers	6,775
Doctors	8,800
Army Officers	54,000

Soldiers	260,000
Police Officers	10,000
Constabulary	48,500
Landowners	12,950
Intelligentsia and Middle Class	355,350
Peasants	815,100
Total	1,572,718

It is interesting to note that these are more than France lost during the World War, and that the French Revolution's Reign of Terror gave only 17,000. It was reported that doctors in Russia were executed chiefly for finding people incapacitated for service in the army.

Madame Ponafidine has requested us to correct the date of the abdication of the Czar, which she inadvertently placed in May, instead of March, in her paper of the July *Atlantic*.

* * *

Apropos the 'Food of the Poets.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The 'Food of the Poets' in the June 'Contributors' Club' needs no gilding. Yet I cannot feel happy that Cowper should have been slighted, not so much for the 'cups that cheer but not inebriate' as for the 'Roman meal,' —

Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd — spare feast! — a radish and an egg!

Eggs are mentioned generously in the essay, to be sure. But is there another radish in all poetry?

L. M. BEATTIE.

Has peppergrass, we wonder, been overlooked by the rural poets?

* * *

For the benefit of all Mohammedan readers of Mrs. Gerould's paper in this month's *Atlantic*, and all others interested in the question of whether women have souls, we print the following footnote: —

The assumption that women are denied souls by Mohammedanism is so general and traditional that I may perhaps be excused for having made it; the more, that various books and learned articles on the Mohammedan religion make no definite statement about the matter. But the assumption is apparently incorrect, at least in that sweeping form. See Chapters 3 and 4 of the Koran in Sale's translation.

K. F. GEROULD.

Robert M. Gay's discussion of Noah' wife in the May *Atlantic* has brought us fur ther data upon that lady, neglected fo many generations. Florence V. Mead recalls an essay she wrote when a Freshman in college, which describes with keen historical imagination the difficulties of wash day in the ark: —

Mr. Gay's characterization of his heroine quite agrees with mine. I placed her under the most trying circumstances known to femininity since the beginning of Creation, yet she emerged triumphant: the corner grocery store was washed away, the giraffes ate up all the starch, the hyenas drank the bluing water, the elephant calmly packed away Noah's best shirt and collar in his trunk, the tigers became hopelessly entangled in Mrs. Japhet's pink Mother Hubbard, yet through it all Mrs. Noah met every emergency and culinary disaster with unvarying patience and fortitude. Finally, according to my vivid account, 'having washed the dishes and scrubbed the floor, she lay down to take a nap with the morning paper over her face to keep off the two flies, blissfully unconscious that her young grandson, Arphaxad, was tracking up her clean floor with his muddy boots, and that the chilly tiger and leopard from the torrid zone, standing over the register to keep warm, had knocked the clotheshorse on to the wet floor.'

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I might paraphrase the patent medicine testimonial and say: 'I used to think the *Atlantic* was terribly dry and uninteresting, until one day I stumbled upon a copy, and from that day I have read no other.' It would be quite true, however. As lowly kitchen boy in a hotel last summer, I filched a copy from the hall rack (I did n't realize until afterward the enormity of the crime). Since then, I 've enjoyed the *Atlantic* thoroughly. But I've always felt a twinge of conscience about that first copy. Thoughts of the anguish of the estimable gentleman, when he discovered it gone, have often haunted me, and won't be downed. Do you suppose he would have felt compensated if he knew the pleasure that and succeeding *Atlantics*, have given me? One thing I am sure of, and that is that he would have been quite astounded to learn who took it. A bell-hop *might* have, but a kitchen boy — !

Yours very truly,

A. W. ESTABROOK.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

C E D is the station for me—
C-ampbell's E-very D-ay!
Its radiation brings jubilation—
Just hear what your neighbors say!

Listen in!

Hear what your friends are saying about Campbell's Tomato Soup. Ask them how they like it. You'll soon learn that it's the most popular of all soups—the soup which has "broadcasted" the name and the fame of Campbell's to every corner of the land. Just one delicious spoonful and you'll know why.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has all the goodness from the most luscious, tempting tomatoes—just the pure tonic juices and fruity parts strained to a rich, smooth puree, blended with golden table butter and delicately spiced. Have Campbell's Tomato Soup for luncheon or dinner today and see what a real joy it is to your appetite!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Swans and Geese

A good phrase should never be permitted to perish. Some years ago an English critic coined, or reminted, one when he complained of an American volume of literary reminiscences that it was too much given to 'the cygnifying of geese.' This applies equally to persons and to books. It defines a perilous tendency, of which none must be more wary than a talker of shop. The opposite tendency — the anserizing of swans — has no dangers for him. The birds in his aviary are much more likely to rise than to fall in the scale of winged things. It is for him of all men, however, to make sure, when his own flights are boldest, that he has a swan for his companion: else he may find himself the goose of the party.

Unless he were sure of the forthcoming *Atlantic* books, the Shop-Talker would venture no such preliminary observations.

He talked a month ago of the Eighteenth Century and *The Ladies!*, by **E. Barrington,** of which a typical chapter, 'The Golden Vanity,' appears, in part, in this issue of the *Atlantic*. So no more of that at present, nor, for similar reasons, of *Memories of a Hostess;* the pages on 'Bret Harte and Mark Twain in the 'Seventies' will also have fallen under the eye of the methodical reader of the *Atlantic* before these words confront him. But nearing publication there is another *Atlantic* book of which this very reader will be glad to hear.

Flesh, Blood, and Steel

In recent issues of the magazine he has followed with an interest of which there have been many tokens a series of four 'Chapters in Steel.' These, with others — besides an introduction telling how the author, **Charles Rumford Walker,** graduating from Yale six years ago, sharing the experiences of his college generation in the army, threw in his lot with the workers in a steel mill near Pittsburgh, and an epilogue setting forth some conclusions drawn from all he saw and did — are brought together in a volume under the title, *Steel: The Diary of a Furnace-Worker.* Especially in these days of need for a clearer understanding between those for whom the 'twelve-hour day' and the 'twenty-four-hour shift' are stark realities and the rest of us, who know them but by hearsay, the book will fulfill a valuable purpose. It depicts a daily drama, by no means of unrelieved tragedy, with the realism of which only the younger generation is capable, and with that greater quality of sincerity and truth which is not a matter of years or art.

A Civil War Book

Theodore Lyman was a Harvard classmate of Alexander Agassiz, Phillips Brooks, General Francis C. Barlow, and others who attained distinction in American life. As a young scientist, working under Louis Agassiz, he went to Florida in the winter of 1856, immediately after his graduation, and there fell in with a captain of engineers in the United States Army, George Gordon Meade by name. From the resulting friendship came the opportunity, in September, 1863, for Colonel Lyman to join General Meade's Staff at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. In this post of extraordinary advantage for seeing the progress and conclusion of the war he remained until the end.

Fortunately, this man of the world and of science was also an admirable letter-writer, and the many letters which he wrote to his wife, a sister of Mrs. Alexander Agassiz, have been preserved. They are filled with vivacious and intimate pictures of the workings of the Headquarters Staff of a notable general, and illustrate memorably both the human and the military aspects of what we were wont to call — until 1914 — 'The War.'

The volume, under the title, *Meade's*

2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist,

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

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Headquarters, 1863–1865: Letters of Colonel Theodore Lyman, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, is scheduled for October publication by the Atlantic Monthly Press, which issues it on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The letters have been selected and arranged by **Mr. George R. Agassiz**, the biographer of his father, Alexander Agassiz. He has produced what we believe to be a valuable contribution to military and biographical literature.

The Dartmouth Shade of Webster

With a cover of Dartmouth green, adorned with a design of lighter hue, showing the cottage that sheltered Daniel Webster when he was a student at his beloved college, *The Next-to-Nothing House*, a second volume by **Alice Van Leer Carrick**, author of *Collector's Luck*, who now lives in the 'Webster Cottage,' will make a strong appeal to the snappers-up of unconsidered trifles in the way of domestic objects of antiquity. This writer has made a habit of bargains, for which her eye is true and trained, and has written about them and their disposition within her four walls in a spirit of such contagious enthusiasm that the simple-minded possessors of 'antiques' should really be warned against the results of making her successes generally known. In some this knowledge will provoke to emulation; in others, merely to a passive envy. To all who care for ancient things — and their number is vast — the abundant illustrations of the contents of *The Next-to-Nothing House* will prove hardly less exciting than the lively text.

Masculine Views of a Feminine Book

When the *Atlantic* was middle-aged, and **Professor C. T. Copeland** of Harvard was a young dramatic and literary critic in Boston, he used to contribute to the magazine. Now, having read *The Notion-Counter*, those *Notes about Nothing, by Nobody*, recently published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, he reappears between our tawny covers in the following condensed expression of his opinion of the book: —

> Evidently 'the work of a very clever woman, Sir.' This book is so witty, indeed, that not all readers will find its wisdom and social philosophy. — The text is well brothered with merry drawings.

A more frequent contributor to the *Atlantic* in recent years, **Mr. Gamaliel Bradford**, has also been reading *The Notion-Counter*, and, in greater detail, has recorded the impression it made upon him. Thus he writes: —

> It is pleasant to turn from the hurry and rush of contemporary life, that surrounds and smothers us, to an hour of relief and diversion with the gracious little book so aptly called *The Notion-Counter*. From realistic novels, from long-winded presentations of psychoanalysis, from the pompous self-assertion of the eternal feminine under the delusive disguise of the new woman, we often sigh wearily, 'Good Lord, deliver us'; and then we appreciate the comfort of such a dainty and soothing, yet stinging, trifle as this little volume of essays.
>
> Not that great and serious subjects are not touched upon in these facile pages. We are brought against solemn matters of to-day: the proper moral elevation of the young, the enlarged sphere of the gentler sex, and the desperate efforts made to fill it. Automobiles whirl about us and movie reels spin dizzily before us. Also the eternal topics that matter to all of us appear and disappear — the great ones, like marriage and death; the little ones, like the check-book, the address-book, and the butcher's bill.
>
> But all these things, great and little alike, are brushed with a butterfly's wing. There is no tedious drawing-out, no dull and definite elaboration, such as makes you begin by fearing that you are being instructed and end by falling asleep. The charm of the book is that it is written as a clever woman talks. It has the easy grace of delicate social converse, in which every side of life is touched for a moment, touched with a light, gay persiflage that has no bitterness in it, touched aptly, exactly on the point that calls for touching, then left before you have a chance to stifle the faintest shadow of a yawn.
>
> Democratic society is too hurried, too jaded, too crowded to have much of that light, witty interchange still left in it. Even more rarely does it make its way into a book.

A Few Laurels

The Firelight Fairy Book, by **Henry B. Beston**, has recently been listed, together with *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Just So Stories*, by a commission working with the libraries of the country, as one of the books selected for the reading of school children of the fourth grade. Almost simultaneously, the Book Selection Section of the New York State Library includes seven 'Atlantic' titles in the list of Best Books for 1921.

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These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. 8vo, viii+264 pp. $3.50.

MR. SANTAYANA'S *Soliloquies* make a volume full of charm and interest for those who like that sort of thing, like, that is to say, short essays on a great variety of topics written with the ease and simplicity of the finished artist, from a mind richly stored and finely disciplined. In spite of the variety of topics, ranging from Dickens to Platonism, and from Dons to Skylarks, all the essays are beads — or, shall we say, pearls? — strung on one thread, the fine silken thread of the author's philosophy, a refined and subtle Epicureanism.

Among the many topics are two which recur again and again, English life and character, and the fundamental realities. Mr. Santayana has been discovering England. Not that he was a stranger to her before Oxford became his refuge during the years of war. But during three years he has evidently deepened his appreciation and understanding. This appreciation is very sincere and his understanding very penetrating. He is not blind to the Englishman's defects, yet on the whole his portrait is such as no Englishman could resent. He admires two peoples, the ancient Greeks and the modern English, and finds that they have much in common. He admires them because they illustrate in practice the principles of his naturalistic philosophy. To many it will seem that his portrait of the Englishman is too flattering. And it is true that Santayana has learned to know him as he is represented at Cambridge and at Oxford where, no doubt, English life and character may be seen at their best. But this book is not concerned with dwelling on those features of English life which, though they may be very extensive, are yet but blemishes upon its fair face. For the author knows well that the spirit of a people is most truly embodied in its best representatives.

Of England he writes: 'I found here the same sort of manliness which I had learned to love in America, yet softer, and not at all obstreperous; a manliness which, when refined a little, creates the gentleman, since its instinct is to hide its strength for an adequate occasion and for the service of others.' Mr. Santayana sees that even the snobbery of the English is not all bad. In romantic fiction he recognizes the most characteristic art of the English. Of the typical Briton he writes: 'He travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them. He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes. And it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him.'

In these and in many other passages that might well be quoted there is high and discriminating praise from a most discerning critic. But although so much of the book is concerned with this theme, there are many pages which illuminate the author's philosophy more directly, and many shrewd hits at the 'idealistic' philosophers who scorn all naturalism. Indeed, in these detached soliloquies Mr. Santayana has, perhaps, defined his attitude toward life more clearly than in his more formal and sustained philosophical discourse.

WILLIAM MCDOUGALL.

Behind the Mirrors: The Psychology of Disintegration at Washington, by the Author of 'The Mirrors of Washington.' New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. 8vo, x+236 pp. $2.50.

Painted Windows: Studies in Religious Personality, by a Gentleman with a Duster, Author of 'The Mirrors of Downing Street.' With an Introduction by Kirsopp Lake. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1922. 8vo, xxi+229 pp. $2.50.

So long as the two anonymous authors of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and *The Mirrors of Washington* continue to produce books simultaneously, their works are likely to be bracketed together — especially if the titles continue to suggest superficial resemblances. It is easy to establish a connection between Mirrors and Windows, but the subtitles are disconcerting: we are not prepared to find the 'Psychology of Disintegration' in 'Studies in Religious Personality.' Yet an ingenious reader may perhaps discover it there.

The principal conclusions at which the author of *Behind the Mirrors* arrives are that the agencies for government in this country have broken down, that government by party leaders, government by business, and government by one man have all been tried at Washington and have failed; that now government by public opinion is being tried and is failing; that the Farm Bloc is the most vital force in public life to-day, and that, if other similar blocs representing the various interests of the people arise and divide the

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government among them, we are likely to have a good deal better government than that which now exists. These ideas the author serves up with smartness and tartness. Probably after the Farm Bloc has exercised its power for a year or two we shall have another anonymous volume from him ridiculing the Farm-Bloc illusion as bitingly as he now ridicules the business-man illusion, the Progress illusion, the super-president illusion, the Hughes illusion, the Hoover illusion, the Washington-Conference illusion. For he is one who enjoys exposing the incapacity, hypocrisy, and absurdity of those in places of prominence or power. Skill in detraction constitutes a large part of his stock in trade.

One wearies of so much carping and censoriousness, however pungent the phrasing may sometimes be. And it is not always pungent; it furnishes many illustrations of the fact that smartness can never altogether shake off its inevitable shabby companions — stupidity and bad taste. One example will suffice: 'Cleveland was a fat man who used long Latin words. He was also the first Democratic Chief Executive in more than thirty years. What else?'

Accuracy is not to be expected of a gossip. Yet a journalist who professes familiarity with Washington life should know that Harry Lane Wilson, not Huntington Wilson, was the Ambassador to Mexico who incurred President Wilson's enmity. This writer attributes to President Wilson's 'well-known bitterness against Huntington Wilson,' the 'Ambassador to Mexico,' his refusal to appoint Huntington Wilson's son to a place in the consular service. How much truth is there in the other anecdotes, each one with a sting in it, that the book copiously retails?

As the author of *Behind the Mirrors* plumes himself on his caustic wit, so the author of *Painted Windows* clearly prides himself on his urbanity. His sketches of twelve of the contemporary leaders of religious thought in England are excessively urbane; one becomes a little surfeited by their suavity. To be sure, there is one awkward lapse from it when he defines his purpose: 'By means of a study in religious personality, I seek in these pages to discover a reason for the present rather ignoble situation of the church in the affections of men.' But a reading of the twelve sketches discloses the innocence of his intention; he does not ascribe the ignoble situation of the church to any ignoble traits in its leaders. The trouble lies in the failure of religion to 'speak with one voice'; it has its traditionalists and its modernists, its formalists and its evangelists, who are pulling and hauling in different directions; among the leaders are some who, like Bishop Henson, distrust social reformers and others who, like Dr. Orchard and Miss Royden, are primarily social reformers; there are some who, like Dr. Jacks, would introduce radiance and joy into the religious life and others, like Bishop Gore, who have 'no feeling of radiance, no sense of a living serenity.' Having demonstrated in his twelve portraits the lack of coördination in religious teaching and practice, the author appeals to all the religious schools to raise their definition of the word faith, so that it shall mean 'making *use* of belief — belief that the spiritual alone is the real.' He thinks that out of such general revision, if it could be undertaken, unity of effort would come, and that the church needs to attain unity of effort if it is to teach the world.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

A Family Man, in Three Acts, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1922. 12mo, viii+108 pp. $1.00.

A Family Man is, more or less of course, a practicable play entitled to a run. It is a steadily diverting comedy of satirical import, involving the presentation of a problem, not to say *the* problem, of English family life. But for the moment I prefer to find it significant for the way in which it crystallizes the technique peculiar to its author. It is another vivid exhibition of novelist and dramatist as one and the same, an artist who blends fictional method and material into an essence equally serviceable for either medium.

The narrative style of Mr. Galsworthy's novels, the earliest as well as the most recent, is itself an extension of a dramatic technique. No living English novelist has been anything like so sedulous in cultivation of the playwright's virtue of selective discrimination as to character, setting, dialogue. A little is made to count for much, for everything; every speech is of dynamic importance. The composition of the novels as wholes is essentially dramatic. Each chapter is a perfected scene, with singleness of purpose and of effect; the few details are those which suggest an entire personality, picture, mood, or philosophy. *A Family Man* serves, then, among other things, as a concrete definition of Mr. Galsworthy's instinctive requirements for imaginative literature in general. It shows the overlapping, rather than the demarcation, of two genres.

And the plays are made of the stuff that we find in the shrewdest novels of this generation, including Mr. Galsworthy's own. This material is simply the conventions, inhibitions, and formulas of conduct of modern, or at least contemporary, folk who are recognizably our neighbors and ourselves. It is the point of view of the outsider, the rebel, that is most sympathetic to the author: yet he never reveals his protagonist — nearly always, by the way, as here, a group and not an individual — with anything less than the justice of insight.

In *A Family Man* the rebels are within the household. Independence is declared by one daughter, Athene, who goes in for Art and free love; by the other daughter, Maude, who goes in for the movies; by the French maid, Camille, who implicates John Builder himself, to the extent of a surreptitious kiss; and finally by Mrs. Builder, who, having seen the kiss, declares she

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will no longer be a 'wet blanket.' Builder, like another Man of Property, infuriated at this disruption of the family, goes after the insurrection with a cane, is brought to justice by his own daughter, becomes a subject of jokes and abuse by the public, loses his chance of becoming next year's Mayor of Breconridge, and in general looks a defeated man. But 'freedom' turns out to have been merely a wild gesture; it counts for nothing in comparison with the humiliation of the father and head of the family. And in the pinch it succumbs to that old-fashioned, despised and rejected thing, sheer family solidarity and pride. Athene marries her man. Maude gives up her movies. Mrs. Builder takes her accustomed chair by the fireplace. The Family wins.

HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT.

Why Europe Leaves Home, by Kenneth L. Roberts. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1922. 8vo, viii+356 pp. $3.00.

MOST Americans of fifty years standing or more, and their descendants, will read this book with smiling sympathy for the author's boyish response to what he saw in Europe and his frankness of opinion regarding it. His judgments might carry greater weight with many if they were more discriminating and were expressed with less flippancy of style and humor; yet, taken in the broad, he about hits the mark. He sees things only in the two dimensions of the present, without that third dimension of the past which gives historical reality and depth of background to such a picture as he tries to paint. He thinks a king who lies smoothly and brazenly is a crook, apparently unaware that lying is the protective coloration of crowned head . To him the stigmata of persecution borne by the Eastern Jews are ulcers indefinitely transmissible to their descendants. In fact the book will seem to many readers an amusing collection of first impressions, uncritical and intolerant as first impressions usually are. But it is wholesomely American, and candid first impressions have their value.

Most of the chapters are articles, or are based upon articles, originally written for the *Saturday Evening Post.* Though the topics all deal with the writer's experiences in Europe a year or two ago, they vary so widely that the volume lacks unity of theme and resembles those story books that take their title from the first tale in them. The four initial chapters describe the post-war flood of wretched humanity headed for our shores from Europe, until partially dammed by the new immigration law. They are written with much seriousness of purpose and contain constructive proposals that should be generally pondered. The two chapters that follow give a graphic account of the present condition and the former adventures of the Russian emigrants who swarmed out of their country after the Bolsheviki seized power. The story has often been told, but is well enough told here to justify the repetition. The chapter upon Greece that follows will not endear the author to the Greeks, any more than his immigration chapters will endear him to the Jews. The two concluding chapters describe the drink evil and the fight for prohibition in England and Scotland respectively, and are rather uncomplimentary to those countries. They are written from a prohibition standpoint, which we suspect was stiffened by the writer's resentment of British criticism and misinformation regarding America, as well as by what he saw of drink degradation in Great Britain. These chapters are an entertaining contribution to the history of an important movement of which we are not overinformed on this side of the water.

It would be easy to point out minor errors of fact, and possibly graver errors of opinion, in this volume. None the less it is a valuable book within its limitations; and it is likely to arouse the minds of complacent readers, even those of lethargic intellects, to the perils to which American institutions are exposed if we go on underbreeding the race that created and supports them.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

The Jews, by Hilaire Belloc. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1922. 8vo, xx+308 pp. $3.00.

THE entire argument of this essay flows from one premise, which can be stated in very simple terms. Mr. Belloc insists that a Jew is a Jew and can never become an Englishman, Frenchman, German, or American. Israel, he maintains, is a nation, cannot be fused with any other nation, must remain alien to every nation in which its people are domiciled, inevitably breeds hostility to itself as it acquires a dominant position within any other nation or among nations, and will invite persecution and injustice so long as its nationality remains legally and practically unrecognized. There is a Jewish problem, he maintains, because the Jews form an essentially and ineradicably foreign element wherever they may be. It is not a religious problem but a problem of race.

The book is written as a contribution to a rational solution of the problem, for the avoidance of a shameful outcome. The first step, the only step on which the author insists with certainty, is to give up the 'Liberal fiction' with respect to the Jews. That Liberal fiction is sentimental and is not in accord with the facts. It refuses to recognize that a Jew is a member of a distinct and separate people. Mr. Belloc finds the root of all evil in this matter in our ostrich-like attitude. 'Some little time ago the convention went so far that even a mention . . . of anything Jewish in a general company led to immediate awkwardness. Men looked over their shoulders, women gave downward glances right and left. A sort of hunt began, to see whether anyone present could possibly in any remote connection be offended by the monstrous deed. . . . The adjective "Jewish" acted like a pistol shot.' This social avoidance of all reference to

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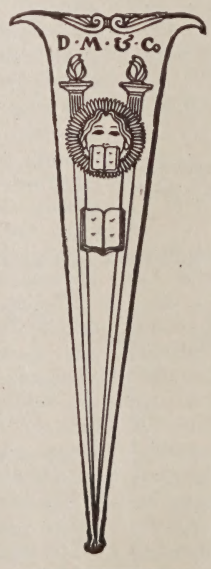

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Jewry is but an aspect of a much larger political, economic, and general public policy which continues to treat the distinction between Jew and non-Jew as if it did not exist. Mr. Belloc traces this policy in all its phases and in the violent reactions against it. He believes that the Jews as a whole can never be absorbed into any national group, and says, 'You cannot continue . . . with political equality on the one side and a living spirit of enmity on the other.'

The essay is sincere, and much might be said in praise of its sweep and power and the interest that attaches to the author's clear and coherent views of many related issues, such as Catholicism, industrial capitalism, and Bolshevism. But its total result is negative. Its service will lie in what it does to help Jews and non-Jews to face the differences between them simply and without concealment, just as other different racial groups face their dissimilarities and, in the large, their causes of friction. Yet even this affords no ground for concluding that they cannot be granted full citizenship in a modern democracy. In the United States we cannot entertain any form of race discrimination as a national principle without abandonment of the very basis of our political and social system. In our treatment of the negro in the South and of the Japanese in California we have departed from our principle of political equality, but only locally and (we may at least hope) temporarily. To embrace racial discrimination as a national policy would bring on a disastrous and violent struggle. We cannot abandon the very ark of our covenant. To restrict immigration is one thing; to raise our standards for citizenship is one thing; to deny citizenship on grounds of race is a totally different thing. That way madness lies.

HENRY W. HOLMES.

The Exemplary Theatre, by Harley Granville-Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1922. 8vo, xi+270 pp. $2.00 net.

IN the course of *The Exemplary Theatre* there is a decided shift of appeal. Knowing what the author has so brilliantly done in previous criticism, we begin with the expectation of having our interest in the theatre keenly stimulated. Before very long we discover that Mr. Granville-Barker is appealing more particularly to our interest in the reform of current education. Of course these two interests are neither contradictory nor distantly alien; indeed, as the reading continues, we discover that they merge intimately into a common design. If we follow the author to his conclusion we come to realize that the exemplary theatre may have a great potential force if admitted to the field of applied pedagogy.

The logical reasons for such an admission are not difficult to understand. They find their base in the current appeal for larger and more complete socialization — individual participation in group-discussions and in group-activities, excellently illustrated, as the author shows, in the work of Professor George P. Baker at Harvard University.

In constructing our school schedule we now allot liberal portions of time to dancing, music, literature, and psychology. Yet the inherent educational values in the theatre are richer and more direct than in any of these. The selection and the study of the play to be acted, the rehearsals and the performance, offer the 'direct impact of one human individuality upon another, clarified, and conventionalized, by the assumption and interpretation of character, diversified and enriched by the side-glancing that even the smallest elaboration of a play involves with its interweaving of other interests; and the final development of some unity of idea, some conviction.' Acting a play intelligently, automatically creates an intellectual and emotional stimulus that cannot be aroused by mere study of the play as literature.

The author of *The Exemplary Theatre* is in sufficiently close intimacy with school conditions to realize that the major amount of time should be given to the study of plays — a study that looks all the while, however, not into academic niceties of structure and phrase, but toward the actual performance of a play within an actual theatre in which an intelligent audience has gathered. In order that this plan may yield its full fruitage, he urges that the most rigid care be given to the selection of plays. The study of the chosen piece will embrace all the varied items that comprehend artistic production. There will, of course, be those topics commonly included in ordinary reading and study, but in addition to these there will be emphasis upon costuming, scenery, stage-lighting, grouping, entrances and exits, casting, gesture and tone, and all the countless items and touches that in appropriate ensemble merge into a final artistic design.

The later chapters of the book discuss more definitely and more directly the points that comprise successful acting and successful theatre management. There is frank acknowledgment of the constant strife between the business man's bias and the artist's bias. But these controversies, and others besides, are not so destructive as to block the way toward real progress.

It is a reasonable regret that Mr. Granville-Barker's important message, which every lover of the theatre is glad to receive, could not have been expressed in a less verbose and labored style.

CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS.

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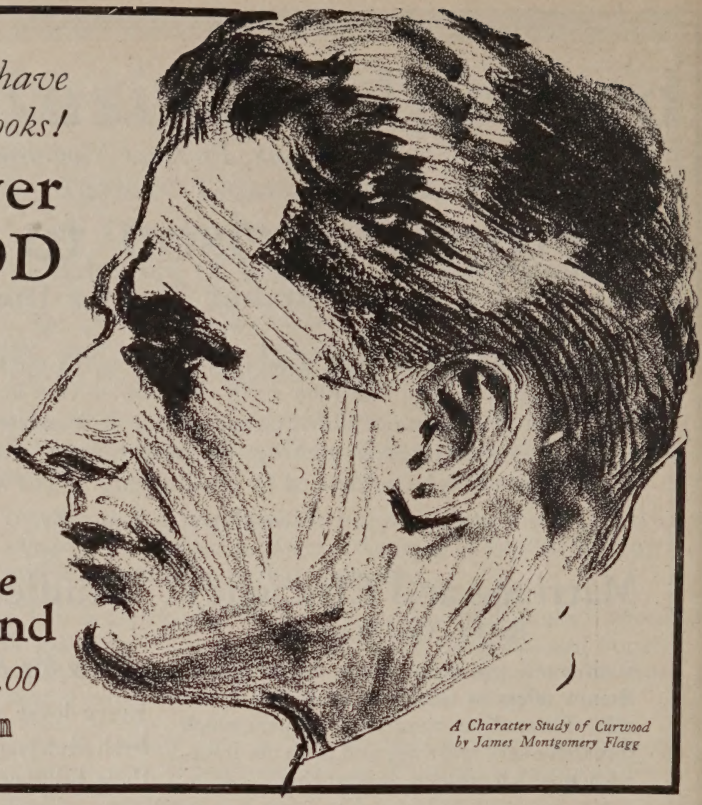

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1922

THE BATTLE GROUND OF COAL

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I

As you leave the Ohio River at Kenova, and wind down the Norfolk and Western Railroad beside the Big Sandy and Tug rivers, you come into a section where there is being fought the bitterest and most unrelenting war in modern industrial history. The country furnishes a suitable setting. Rocky hills, small mountains, rise on each side. They are gashed by 'creeks'; looking up these, you see that the wild region extends for miles back from the railroad. There is no soft, mellow outline about these hills. They are sharp and jagged; about their tops grows a stunted, scraggly forest. Their color is raw: glaring reds and yellows, hard, water-streaked grays. Here and there you see the blue-black ribbon of coal.

In this untamed section of West Virginia two tremendous forces have staked out a battle ground. These are the United Mine Workers of America and the most powerful group of non-union coal-operators in the country. It is a battle to the bitter end; neither side asks quarter, neither side gives it. It is a battle for enormous stakes, on which money is lavished; it is fought through the courts, through the press, with matching of sharp wits to secure public approval. But more than this, it is actually fought with deadly weapons on both sides; many lives have already been lost; many may yet be forfeited.

As the train carries you southeastward, you see some signs of it. You pass many coal mines, and some of these are closed down. At the stations, pairs of men in military uniform scrutinize all who alight. These are the West Virginia State Police; a strong force of them is on duty here, for bloodshed became so frequent that one of these counties, Mingo, was placed under martial law. You pass occasional clusters of tents — squalid, wretched places, where swarms of men, women, and children are quartered. Everywhere you are sensible of an atmosphere of tension, covert alertness, sinister suspicion. It is not by accident that these State policemen appear always in pairs.

If you get off the train at Williamson, county seat of Mingo, you will be at the fighting front. People there will tell you that this struggle has been going on for three years. They will tell you of the bloody day at Matewan, May 19, 1920, when ten men, including the mayor of the town, fell in a pistol battle that lasted less than a minute.

They will tell you of guerrilla warfare that went on for months; how Federal troops had to be called in twice. They will tell you of the 'three days' battle,' which resulted, in May, 1921, in the declaration of martial law. Union partisans will tell you of the exercises on May 30 last, when the graves of a score of union fallen were decorated with all the ceremony accorded soldiers who have died for the flag. The operators will tell you of attacks from ambush: how their men have been shot down from behind; how witnesses for trials were mysteriously killed before they could testify. The atrocity list and quantity of propaganda give this war quite an orthodox flavor. It is very hard to sift out the truth.

II

Back in 1898, when the coal industry was quite as unsettled as it is now, the union and the big operators evolved a working plan to stabilize conditions and equalize opportunity. This was the conference in the Central Competitive Field, whereby a wage scale was arrived at for this region, and scales in all other union districts were computed by using this scale as a basis and making allowances for different operating conditions, freight rates, and so forth. This was in order to give all districts an equal chance at the market. Coal is probably the most fluid commodity sold: coal from one section competes with coal from another section remote from the first. It is not analogous to a trade-marked article, for which an arbitrary price can be obtained by advertising campaigns and kindred methods. No amount of advertising can make coal of a given grade from one section outsell the same grade from another section at a higher price. This peculiarity of the coal market was the reason for the basic wage-scale arrangement which gave all districts as nearly equal chances as possible, and precluded the possibility that a miscalculated rate might put whole mining fields out of business altogether.

The plan worked fairly well for a time. Within a few years, however, it was discovered that large new areas of coal lands had been developed, and that most of these were being worked with nonunion labor. They had been left out of the original calculation, largely because the existence of such large virgin fields was not known until after the opening of the present century. Some of them were in Pennsylvania, but most, and by far the largest, were in southern West Virginia. Employing nonunion labor, they worked at a lower wage-scale than the union areas, and had become a formidable factor in the industry, for they were underselling union coal constantly. In the years just preceding the war, their effect on the market — and particularly the greater number of days their labor worked during the year — had become definitely noticeable. During the war, there was demand for everybody's coal, and there was no pinch then. The pinch came, however, in the year following the peace.

In 1919, there was a big strike, and the country saw that the nonunion mines had become a big factor in the industry. During the six weeks of that strike, the nonunion mines averaged about 4,000,000 tons of coal a week, and *the bulk of this came from southern West Virginia.* There was a demand for much more than 4,000,000 tons; but it was clear, too, that these fields were capable of much greater production, had transportation been available. The chaos incidental to government control of the railroads precluded an adequate car-supply, and so production was retarded; but the potential strength, the

strategic position of these fields, had been demonstrated.

In 1919, even before the strike, the union had realized the necessity of getting into southern West Virginia. Early in that year, it began to send organizers into Logan County, one of the most important in the whole area. It encountered a stone wall. For when these fields were opened (which was only about twenty years ago), the operators there had determined that they were not going to be hampered by the union. In this determination they were doubtless reinforced by big subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, — the great antiunion capitalist group in this country, — which had acquired large holdings in several of these counties. To keep out the union, they had developed a system of 'mine guards,' or 'private detectives.' The duty of these guards was, ostensibly, to protect property, but, in fact, to maintain an armed barrier to the union. The operators discharged all employees suspected of union leanings, and compelled all others to take oath that they would never join a labor organization. It was a rule of iron, backed by pistols and rifles, and it worked. The union had never obtained even a foothold in the big southern West Virginia field, including Logan, Mingo, McDowell, Wyoming, Raleigh, and Mercer counties.

It was this system the union met when it tried to organize Logan. In this county there was a slight variation. Back in 1912, Don Chafin, the legendary sheriff of Logan, had done away with the private-mine-guards system, but had substituted one of his own that was in all essential respects the same. The guards were sworn in as deputy sheriffs, but they were still paid out of an operators' pool, and their duties included ejection of union sympathizers. When the union entered Logan, its organizers were beaten, its members were discharged, evicted from their homes, and made to leave the the county. Its meetings were broken up.

Finally, word came over the hills that women and children friendly to the union were being murdered. The report was not true, but a thousand or more union miners gathered at Lens Creek, about fifteen miles from Charleston, the state capital, and marched on Logan. They were halted by Governor John J. Cornwell and C. Frank Keeney, president of District 17, United Mine Workers. Governor Cornwell promised the men an investigation, and kept his word. A volume of startling testimony was compiled, and there was a wide demand that something be done. Governor Cornwell asked the legislature to act; so did the next governor, E. F. Morgan; but the legislature has done nothing, and the mine-guard system is still in effect.

And the union had failed to organize Logan. Next, in 1920, it struck at Mingo. It encountered the same obstacles here; but the resistance was not so effective, for Mingo is on the Kentucky border, and is easier of access than Logan. The union quickly got a foothold. Some of the county officers saw that its meetings were not disturbed, and locals were organized. The union demanded a wage conference with the operators, and, when they were refused, called their men out on strike.

Then the operators acted. They began to evict union miners from their homes (for in a coal camp the company owns homes, stores, churches, Y.M.C.A., and everything else). A party of Baldwin Felts detectives went to Matewan, to evict miners, and the big shooting ensued. Evictions went on, however, and as fast as the miners' families were 'set out,' the union lodged them

in tents. Within a short time there were some five thousand persons under canvas. They have been there ever since. The union feeds them, clothes them, and buries their dead. They sit by the Tug River, watching the coal trains pass on the railroad, flotsam cast up by the backwash of a mighty struggle, pathetically loyal to a cause of which they understand nothing.

'It's kinda slow-like,' they will tell you, 'and sometimes a fellow don't hardly know what to do to pass the time. Some of the boys fishes a little, and some of the women raises a few chickens and gardens around, on'y you cain't raise much on them mountains, like-a-that. But most of the time we jest set around and talk about when they 're a-goin' to sign up.'

Then came the guerrilla warfare. Recall that these people, who were being evicted by thousands, were the same who had become such picturesque characters in popular fiction. For two centuries they had been frontiersmen; they had interbred and lived to themselves so much that there had come into being an atrophied race, a weaker strain of American stock. It was inevitable that they should furnish the labor for the mines. Nevertheless, although to the eye they seemed a singularly shiftless type of poor whites, they had high spirit of a sort. They were capable of cherishing life-long feuds. In the prosecution of these they had a most peculiar code, and resorted quickly to the rifle, whether the enemy was a family inheritance or a federal revenue officer looking for moonshine stills. The evictions aroused their bitterest resentment, and in these circumstances atavism was predominant. Shootings and reprisals became the regular order of the day and night, whether union officials or coal-operators sanctioned them or not.

Federal troops came and went, and came and went a second time. Their departure both times was the signal for renewed violence until, in May, 1921, Governor Morgan proclaimed martial law.

The state martial-law commandant forthwith promulgated a set of regulations. The union was given so many days a week in which to visit its tent colonies. There were to be no meetings, and it was decreed that three or more union men gathered together would constitute a meeting. For violation of this last fantastic order, scores of union men were jailed. The union fields to the north, as in 1919, were thrown into a state of seething indignation. Then Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, two union sympathizers, were shot dead by Baldwin Felts detectives at Welch, in McDowell County (August 1, 1921). The volcano went into full eruption. The march of 1919 was reënacted, on a scale three times as large, and with the additional object of going through Logan to Mingo and liberating the prisoners in the jail there. The marchers were turned back once by Keeney. Two days later, however, two union miners were killed and three others wounded by Logan deputies and State Police.

The miners reassembled, and whereas, at first, they had numbered hundreds, they now numbered thousands. At Blair Mountain, in Logan County, the mob was met by a force gathered to defend Logan, and a three-day battle was fought. The operators hired four airplanes, and bombed the miners. Both sides used machine guns; both sides had a number of men killed. Civil war had broken out afresh. It did not stop until two thousand Federal troops were sent in on September 3.

This aroused the public again, but the thing was quickly forgotten, and, except for a Senatorial investigation, nothing was done. The union, more-

over, now had Mingo on its hands. It was hampered by a set of regulations more effective than all the mine guards it had ever encountered. For, however they were intended, the martial-law rules worked to preserve the status quo, and the status quo was precisely what the operators wanted. The tent colonies became a heavy drain on the treasury. The union has spent on them in the two years of their existence not less than $1,500,000 (the figure is probably over $2,000,000). The money is the smallest part of the tent-colony story; however, these staggering figures suggest the iron determination of the union to get into these fields; suggest, too, the magnitude of the issues it thinks are at stake. At present, it is absolutely stalled in Mingo; yet it is hanging on desperately, pouring out money there at the rate of $11,000 a week. At first it was $25,000.

III

What happened during the 1922 strike makes it clear that it is a life-and-death matter for the union to get into these fields. There was probably never a strike when the union shutdown in its areas was so complete; union miners to the number of more than 600,000 walked out and stayed out. Yet the first week of the strike, with consumption averaging 8,000,000 tons a week, there were mined 3,784,000 tons. In the next few weeks the price began to climb; it soon became profitable for every little mine in the nonunion area to start up. Mile-long trains of coal gondolas began to groan and creak around the bends in the Tug River, past the idle staring tent colonies; began to come out of the Winding Gulf, the great Pocahontas field. The weekly production rose. It passed the 4,000,000 mark, the 4,250,000 mark, the 4,500,000 mark.

Finally, by the end of June, it had passed the 5,000,000 mark, and the great mine-strike was hardly 40 per cent effective. It was fortunate for the miners, but quite fortuitous, that the strike of the railroad shopmen came on July 1. Again, transportation was a factor; the physical equipment of the carriers deteriorated so quickly that they could not supply coal cars, and production slumped sharply. It fell away below the 4,000,000 mark weekly, and, with reserve stocks already depleted, there was a crisis which brought the situation to a head and gave the miners an advantage they could not have secured otherwise. But the lesson was as plain as in 1919: the nonunion fields could practically break any strike henceforth, and the Gibraltar of the nonunion fields was southern West Virginia. These West Virginia fields mine more than a third of the tonnage for the whole country; and, leaving out of consideration the locally consumed output of small fields in the South and West, they produced much more than half the coal available for general distribution.

It would be a mistake, however, to consider the union's position only with reference to its effectiveness in time of strike. These fields are a menace to it in time of work as well. For the nonunion mines always have work, boom times or slack. If times are good, demand brisk, then all operators can sell their coal, the nonunion along with the rest. If times are bad and prices slump, then the union operator closes down, for there is a price below which he cannot afford to run his mine. The nonunion operator then gets the orders that might have gone to the union mine, for his costs are lower, and he can sell cheaper. The price that closes his mine is much lower than that which closes the union mine.

This is not theorizing. It is precisely

what happens — what happened during the past year. In the union field of Allegany County, Maryland, for example, operators could not afford to run their mines. They offered the union miners work if they would take less pay. In view of the principle of 1898, the union held that this would be in violation of other contracts, and would not permit it. There was no strike, but there was no work; privation and suffering were widespread. Yet the operators who could not run their own mines, having contracts to fill, *bought coal in the nonunion fields of Connellsville and Somerset, Pennsylvania, and filled their contracts more cheaply than they could have done by mining the coal themselves.*

Most often, the way it works out is not so easy to trace as this. The union mine, unable to sell at the price offered, closes down and its men lose a day. The nonunion mine, able to sell at a lower price, can accept its orders. Its men do not lose a day.

All this can be checked up by a glance at government tabulations of the average number of working days to the year in union and nonunion fields. In 1916, the year just before the war, the average number of working days in three wholly-union states was: Ohio, 197, Indiana, 187, Illinois, 198. The average for three nonunion states was: Georgia, 280, New Mexico, 292, Alabama, 262. The partly union state of Pennsylvania averaged 259; the partly union state of West Virginia, 237. In 1920, which was another fairly typical year, the averages were as follows: (union) Ohio, 188, Indiana, 192, Illinois, 213; (nonunion) Georgia, 294, New Mexico, 302; Alabama, 247; (partly union) Pennsylvania, 244, West Virginia, 198.

Statistics for 1921, one of the worst years the industry ever knew, have not been completed. The tendency, however, may be traced by the current weekly bulletins issued by the Geological Survey for that year. These bulletins include an estimate as to the percentage of full-time production attained by mines in various districts. The reports are divided by fields, hence it is not necessary to examine partly-union figures, as is the case when returns are made only by states.

For the week ending June 4, 1921, when the market had entered the second slump of the year, the percentage of full-time output was as follows: (union) Ohio, 25.5, Indiana 34.8, Illinois, 37; (nonunion, in West Virginia) Winding Gulf field, 68.9, Pocahontas, 52.9, Logan, 55.6, Kenova-Thacker, 53, Tug River, 74.2. This relative activity continued, with the union fields gradually gaining ground, until October, when the peak for the year was reached. Percentages of full-time output for the week ending October 22 stood: (union) Ohio, 47.8, Indiana, 55.9, Illinois, 62.4; (nonunion, in West Virginia) Winding Gulf, 65.5, Pocahontas, 63.7, Logan, 62.9, Kenova-Thacker, 44.3, Tug River, 55.1. From then to the end of the year, production in the union fields fell off sharply, as the market went into another slump, with the nonunion fields holding their own, now and then gaining a little. Nonunion mines supplied a large proportion of the coal used last year, for the reason that they were the only ones which could afford to run. The union miner has come to such a pass that, even though paid at a reasonable rate, he is starving to death because he cannot get work. And the net result is that not only the union itself, but unionism as an idea, an economic scheme, is getting the blame for this condition. The union faces the most persistent fight against it that it has ever known — a fight no less in earnest because it usually appears

under the guise of agitation for the open shop. The union is literally on the defensive for its very existence.

IV

From the foregoing, it would seem, indeed, that the nonunion fields are far more soundly organized than the union, and that the solution of the problem lies in putting the whole country on a nonunion basis. This is just what the operators are trying to prove. Not only the nonunion operators, but the union operators as well, distribute this sort of propaganda; newspaper offices are flooded with it. Yet it is clear that the argument of the operators is valid only in a superficial sense, even though present conditions lend it considerable plausibility. For obviously the prosperity of the nonunion fields prevails, not through any superiority of nonunionism per se, but from the artificial advantage they have on account of their lower wage-expense. One third of the industry, the nonunion, works at one level of costs; the other two thirds, the union, work at a higher level; and all slumps and reverses are born by the less fortunate two thirds. At the first sign of hard times, they are stranded high and dry, while the nonunion fields still feel the pulse of business — a bit slow, perhaps, but enough to sustain life.

It would be a step back to the Dark Ages to put the whole country on a nonunion basis. No sooner would this be done than there would begin a cut-throat hammering of wages on the part of every operators' association in the country. It would be forced on them. If coal mined in Pennsylvania, with 70 cents a ton, say, as a wage-basis, began seriously underselling coal from Indiana, which might have 75 cents as a basis, Indiana operators would have to cut wages to survive. Pennsylvania, to retain its advantage, would cut wages in return; and so the thing would go on.

When you recall that coal from every big section competes with coal from every other big section, you can get an idea where this sort of thing would lead. The miner would be reduced almost to peonage, and the troubles of the industry would be multiplied a hundredfold.

Nor is the regional wage-agreement plan, recently advocated by the operators, much better. Indeed, this looks suspiciously like a move to divide the union against itself and thus pave the way for the end.

The trouble with this plan is that it allows independent agreements to be arrived at between operators and union representatives in a given section, whereby that section may enjoy a temporary prosperity comparable to that of the nonunion fields at present. Then the operators and union heads in another section will agree on an underselling scale, and this section will be prosperous while the first section will be stranded.

There is a point below which district presidents of the union would hardly dare go with this sort of thing; so the plan might work better than no union at all; but it is apparent that it holds unlimited possibilities for sharp dealing, and for disorganization of the business more serious than that which obtains at present. It should be borne in mind that subordinate union leaders, under pressure in their communities, are often willing to make clever bargains with the operators, and have to be restrained by international headquarters. But the trouble is that this kind of dealing, if carried on long, would inevitably bring the miner to a more degraded living than he has reached at present.

With these palpable defects in the

nonunion and the regional-agreement schemes, there is one plan left, — short of a big government corporation to run all coal mines, — which promises some sort of solution. This is to put the whole country on a union basis, and give all operators an equal chance at the market, and all miners an equal chance at regular work.

There is probably no Federal agency that could compel this; it is questionable, indeed, whether it would be wise to try to accomplish it by government agencies. Yet it could be accomplished if there were sufficiently insistent public demand that the armed-guard system, by which the union is forcibly kept out of the nonunion fields, be abolished. With the public more and more inclined to think of coal as a national problem, a sort of public utility, it is less and less inclined to put up with the amazing mediæval methods whereby the nonunion operators maintain their advantage. It is their declaration that they are opposed to unionism as a principle; that their labor does not want it; that they are splendidly isolated and intend to remain so. Their reason, in fact, is that under the nonunion system their coal mines have become gold mines; their object in keeping out the union is money, and nothing else. Their labor joins the union whenever it gets a chance. When it becomes more generally known that this sort of industrial feudalism is what is wrong with the coal business, more than any other single defect, then the public may voice a persistent demand that it be abolished.

V

In West Virginia, the union, of a sudden, has a chance to profit by the greatest blow that has been dealt unionism in years, that is — the Coroñado decision. This makes unions liable to suit, but it also gives them the right to sue. There is a law in West Virginia which prohibits private payment of deputy sheriffs. It carries no penalty, and has always been considered a dead letter. But it now becomes possible for the union to go into court as a plaintiff, and invoke the old bête noir of labor, the injunction proceeding, to prohibit such a system as is maintained in Logan County, and, on a lesser scale, in several other West Virginia counties. That is, it might ask the court to enjoin payment of deputies by the Logan sheriff, out of the operators' pool. It might also ask the court to enjoin mine guards from interference with union meetings and union organizers. Its attorneys, indeed, are considering such a step now. If it should succeed, and the union could get its organizers into southern West Virginia, then the unionizing of these fields would be virtually accomplished. And if this end could be attained peaceably, the long war in West Virginia might be ended, to the great advantage of the coal business all over the country.

WHO SHALL GO TO COLLEGE?

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

I

It is unfortunate, but perhaps necessary, that in a democracy decisions on public questions can apparently be reached only after a period of drifting, during which public opinion has been more or less violently aroused. To foresee crises, to plan solutions, to clarify issues before they are befogged with prejudice and semi-understanding — these are the ways, it would seem, only of Utopia, and therefore to be avoided by all practical men. Seldom has this policy — of drifting until public opinion was sufficiently roiled to make clarification a necessity — been better exemplified than in the problem of the limitation of enrollment which the endowed colleges of the country have been facing now for a dozen years. Thoughtful men have seen it coming; rumors have been whispering in those circles which know college policies before they are formally discussed by governing boards; but nothing has been openly done. It is well that, at last, one institution has brought the matter of the limitation of number and kind of students into open discussion, where the world at large may, at least, know what the colleges are thinking about, and where public opinion may have a voice in what is, after all, a public matter.

It is well to remember that the last generation has seen a greater change in American college education than any single period in college history. Curricula have been widened; colleges have come to take on public functions which they never had before; and the influence of the colleges has penetrated into hitherto unknown places. Chief, however, of the new facts has been this — that a college education has come to be thought a necessity for every boy and girl who can possibly get it. One is tempted to ask how large a proportion of the present-day students are sons and daughters of college-bred fathers and mothers.

This feeling of necessity is partly, of course, a feeling that going to college is 'the thing to do.' An increasing number of alumni means an increasing number of children and brothers and cousins who must go to 'the old college.' But these children are not as their fathers were. It is with something like amusement that one who knows New England sees the 'farmer boys' of the small colleges giving way to leisurely, cultivated young men, whose acquaintance with New England hillside farms is limited to the memories — frequently dim — of their fathers or grandfathers. For these young men a college education is indispensable; but from a point of view far different from that of the simple eighteen-eighties.

The farmer boy saw in the college an escape from a hard and narrow life to the broader reaches of a profession. He brought to college a shrewd, practical mind, already educated in the lore of fields and woods; he took from the college a simple but adequate knowledge of fundamentals, which gave him

a sure grounding for success in city life. His city-bred son goes back to his father's college, already sophisticated in the ways of the world, with little ahead that he feels to be new and strange. College to him is a social experience with young men of his own kind, a preparation not so much for his life-work as for an adequate enjoyment of the leisure which he feels sure will be part of his life.

But a far more important change is the feeling that a college degree is necessary for financial success in life. Almost all schoolboys now believe that it is impossible to enter any one of the professions, or even to make a respectable success in business, without a bachelor's degree. This is, in a large measure, true. Most professional schools demand from two to four years of college training as an entrance requirement; practically all public high schools demand of their teachers a college degree; business men have come to prefer college graduates; the officers' reserve corps emphasized college training. Women especially feel the need of college degrees, both in their old profession of teaching and in the many new professions now open to them. Colleges, through publicity bureaus and alumni, have done everything possible to increase the number of college students. No one needs to be told of this advertising: its results are apparent in his school, his home, and his community.

The result of this insistent emphasis upon the social and financial importance of a college degree is that more students now apply for entrance to college than can be physically accommodated. There simply is not room enough for those who can pass the examinations. And, even were funds for buildings and teachers forthcoming, the endowed colleges would not welcome the likelihood of becoming the great, sprawling, incoherent institutions which, with some reason, they conceive the Western state universities to be. Everywhere are heard new shibboleths of choice of the best; aristocracy of the best minds; the all-round citizen; those who can render the greatest service to the state; the exclusion of those who come to college merely to further their chances for success, and the like. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of such ideas merely because they coincide with new conditions. After all, the colleges a generation ago were seeking students; now students seek them.

One thing is certain — the endowed colleges must limit their enrollment. No one who knows their situation can doubt that, so long as they are to remain in their present form, under their present government, their numbers must be limited. The time has come to call a halt in the size of freshman classes. Almost all the women's colleges in the East have been rigidly limiting their numbers for several years. At some of them application must be made several years in advance; at most of them admission is secured only after the candidate has passed a set of examinations and has had her school record rigidly examined. She never knows with what grades her examinations are passed. She may, and probably often does, pass examinations, only to be refused on her school record and an estimate of her character supplied by her school principal. A girl passes, therefore, not the examinations, but the scrutiny of the admissions committee, which, so far as many a mystified girl is concerned, is a ruthless and uncommunicative Star Chamber.

This method of admission is gaining favor with the men's colleges as well. Dartmouth, for instance, has paid little attention to examinations, but has selected students geographically, because of kinship with alumni, and from specified portions of the classes in cer-

tain preparatory schools. Other colleges require psychological tests of their own devising, personal interviews, and elaborate confidential blanks to be filled out by the principal of the preparatory school. One such blank demands the student's religion; his place of birth; whether his family name has been changed; the extent to which his family has coöperated with the school authorities; whether he has committed breaches of discipline while at school; and other information which, experience teaches, counts as much as examinations. Such methods of admission have been in use in many of the larger colleges during the last few years, quietly and effectively; there is little reason to believe that they would have roused public discussion, had not Harvard, with candor worthy of her motto, thrown her cards upon the table and invited the country to discuss openly the question, Who shall go to college?

II

The problem of stating principles of choice and limitations frankly and intelligently is complicated by the fact that governing boards do not entirely agree upon the purpose of a college education. Faculties are likely to fall back upon Mr. Wilson's famous declaration, made when he was President of Princeton, that the primary function of a college is training for scholarship, and that 'character' is a by-product. This is certainly the statement that is most intelligible to the average man, who believes that colleges were established as places for young men to study and to learn, and that the rest of college is usually nonsense. Presidents and trustees, however, aware of the fact that scholarship and success in life are by no means necessarily coincident, often emphasize the formation of 'character' as the ultimate goal of college training. In all sincerity they believe that their colleges can produce the large-minded, public-spirited, cultured men of action, whom democracy most needs and whom it often lacks. The only fault with their theory is that, in many cases, personality and character are confused. The school or college which consciously sets out to train for character often produces merely the smooth-featured, well-groomed, polite, 'nice boy,' whose opinions are rare but correct, and who, though he will add to the pleasantness and even to the dignity of life, will probably never add to progress or to the alleviation of social pain. But perhaps the danger is no greater than in the case of the advocates of scholarship, which may often be pedantry or the mere accumulation of facts.

The alumni, who, after all, can judge by experience, rarely emphasize either character or scholarship. For them, college days were happy moments, remote from the actuality of the professional school or of business life. Social contacts and associations, the opportunity to buy tickets for the crowded football games, pleasant reunions, the glow of pride in the achievements of Alma Mater, the gratitude for the unnamable something which gives the college man what others never have — these, to most alumni, are the important ends. If there must be exclusion, he would see those students excluded who interfere with the consummation of these ends — the 'mucker,' the 'grind,' the foreigner, the negro, and other special and local antipathies.

These variations in ideas are not, of course, in any important sense antagonistic. They are complementary. Indeed, it is possible to find them exemplified in many college graduates, men who have studied thoughtfully and seriously, have played hard and fairly, and have shared in the pleasant, friendly,

social life that makes the associations of college so delightful. And it is only fair to say of college admissions committees that, in general, they hope to secure men who will make graduates of this type. At any rate, if they cannot be certain that every candidate will make such a man, they try hard to exclude those who, they believe, will interfere with the attainment of such a collective ideal.

The history of endowed colleges gives little help in this problem. Originally they were single colleges of the English type, founded and maintained in every case by religious denominations. As they expanded, they continued the organization of a single college, instead of developing other colleges later to be grouped in a single university after the English plan. The American colleges were homogeneous bodies, with no such latitude for the toleration of differences as the English collegiate system provided. In a simple democracy, where there were no great differences of rank, position, race, and religion, such an organization was entirely workable. But its misfortune was that it made no allowance for any large increase in the number of students, or for any serious change in the character of the population whence the students came. Had the American colleges been built on the English collegiate basis, there would now be room for expansion and room for the adjustment of social and racial differences.

It must also be remembered that endowed colleges are not and never have been public institutions. They have been connected with the state, not on the political and economic side, as in the West, but on the religious and social side. They have stood for a very definite point of view; and nobody but their governing boards has the power to change that point of view. They are subject to public opinion only in so far as all private social institutions are subject to public opinion. Moreover, they no longer represent the communities from which they once drew their students and their support. The time was when the college was a microcosm adequately representing the social strata of the state; this ceased to be true when immigration began to change the population of the Atlantic seaboard.

The Irish, who formed the bulk of the early immigrants who remained in the East, did not affect the colleges in any important degree. In general, neither they nor their children were vitally interested in higher education. As time went on, the children of Irish immigrants were encouraged to go to Catholic colleges, which have been established, apparently, in large enough numbers to care for all applicants. Those who have gone to the older colleges have always made so small a minority as not to constitute any real problem.

III

With the later immigration, however, the case was different. The great Jewish immigration, which began in the eighteen-eighties and still continues to the limit of the law, settled chiefly in the Eastern cities, especially, as it chanced, in or near the very cities where were the largest colleges: Philadelphia, New York, New Haven, and Boston. They brought with them an inherited tradition of education, intellects trained for centuries in the sharpest analysis and dialectic, a natural bent toward the professions, and — what, perhaps, is most important — the repression for years of their attempts to give these desires and characteristics free play. In time they acquired the economic independence necessary to send their children to college; where financial independence was lacking, those children undertook the burden of self-support

with the tenacity of the race. There were no Jewish colleges founded for Jewish boys and girls, as with the Catholics, because there was no organized religious body to undertake their founding, and also because Jews have no desire for separation in anything except race and religion.

Now, it happened that Jews began to flock to the colleges at precisely the time when the colleges began to grow unwieldy in numbers and ill-assorted in membership. With the turn of the century, the old college simplicity began to disappear. Old buildings were supplemented by costly modern edifices. The fraternity house and the private dormitory were established to ease the pressure upon the college building funds. Athletics began to develop their present overwhelming importance. Fraternities established hundreds of new chapters. It became necessary to harmonize the differences between rich and poor, between the yearning for scholarship and the cultivation of useful leisure. It was the time when the colleges were violently criticized for their organization, their curricula, and their student life.

Added, therefore, to a burden of cares, came the problem of racial equilibrium. The number of Jews in the eastern colleges gradually increased, until to-day Jews would, were they permitted, in many cases form as much as fifty per cent of the students. The problem of what to do with other groups — negroes, Armenians, Italians — is as nothing when compared with the problem of the Jews.

In the first place, other groups have not the Jewish desire for education. At one remove from the immigrant quarter, other groups do not go to college. Success does not come to them with great rapidity, nor have they the same racial background of learning and scholarship which is, in some degree, in every Jew's blood. Then, too, other groups have not the Jew's adaptability. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin; but Jewish boys and girls differ from their Gentile companions often only in a racial tie so faint that insistence upon it is but a galling reminder of a difference that seems almost academic. Moreover, Jews themselves are the most incoherent of racial groups, varying from the most cultivated, who have acquired the most conservative traditions of Americanism, to the most blatant, who know no traditions except those of oppression. And the urban environment of Eastern colleges has a full case of Jewish types, with the more noticeable, as always, setting the standard of judgment of the race as a whole. Finally, the Jew is the most successful of the newer groups in college. The success of Jews in scholarship is a byword. Rarely a list of honors appears which does not contain Jewish names. When a Jew puts his mind upon achievement, he usually secures what he aims for. He pursues success in scholarship with an intensity and a singleness of purpose which make him at least noticeable. What his hand finds to do, he does with all his might. Fatal gift! If only Jews would be content with mediocrity, the 'Jewish problem' might automatically disappear.

It is not the mere number of Jews, nor their undoubted prominence in scholarship, which complicates the problem. The American college is not, and never has been, an institution primarily for the acquisition of knowledge or the attainment of degrees. It is a social organization, with a very highly organized social structure. In most colleges this structure rests upon a basis of fraternities and clubs, with unwritten rules more rigid than those which govern the most exclusive society, administered with all the relentlessness of youth. It is hard to believe that young men have any inherent objection to

their Jewish fellow students as individuals. But the organizations to which they belong have an inherent objection to Jews in the mass. In the admission of Jews they see the subtle undermining of a social prestige which they must preserve, or perish. So far as the classroom is concerned, Jewish students are one thing; but at the 'prom,' or the class-day tea, the presence of Jews and their relatives ruins the tone which must be maintained if social standing is not to collapse. The result of the presence of a large number of students who are themselves not any too welcome at college affairs, and whose relatives are positively impossible, is necessarily disunion and strife within the social life of the college. Jews are naturally clannish, and the social discrimination which they constantly feel makes them doubly so. Isolated as they are, at a time of life and in an environment where isolation is poison, they create a group always sore, always aloof, always a thorn in the side of deans and presidents, who want unity above everything. Where Jewish fraternities and clubs are permitted, the situation becomes worse. Discontent, the gnawing sense of being unjustly treated, the rancor of a brilliant mind forced into social inferiority — these things become articulate and even vociferous; a sense of injustice crystallizes. Then too, the Jewish fraternities necessarily exclude some Jews, and there is left a poor, struggling, often unpleasant remnant, suffering from an aggravated inferiority complex, which makes them mere hangers-on of the collegiate society; men who are using the college for the financial gain of a college degree, men who make neither useful citizens of the college community nor alumni of whom the college can be proud.

The thought which comes into the mind of every right-thinking person is the essential injustice of the situation. In most cases Jewish students are men of good character and fair scholarship. As far as can be learned, they give no trouble to the disciplinary officers. Being what they are, they are despised and rejected; and, being despised and rejected, they develop all their worst traits instead of their best. Were charity, friendliness, forbearance, and kindliness the outstanding characteristics of college men, students of unpleasant personality could be made better college men and better citizens. But these characteristics are no more true of college men than of any group of people. Rather less so, indeed, for young people are notoriously snobbish, hero-worshiping, and intolerant of eccentricity. College authorities, however good their will may be, have not the power to reform the social prejudices of college students. Hence arises a dilemma: either the social nature of a college body must be changed and a new point of view adopted — which seems impossible; or the groups of students who interfere with the harmonious functioning of this social nature must be limited — which rouses a storm of protest.

Those who know the colleges of the East will have little doubt of the outcome: it is easier to endure a storm of protest than to change a point of view. It must be remembered that the point of view has been the slow development of years, and is held alike by trustees, faculties, and alumni.

IV

If the American college were an institution which aimed to find the sharpest brains of the country and to cultivate them, the problem of the limitation of enrollment would be simple. Jews would have nothing to fear from such a system. The bright minds would be admitted; the dull minds would be rejected; and among the successful

would unquestionably be the high percentage of Jews who always succeed in an open competition where brains count most.

But, for good or ill, the endowed colleges are not looking for the sharpest brains. In general they would probably like to think of themselves as worthy of Hilaire Belloc's praise: —

Here is a House that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger,
And a laughing way in the teeth of the world
And a holy hunger and thirst for danger:
Balliol made me, Balliol fed me
Whatever I had she gave me again:
And the best of Balliol loved and led me,—
God be with you, Balliol men.

It is obvious that such a conception of college means a careful selection of students to form a type. It means scholarship, to be sure; but it means also, as the presidents of Brown and Bates have stated publicly, that scholarship shall be only one qualification for candidates. Character, personality, the chances of the student's being a leader in life, social adaptability, the power to make friends, eligibility to social circles, conformity to discipline and to accepted thoughts and usages — these formally become the important criteria of admission, as they have been informally, in many cases, for several years. It is needless to say that such a conception of educational eligibility would exclude a large proportion of Jewish students, all negroes, and most members of other immigrant groups; and, with an ever increasing number of candidates for admission, would put a premium upon training in the great private schools.

Once accepted, this idea marks an epoch in American education, the full significance of which most people can hardly recognize, especially when it is remembered that, as the college is, so are large numbers of schools. It means the abandonment of scholastic achievement as the criterion of collegiate success; it means the creation of 'gentlemen's' colleges, as we have had, for a long time, 'gentlemen's' schools; it means the establishment of state universities which will be consciously for the masses, as opposed to 'aristocratic' groups; and it means that the colleges which, though perhaps grudgingly and even unconsciously, have been a powerful agent in Americanization, will now give up that work.

The matter of justice does not enter into this discussion, provided state and municipal colleges are called into existence to give the education which is the right of every qualified youth in a democracy. It is education which counts as a right, not education in any specific college. If Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and other endowed colleges feel that social homogeneity is the most important thing in the world for them, they have the right to secure that homogeneity, so long as they maintain no monopoly of college education. It may matter intensely to the alumnus of a great college that his son should go to that college in the same environment which he enjoyed; the young man of immigrant stock, to whom that environment means nothing, ought not make the gratification of that desire impossible, so long as he personally can get his education elsewhere, and so long as the great graduate schools are free to all comers who are properly qualified. It is the thing which matters, not the place in which the thing is obtained. If, for good or ill, colleges wish to stand apart from the incoherencies and the clashings of our changing social life, they have a right to do so, as long as they encourage the founding and maintenance of new institutions which will provide an education for all qualified candidates. It is well to remember, however, that in the past the endowed colleges have opposed the establishment of state universities, and that

some of them have already undertaken a policy of exclusion of Jews without informing the public, and without giving a thought, apparently, to the question where the rejected students are to be educated. One of the bad features of the present discussion is the reticence of most college authorities, who permit rumors and sensational news reports to take the place of frank and open discussion, so that the public mind is befogged and confused by anybody who chooses to start a sensational story.

Though the question of justice may be put aside, the question of wisdom may properly enter into the discussion. The important thing is, after all, not what charters permit colleges to do, but what their self-respect, their desire to serve their students and their community, and their best interests in the future tell them they ought to do. Under a policy of exclusion of certain racial groups, of preferring the development of social qualities to active scholastic competition, the colleges are bound to lose more than they will gain. They may be pleasanter places to live in, but they will no longer really represent the eager, heterogeneous, varied amalgam which is America. Young men will be protected from the presence of new Americans at the very age when they ought to be making contacts which will give them real knowledge of actual civic life. There is something disquieting, too, in the thought that their enthusiasm for democracy is so slight that they demand shelter from its perplexities and from its dangers. American college life, surely, ought to be more than a pleasant interlude; it ought to be a stirring achievement.

Most disquieting of all, however, is the feeling that, in the perpetual fight against bigotry, superstition, racial intolerance, and inverted nationalism, the colleges seem to be abandoning the side of the angels. It may be hard to see one's college harboring strange men with alien ways, to see the happy spirit of youthful friendship weakening beneath the fierce and relentless pursuit of knowledge which, to these strangers, is the whole of college life; but it is harder to see one's college the fostering mother of hates and racial dissensions, the parent of bitterness which for years will be a canker in the minds of men. Colleges will doubtless say that, in selecting their students in their own way, they have no such purpose. However, what usually matters is not the purpose of an act, but its result.

THE OPEN DOOR IN MARRIAGE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE following letter was written to a younger friend. Under the proper disguises, I am willing that it should be published, because I believe that women who hold my opinions should not leave the printed word entirely to those who preach the 'open door' in marriage.

DEAR MARGARET: —

Surely you do not mind my knowing what you are planning to do with your life and the life of Kenneth and the children; and surely, even if you would prefer to shut me out in spite of the very close bonds that have existed between us, you will concede to your husband the right to have come to me in his trouble. To no one else could he give his confidence in the same way. He could assume on my part an old and deep affection for you, a predilection for understanding and sympathizing with you.

I am going to write you exactly what I think. I do not expect to change your decision. But some day you will have to look upon your present act in retrospect. Once, when I was young and going through a difficult experience, I suddenly realized that I should have to live the rest of my life with the sort of person I was then allowing myself to be. So I invented an epigram, and wrote it out and pinned it up on my desk, where I could see it every day. It read: 'Look upon your present as the past of your future.' The day will come, Madge, when this present will be your past, and looking back upon it from the vantage point of its consequences, you will say to yourself, either, 'My best friend was wrong,' or 'My best friend was right.' I am not going to make it possible for you to say, 'My best friend expressed no opinion — why was she silent?'

First, I am going to write out the situation as I understand it. I want you to know the basis on which I speak. You married Kenneth in the belief that you loved him, and your first four years of life with him, during which your two children were born, were sufficiently happy ones. Then you came again in contact with Eugene, who had loved you before your marriage. You have found that you love him a great deal more than you love Kenneth. You thoroughly respect and like Kenneth, and you appreciate the value of his sturdy character and his honest and capable devotion to work. You really do enjoy being with him, but the glory — if there ever was a glory — of this love has passed away. It is your love for Eugene which now sweeps you on like a great tide, which lifts you to the stars, which vibrates with the immortal music of the universe, which is the holiest and purest thing you have ever known. You feel, in loving him, the white ecstasy of the saint.

All this, of course, Kenneth has not told me. I gather it only from his simple and restrained, 'She loves him.' But you see, dear child, certain things are common to the various forms of love. Nobody has to overhear young lovers of twenty, to know what they are talking about under their first moon; and nobody needs to be told how a woman of thirty-five describes to herself the love

she feels for the man who supplants her good, but rather house-worn, husband. You are sharing an experience that has always been very common. It is even commonplace. But that does not mean that to you it is any the less real. I do, indeed, appreciate the fact that you are experiencing a very powerful emotion.

But to go back to the situation. You feel that you must leave Kenneth and go to Eugene; but you love your children also and mean to take them with you. You ask Kenneth to give them up to you entirely. Your first plan was to go to Eugene without waiting for a divorce; but you now think it more 'expedient' to legalize the relation from the beginning, and so you are going to wait for the process of the law.

Kenneth's attitude toward you is one of chivalric unselfishness. He will arrange for a divorce and be content with occasional visits from his children. He wants only your happiness. He fears for your future more profoundly than he sorrows for his own. He has begged you to remain with him on terms of friendship and freedom. In staying with him, you would not have to sacrifice any self-respect. You could preserve your economic independence and your personal liberty. You yourself see clearly that you have nothing to run away from or to escape from, but are choosing rather to go toward something and to seize something for yourself. This is the situation, is it not?

Now, for my own point of view. You have, evidently, not come to me yourself because you know that I would advise you to give up Eugene. I am going to try to think out what reasons I can give that would make any appeal to you. Of course, I am not going to offer 'social conventions' or 'religious dogmas.' The modern term for these, I understand, is 'taboos.' By this word your contemporaries seek amusingly to relegate to the rank of savages those who believe in such conventions and dogmas. However, in the sense in which you understand them, I don't care much for them, either. Naturally, with my interest in history, I have more sympathy than you have with their symbolic value, knowing that they represent props upon which men and women have relied in the never-ending struggle for civilization. But I am more than willing to set them all aside here. Certainly they would never be my own ultimate guides in periods of storm or stress.

I should myself wish to rise into the æther where the 'Laws on high' abide. You remember the magnificent description of them by Sophocles — 'No mortal nature among men gave birth to them, nor ever shall oblivion lull them to slumber. Great is God within them, and He grows not old.' But I catch myself on the last phrase. I know that, quite aside from 'religious dogmas,' you have no religion in the richest significance of the term — in the significance dear to Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or Paul. My favorite definition of religion is the glowing phrase hurled to us from the trenches during the Great War: — 'It is betting your life on the existence of God.' However you define God, He is the Thing bigger than your own life. You now are betting your life on the nonexistence of forces and necessities greater than your own desires. This knowledge of you makes it impossible for me to suggest to you the two appeals that would summon my own will. I do not allude to myself lightly, Madge. You must realize that, like all men and women, I, too, have met moral crises in the course of years of living.

I cannot, for example, mention Duty to you. The very word turns you cold and stony. It chills me also as the voice of 'Puritans'; but as the 'daughter of the voice of God,' it has often come to me warm and tender, inspiriting and impelling. Over and over it has calmed

within me the struggle of frail humanity. Over and over — for one rushes to the poets for figures — I have found that all the stubborn thistles along the way do indeed burst

> into glossy purples
> Which out-redden all voluptuous garden roses.

You look with contempt at a straight and narrow way bristling with thistles. You are like so many of a still younger generation. One of them said lately, 'Yes, I acknowledge it is my duty; but, you see, the word means absolutely nothing to me.' I discard it and try to think of something else.

If duty springs from the voice of God, there is a law of life which is God himself, and that, Margaret, is the law of sacrificial Love. It is the most beautiful, the most vital, the most glorious, the deepest, the highest, the most unfathomable, the clearest thing that I have ever known. I believe that it transcends all the languages that you have ever studied, all the literatures that you have ever read. It is beyond all mysteries and all knowledge. Without it every other power within us is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. That is how I have come to feel about it through years of searching, of experimenting, of using my intelligence, of having my heart picked up and used by life itself. But the only love that you admit to be authoritative is the sexual love of man and woman. This is not the 'love' that has filled the centuries with the miracles of renunciation turned into power. This is not the 'love' that lays down its life for another, that is crucified for another, that, in losing itself for a day, finds itself to all eternity. And yet, to you, it is paramount, while my 'law' is but an empty phrase.

Dear Margaret, I told you that I should not suggest to you the Laws on high. I fall from their æther to seek for points of contact between us, for words that come nearer meaning the same things to you and to me. Well, let me try this first. Even if you have not in you the flaming quality that I call love, have you, by any chance, a more ordinary humaneness, a rather refined unwillingness, perhaps, to inflict cruelty? I mean that sort of gentleness which made a Greek unable to watch suffering as the Romans could. You are sensitive to many delicate impressions. I used to think you rather extraordinarily perceptive of other people. It was an intellectual and æsthetic rather than a moral quality in you, but it seemed to me very real. You performed for some of us very beautiful services, just because you saw so swiftly what our needs were. And now, years later, you are making no one happy except yourself and Eugene — a rather meagre accomplishment at your age! To the disillusionment and regrets of your old friends, you are naturally indifferent. Friends usually go down like ninepins before a lover! Kenneth's family you probably forget, in spite of their many kindnesses and services. Your own father and mother you are willing to hurt, meting out to them the normal fate of parents.

But Kenneth himself, whose happiness you once voluntarily took into your hands — can you who have been his wife really buy a new experiment in happiness at the expense of pulling down his very life in ruins about him? In view of his nature, you must know that he probably will be unable to find consolation in another marriage. You impose upon him a suffering that would be intolerable save for his own courage and patience. Madge, even if you had a right to it, would you partake of a feast in full view of a starving Volga peasant whom you had promised to feed?

But Kenneth can at least adjust his own character to the demands upon it. It is your children who call out to my pity — these tender, helpless babies, your victims. And, in a quite different

way, Kenneth's victims, too. I think you both use them as pawns and puppets in this terrible game of your emotions. You bear them away with you merely because you want them as well as your new lover. He lets them go — rather than apply his legal rights — because he wishes to be unselfish toward you. Between you their lives are divided and mutilated. But your wrong, Margaret, is the greater. You must know that their surest chance of happiness in this uncertain world lies in their being nurtured and cherished by the two who gave them life, and who love them equally. Eugene, however willing he seems now, will lack the great incentive to complete their parentage. Only the death of a father can move another man fully to take his place with little children. You think you are a good mother. But I tell you that Medea murdering her children in the madness of passion seems to me only a little more cruel than you are. She was more savage and swift. Your process will be slower, caring for the bodies of your children, but cutting away from their hearts and souls the props of a normal family life.

I speak out of the fullness of my heart. My father and mother lived together for nearly fifty years, differing from each other in temperament, in tastes, in intellectual interests, in religious beliefs, in manners, in preferences and prejudices — in everything but character. But whatever adjustments they needed to make were made in dignified silence out of the hearing or the sight of their children. No faintest echo reached us of one hour that was not one of harmony and love and mutual respect and consideration. Now their graves are side by side, under a tall fir tree that spreads its green branches over them summer and winter. They are no more one in death than they taught themselves to be in life. It was in the years after my mother's death that I had the profound privilege of coming near to my father. One day during an illness, when his eyes, so clear and clean even in old age, were tired with pain and his slender scholar's hand lay weak in mine, he said to me: 'I have no fear of the future life. Either there is none, — which is simple, — or I shall have it with your mother.' Margaret, Margaret, can you steal from your daughter the chance of such an hour? In sheer humaneness can you take her from the father of whose blood and bone she is, or deprive her of his indubitable union with her mother? A child nurtured within such a marriage has most of her victories won for her in advance.

But who was ever made humane by another person's horror? I must assume that humaneness lies not in you. I square my shoulders and try again. I must step down from virtues to manners.

Have you read a recent novel called *Intrusion?* Toward the end there is an interesting discussion about the ethics of a woman leaving her husband for another man. The situation is your own, there being no fault whatever to find with the husband. Most of the characters think that the woman is justified. But a certain woman is allowed by the author to touch another note in a characteristically modern tentative way. I copy it out for you. Madeleine says: —

'We ought to pay, ought n't we, for our own mistakes? At least, we ought n't to make other people pay. . . . And in this case, surely, the husband did the paying. Somehow, I can't help feeling that this woman's refusal to pay her own debt soiled her. She may have been happier . . . I'm sure she was. . . . But she was less fine.'

Guen tossed a smoked cigarette into her empty fireplace, and lighted another. 'You mean,' she said, as she tossed the match down after the dead cigarette, 'that if you made a mistake, — of that sort, — you 'd go on with it. You would n't . . . open the door?'

Madeleine hesitated. Caryl saw the color come into her face as though it disturbed

her to have the subject made personal in this uncompromising fashion. 'I think,' she said at length, 'that I should want . . . a better excuse.'

'He'd have to do — the husband, I mean — something that killed your respect . . . that made it impossible for you to stay? You could n't just walk out?'

Madeleine seemed to accept this. 'It might be quite all right for others,' she said. 'I feel sure it is. They 'd feel unclean if they stopped. I should feel unclean if I went.'

For a moment nobody said anything. Then Allan took the pipe out of his mouth and spoke.

'I see,' he said. 'Marriage for you is what Matthew Arnold said religion was — an affair of morality touched with emotion.'

Madeleine turned her head and looked at him out of quiet eyes.

'I think I should n't say anything half as definite as all that,' she told him. 'It's merely my own feeling about it. I don't feel it's a question of morality in the ordinary sense at all: it is, to me, just what I said it was — a matter of personal fastidiousness. It sounds priggish, I know, but you can't say what you mean in English. . . . It just is that there are some things you know you can't do. They revolt you — like certain things to eat, or the feel of a cat's fur.'

I had an idea, Madge, of asking you about your 'personal fastidiousness.' But writing out the quotation has shown me how foolish that would be! The author of the novel, whose teeth, I think, are set on edge, as mine are, by cat's fur and maple sugar and making another person pay, admits that, if this question be one of taste, there is no room for argument. *De gustibus non est disputandum! Chacun à son goût!* This is the barren end of an effort to argue from physical to moral repulsions.

Dear child, I realize my impotence in this whole letter. I acknowledge that my idea of duty, my idea of self-sacrifice, my idea of humaneness, my kind of fastidiousness, to you make no appeal. But I am reluctant to own myself defeated. I shall try once more to scale the wall between us. I am now even willing to meet you on the lowest plane — your own desires.

You talk a great deal about Life — at least, I suppose you do, because that is part of the vernacular of those who either make decisions like yours or approve of them. I, too, love the word. I love the way the thing itself surges from cradle to grave. I am thrilled daily by a fresh belief that it rises out of eternal springs and flows toward an infinite sea. 'Fountains of living water' — that is the greatest figure by which to describe the amazing vitality of some men and women. But they are not those who force their total energy into one passional stream. They pour it broadcast into work and play, into art and beauty, into comradeship and into leadership.

While passion exists, it tempts to isolation. But really vital natures cannot long be held within its grip alone. The joy of other creative things takes its turn in possessing them. They insist upon expressing themselves in a thousand ways disconnected with sex. If in these things they are at one with the man or woman whom they love, they are fortunate. But if not, these things do not die within them. Cisterns of genius or talent break less easily than that.

Now, to come back to yourself. You insist that you must leave Kenneth because intellectually you would 'starve' with him. Madge, dear, I do try to remember that to you it is important — and perhaps should be important — whether you starve or not! But look your condition in the face. If your intellectual store is so meagre that its replenishments are dependent upon any one person, you are likely in time to starve anyway. As for your opportunity to 'grow' in spite of the 'bonds' of marriage, you yourself must acknowledge that your liberty with Kenneth would

be as great as with Eugene. Your husband in this respect is 'modern' to the last degree. He would respect your economic independence. He would do all in his power — even to the point of adjusting his own work to yours — to help you to develop any gift within you. Your grandiose 'starvation' comes down to the mere fact that you and Kenneth have different sorts of minds. The difference exists within a certain radius of sameness; for you have both had the same kind of education and mental environment. Hundreds of able men who live with silly women, hundreds of 'culture-loving' women who live with philistine men, would wonder what on earth you are fussing about.

But, Margaret, you seem intellectually to be more dependent upon those about you. You and Kenneth disagree about certain things, and you and Eugene agree about them. Kenneth has ceased to interest you — if he ever did. Eugene still does interest you. Therefore you think your powers will be greater if you live with Eugene than if you live with Kenneth. I tell you brutally that you are allowing yourself to be an intellectual chameleon. Mental satisfaction does not lie that way. Riches of intellect are bought with harder coin.

But let us go on to something else. 'Life' contains, in addition to emotion, and in addition to the expression of gifts or talents, the prosaic business of living, of getting and preparing food, of bathing babies, of having the washing done, of buying or making clothes, of cleaning house, or paying for the coal. These details are the substratum of health and well-being. They are the bony structure of any fair existence led by men or women. Only money can prevent them from bulking very large in the life of a man and woman who set up a ménage together. Now I understand that Eugene is no more able than Kenneth or yourself to buy immunity from many 'petty' cares. I am told that his income is very limited for the family of four with which he must begin. It is probable that in marrying him you will — for a time, at least — lessen your own earning capacity. You are going to him in order to live in the same town and the same house with him; and often a woman cannot find congenial and remunerative work near her own door. It is also likely that your divorce will prove a handicap. Also you will probably have more children, which will involve a certain amount of 'incapacity.' Of course, you do not care if Eugene is poor — you are willing to be poor with him. But face certain inevitable future facts. Even if you do not increase your family, your poverty will entail many renunciations for both him and you. Especially will you have to limit yourselves because of the children. In doing this, Eugene will not have the same motive that you have, and you will be constantly fretted (for I think you have this much 'fastidiousness') by the necessity of hampering him for the sake of another man's children.

Furthermore, in your lives, as in all lives, there will be periods of sickness, of anxiety, of stark, drear drudgery. In the happiest and most beautiful marriages there are times when duty and self-sacrifice are stronger fortresses than romance against the assaults of outrageous fortune. But you and Eugene deny the efficacy of duty and self-sacrifice. Upon what, then, shall you rely? Surely not on passion! That will be no defense when you are ten years older — only ten short years older! Margaret, remember that emotional life runs high in you now only because it precedes the ebb granted by a Nature kinder and wiser than ourselves. And on the ebb tide what is to bind you and Eugene, who have come together by denying the validity of the other component parts of Love? I have little faith

in your being better toward each other than you are toward others. Experience has taught me that, in the long run, the different relations of life are merely outlets for the same stream. When I married, an old friend of my husband's wrote to me: 'You may trust him, because he has never failed in any other relation.' If the source is muddy, mud may come through any faucet.

What, then, is the alternative for you? I have lived long enough and diversely enough to watch the experiments of many, many people. And I can assure you that it is possible for you and Kenneth together to work your way through this devastating tempest into a serene harbor, where you will find peace for yourselves and blessings for your children. And that peace can be compounded of power, so that all your gifts — and his, for I have some concern for them also! — will bloom and blossom. I have seen it over and over in marriage. Among my acquaintances, sometimes the wife, sometimes the husband, has been caught in mid-stream by an alien passion and swept from the moorings of family life. Sometimes one or both have simply grown bored and restive. But they have held themselves in leash. They have placed their obligations before their emotions. Often they have let the struggle be seen, and have subjected their marriage to the critical or anxious comments of their friends. But in the end they have 'won out.' In fortunate instances they have renewed the warmth of love. At the very least, they have become comrades in the pursuit of the interests which lie outside of sex and which appeal to all intelligent men and women during the second half of 'Life.' Instead of having laid waste their vineyard, they have pruned it to bear better fruit. Children and grandchildren cluster on the parent stem.

For such a future, Margaret, — quite as happy as any you can anticipate with Eugene, — you would sacrifice now a few years of emotional satisfaction. I do not say this lightly. When the tide runs full, the human will might well seem impotent. But all experience proves that it is not. You have had your share — you have had a great deal more than thousands of other women. In your case passion has been benign and constructive, leaving you with two strong and beautiful children. For their sakes, you can subdue yourself. For down through the generations men and women have done it, for a cause beyond themselves. Don't tell me you cannot sacrifice Eugene! His is not the first claim upon your sense of justice.

Sense of justice! Ah! Margaret, the word is like a bell, tolling me back to your real self. Neither Justice nor Love appeals to you. I look back over this letter. I have declined from one kind of plea down upon another, rejecting each one as still too high for you. At the end, I have been brought to accepting your own plea for happiness, and attempting only to argue that you would not find it. In doing this I perceive that I give up the fight. I own myself beaten. For never yet has common sense prevailed where the Laws on high have failed. Only an angel can 'ride the whirlwind' of our mortal natures.

Margaret, I am going to say one more word to you. If you were my own child, and I was told that, although you were going to do this, there was still one last thing that I might pray for, I would pray like this: 'Let her come to me and say, "I know that this is a cruel and cowardly thing that I am doing. I know that it is damnable and rotten. But I choose to do it."' Then, as you turned to go to Eugene, I could at least comfort myself with a knowledge of your honesty. 'When her day of trouble comes,' I could say to myself, 'she will have one clean weapon left to fight with.'

Good-bye.

PREACHING IN NEW YORK. II

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

November 2, 1920. — The Hard Church of modern times has suffered a loss of poetry, no less than of piety, by letting the day of All Souls drop out of its calendar. More winsome, more humane is the older faith, as in those parts of Ireland where old and sweet customs are not forgotten. There, as Kettle once said, in every cottage and farmhouse the hearth will be clean-swept and a new fire laid down, with a chair set before it for every member of the family who has passed out of shadows into realities. For it is believed that they are privileged to revisit tonight the place of their childhood. 'Dead names will be cried about the winds — the names of those who achieved, the names of those who were broken or who broke themselves. Not a heart but about its portals will flutter a strange drift of memories; for it is the Day of all the Dead.' If religion is poetry believed in, surely here is a touch of beauty, pity, and piety.

November 4. — Spent an evening with Eamonn de Valera, and found him a man of real power and charm — much more, methinks, than a mere doctrinaire. Tall, somewhat angular, he might easily be awkward, and his keen eye and square jaw show the fighter. Winsome and gentle-hearted, one gets an impression of character made firm by loyalty to a principle. When he talked of Ireland, there was a light in his eyes which revealed what reverence and devotion really are. Asked what he would do with Home Rule if and when he got it, he said the first thing would be to declare Ireland independent and free. Such men are easily misjudged, but his sincerity is unmistakable. Patriots are rebels till they triumph — then they are heroes. The evening left me asking a question like that of Pilate, only in a different mood: What is wisdom? Where are we to draw the line between an erect, unbending devotion to an ideal, and an adaptable attitude, which deals with facts, takes half a loaf when it cannot get the whole, and achieves results?

November 6. — Had a bite and a chat with Huneker at the Players. What an amazing man, alike for his vitality of body and his verve of spirit, his incredible knowledge, his sensitiveness, his generosity, and, above all, his critical eye for the good. As a romantic raconteur, he is supreme, and there is no one near him. Such talk — full of stories, pictures, flashing epigrams, and news from every realm of art. Listening to him is like riding on an express train through a multicolored tangle-wood. Flaubert, Gautier, and Emerson are among his masters, and in music, Chopin and Bach. He thinks, as he writes, in terms of music. My suggestion that *Painted Veils* ought to be reckoned among his sins evoked such a running critique of fiction as I never heard before in my life.

Outside, in Gramercy Park, stood Quinn's statue of Booth as Hamlet — lonely, pensive, heroic; and over the fireplace, inside, hung Sargent's portrait of the Booth his friends knew and loved. We agreed that near by there ought to

be a memorial to William Winter, the Plutarch of our stage and the greatest critic of the drama America has known. It was an hour of enchantment, made so by the gay heart and the glittering mind of my host.

November 22. — Took tea with Rabindranath Tagore at the Algonquin Hotel, and feel almost as if I had been talking to another Man of the East, who wore a tunic and turban in Galilee. His Oriental robes, his domelike forehead, his long iron-gray hair, his beautiful dark eyes, made him look like a figure that had stepped out of the pages of the Bible. As he talked on, speaking with exquisitely soft voice in the English accent, I remembered how, when Yeats sought to find someone with whom to compare Tagore, he went back to à Kempis. Rather he is a kind of blend of Whitman and Francis of Assisi — a poet to whom the law of life is love, comradeship, joy, with much else hidden in those deep eyes which we of the West can hardly know. Vividly I recalled my first reading of *Song Offerings*, and the wonder of it, — like floating, far-off music, touched by a wistful elusive sadness, yet with hints to remind one of the Song of Songs, its imagery as tenuous as filmy smoke-tapestry, — and how, later, I had a happy argument with Alfred Noyes as to whether it was poetry at all or not.

Alas, to-day I heard a new note of pathos in his voice, the echo of a great heartbreak at thought of the chaos of the world and the tragedy of India. It is a sadness hard to know from despair, deepened by his glimpse of our metallic, regimented civilization in the West, and the tide of materialism and narrow nationalism now flowing. Only the Sons of the Spirit — the Poets — have the secret for the healing of humanity, and their voices are not heard in the hoarse rancor of to-day. 'God is wanting,' he said; and until we find and serve Him, knowing that He cares more for a brother than He does for an empire, there will be no recovery from the bankruptcy of constructive faith and vision we have suffered. 'May He give us the beneficent mind,' he added, quoting from the *Upanishad;* and I went away under the spell of a great spiritual personality, whose charm is no more to be uttered than the ecstasy of spring mornings, or the light that lies on purple hills.

December 10. — My English friends keep writing of New York as a glittering, heartless place, hoping that I may make my church a centre of friendliness in a cold city. Every city is cold and cruel, — not with the ferocity of a tiger, but with the indifference of a cart wheel, which rolls over a stone or a human head with equal ease, — New York not more so than London. Indeed, the frigidity of New York is only a pretense and a bluff, as Raggles discovered in the O. Henry story, 'The Making of a New Yorker.' Nor does one have to be knocked over in the street, as he was, to learn that, underneath its glitter and show, it is almost foolishly warm-hearted. Half its people are from smaller communities and long for the old neighborliness — but dare not show it. They are like billiard balls in a game: they 'kiss' and pass on, little knowing the pent-up kindness under the polished surface. New York is a huge mass of scrambled humanity, — many races, creeds, colors, — but it is wistfully, pathetically human, after all. At the present rate, like Raggles I shall soon be saying 'Noo York,' thinking that the sun rises in East River and sets in the Hudson.

December 25. — History is eager with the effort of men to find a Happy Prince, whose power shall be gentle, wise, and just, and to establish Him in dominion over their broken lives and warring wills. Long ago they found

Him; but all who find Him lose Him, though all have found Him fair. The eager dream came true when from a little town in Judea there came a Man of Good Will, the lover of the race. Each year, for a brief day, so swift to go, Lord Christ rules over us. Each year we give Him Christmas Day, permitting his will to prevail, and his brooding spirit to rest upon the nations. Toward that happy interlude we look forward longingly; and when it is ended, we look back lovingly to the time when we were good together. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of little days are forgotten. A while we dwell in his kingdom, and in his authority there is peace. Alas, the Day of Christ is gone while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and He passes, because we are troubled about many things. If He might abide, it would be well with us, and pity and joy would walk the common ways of man.

January 14, 1921. — New York is the greatest religious Curiosity Shop on earth. Besides all the regular varieties of religion, Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Communitarian, we have the most variegated menagerie of cults anywhere to be found. 'Fads, freaks, fakes, supported by women of a certain age suffering from suppressed religion,' a friend of mine described them; but I have been investigating. In the McAlpin Hotel there is to be a lecture on Divine Metaphysics, after which 'audible treatment will be given.' In the Biltmore there was a lecture on the 'Hidden Giant,' — the Subconscious, — followed by 'Classes in Concentration and Prosperity.' In the Ansonia Hotel I listen to a sermon on the 'Religion of the Solar Plexus,' an utterly new gospel to me. Indeed, I have heard so many unheard-of gospels, made up of the heel-taps of psychology and the fag-ends of occultism, that I am dizzy — swimming round and round in puddles of words.

It is a strange phenomenon, restless folk running hither and yon, listening to Parlor Magi, knocking at the doors of dead paganisms and modern theosophies, asking for new faiths. For many, this vagrant hotel religion is a kind of intellectual picnic, asking questions of every ship that comes into port; a religion which, the last of every month, pulls out its notebook to write down a new creed — 'ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of the truth,' as the Apostle said. For others, it is an ingrowing, self-obsessed religion — not once did I hear the social note struck. They think only of their own personal health, or luck, or success, or peace of mind; and the easy, evasive optimism they seek is an ostrich attitude, ignoring hard realities. Often it looks like a subtle selfishness, trying to wear the robes of mystical faith, seeking spiritual victory without discipline.

January 16. — Each of the cults that haunt our hotels betrays some lack on the part of organized religion — chiefly its lack of emphasis on the mystical element. Medical science is not spiritual enough, and the church does not give specific guidance in the details of the spiritual life — what the Catholics call the Office of Direction. The church tells men to pray, but does not tell them how to do it — whereas it is a high, austere art. The physician must not simply tell his patient to be well, he must tell him how to do it — what to eat, how to sleep, and the rest. There are difficulties in handling mental and spiritual hygiene in the pulpit; but a way must be found to do it. Each of the cults I have visited offered a programme, a method to be followed, a book to be read regularly. Such books! Bereft of literary beauty and spiritual wisdom — but they are read. The meaning of it all is that these cults are seeking a new technique of religion, in response to a deep need, — trying to help distracted

folk to personal efficiency through spiritual experience, — and their aim is right, whatever we may think of their teachings. After all, Susan Yellam was right: 'Faith in A'mighty God have more to do wi' the stomach than most folks think on.'

January 24. — Listening to Chesterton lecture is a joy undefiled, as much for his manner as for the niceties of his insight and his ever-present humor. His huge figure, his shock of tousled gray hair, his accent, beginning a sentence in the treble key and sliding down, his shy, winning smile, captivate, the while he pricks our absurdities and pronounces prohibition a violation of the constitution of the universe. His second lecture, 'Shall We Abolish the Inevitable?' was an annihilating analysis of the pervasive, easy-going fatalism which is nothing short of a curse. At the close of one of his lectures, a woman in the top gallery asked him why he used paradox in his writings. He expressed surprise, saying that he had searched his books in vain for a paradox, the quest having suggested a great epic poem to be entitled *Paradox Lost*. If he can help America to recover its lost sense of humor, he will be a benefactor; and he can do it by telling us what the London papers would say if the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith* had been written by an American woman!

January 27. — No church is more rich in its munificence, or more strategic in its labor to stem the tide of paganism in New York, than the Episcopal Church. Its missions are marvels of sagacious and prophetic Christian enterprise. For that reason all who labor in this diocese are deeply interested in the election of a new bishop; but it is a pity that we always have a big row and get all mussed up about it. As a partisan of the rector of Grace Church, — whose spiritual insight and literary charm have been among my blessings for years, — the result does not make me happy, save as a rebuke to the Anglophobes, who attacked Dr. Manning on the ground of his British origin; which is like excommunicating George Washington, who was a British subject before he became an American citizen. Let us hope the new Bishop will finish the slowly rising Cathedral of St. John the Divine, — about which James Lane Allen wove his lovely story, *The Cathedral Singer*, — and show us the function of a cathedral in a democracy. If only our varied fellowships could be united in one great communion, making the Cathedral a central shrine at the gates of the University, joining a Home of the Soul and a City of the Mind in the service of a many-tongued metropolis — is it only a dream?

January 28. — The annual dinner of the Poetry Society last night reminded me of the dim nights in London when we used to discuss the heavenly art between air raids. How interesting it is to meet singers whose faces you have never seen, but whose songs have opened windows of divine surprise toward the City on the Hill! Though I have long been a devotee in the Temple of Song, Le Gallienne, Rice, Kemp, Sara Teasdale, Elsa Barker, and Ina Coolbrith were among the members of the choir I had not met. Mukerji came near being the hero of the hour, with his story of the wandering poets of India, begging alms for which they pay in bits of wisdom and song. If we did not understand the meaning of the lines he recited, we felt the rhythm of the music. Markham, in his welcome to Tagore, said that in the Land of Poetry there is no East and West, but one cup of the universal communion. In the speech of Tagore one felt the ache of his heart in his words, as of one depressed, if not deeply wounded, by the mood of America. He pleaded for men of world-mind, who see that we are all

citizens of one Kingdom of the Spirit, members of one Beloved Community.

February 4. — Every time I hear Rabbi Wise, it makes me want to play truant from my own church; he is so vital, so vibrant with intellectual power, so aglow with moral electricity — like a bit of human radium. Tall, athletic, graceful, his dark brown eyes eaglelike in their brightness; his deep bass voice soft as velvet in appeal, and resonant in denunciation; his style bristling with epigrams, swift epitomes, and phrases that sting the mind with the surprise of beauty — his charm as an orator is equal to his daring as a prophet. One moment he is walking to and fro like a lawyer at the bar; another, he is exploding some injustice or absurdity with a quick sabre-thrust, with now a glint of humor and now a gleam of prophetic indignation.

Emerson said that the man who speaks the truth will find life sufficiently dramatic. It has been so with Rabbi Wise, who early took for his motto: 'I will try to see things as they are, and then I will try to say them as I see them.' His gallant fight for a free pulpit in a Free Synagogue is memorable in the religious life of America. As chivalrous as he is fascinating, in New York he is not only a personality but an institution, — admired, feared, and idolized by turns, — a leader of his own people and a captain of the forces making for social justice, civic honor, and national idealism.

February 11. — Spoke at a Settlement on the East Side, to a company made up largely of Jewish young people, the most intent and eager listeners I have had in many a day. My talk was about Lincoln, the emphasis being on the idea that we must support the State and not expect the State to support us. When question-time came, I learned that my audience did not agree with much that I had said, and they refuted me by quoting Karl Marx, whose writings they knew, giving chapter and verse, chiefly from *Das Kapital* — using it as an authority much as theologians use the Bible. When we got away from Marx, and dealt with issues on their merits, they were not so certain, and I accused them of playing leapfrog over hard facts. The religious idea they dismissed with a sort of triumph, even with scorn. Not all of them were Marxians, and they had a picturesque debate among themselves, while I acted as umpire. Having told them that I preferred Lincoln to Marx, I went away — wishing the while that all young people had as keen an interest in public affairs.

February 25. — Fifth Avenue, from Madison Square to the top of Central Park, is a fine lady, elegantly dressed and well mannered, the very pink of fashion, and with the way of one secure in her position and social standing. She has wealth and power, and the great churches she passes add dignity without solemnity to her deportment. If her skirts are cut as befits the fashion, — alow or aloft, — she is no flirt like Broadway, much less what Wells calls a 'painted disaster of the street'; it is a difference not of inches, but of intention. She moves with fair grace, but without striking sinuousness. She dines at the Waldorf, worships at Brick Church, St. Thomas's, or the Cathedral, as her heart inclines, reads at the Public Library, and keeps a museum of art for her guests. If she smokes, it is in the seclusion of her stately clubs, any one of which would make the palace of an Oriental monarch look like a rummage sale. At times she is haunted, methinks, by the dread of horrible shapes of poverty hidden in the shabbiness into which the city shades off toward the East. It is a brilliant, gracious avenue, more high-heeled than high-browed, but kind-hearted withal; in short, a glorified Main Street.

March 18. — David Swing was right. Snakes crawl, birds fly, and rabbits run, but man talks himself forward. Having discussed a thing for half a century, he takes a cautious step in advance, and then sits down and reopens the infinite conversation. Take the matter of Church Unity, about which we are having a series of very able lectures at Brick Church. All agree that a divided Church is wasteful, as well as stupid and ineffective; but the pace of a snail is swift beside our progress toward unity. Indeed, beyond the evil of overlapping, we do not know what we mean by Church Unity, much less how to bring it about. It makes one think of the saying of Rose Macaulay in *What Not:* 'To organize religion, a man must have the talents of the Devil, or at least of an intelligent Civil Servant.' Anyway, the sons of darkness outwit the sons of light, and the cohesive power of greed outruns the coherence of Christian enterprise. Must the Church always be last, riding in an oxcart in a day of express trains?

March 26. — As a lad, I knew nothing of Catholicism, save as a strange superstition called Popery, which I heard denounced as Antichrist, and every kind of ugly name. So, reading in the paper about Cardinal Gibbons, I made bold to write him a long letter, telling him of my case and the awful things I had heard about his Church. In closing I asked him to name a book from which I might learn what the Church really taught, and something of its history. In due time came a letter, two pages long, written with his own hand, gentle and wise of spirit; and a few days later an autographed copy of his little book, *The Faith of Our Fathers.* To-day I attended the service in his memory at the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, drawn equally by veneration of a noble character and gratitude to a great man who took time to answer the scrawling letter of a little boy eleven years old. Once more I felt the power of the Church, opening its arms alike to rich and poor, to the learned and the unlearned, flinging across their troubled lives the mantle of an august memory and an eternal hope — flooding the mortal scene with music and color and the romance of holiness!

March 27. — Once again Easter Day builds its great Arch of Promise over the homes of our living and the graves of our dead. 'If it were not so, I would have told you,' said Jesus; to which I love to add the words of St. Ignatius: 'Those who have heard the word of Jesus can bear his silence.' He confirms faith without satisfying curiosity, but always he lets light through the Shadow. When he spoke of his own death He simply said, 'I go to my Father.' No place is named, only a Presence. He thought in terms of Life, and death was but a cloud-shadow floating over the human valley. Eternity is now, God is here, and death is but the shadow of life! O my soul, remember and rejoice!

> Friend, surely so,
> For this I know:
> That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
> Not coming above, what God will show.

April 10. — Broadway is a parable of human life. Born amid the rocks of Spuyten Duyvil, it has an innocent, if rather ragged, childhood, and it is ready for school by the time it reaches Columbia and Union Seminary — though one may doubt if it learns much theology. Leaving the University, it behaves very well at first; but by the time it arrives at Columbus Circle, its mind runs to automobiles, which is not a good omen. Alas, between Broadway Tabernacle and the Flatiron Building, it is a gay and giddy-paced street, garish in manners if not in morals, — all lit up and flashy, — known as 'the Street of Seven Sins,' though it is not as bad as it is painted. By the time it gets to Grace

Church, it is a sober, middle-aged street, the glitter of the White Way having faded into the light of common day. At the City Hall it mixes in politics, but to no good purpose. Gradually it becomes the Street of the Dreadful Height, until it ends in a Grand Cañon, and thinks only of money, as if smitten with the avarice of age. Toward the end, even its churches are very rich; which makes one ponder the words of Jesus about the end of a 'broad way.'

April 15. — On a soft-spoken day in spring, when the sky is clear, with only bits of lacy clouds here and there, it is no good trying to stay in and study; so I go a-rambling. New York is so vast, — like a human ocean, — that one may wander any whither: from Feather Bed Lane to the Bowery, from Hell Gate to Greenwich Village. On top of a bus I floated down the human river called Fifth Avenue, landing at Seventeenth Street, on my way to Irving Place, 'the heart of the O. Henry country.' His house at No. 55 still stands, but he seems to be everywhere in New York, as the spirit of Dickens haunts London. Though not a New Yorker, no one was ever more penetrated by the genius and flavor of New York, its comedy, its tragedy, its endless surprise.

Thence to the top of the Woolworth Tower, where, as from the peak of Matterhorn, one sees a maze of streets northward, through which Broadway and Fifth Avenue run like dual motifs of the city. From that dizzy pinnacle, what an incredible vista is unveiled — the hills of Jersey, the distances of Brooklyn, the harbor near by, the blue tumbling sea, and Ellis Island, with thoughts of the inpouring tides of peoples of all lands, making one wonder what our America will be like fifty years hence. Below, the people on the streets look like a colony of ants crawling on the pavement; and Trinity and St. Paul's are only toy churches, with tiny spires, where men play with religion. Which thing is a parable, as if another philosophy of life had found vogue — an aggressive, gigantic, ambitious materialism; yet those tiny temples still bear witness to the things of the spirit. Once New York nestled under their shadow; now it towers above them.

Taking lunch with the Old Banker at the India House was like escaping from New York to dine in the days of Charles Lamb; after which I strolled through Wall Street, on to the east and north, 'where cross the crowded ways of life,' and found myself in the Bowery — which sorely needs a bath. The East Side is like the world of to-day, jammed together and slowly learning to live together, not without friction and fuss. By sunset I had strayed into Brooklyn, to the corner of Fulton and Cranberry streets, where Walt Whitman set up and printed *Leaves of Grass;* and after a suffocating journey in the Subway jam, I reached home, knowing of a truth that the line in the Pepys *Diary* is the greatest line in literature: 'And so to bed.'

April 19. — Went with the throng to hear the President speak at the unveiling of the statue of Simon Bolivar in Central Park. It was a brilliant day, and my heart behaved like a child when he appeared — tall, nobly formed, stately, benign, a little ill at ease, as if not yet used to the ways of his high office, and its loneliness, but with a haunting voice, and the kindest face I have ever looked into. He is a symbolic figure, with the vestiture upon him of the will and purpose of a nation; and we need not apologize to any sentiment of equality for regarding him with reverence. When he is running for office, he is only a man; when elected, he is something more. The accolade of the national will makes him a priest of humanity in this land, where — please God — great ideals are being worked

out. What the President does before the world he does for and through us, typifying the nation as no mere ruler could typify it. His character is our character, his work our work. God save the President!

May 14. — What is the great American sin? Extravagance? Vice? Graft? No; it is a kind of half-humorous, good-natured indifference, — a lack of 'concentrated indignation,' as an English friend described it, — which allows extravagance and vice to flourish. Trace most of our ills to their source, and it is found that they exist by virtue of an easy-going, fatalistic indifference which dislikes to have its comfort disturbed. For years a tide of immigration has poured in upon us, threatening to inundate our institutions; but America did not care — lacking public-mindedness. Lawlessness runs rife for the same reason, in this city of cliff-dwellers and cavemen. The most shameless greed, the most sickening industrial atrocities, the most appalling public scandals are exposed; but a half-cynical and wholly indifferent public passes them by with hardly a shrug of the shoulders; and they are lost in the medley of events. This is the great American sin, inviting the thunder and lightning of the wrath of God.

June 20. — Went to the East Side, to offer a gentle prayer over a little child run over and killed by a car. Up four flights of stairs, in narrow halls lit by dim gas-jets, over floors creaky and uneven, I reached the tenement 'home,' where I witnessed a heartbreaking scene. Half-a-hundred people had gathered in the rooms and halls, a testimony to the kindliness and neighborliness of the poor. After the service, as the little body was carried out, the children who had been playing in the street assembled, their bright, pretty faces bestreaked with dirt, making a picture, as they stood in silence.

For hours I wandered along the dingy streets, littered with rubbish, where people are so crowded that life treads on life, and solitude must be unknown. The sidewalks swarmed with children; the air rang with their shouts or curses, as they darted to and fro amid the rumble of the wheels, playing games. To one watching the scene, it has a kind of repulsive picturesqueness; but to be in it, with no hope of a better lot, would make the best people of the city anarchists within a week. Yet it is accepted with patient fatalism by people whose dwelling-places are more like lairs and dens than homes. Only the joy of the children redeemed its drabness from utter desolation.

Rambling on into the Jewish quarter, I found the sidewalks thronged with peddlers and purchasers, and everybody trafficking eagerly. There were little girls of Madonna-like beauty, with oval faces and olive tints, and clear, dark eyes, relucent as evening pools; and on boxes and in doorways, old men with long beards of jetty black or silvery gray, and the noble profiles of their race. Among such as these, I remembered, Jesus walked, and from among them He chose his disciples and friends. As I walked homeward in the falling daylight, the scene was touched by the gentleness of evening, blurring its harsh realities with beauty — like the mercy of God softening the brutality of man.

July 10. — When there is a parade on Fifth Avenue, which is always the centre of the stage, — whether it be the Circus and the elephants, or the 'Old Soaks' protesting against Prohibition on the Fourth of July — New York is like a village. People otherwise aloof are friendly, gossipy, and charming. Today, by contrast, the Christian Endeavorers marched to the music of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' One banner they carried arrested attention: 'A Warless World by 1923!' All wished it might

be so, but many thought it too brave a prophecy. But I remember a similar slogan carried in 1911: 'A Saloonless Nation by 1921'; and it came true, with time to spare. Who shall say that the principle of world peace shall not swiftly prevail, since the pressure of grim facts is proving, by a Divine pragmatism, that war is suicide! The Church is not dead, least of all when it marches and works in unity.

July 21. — From my study on Riverside Drive I look down upon the majestic, broad-breasted Hudson as it nears the sea which is its eternity.

Its moods are as many as my own, varying with the hours: now lucid and revealing, now overhung by a soft haze of dreamy meditation, now swept by drifting mist, like a blue dust of rain. It has become almost personal in its friendliness, and I seem to feel its baffle ment when the inflowing tide pushes its waters upstream, like the pressure of the Eternal Will thwarting my impulsive spirit. None the less, it is calm, having won by depth what all the world is seeking — peace!

How God must love beauty. Every evening I watch the Divine Artist painting a new sunset over the New Jersey hills, and marvel at his masterpieces. Last night the whole sky was aglow with gorgeous colors shining through long bars of clouds — awe-inspiring in its loveliness. First a mass of molten splendor, — like Dante's great rose of gold, — with a foundation of dark vapor. Gradually the gold changed to delicate, tender green, then to pale lavender, deepening into soft purple as night came down — like a shade slowly drawn over a latticed window in the City of God.

ELMWOOD AND CHARLES STREET

LETTERS OF LOWELL AND DIARIES OF MRS. FIELDS

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FOR four years from the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, sixty-five years ago, James Russell Lowell was its editor. His immediate successor was his friend and publisher, James T. Fields. The diaries which Mrs. Fields was writing through most of the ten years of her husband's editorship, and for some time thereafter, were full of allusions to Lowell which have not hitherto been printed. Among the many letters which she preserved there is, besides, a surprising number of characteristic communications from Lowell, both to Fields and to his wife, which Norton did not include in his *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, nor Scudder in his biography of Lowell. By joining some of the passages relating to him in Mrs. Fields's journal with a few of his sprightly unpublished letters to the second editor of the *Atlantic*, it is possible to shake the dust of more than half a century from a friend-

ship of uncommon interest, both in its personal aspects and in those of literary history, and to reveal it as a living thing.

Here, to begin with, is a note written to accompany one of Lowell's most familiar poems, 'After the Burial,' when he sent the manuscript to the editor of the *Atlantic*. Lowell's practice of shunning capitals at the beginning of his letters, except for the first personal pronoun, is observed in the quotations that follow: —

ELMWOOD, *8th March*, 1868

MY DEAR FIELDS: —

when I am in a financial crisis, which is on an average once in six weeks, I look first to my portfolio and then to you. The verses I send you are most of them more than of age, but Professors don't write poems, and I even begin to doubt if poets do — always. But I suppose you will pay me for my name as you do others, and so I send the verses hoping you may also find something in *them* that is worth praise if not coin. Consolation and commonplace are twin sisters and I doubt not one sat at each ear of Eve after Cain's misunderstanding with his brother. In some folks they cause resentment, and this little burst relieved mine under some desperate solacings after the death of our first child, twenty-one years ago. I trust there is nothing too immediately personal to myself in the poem to make the publishing of it a breach of that confidence which a man should keep sacred with himself.

With kind regards to Mrs. Fields, I remain always yours

J. R. LOWELL.

Another typical letter, dated 'Elmwood, 12th July, 1868, ¼ to 9 AM wind W. by N. Therm. 88°,' begins: —

MY DEAR FIELDS: —

as I swelter here, it is some consolation for me that you are roasting in that Yankee-baker which we call the W^te M^ts. That repercussion of the sun's heat from so many angles at once (the focus being the tourist) always struck me as one of the sublimest examples of the unvarying operation of natural laws. I wish you and Mrs. Fields might be made exceptions, but it can hardly be hoped.

Before the end of the month Fields had escaped the perils of New Hampshire heat, and paid a visit to Elmwood, thus chronicled by Mrs. Fields: —

July 25, 1868. — J. went out to see Lowell last night. As he passed Longfellow's door, Trap, the dog, was half-asleep apparently on the lawn, but hearing a footstep he leaped up and, seeing who it was, became overjoyed, leaped upon him and covered his hands with caresses. He stayed some time playing with him. Lowell was alone in his library, looking into an empty fireplace and smoking a pipe. He has been in Newport for a week, but was delighted to return to find his 'own sponge hanging on its nail' and to his books. He had become quite morbid because, while J. was away, a smaller sum than usual was sent him for his last poem. He thought it a delicate way of saying they wished to drop him. He was annoyed at the thought of having left out of his article on Dryden one of the finest points, he thought, that was making Dryden to appear the 'Rubens' of literature, which he appears to him to be.

Lowell is a man deeply pervaded with fine discontents. I do not believe the most favorable circumstances would improve him. Success, of which he has a very small share considering his deserts (for his books have a narrow circulation), would make him gayer and happier; whether so wise a man, I cannot but doubt.

He wears a chivalric, tender manner to his wife.

In the following autumn, Bayard Taylor and his wife were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and Lowell appears in her journal as one of the friends summoned in honor of their guests.

Thursday morning, November 19, 1868. — Mr. Parton came to breakfast and Dr. Holmes came in before we had quite done. O. W. H. was delighted to see Mr. P., because of his papers on 'Smoking and Drinking.' He believes smoking paralyzes the will. Taylor, on the contrary, feels himself better for smoking; it subdues his physical energy so he can write; otherwise he is nervous to be up and away and his mind will not work.

At dinner we had Lowell, Parton, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and, later, Aldrich. Lowell talked most interestingly, head and shoulders beyond everybody else. The Siddonses left early, the gentlemen all smitten by her beauty and loveliness. A kind of childish grace pervaded her and she was beautiful as a picture. I could not wonder at their delight. Lowell's talk after their departure was of literature, of course. He had been reading Calderon for the last six months, in the original. He finds him inexhaustible, almost. Speaking of novels, he said Fielding was the master, although he considers there are but two perfect creations of individual character in all literature; these are Falstaff and Don Quixote; all the rest fall infinitely below — are imperfect and unworthy to stand by their side. Tom Jones he thought might come in, in the second rank, with many others, but far below. He said he could not tell his boys at Cambridge to read *Tom Jones*, for it might do them harm; but Fielding painted his own experience and the result was unrivalled. Thackeray and the rest were pleasant reading, very pleasant, and yet how could he tell his class that he read *Tom Jones* once a year! He scouted the idea of Pickwick or anybody else approaching his two great characters. They stood alone for all time. Rip Van Winkle was suggested, but he said, in the first place, that was not original. Few persons knew the story perhaps in the old Latin (he gave the name, but unhappily I have forgotten it), but it was only a remade dish after all.

Friday. — Bayard Taylor and his wife left for New York. Mr. Parton dined out and we had a quiet evening at home and went to bed early. (Parton thinks it would be possible to make the *Atlantic Monthly* far more popular. He suggests a writer named Mark Twain be engaged, and more articles connected with life than with literature.)

It is easy to believe that Lowell's talk must have sounded much like his letters, which so often sound like talk. Witness the following sentences from a letter of December 31, 1868, in reply, apparently, to an appeal for a new essay for the *Atlantic:* —

Well, well, I am always astonished at the good nature of folks, and how much boring they will stand from authors. As I told Howells once, the day will come when a wiser generation will drive all its literary men into a corner and make a *battue* of the whole lot. However, 'after me, the deluge,' as Nero said, and I suppose they'll stand another essay or two yet, if I can divine, or rather if I have absorbed enough of the general feeling about something to put a point on it.

It's a mercy I'm not conceited! I should like to be, and try to be, and have fizzes of it now and then; but they

soon go out and leave a *fogo* behind them I don't like. But if I only were for a continuance, I should be as grand a bore as ever lived — as grand as Wordsworth, by Jove! I would come into town once a week to read you over one of my old poems (selecting the longest, of course), and point out its beauties to you. You would flee to *Tierra del Fuego* (ominous name!) to escape me. You would give up publishing. You would write an epic and read a book just to *me* every time I came. But no, it is too bright a dream. Let me [be] satisfied with my class, who have to hear me once a week, and with just enough conceit to read my lectures as if I had not stolen 'em as I am apt to do now. Look out for an essay that shall [make] Montaigne and Bacon cross as the devil — when they come to read it! It will come ere you think.

Yours ever

FABIUS C. LOWELL.

Lowell was soon writing again to Fields, on January 12, 1869, about a fiftieth birthday party at Elmwood: —

I am going to celebrate my golden wedding with Life, on the 22nd of next month, by a dinner or a supper or something of the kind, and I want you to *jine*. I shall get together a dozen or so of old friends, and it will be a great satisfaction for you and me to see how *much grayer* the rest of 'em are than we. I shall fit my invitations to this end, and the bald and hoary will have the chance of the lame, the halt, and the blind in the parable. If it should be a dinner, it won't matter; but if a supper, be sure and forget your night-key and then you won't have any anxiety, nor Mrs. Fields either. Of course, I shall have an account of the affair in the papers, with a list of the gifts (especially in money) and the names of all who *donate*. You will understand by what I have said that it is to be one of those delightful things they call a 'surprise party,' and I expect to live on it for a year — one friend for every month.

A week afterwards, in the course of a letter accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fields for Lowell's daughter to accompany them to Europe, he wrote: 'Do you see that —— is to commence his autobiography in *Putnam's Magazine?* At least, I take it for granted from the title — The Ass in Life and Literature. If sincerely done, it will be interesting.'

Later in the year, Lowell wrote Fields a letter which must have been read with delight. A decorated sonnet, in Lowell's clear script, and reading as follows, filled its third sheet: —

ON SOME RECENT SERMONS

'*His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, & impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.*' — JOHNSON on Garrick.

Bulldog

A man of genius, simple, warm, sincere,
He left a world grown kindlier that he came;
His hand the hungry knew, but not his name;
Dumb creatures snuffed a friend when he drew near,
And the strange dog pricked one suspicious ear,
Then couched his head secure. Safe be this fame
From critics' measured praise or close-picked blame, —
He loved God's gentler face & made it dear.
Was then Stylites' post the better way
Than mingling with his kind, a man with men,
Like Him that was & was not such as they?
I judge ye not, but, to my simple ken,

Terrier

If on your guideboards the right names be kept,
Some foe hath changed their places while ye slept.

I think *name* will do instead of *names*, which befogged the *their* in the next verse.

The mere fact that the death of Dickens could have called forth clerical expressions provoking Lowell to such scorn is in itself a measure of the distance we have traveled since 1870. The verses are not included in Lowell's *Poetical Works*, nor are they listed in the *Bibliography of James Russell Lowell*, compiled by George Willis Cooke. With two slight changes they may be found, however, over Lowell's signature, in *Every Saturday*, for August 6, 1870. The letter that accompanied them read as follows: —

ELMWOOD, 17*th July*, 1870

MY DEAR FIELDS: —

I can stand it no longer! If Dickens is to be banned, the rest of us might as well fling up our hands. This hot weather, too, gives a foretaste that raises well-founded apprehension. It is a good primary school for the Institution of which the Rev'ds Fulton and Dunn seem to be ushers. Instead of going to Church today, where I might have heard something not wholly to my advantage, as the advertisements for *lost* people say, I have written a sermon. It is not a proper sonnet; but a cross between that and epigram — a kind of bull-terrier, in short, with the size of the one and the prick-ears and docked tail of the other, nor without his special talent for rats. Is there any grip in his jaw, or no? He is good-natured and scarce shows his teeth.

The thing is an improvisation and the weather awfully hot!

Sweltered your servant sits and sweats and swears (for alliteration only); but if you would like it for the *Atlantic*, why here it is on the next leaf. Or, if too late, why not *Every Saturday?* I could not even think of it sooner, for I have been wrestling with a bad head and an article on Chaucer, and I fear they have thrown me. I want rest, and a bath of poetry, but where may the wicked hope for either? My sonnet (if Leigh Hunt would let me call it so) hit me like a stray shot from nowhere that I could divine, and five minutes saw it finished. So why may it not be good? It came, anyhow, as a poem comes — though it is n't just that. But my dog is n't bad? He is from the life at any rate.

I shall make use of my first leisure to get into Boston. But I have got bedevilled with the text of Chaucer and am working on it with my usual phrenzy — thirteen hours, for example, yesterday, collating texts and writing into margins. I comfort myself that my Chaucer will bring a handsome price at my *vandoo!* I shall be easier in my coffin if it run up handsomely for Fanny and Mabel.

Do you want an essay for your *Almanac* if one should come, which is doubtful? I need one or two more to make a little volume, and I need a little volume for nameless reasons. O, if I could sell my land! I would transmute that gold into poetry. Or if only poems would come when you whistle for 'em!

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Fields.

Yours always

J. R. L.

From my study, this first day for three weeks without a drowsy pain in my knowledge box, I really feel a little lively, and wonder at myself. But don't be alarmed — it won't last, any more than money does, or principle in a politician, or hair, or popular favor — or paper.

Lowell continues to make his appearance in Mrs. Fields's diary.

December 7, 1871. — Last Sunday Charlotte Cushman dined here. Our guests asked to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow; Miss Stebbins and Miss Chapman, her

guests, also came. We had a lovely social time, Lowell making himself especially interesting, as he always does when he can once work himself up to the pitch of going out at all. He talked a while with me about poetry and his own topics after dinner. He said, he was one of the few people who believed in absolute truth; that he always looked for certain qualities in writers, which if he could not discover, they no longer interested him and he did not care to read them. He discovered, for instance, in the writers who had survived the centuries the same kindred points; those points he studied until he discovered what the adamant was and where it was founded; then he would look into the writers of our own age to see if he could find the same stuff; there was little enough of it unfortunately. He does not like Reynolds's portrait of Johnson; thought it untrue, far too handsome, yet highly characteristic in the management of the hands, which portray the man as he was when talking better probably than anything ever did. Mrs. Lowell appeared to enjoy herself. J. says L. is always more himself if Mrs. L. is happy and talkative. They are thinking of Europe. Mabel is to be married in April, and afterward they probably go at once to Europe.

The final passage from the diary to be used in this place has to do with Lowell's Cambridge habitation rather than with the man himself. It was written in the midst of Aldrich's occupancy of Elmwood, during Lowell's two years' absence in Europe.

Thursday, June 12, 1873. — Dined last night with the Aldriches and Mr. Bugbee at Mr. Lowell's beautiful old Elmwood. It was a perfect night, cool, fresh, moonlighted, after a muggy day of heat. After dinner I went into the fine old study with Aldrich, where he showed me two or three little poems he has lately written. He was all ready to talk on literary topics and much in earnest about his own satisfaction over *Miss Mehitable's Son* (which is indeed a very good story), and was full of disgust over the *Nation's* cool dismissal of it. It was too bad; but that Dennet of the *Nation* is beneath contempt because of the slights he throws upon good literary work. Aldrich says he found *Asphodel* all worn to pieces, read and reread in the upstairs study. He finds Mr. Lowell's library in curious disorder with respect to modern books. He is an easy lender and an easy borrower. The result is, everything is at loose ends. Only two volumes of Hawthorne can be found, for instance.

Of all the 'Atlantic circle' none had valued Hawthorne more highly than Lowell, or felt more truly that the place left vacant by his death could never be filled. Living himself until 1891, ten years after the death of Fields, he maintained to the end a friendship with Mrs. Fields filled for both of them with gracious memories.

WE ARE PULLING UP THE VINES TO-DAY

BY ROBERT DAVIS

Across the gravelly hillside five yokes of yellow oxen drag five chains.
I sent them forth at daylight to pull up the deep-rooted vineyard.
To-day and to-morrow, and every day through the winter,
They will pace up and down the ordered channels,
With heavy breath and gritting iron, hauling out the damp tap-roots.

The oxen are old beasts and their drivers are old men;
But winter and summer, the full lifetime of them both,
Beasts and men have labored among those vines;
Nourishing the young plants, and ploughing underground the grass and weeds;
Carting away the close-clipped wood in April, and the purple fruit in fall.

To-day they are pulling up the vines
Which the lifetime of their labor has brought to its heyday of fruition.
And when the last root is laid upon the pile for burning,
We shall send the yellow oxen to the slaughter-house,
And in the evening light the gray old men will sit before their tenant cottages,
Wondering if they are too old to learn another trade.

Before Jesus was born, the Romans marched along the road
That fronts my dwelling. And on our hillside they found grapevines
That made the region famous for its red liquor.
They carried with them plants to improve the vine of Italy,
And peasant prisoners to make the drink for emperors.

Has pope or prince lived in Europe for two thousand years,
Or general, or woman who dominated great men,
Who has not loved the ruby elegance of our wine?
Is there a country, north, south, east, or west, where the ships sail,
And men have risen enough above the sod to live at ease,
Where the pressed blood of our hillside has not been bartered?

Is there a country, north, south, east, or west,
Where, at the wedding festival, the eye of beauty has not become more limpid;
Where, at pageants of military triumph,
The pulse of valor has not beat stronger;
Where, at reunions of comrades, the heart
Has not melted into a sympathy more poignant;
Where the cold limbs of age have not felt the enkindling heat of youth;
Where threatenings of revenge have not been tempered
Into a gentler comprehension,
When the red wine of our vineyards has flowed
Into the cup, the brain, the soul?
This morning I sent out five yoke of oxen to pull up the vines.

Father to son, father to son, sixty generations of husbandmen
Have guarded the precious lore of the culture.
About the fireplaces at night, when the boy listened to the grandfather,
Walking forth at dawn when the sun touched the dew on the green tendrils,
There was the slow speech of equals of their common task.

Among the women at the washing-pools;
Among the carters in the clover-smelling, dim stone barns;
Among proprietors and merchants when their horses came
Nose-to-nose upon the sandy roads;
Between lovers about to marry;
Between wet-nosed little boys loitering to school,
Time out of mind, the talk of our country has been of the vines.

Of the grafting and the setting of the vine;
Of the pruning and the feeding of the vine;
Of the procession of the priest to bless the bloom of the vine;
Of the war upon the pests that eat the foliage of the vine;
Of the minute fungi that absorb the juice of the vine;
Of the brown, bare vine of autumn, shivering in the frost;
Of the timorous green vine of early April;
Of its masquerade in copperas blue and pallid chalk-dust;
Of the lordly splendor of the golden vintage;
The vine, the vine, ever the vine, fills song and work and play of our country.

It is a country where the care of the vineyard has become man's instinct.
Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, the babies in their baskets,
The old men on their canes, the dogs and family pets,
As family units, leave the cottages in the morning
For labor in the vines till nightfall.
Year follows year, and only for the truce of Sabbath,
The family spends its lifetime in the vineyard.

And oh, the gayety of the grape-harvest!
The singing of the girls in the leafy tunnels;
The singing of the thick-set women in their scarlet working-breeches;
The mellow chant of the porters as they pass among the pickers,
'Throw in your grapes, Throw in your grapes';
The creaking of the high-wheeled, loaded carts;
The perfumed mist that hangs above the cellar,
Where barefoot men tread up and up the mound of purple fruit;
The tables for the evening food, smoking with meat;
The candlelight on swarthy faces.
To-day we are pulling up the vines.

Along the roadway of the slow, strong river,
Vessel after vessel, sail and steam, for centuries have plied,
Bearing away the bellying tuns, the rolling barrels of the wine,
Whose tides flowed back to France in coined gold.

We are pulling up the vines.
The cellars are replete with wine no land desires.
The Slav is drunken with his rage;
Others who bought are now our foes and buy no more;
Across the sea, the virtue of new lands repels our merchandise.
A thousand years the vines have flourished on these slopes;
To-day we drag them from their beds, to burn.

And man's lifetime — how large is it? How ample, or how wise?
I am pulling up the vines to-day — who knows but He, who made both vine and man,
Smiles on His distant seat,
Foreseeing that my son will turn the earth on me,
And plant again the vines,
And up will push the forest of victorious green, enveloping our hill.

THE QUARE WOMEN. IV

THE SINGING GAL

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

It was not until the train pulled out of the station that Isabel felt sure she was really going to the mountains. When the letter had come the day before, from Amy Scott to Mrs. Gwynne, begging the loan of her daughter for a few weeks, to help in the social work on Troublesome Creek, — 'for,' it read, 'the singing classes are by far our most popular feature, and none of us can sing; our need of a singer is really desperate,' — Mrs. Gwynne had at first refused point-blank to let Isabel go. 'I could not sleep at night,' she said, 'with you up in that wild country, where they do nothing but make moonshine and kill each other off in those horrible feuds.'

Mr. Gwynne's persuasion, added to Isabel's importunity, had at last won a reluctant consent; but during the hurried preparations, Isabel was in constant fear of its withdrawal, and while she and her father were driving the three miles to town in the family carriage, she was haunted by the dread of galloping hoofs behind, and the voice of one of the negro boys at the window saying, 'Miss Millicent say she done change her mind, and for Miss Isabel to come on back home.' Even at the station, she was in such nervous fear that she could hardly show appreciation of Willie Vance's presence, and of the inevitable box of candy and new novel.

She hardly knew what Willie and her father said as they got her settled in the dingy day-coach (there was nothing better on this newly built road to the coal fields in the edge of the mountains), her one desire being to hear the train-bell ring for a start. After what seemed a long time, it did so; Willie and Mr. Gwynne jumped off, and Isabel felt that she was embarked upon the adventure of her life.

The trip was an all-day one, the heat great, the train exceedingly dirty, but Isabel was all eyes and interest. They passed, first, through the beautiful Blue Grass country, with its smooth, rolling pastures, clear brooks, sleek herds of cattle and horses, and stately homes like her own, set back amid tall trees; then into the poorer and rougher knobs, where life was evidently a different proposition; then the knobs rose into hills, and the hills became steeper and higher, until the train was shut in between cliffs and mountains. The progressive change in the people who got into and off the train all along the way was as striking as the changing topography. It was hard to believe that all could belong to the same state.

About five in the afternoon they arrived at the end of the railroad — a mountain county-seat famous for the terrible feud then raging.

A tall old man in a slouch hat was

standing by the platform, and as Isabel descended he inquired solemnly, —

'Is this the singing gal?'

'Yes; and of course you 're Uncle Adam Howard,' she answered.

Without a word he took her suitcase and led the way along the track, between endless piles of ties and lumber. Once she broke the silence to ask, —

'How is the feud coming on now?'

To her surprise, he stopped, looked hastily all about, and replied in a low voice, 'Hit hain't safe to talk about the war in public. Walls, and even lumber-piles, has years, and trees has tongues, and a man that aims to live peaceable can't see, hear, nor tell nothing.'

He left the track at last, and turned up a slope toward an ugly frame house, backed into a cliff, which had the words 'Mountainside Hotel' in large letters across its front. From its porch, a view of the straggling, muddy town could be had.

The loud supper-bell rang as they entered, and they went at once to the dining-room. Two drummers were the only other guests; the landlady and her daughters waited on the table, and the meal was a silent one.

When she was shown to her room afterward, however, Isabel ventured to make inquiries about the 'war,' and the landlady became loquacious upon the subject, and even offered to take her to see the blood-spots where several of the feudists had perished — an offer instantly accepted.

Skirting numerous deep mud-holes, and many reposing hogs and cows, they came at last to the court house, stronghold of the law, which proved to be the scene of the blood-spots. There they were on steps and walls, black and grisly.

'Hit 's a sight in this world, the terrible things that goes on, and the men that 's kilt and wounded,' said the landlady. 'If my man was alive, or my gals was boys, I would n't never see ary grain of peace.'

Across the street from the court house, she pointed out the large store belonging to one of the feud leaders, from the upper windows of which had been fired some of the shots. 'Laywayings,' 'ambushings,' battles, murder and sudden death seemed to be the order of the day, and apparently neither the state militia nor any other power could quell the trouble.

On their return to the hotel, Isabel found in her room, which was also the parlor, the three daughters of the house and the two drummers. One of the girls was producing loud discords on an organ with a front of scroll-work over red-flannel, which adorned one corner; and, as she had preëmpted the only chair in the room, the others sat on the two beds.

After a long hour of this, Isabel was left in possession, and proceeded to make herself ready for the night. The bed-covers were very dingy, and, turning them back, she found that there was but one sheet on each bed, and it was far from fresh. The pillow-cases were no better. She was dismayed for only a moment, however: opening the newspapers her father had provided her with, she covered the top of one bed, and then lay down upon it, with her blue silk kimono and her raincoat for covers.

At earliest dawn she was awakened by Uncle Adam's loud rap, and the summons, 'Get up along, sis; we got to take a soon start!'

After they had pulled through the deep mud-holes in the town, they turned into a creek-bed, and plunged at once into a world of green loneliness and wild beauty. All day long they either 'followed creeks' or wound around the sides of steep mountains, with sheer drop-offs below the narrow trail. Uncle Adam was no talker, but he was a skilled driver. Often it seemed that they must

go over the edge, or that the mules could not climb the steps of rock up which they had to pull the heavy wagon; but always the danger was safely passed. Isabel wished, however, that she had four hands instead of two, to hold on with.

Along the creeks, where the going, though very rough, seemed not so dangerous, they passed numbers of windowless log-houses, flanked by almost perpendicular cornfields. Sometimes whole families—men, women, and children—were out hoeing corn; but Uncle Adam explained that 'the crap' was about 'laid by,' and more often crowds of children swarmed to the doors of the houses to see the wagon pass. Usually there was a withdrawing woman's face in the dark interior behind.

They met but few men during the day, and every one of these was riding, and carried a gun on arm or shoulder.

'Why do they all carry guns?' asked Isabel.

Uncle Adam considered a moment, then replied: 'Hit 's gen'ally squirrel-hunting-time in Breathitt.'

'Do you mean,' she inquired, 'that they all go armed on account of the "war"?'

Uncle Adam's reply was to reach down in the wagon and remove some bundles of fodder from beneath his feet, exposing a Winchester rifle. 'Best to be on the safe side,' he whispered, dropping the fodder back.

The sun had set before they crossed the last mountain, White Doe; and it was almost dark and mist hung everywhere before they halted at Uncle Adam's house at the head of White Doe Creek, the halfway place.

A fat feather-bed and clean covers had never looked so good to Isabel; and she threw her weary body and racked bones across it, while Aunt Rhoda went into 't'other house' to put supper on the table. After eating, she fell into bed for good, never knowing when Aunt Rhoda and Uncle Adam got into the other bed in the room. Once in the night she was awakened by a terrific clap of thunder, and a heavy downpour of rain on the roof.

II

In the morning Uncle Adam appeared troubled. 'Hit was a bad storm,' he said, 'and hit means tides, landslips, and quicks all along the way. Reason would say not go on; but the women might get tore-up in their minds about you, so I allow we 'll ondertake hit.'

Sure enough, the streams that had been low and clear yesterday were today yellow torrents. Often Isabel had to grab her suitcase and lift her feet up into the seat, as the water came swirling into the wagon-bed. The boxes of freight Uncle Adam was hauling to the women just had to take the water.

Isabel noticed that the Winchester no longer reposed on the wagon-floor, and asked the reason.

'We passed the county line when we crossed White Doe last night,' Uncle Adam said. 'Hit 's only in Bloody Breathitt that a weepon is called for.'

'They have no wars, then, in this county?'

'Oh, yes, they got one; but hit 's more open and fa'r and squar — not laywaying and ambushing and sech, like in Breathitt, whar the wrong man gets kilt often as not. Life is tolable safe in this county, and talking hain't so dangerous, neither. I allus keep my mouth shet in Breathitt — have follered hit sence I were young. But here I can speak freer. Now this here war on Troublesome —'

'Oh, do you actually mean there is a war where Cousin Amy and the tents are?' cried Isabel, delightedly.

'Right thar at the Forks of Trouble-

some,' replied Uncle Adam; 'Fallons and Kents, they both live thar, and for nigh thirty year thar 's been a sight of hate and bloodshed betwixt 'em. But they have fit in the open, and done their own killing, mostly — not hired hit done like they foller doing in Breathitt; and so a man has more respects for 'em. Sence the two main heads, Fighting Fult Fallon and Red Rafe Kent, got kilt off about four year' gone, things hain't been quite so bad. You see, Red Rafe he finally kilt Fighting Fult; and then young Fult you might say had a bound to revenge his paw, and he kilt Rafe; and then there was a spell of peace whilst young Fult was down at Frankfort a year —'

'Do you mean in the penitentiary?'

'Yes; and then whilst he fit a year in Cuby. But when he come home, 'peared like he was kindly wild-turned, and hit wa'n't no time till him and Rafe's boy, Darcy, started the war all over again. The two boys don't hardly ever meet without shooting, and they 've wounded each other time and again, though not fatal; and t'other boys that runs with 'em has been kilt and wounded, and things is pretty bad. But I heared tell that at a picnic the quare women give on the hill last Thursday, nigh all the county being thar, old Uncle Ephraim Kent, the grand-daddy of Troublesome, some way or 'nother persuaded Fult and Darcy to call a truce for the time the women stayed. I allow hit's true. But of course hit won't last — there 's too long-lived a hate betwixt Kents and Fallons ever to raly die down.'

He was interrupted by the stopping of the wagon, the bed of which had caught on a large boulder, hidden by the muddy water.

Without a word, or the least show of annoyance, Uncle Adam got out, waded the creek to the bank, climbed to a rail-fence not far away, and returned with a rail, with which almost thigh-deep in water all the time, he prized and tugged till the wagon was detached from the rock.

Soon afterward they turned out of the creek, and up a mountain. When they were near the top, Uncle Adam, who was walking alongside, handed the lines to Isabel.

'Hold 'em a minute, sis, whilst I see what 's on ahead.'

He came back soon, saying, 'Hit 's a bad slip — the trail all kivered deep. I 'll have to chop me a way out below.'

Taking his axe, he plunged down the slope, chopping saplings and undergrowth as he went, and as far as possible avoiding big trees.

After quite a while he returned. 'Get out, sis, if you feel to,' he said; 'but hit would be better if you stayed in and helt the lines, whilst I hang on to the wagon behind. The mules know how — jest hold 'em straight.'

The slope was one of at least fifty degrees, and there was no ledge or bench anywhere below to break a possible descent of five or six hundred feet. Isabel's heart was in her mouth, but she let it come no further. 'All right,' she said, between clenched teeth.

Straight down, therefore, the mules went, a cautious, crouching step at a time, holding the wagon back with their haunches and with Uncle Adam's help. It was a remarkable performance, as was also the sheer pull up again on the far side of the 'slip.'

'Looks skeerier than hit is,' remarked Uncle Adam, when they were once again in the road, and the mules were resting and 'blowing.'

The next thing they hung on was a stump in the middle of the descending trail. 'Never was kotched on that stump before,' said Uncle Adam; 'the big rain has washed the road clean away on both sides. Good thing I fotched that-air rail along; I allowed I 'd need hit a few times'

After more prizing, they again proceeded for quite a while without difficulty. Then, in a creek where numerous logs were floating, they undertook to 'ride' one, and were held for a short time on its larger end.

The various mishaps took time, however, and when night fell they were still some miles from their destination, with rain again beginning to fall.

'I 'm purely afeared to risk Troublesome in the dark,' said Uncle Adam. 'Hit is well named — hit is full of quicks. We 'll take the night here with Benjy Logan's folks, and go on to the Forks in the morning.'

Controlling her disappointment as best she might, Isabel made friends with Benjy Logan's folks, slept with them, eight in a room, that night, and was treated with such kindness that she was almost reconciled to the delay.

III

Next morning the sky was clear, and their journey went well for an hour, until they turned into Troublesome Creek. Then very soon the wagon began to settle and sink, and the mules to strain in vain to pull it out.

'We 've struck one,' said Uncle Adam, calmly. 'A man can't manage no way to shun all the quicks there is in this creek.' He stepped out on the tongue and began un-gearing the mules.

'I 'll ride back yander to the last house we passed and get another team, and some men to help. You set right there on your feet and don't take no fear — hit ain't aiming to settle much furder.'

He rode back down the stream, and Isabel 'sat on her feet' and watched the yellow 'tide' hurry past her, and rise higher in the wagon-bed. Very soon, however, it seemed to reach its limit, and then she relaxed and abandoned herself to the spell of rushing water, green wooded slopes, and deep loneliness.

Her reverie was broken by the plunging of a horse's hoofs in water, and the appearance of a horseman a short distance ahead. He rode straight down toward her, inquiring, —

'Did you strike a quick?'

'Yes,' she said.

'You 're the singer the women in the tents sont out for, hain't you?'

'Yes.'

'I was sartain of hit. Where 's Uncle Adam gone to?'

'To get another team and some help.'

'He 'll need hit,' said the newcomer, surveying the wagon.

He was young and extremely handsome, with large dark eyes, blue-black hair, and olive skin, and he sat his horse with perfect grace. Though he did not remove his wide black hat in speaking to Isabel, his manner otherwise was courtesy itself.

'Hit 'll take two teams every bit and grain of two hours to pull that wagon out,' he said. 'Better get up behind me and ride in.'

'Thank you,' she said, 'but Uncle Adam might wonder what had become of me.'

'That 's a fact, too,' he said. 'Better wait till he gets back. I heared from the women you was on the way; and when the rain come up night afore last, and again last night, I knowed there 'd be tides, and you 'd see trouble coming acrost. And this morning, knowing how mean the quicks is down Troublesome, I tuck a notion to ride down and see how things was.'

'You are very kind,' she said. 'Although we 've had rather a bad time, I 've enjoyed every minute of it. You see, I love adventure, and something different, and I 've certainly found it.'

Her blue eyes shone, her hair blew about in golden-brown tendrils, her delicate skin was flushed.

'I 'm proud you come in,' he said, 'and the women on the hill, they 'll be proud, and everybody will, for now we can have a sight more singing and good times. Not that we hain't had 'em ever sence they come,' he added.

'It must be very nice,' she said.

'Hit beats anything ever was heared of. You see, the young folks in this country never seed no pleasure before, less'n hit was mean pleasure. We never knowed there was right pleasure. Them women don't fully sense what they 're a-doing for us.'

'I 'm crazy to help them, and to see everything, and meet everybody. Life must be very interesting up here. I 've read a lot, of course, about the feuds, and Uncle Adam tells me there is actually one right here on Troublesome Creek.

'Is that so?'

The young man flashed a searching glance into her face before replying, carelessly, —

'There has been some little trouble in past times.'

'Do you know any of the people who carried it on?'

'Yes,' he replied, indifferently.

'I do hope I shall meet them,' she said; 'it seems *so* romantic; just like living hundreds of years ago in *The Scottish Chiefs*, or some other old tale.'

'War 's bad, wherever you take hit,' he remarked; 'but sometimes hit 's necessary. I seed something of hit down in Cuba year before last — though of course that was n't much of a fight.'

'Oh, you were there, were you?'

'In what little there was. You live down in the Blue Grass, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'Hit 's a sight different from this country, hain't hit — all so level and pretty and smoothed-looking. But lonesome.'

'Oh, you 've been there?'

'I passed through hit one time on my way to Frankfort.'

'I don't see anything lonesome about it.'

'Don't you? Well, any level land looks lonesome to me; hit 's more friendly-like to see the hills mustering clost about, and not all drawed off flat and distant like they keered nothing about nobody. While we wait for Uncle Adam,' he suggested, 'you might maybe feel to sing a song-ballat; I heared you was a fine singer, and I do love hit.'

'All right,' said Isabel. 'What kind of songs do you like best?'

'Oh, something that kindly hurts my feelings.'

Isabel cast about in her mind for something plaintive, hit upon 'The Rosary,' and sung it in her lovely, clear soprano.

'That hain't all?' he asked in surprise, when she stopped.

'Yes, that 's all.'

'I allowed hit was just taking a start,' he said. 'Hit leaves the true lovers parted, don't hit?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I hain't got no use for hit, then,' he said, decidedly. 'The true lovers ought n't to be plumb parted, or kilt off, in the end. Don't you know nary 'nother?'

This time she tried 'Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,' with its incomparable words and music.

'That 's some better, though hit 's too short, too,' commented her hearer. 'Don't you know no long ones, like we foller singing in this country?'

'I don't believe I do,' she said. 'Suppose you sing one yourself.'

'No, I hain't no singer.'

'Yes, I have a feeling that you are. I want to hear you.'

'Well, anything to pass the time. I might try "Turkish Lady."'

He began a many-stanzaed ballad,

having a robust tune with many queer, long-drawn notes — the story of an English lord who was captured by a Turkish one, and thrown into his deepest dungeon, to be released later by the Turk's lovely daughter, amid mutual vows of love and constancy.

After 'seven long years have rolled around,' the Turkish lady 'bundles up her finest clothing,' and journeys to England, in search of her lagging lover. Arriving at his castle, and 'tingling at the ring,' she is informed by 'the proud young porter' that his master is just bringing a new bride in. She gives him a message to take to his lord; and when he reports it, with the additional information, —

> 'There 's the fairest lady standing yonder
> That my two eyes did ever see;
> She wears gold rings on every finger,
> And on one finger she has three.
> There 's enough gay gold about her middle
> To buy half of Northumberlee,' —

the master, recognizing his old true love from the description, under the stress of returning passion, breaks his sword in pieces three, packs off the new bride with little ceremony, and celebrates another wedding with the Turkish lady, to the general admiration and glee.

Isabel listened, inexpressibly charmed. 'Do you realize,' she inquired, 'that that ballad goes way back to the time of the Crusades, and is probably seven or eight hundred years old? Where did you learn it?'

'I never heared nothing of hit's history,' he said, 'but hit 's what I call a right ballad — hit turns out proper. My granny she teached hit to me; she used to foller singing the night through on song-ballats.'

'Oh, will you take me to see her?' asked Isabel.

'Sartain.'

'And your voice is good, too; you 'll be a great help to me in the singing classes.'

Uncle Adam, another man, and the two teams came splashing up behind.

'I see you hain't been lonesome,' remarked Uncle Adam.

'I allowed hit would be a bad time for you, getting acrost, and rid down to see how things was,' explained the young man, with dignity. 'I axed the singing woman to get up behind and ride in, but she said she felt to wait for you.'

'Take her on along,' said Uncle Adam. 'We got to hitch the teams to the hind eend and pull out back'ards, if we do pull out, and hit 'll be a couple hours at best, and I take hit she wants to see t'other women. Jump up behind, sis, and go in with him, and tell the women not to get out of heart, that I'm a-coming some time!'

The young man rode close alongside, took off his coat and spread it behind him on the nag's back, and Isabel jumped from the wagon-seat and lit in the proper place. As she firmly grasped the hantle of the saddle, her fingers just grazed the handle of a pistol that protruded from her rescuer's pocket.

'Far'well till I come,' called Uncle Adam, as they started up the creek. 'Take keer of her, Fult!'

Isabel started violently at the name. Was it possible that the youth sitting before her on the saddle, in all his dashing beauty, was the young feud leader? He had certainly mentioned both Frankfort and Cuba. Thrilled through and through, and consumed with curiosity, she could not endure the suspense a moment longer.

'My name 's Isabel Gwynne,' she said. 'What 's yours?'

'Fult Fallon,' he replied, gently touching the nag with his spur.

'WELL, I DID N'T KNOW THAT!'

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

An intelligent New York business man joined a group of men in a Washington hotel, during the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, and was introduced to one of the party, which included a leading member of the Netherlands Delegation to the Conference.

'Ah,' said the man from New York, 'then you can tell me what has puzzled me: why you people from the Netherlands are sitting in at the Conference.'

'Because of our interest in the Far East question,' was the answer.

'Just what does your interest consist of, may I ask?'

'Our possessions there.'

'Ah, yes,' said the American, 'possessions! Are they considerable?'

'Well,' came the answer, 'you Americans think in rather large terms, and I don't know whether you would consider large what we think of in that way. For instance, you are very fond of citing Texas as one of your states into which you could put several of the European countries, and not "find them," as you say.'

'One of our pleasant little methods of comparison,' said the American.

'Yes,' said the Netherlander. 'Well, suppose I use the same illustration: we could put Texas into one of our possessions and *you* could n't "find it."'

'Really?' asked the American.

'Or, to carry the simile a little further,' said the delegate, as he saw that the surprise extended to the entire group, 'our possessions equal, in area, New York State, New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and nearly all the Middle West. We have a coast-line of three thousand, five hundred miles.'

'Great Scott, man!' said the American, 'how much population have you?'

'Almost one-half of the entire population of the United States: about forty-nine millions, and nearly seven millions in the Netherlands proper. You understand now why we are here?'

'I surely do'; and then, almost in a chorus, came: 'Well, I did n't know that!' And until midnight the delegate held the group in his description of the Dutch East and West Indies, in their area of over one fifth of the entire area of Europe.

'I see you were born in Holland?' said a man to me recently.

'In the province of North Holland, yes,' I answered.

'I meant the country of Holland.'

'No, I could n't have been born there,' I replied; 'there is no such country.'

'No such country as Holland?'

'Not unless you are willing to have me call the United States by the name of Carolina, simply because there are two states in the Union of that name: North Carolina and South Carolina. The simile is, to a great extent, identical, except that the Carolinas never held the dominant position in the United States that the two Holland provinces in the Netherlands have held. There are two provinces: North Holland and

South Holland; but there are also nine other provinces, just as the United States has forty-six other states. The President of the United States does n't send a minister to Holland to be presented to the Queen of Holland.'

'Where does he send him, then?'

'To be Minister to the Netherlands, for presentation to the Queen of the Netherlands. Take this atlas, and show me Holland,' I answered.

Of course, he could n't.

'Well, well,' was the final answer, and then: 'I certainly did n't know that. Then,' with a ray of hope, 'why the Holland-America Line of steamships?'

'Just a compromise to lack of American knowledge. Look at the flag on the ship, the towels, the cutlery, the bathmats, everywhere you will see the initials "N. A. S. M.," which, translated, mean "Netherlands-America Steamship Company," which is the actual title of the line.'

'Then how did the word "Holland" come to be?' asked one of the party.

And the answer is interesting.

The time was — the world was a great deal younger, then — when the soil of the northwestern part of the Continent of Europe was still a wilderness. The three rivers — the Rhine, the Maas, and the Schelde, poured their waters into that part of the Atlantic Ocean now called the North Sea. The coast of what now are the southern and eastern parts of the Netherlands was already formed, but the northwestern part did not exist. On their way to the ocean, the rivers took with them clay and soil from the mainland, and deposited a great deal of this soil on their banks. For ages this went on, until the alluvial deposit built up, slowly but surely, a large piece of mainland, just as did the Nile in the Mediterranean. Along the coast beat the turbulent ocean, which, in turn, lashed the new mainland with sand, and built up great dunes and sandbanks. These protected the forming mainland, which consisted of nothing but the slime and muck of the rivers. And so, in time, there came to be a great morass. Here and there a bit of the slime showed above the surface, like an island; and, as time went on, these bits of mainland became larger, vegetation came out of the rich soil, and the rivers took different courses. The morass was beneath the level of the sea, and it seemed useless for any purpose.

Then there came along, one day, a man of Roman foresight and sturdiness, who concluded that the land could be drained by waterways, the sand dunes strengthened and used as protections from the sea. What the sea had in part created, he argued, it could be made to protect. In those days, as in these times, success came in 'cans' and failures in 'can'ts,' as has been well said; and the sturdy new adventurer began to drain the land and strengthen the sand dunes. And others of the same type and vision followed his lead, and there began to arise a settlement of farms, the soil of which naturally had no superior in the world. Owing to the lowness of the land below the sea, the land came naturally to be known as land that lay in a hollow: hollow-land, in other words.

It is difficult, if not impossible, now, to trace accurately the derivation of the word Holland. Some historians contend that the word Hol originated in the word Houtland, meaning Woodland, from the trees which rapidly sprang from the rich soil; others from the word Holtland. Another derivation, and one accepted by many, is that the word Hol, meaning Hollow came from the fact of the hollow lands. Be the exact derivation what it may, the Romans toiled, and brought a state into being; and, whatever its derivation, it was called Holland. All this land was in the most northerly part of the new main-

land; and as the adventurers drained the soil next to the sea, the land back of them came into view, and there states sprang up. The next was more to the south, and this was the southerly part of the holland; one became known as North Holland and the other as South Holland, although the official differentiation did not take place until the nineteenth century.

This tract became the most powerful and the richest tract saved from the sea. Other communities, seventeen finally, came into being, and were given other names, until the entire vast tract, including what was then Flanders and is now Belgium, for the most part being lowlands, became known to the French as *Les Pays Bas*, and to the Anglo-Saxon mind as the Nether [low] lands. But the definition of Holland for the originally reclaimed tract persisted; and slowly but surely the word Holland came down the ages as applying to the country, and not to a section, despite the fact that, after the Eighty Years' War, the seven northern states (including Holland) were welded into a republic called the United Netherlands. But custom is strong: the word Holland was shorter than Netherlands; Holland it erroneously became, and remained.

There is also a singular confusion in the mind of the average American in his indiscriminate use of the word Dutch as applied to the people of both Germany and the Netherlands. When the Low Countries were one, naturally only a single language was spoken—Dutch; that is, *Duitsch*, which is the Netherlander's word for German, since to him Germany is *Duitschland*. But when the independent Netherlands came into being, and their people developed a civilization peculiarly their own, the need naturally arose for a separate language, and the tongue now spoken in the Netherlands came into being. The World War has made the differentiation in the American mind between a German and a Hollander much clearer and the confusion less. But it is curious how the confusion still persists. Even in representative newspapers, in fact, in novels and books of reference, we find the term 'Pennsylvania Dutch': an absolute error, since the Pennsylvania Dutch are Germans — descendants of the German colonizers of Pennsylvania under Pastorius, who, in 1683, settled Germantown; and likewise, in part, descendants of the Hessian soldiers who fought against the United States in the Revolutionary War, and were left stranded there because the Grand Duke of Hesse refused to pay homeward fare. But they are not Netherlanders.

It is never agreeable to a native of the Netherlands to have his people confused with those of Germany, when you analyze history and find that the Netherlands has always been the friend and champion of the United States, whereas the soldiers of Germany twice have taken up arms against the people of the United States. As a matter of simple fairness, is it not time that the American people should get this distinction clearly fixed in their minds?

I was watching a brick road being laid in Pennsylvania, when the contractor said to me: 'Best kind of a road, this. We have brick roads in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Missouri, that are from twenty-nine to thirty-two years old, with the roads still in excellent condition. We Americans beat the world in road-building.'

'I thought the Romans laid a road or two abroad which have stood up pretty well,' I ventured.

'Yes, but not of brick. No country has ever tried brick roads. We lead the world,' returned the contractor; and then he added, 'Do you doubt that?'

'No,' I answered, 'I don't doubt it; I

know America never led the world in brick road-building.'

'Where have they ever tried it and got away with it as we have?' he asked, with a delicious contempt in his voice.

'Well,' I replied, 'England, for one country, has a few brick roads that have done their bit. There are brick roads in the Netherlands, where they are over one hundred years old, laid in Napoleon's time, and just as good as when they were laid, if not better.'

'Of brick?' he asked.

'Of brick: vitrified brick; in fact, the vitrification of brick was brought to practical perfection by the Dutch,'

And then came the inevitable, 'Well, I did n't know that!'

We were golfing one day, when one of the foursome remarked: 'We certainly owe a debt to the Scotch for golf.'

'Why to the Scotch?' I queried.

'Because they discovered it, invented it, so to speak. Did n't you know that?' I was asked, in astonishment.

'No, I did n't know it,' I replied. And when I reached home, bringing my friends with me, I said to them, after dinner: 'Now, let me show you fellows something apropos of the Scotch "discovering" golf. Read the beginning of this article on "Golf" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:* an English publication, which would most likely have credited the game to the British Isles if history permitted, would n't it?'

'"First played by the Dutch,"' read my friend. 'Well, what do you know about that?' And then, from another article, '"Brought to Scotland from the Netherlands by two Scotchmen."' And then, of course, there followed: 'Golf, a Dutch game! Well, I did n't know that!'

I was watching the erection of a great building in New York one day, when one of the most noted engineers engaged in the work said to me: 'We are erecting this building entirely on piles; do you realize what that means? No other nation in the world would dare do such a thing, and yet the method is perfectly feasible and safe. It shows how far the United States has gone ahead of the world in engineering skill.'

I pondered for a moment, for the man was very pleasantly suffused with his achievement; I hated to spoil an illusion, and yet —

Very meekly I asked: 'And how do you think they built Amsterdam?'

'Amsterdam?' he echoed. 'You mean Amsterdam, New York?'

'Not exactly,' I answered; 'Amsterdam in the Netherlands.'

'Oh,' he corrected, 'you mean the Dutch city, in Holland. Oh, I don't know. Never been there. America's good enough for me. An American engineer can't learn anything over there.'

'No?' I wondered.

'Not for a minute,' was the positive answer. 'Do you think so?'

'I was just wondering,' I answered, 'as I remembered that the entire city of Amsterdam, in the Netherlands, with thousands of houses, the largest Bourse in the world, one of the largest railroad depots in Europe, is entirely built on piles, and was so constructed some few hundred years ago. You mention that the piles you are driving here are, some of them, twenty-four feet long; "the largest in the world ever used for building purposes," you say. I happened to see piles thirty feet long driven as foundations in Amsterdam. And speaking of foundations,' I continued, 'do you realize that there is one dyke in the Netherlands, protecting the land from the sea, where the dyke itself is forty feet in height above the water; while underneath the water there is a wall two hundred feet deep, all made of solid Norway granite? And that there is a province in the Netherlands, called Friesland, where the foundations of

every village and town are of artificial construction? I am saying all this,' I concluded, 'wondering whether we are so very far ahead of the Old World in our ideas as we sometimes think.'

'Well, this is all news to me,' was his comment.

And when, a year later, this same engineer was appointed one of a committee to visit the Netherlands and study the plans of the most astounding piece of engineering skill ever conceived in the history of the world, — the reclamation of the land under the Zuyder Zee — he sent me upon his return the laconic message: 'My dear fellow, we are pikers compared to those fellows in the Netherlands. You must have thought me a fool that afternoon in New York.'

And then followed the inevitable phrase, 'I simply did n't know.'

'What does Mengelberg do when he is at home?' a man, supposedly of musical knowledge, asked me not long ago.

'Conducts the Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra,' I replied.

'Oh,' he replied nonchalantly, 'I did n't know the Dutch had orchestras like ours.' And then this delicious bit: 'It must seem strange for him to conduct an orchestra like the New York Philharmonic.'

'Why?' I asked.

'So large and so fine,' he ventured.

'It is n't as large as his own in Amsterdam,' I remarked.

'Not as large?' he echoed. And then another titbit: 'Does it play often?'

'About one hundred and forty times each season,' I answered. 'And then it visits the great capitals of Europe, because it is now recognized as the finest symphonic orchestra on the Continent.'

And then it came, as I knew it would and always does: 'Well, well, I did n't know that!'

He went on, too, did this man of musical knowledge — and, forget it not, he writes musical criticisms for one of the representative newspapers! — 'I did n't know the Dutch were musical.'

'No?' I queried. 'William J. Henderson says in his *History of Music*, you know, that they were the founders of the modern school of music.'

'The founders? The Dutch?'

'Well, who invented the canon in music, and brought counterpoint to perfection, if it was not Okeghem in 1470? Who invented the madrigal form of music, if not the Dutch? You forget that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there was a Netherlands school of music that, for over two hundred years, furnished the world with music and singers and composers. It was two men of this Netherlands school who went to Naples and founded the first musical conservatory, — the first, not only in Italy, but in the world, — and from that institution sprang the Italian school of music. The same was true of Venice, where another member of the Netherlands school started a conservatory. Then came the school of Rome, which is acknowledged to owe its existence to the influence of the Netherlands school. The Dutch were in every way the forerunners of what we to-day call the school of secular music, but which, in those days, was confined to religious purposes. That would prove, would it not, that the Dutch were musical? And that they still are musical is shown by the large number of native Netherlanders in American orchestras, and the fact that nine out of ten of the great 'cellists to-day are of Dutch birth.'

Not long ago, a dinner was given in New York in honor of Doctor van Karnebeek, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Netherlands Government, who was in the United States as chief delegate to the Netherlands Commission attending the Conference for the Limi-

tation of Armaments in Washington.

In the course of his speech, the Minister spoke of the origin of the institutions upon which the United States rested; and, assuming an historical knowledge on the part of his audience, he remarked: 'It is not that we are proud of having given you those institutions, but that we are proud of the way in which you have developed them.'

Upon which, no less than four intelligent Americans said to me after the dinner: 'Just which institutions did the Minister mean?'

'Well,' I said, 'he probably meant our Federal Constitution; the Declaration of Independence; the whole organization of our Senate; our state constitutions; our freedom of religion; our free public schools; our free press; our written ballot; our town, county, and state systems of self-government; the system of recording deeds and mortgages; our — '

'Do you mean to say that these fundamental institutions came to us from the Netherlands?'

'You have only to read history for proof.'

Then, inevitably: 'Well, I did n't know that!'

II

Now, of course, this phrase, 'Well I did n't know that!' takes on a humorous aspect after constant repetition. But there is a more serious side to the matter, which takes the form of the question, 'Should not the average American know whence his great institutions emanated?' For it is little short of pathetic to note the amazing lack of knowledge among the people of the United States of the great debt which they owe the people and institutions of the Netherlands. I am not speaking now of the historic help which the Dutch gave to America in the way of financial aid in the War of the Revolution, when no other nation would extend it credit; or of the fact that it was the first nation in the world to salute the American flag after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Creditable as these are to the people of the Netherlands, and showing how far back extends their loyal friendship for the people of the United States, they were, after all, merely evidences of good-will. When I speak of the American people being indebted to the Netherlands, I mean something more fundamental.

Take, as an example, four of the institutions enumerated a moment ago: the four vital institutions upon which the United States rests, and, more than that, which have caused it to be regarded as the most distinctive nation in the world. I mean our public-school system of free education; our freedom of religious worship; our freedom of the press; and our freedom of suffrage, as represented by the secret ballot. It is popularly supposed that these came to the United States from England. But how could they, since not one of them existed in England when they were introduced into the life of the United States by the Pilgrim Fathers, who had lived for eleven years in the Netherlands? Each and all of these four institutions were flourishing for years in the Netherlands; the Pilgrims absorbed them there and brought them to the United States.

Take the two documents upon which the whole fabric of the establishment and maintenance of America rests — the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution of the United States: one, the Declaration, is based almost entirely upon the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of the United Netherlands; while all through the Constitution its salient points are based upon, and some literally copied from, the Netherlands Constitution. So strong is this Netherlands influence upon our American form of government

that the Senate of the United States, as a body, derives most of the peculiarities of its organization from the Netherlands States-General, a similar body, and its predecessor by nearly two centuries.

New Yorkers do not begin to realize the extent to which they are indebted to the people of the Netherlands for their very existence: that there might be no such city as New York to-day but for the sturdy Netherlanders.

There is not one New Yorker in a thousand, I believe, who knows — or cares — that his city was originally founded by the Netherlander; that it was named New Amsterdam; that for forty years, from 1625 to 1664, it was governed entirely under the flag of the Netherlands; that its first Mayor (then called Governor) was a New Netherlands colonist; that its present official flag is the Dutch emblem of William of Orange; that its motto, 'Eendracht maakt macht' ('In union there is strength'), is in the Netherlands tongue.

He may know that he owes the name of his beautiful Hudson River to Hendrik Hudson; but does he know that Hudson came over in a Dutch ship, the Half-Moon, and that he was an employee of the Amsterdam Chamber of the East India Company; that his cruise not only was financed by Dutch capital, but was due to Dutch initiative?

Does he know that the names of his suburbs — Brooklyn, Flatlands, Harlem, Flatbush, New Utrecht — are all Dutch; that the name of Wall Street came from a wall built by the Dutch as the end of the city at that time; that his foremost families of to-day, such as the Van Rensselaers, the Stuyvesants, the Beekmans, the de Puysters, the Cowenhovens, the Lefferts, — literally all the keystones of his city, — he owes to the people of the Netherlands?

'Little does he care,' you say. True. But there are the facts, nevertheless.

The surprise naturally occasioned by the extent of Netherlands influence upon American institutions is lessened when it is borne in mind that the early influences which fashioned American life were largely brought direct from the Netherlands in the lives of the early settlers. The men who founded New York were, chiefly, from the Netherlands. The Pilgrims who settled Plymouth had lived eleven years in the Netherlands. The Puritans who settled elsewhere in Massachusetts had all their lives been exposed to Dutch influence. New Jersey, as well as New York, was settled by the Dutch West India Company. Connecticut was given life by Thomas Hooker, who came from a long residence in the Netherlands. Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island, was a Dutch scholar. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, came of a Dutch mother, whose teachings were a potent influence in his life. These men introduced one Netherlands institution after another into America.

Take the common modern practice of the state allowing a prisoner the free services of a lawyer for his defense, and the office of a district attorney for each county. These are so familiar to us that we regard them as American institutions; or they have been credited to England; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to find them in English history. Both of these institutions existed in the Netherlands three centuries before they were brought to America.

The custom of equal distribution of property among the children of a person dying intestate was brought from the Netherlands by the Pilgrims.

The recording of all deeds and mortgages in a public office, a custom which affects everyone who owns or buys property, came direct from the Netherlands.

The township system, by which each town has local self-government, with its natural sequence of local self-govern-

ment in county and state, came from the Netherlands.

The practice of making prisoners work, and turning prisons into workhouses, was brought from the Netherlands to America by William Penn.

What we are apt to forget, unless our histories lie very close to us, is that the Netherlands was an influential nation in commerce, art, education, statesmanship, when the United States still lay undeveloped. With its three millions of people in 1555, for example, it was the most prosperous and most highly intelligent nation in the world: the centre in Europe of all things that stood for progress and culture. A reading of the history of those times reveals the tremendous part that the Netherlands played in the institutions of the world. Ranking as one of the first states of the world, her people added to the intellectual and moral resources of mankind in nearly every art which heightens and adorns human life, and in nearly every aspect of human endeavor.

It was the Netherlands that gave to the world some of the towering figures of solid and abiding culture. It was the Netherlands that produced William the Silent in statesmanship; Rembrandt in art; Erasmus in philology and theology; Boerhaave in medicine; Spinoza in philosophy; Grotius in international law; De Ruyter in naval strategy; and Vondel, the poet, traces of whose influence have been so manifestly found in Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

In education it contributed a tremendous impetus to the world by the founding of the great University of Leyden in 1575, making the Netherlands the centre of learning for all Europe.

In finance, it led the world by the establishment of the Bank of Amsterdam, pointing the way to the establishment of the Bank of England one hundred years later.

In medicine, Boerhaave so greatly influenced medical science that the medical schools of the Netherlands became great seats of authority.

The founding of international law by Grotius attracted the attention of the entire world to the Netherlands as a seat for the learning of jurisprudence.

From the Netherlands also came the great lesson of the publishing of books, under the famous Elzevirs.

Its great step of placing the reader and the spelling-book in the hands of every child, irrespective of means or station, marked an epoch in the annals of the world's educational system.

It is conservative to say that Erasmus led the world in education by his epoch-making editions of the New Testament in Greek, and of classical authors, and by his teaching of pure Latin.

The Netherlands introduced to the world the manufacture of woolen cloth, which marked an epoch in history; and followed this up by developing the manufacture of silk, linen, tapestry, and lace, until it made Flanders the manufacturing centre of the world.

Then came the invention of wood-engraving by a Dutchman, followed quickly by the printing of books from blocks; the substitution of movable type for the solid block of wood, and we have the printing-press — the invention of which Germany may never concede to the Netherlands, and yet the germ of which was in the block books to which the Dutch lay unquestioned claim.

Practical as well as artistic, the Netherlands not only contributed to, but actually led the world in, those forces which add materially to the fabric of civilization.

It was the first nation to master the soil, and teach the possibilities of wresting a land from the water.

It taught the world the art of gardening as has no other nation.

The skill of its engineers became acknowledged in every part of the globe, as it is to-day.

It taught the art of commerce to the entire world when it ranked as the great commercial nation of the globe.

It has given a demonstration in successful colonization, which has outstripped all other nations.

Take its five great innovations and inventions, and stop to consider just what this quintette from the brain of man has done for the enlightenment of the world: —

First: the inauguration of a system of equal education for girls and boys, making no distinction of sex in its common-school attendance.

Second: the invention of the telescope.

Third: the pendulum clock, to which can be ascribed the beginning of what may be called accuracy in time.

Fourth: the microscope.

Fifth: the method of measuring degrees of latitude and longitude.

It seems almost incredible that so many momentous contributions to the enlightenment of mankind should have emanated from a single people. Is it too much to say, then, that the people of no other nation make so bold and strong an impression on the mind as one after another of their achievements pass before it; and especially when it is considered that all these contributions to humankind were done with one hand, while the other was busy in saving every foot of land from the rushing waters? But the people of the Netherlands always remained cool, balanced, and solid. It was that same patient, but deep, perfervid spirit which built the dykes and saved the land at one period, and opened those same dykes, built by the very life-blood of the people, at another, and flooded the land against encroaching enemies. It was that same spirit which built up a nation unrivaled in history as a financial, commercial, maritime, artistic, literary, medical, and political centre, from which have radiated the strongest influences for the upbuilding of great empires, not only in the new Western world of America, but also in the Far East, where to-day exists an empire of such unknown and untold wealth as to stagger the imagination by its potentialities.

Nor is this glory of the people of the Netherlands of the past alone. One has only to visit this amazing country to-day to be convinced of the peculiar solidity of its life and its institutions. Nearly every American traveler, with seeing eyes and receptive mind, sees, as he meets the people of the Netherlands, that there is less intellectual veneer among them than in any other country in Europe; that there is more solid and abiding culture of the very highest kind; and that the modern Dutch family represents a repose of mind, a simplicity of living, and a content with life in general, that any nation might envy.

Few know of the enterprise and the business acumen of the people of the Netherlands of to-day: its annual export trade of from 2,000,000,000 to 3,100,000,000 gulden (the gulden is about 39 cents in American money); its port of Rotterdam, now leading Antwerp and Hamburg in tonnage; its steamship combine, with a capital of 200,000,000 gulden; its Royal Dutch Oil Company, capitalized at 370,000,000 gulden, with its annual output of over 30,000,000 barrels of oil; the marvelous development of the air, by a daily aeroplane service to London, Paris, Hamburg, Prague, Warsaw, and other European capitals; its 30,000,000 gulden invested in model workingmen's houses.

Nor has the nation ever taken a backward step in its leadership in the education of its people. The principal item in the national budget is still for education,

until to-day the nation occupies the enviable position of being foremost in the enlightenment of its people, with an illiteracy of one tenth of one per cent! Can any figure speak louder for the vision of its people?

And yet never, with their material progress, have the people lost that idealism which has ever distinguished them. One recent illustration will suffice. A wealthy resident of Amsterdam last year found himself hard put to it to meet the heavy taxation caused by the war, and decided that he would have to dispose of one of his priceless works of art. He chose Vermeer's Straatje (The Little Street) for the sacrifice. This painting is one of the Delft master's greatest works, and its probable sale to someone outside the Netherlands hung over the people like a pall for weeks. Foreign dealers vied with each other for the treasured painting, held for nearly half a million of dollars; and every report of its reputed sale caused a chill to run down the backs of the people.

Then came the report of its actual sale. The General Director of the Royal Dutch Oil Company, Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, was to celebrate an anniversary: he had purchased the picture and presented it to the Netherlands Government in perpetuity.

I was on the N.A.S.M. steamer on my way to the Netherlands when the news of the presentation of the painting came over the wireless. The captain was the first to read the news. He was in his cabin, clad in his pajamas; but he could not contain himself for joy, and, throwing on his bathrobe, rushed out to convey the wonderful news.

Can you imagine an American sea-captain so overcome with enthusiasm at the news of the preservation of a work of art to his country?

Is it to be wondered at, then, that there is so much pride among the people of the United States in their Dutch ancestry, from the present President of the United States to the humblest citizen? But there is much room for a greater enlightenment of that pride, and as to the facts upon which that pride rests. Fortunately, there has recently been noticeable among the American people a distinct national awakening in everything pertaining to the Netherlands and its people; and that this rests on the solid foundation of an inherent influence and blood-kinship, none who know the facts, as they have been only sketched here, will deny.

The projected publication of a series of books on 'Great Hollanders'; the creation of the new Netherlands-America Federation in New York City; the appointment, by the President and Trustees of Columbia University, of Doctor A. J. Barnouw as the Queen Wilhelmina Professor for the teaching of Dutch history, language and literature; the recognition by the Government of the United States of the Netherlands as an empirical factor in the Far East question; the necessity, felt by the Government of the Netherlands, for the erection of the most beautiful of all the homes of diplomacy in Washington for its legation; the suggestion, already taking shape in official minds, that The Hague should receive the diplomatic dignity and recognition of an ambassador instead of a minister from the United States — all these currents in the minds and life of the American people are but indications that the day is not far distant when an intelligent knowledge of the people of the Netherlands will take the place of mental and geographical confusion; and when a statement of its greatness as a nation of fifty-three millions, nearly one-half of the population of the United States, and of its immense geographical area, with its far-flung coast line in the Far East, will not be met with the statement, 'Well, I did n't know that!'

THOSE WASPS OF OURS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

WHEN my annual springtime seizure came on, — a fever of activity, which gradually mounts to dreams of Art and Beauty, and finally expends itself in paint, — I unjointed the extension ladder, put on the special suit of clothes, more varied than Joseph's coat, and proceeded to outshine the neighborhood.

For the purpose of outshining the neighborhood, a stone house, whose window casings and roof trim happen to be of wood, is an excellent device. It needs but little paint, and yet it looks so completely dressed up in the little that it gets! A few hours' work with white lead and zinc, a final few outlines of apple green, and lo and behold!

Such a house, rightly ensconced amid trees and shrubbery, needs but a ribbon or two, a white band of cornice, and some green edging to outline the gauzy screen, and immediately you have put a new bonnet on Nature.

You can make it white, white. And the comma does not really belong there. By which we mean that you are one of the few in these days who can afford to be particular about the *shade* of white. And as for green fading so quickly, — an item of serious concern to your neighbor, — that need not trouble you. Those softly verdant squares of apple green, with which the white is so beautifully picked out, will naturally be done over every spring while you are 'at it.'

Your neighbor, to whom painting or washing means a problem of workmen and the expenditure of much money, can never hope to keep up with such a programme. He paints only now and then, somewhat white; and he appears as through a glass darkly, while you come out with the trees and the flowers, as up-to-the-minute as spring herself.

As I was saying, I unlimbered the ladder, put on the old coat, which might almost be called a coat of paint, and prepared to be at it. In a gallon can, I had white. It was white of that particular purity which is demanded by the mansioneers of Virginia; and I had discovered a manufacturer who puts up paint with just the right eye of apple green. The dream was about to be fulfilled.

Vaulting ambition! When the paint had been well paddled, I made a trip round the house to take a precursory view of the whole circuit of cornice; and then I discovered that, before I had done, there would be eight interruptions in the work. Each of the interruptions would consist of a wasp's nest.

After a while, I sought the seclusion of my study. I had not been stung — as yet; but I thought it well to go into consultation. As I should be meeting the wasps up a ladder, with a bucket of paint in one hand and a paintbrush in the other, I should be dealing with them at a great disadvantage. It takes quite a while to come down a ladder — providing, of course, you come down the usual way.

Now there are many kinds of wasps. Some are social and some solitary. Some dig into the ground, some build in the open. Some have a sting only to paralyze their prey, others only to sting you. Some are harmless, and others highly to be feared.

The latter, the ferocious, warlike, and highly defensive wasps, hang their nest up by a stalk or pedicle. Some of them suspend themselves in full view and bid defiance to all comers. Of these there are three genera, the Vespa, the Polybia, and the Polistes; but they are all similar in nature, and exactly alike in the regard that their sting is not intended to be used on other insects. Mine were Polistes.

The Vespa are the kind that protect their work from the weather by a pasteboard covering in the shape of a football. They build combs in parallel sections, to fit the football shape.

The Polistes do not bother about a covering. Having made their stem or stalk firmly rooted to your cornice in a plastering of mud, the mother wasp builds a few cells on it and starts upon the work of the season. The children hatch out and take up the work; and they keep right on enlarging the single layer of comb, building round and round its edges, till finally it resembles a sunflower hanging by its stem. Their home, unlike that of the Vespa, is open to the light of day.

As it is also open to the weather, this denomination of wasp, judging from what I have seen of it, is strongly inclined toward a sheltered situation. Here was the reason that I was favored with so many colonies. My dormer windows have eaves of the broad, sheltering kind; and at the upper end, where the cornice joins the roof at a sharp angle, there is a deep nook or corner, which is almost impervious to wind or rain. There are four dormer windows; hence, eight colonies of wasps.

I had never been afraid of wasps, meeting them in the usual way. Like the bees and all their industrious kind, they are marvels of preoccupation. They continue to be preoccupied up to the point where you attract their attention. They have an English point of view — their house is their castle; and their motto seems to be a Caledonian one — *Noli me tangere.*

But this is not practical. You can hardly paint around a wasp's nest and let it sufficiently alone. And so, before resolving upon some course of action, I thought it well to look closely into the real nature — the psychology — of the wasp. Thus it was that, after several trips up the ladder, reaching about the same altitude each time, I finally came down and went into my study.

Taking down the first book in the Nature department, I began to read. 'After considering the peaceful community of the bees, few perhaps will be tempted to observe the manners and habits of wasps. The one may be looked upon as a highly civilized and humane tribe, seldom gaining their bread by violent means — the other as a ferocious tribe, subsisting solely by rapine and murder.' It went on in that vein, without telling me how I could cope with them. Not very encouraging.

Next at hand was Jordan and Kellogg's *Animal Life.* Here I found a profusion of pictures along with what I was looking for — a philosophic tone. But the authors, after describing a wasp's nest, break off with the remark that it is 'a thing to be left untouched.'

The fact was that I had gone into the library hoping to find someone who would tell me not to be afraid of wasps. Not getting any encouragement from the formal textbooks, I decided to make a deeper study of the specialists, especially Fabre. Here I would find fearless and practical men.

I opened Fabre's *Hunting Wasps.*

And now I began to smell out a state of affairs — not quickly and right at the beginning, but after much reading and puttings things together. The 'hunting wasps,' as they are here called, are all solitary wasps. There is only one of her to a nest, and she cannot sting very effectively, even if she tries. I was much disappointed in Fabre's book when I found that it was wholly concerned with this variety of insect.

A Solitary Wasp digs a hole in the ground and deposits an egg at the bottom. Then she grapples with a caterpillar or a cricket, injects poison into it in such a way that it becomes helpless, and places the paralytic in the hole with the egg. And having thus provided for the future needs of her child, she has no more to do with it. As her little supply of poison is so necessary to the preservation of the race, she is loath to waste it on you.

The Social Wasps — and mine were very social — have no such use for their sting. They kill their prey; and they do it simply by tearing it to pieces. They reduce it at once to the form of sausage and take it home to their children before it spoils. Their vast multitude of babies, 'near a whole cityful,' are fed like the young of birds, from hour to hour and minute to minute; and this work, together with building new cells for the ever-growing colony, is what keeps a social wasp so busy throughout the summer of her life. She is equipped with a sting especially for purposes of *defense*. And so, by a wise provision of Nature, it hurts.

For reasons purely literary, it seems, Fabre's book is called *The Hunting Wasps*. I say for reasons purely literary, because all wasps are hunters, especially the social kind, and there is hardly any basis for making such a distinction in favor of the solitary varieties. The Solitary Wasp is an assassin, or rather an expert surgeon, not killing her prey, but knowing just how to inject the paralyzing fluid at the nervous centre of the motor system. But *Hunting Wasps* makes a good title. It sounds well. It connotes combat and adventure; it has a touch of derring-do. And so does 'Predatory Wasps,' another term by which he distinguishes the solitary kind, when, as a matter of fact, the Social Wasps are ten times more predatory.

You see, dear reader, having come so hurriedly down the ladder, I was hardly in a frame of mind to take kindly to the little literary tergiversations of my author. Up there were eight colonies of real wasps, the red-hot homes of stingers, at the height of the season's activities; and I had to go up there and deal with them, not singly, but en masse. And here was the patient and peaceful author, sitting by the hole of a solitary wasp, watching what she was doing, or waiting for her to come home!

Fabre has written two other books upon the subject, *More Hunting Wasps* and *The Mason Wasps;* but as these are manifestly concerned with the solitary kind, they hardly appeal to a man who is trying to paint a house. I saw easily enough by his first volume that it is advisable to let social wasps alone. He does not say this explicitly: I got it by deduction. When he went out to investigate wasps, he chose the solitary kind. I was disappointed after so much reading, — the title had misled me, — and the reader will please take this into account if I seem a little waspish.

I turned now to our great American authorities, the Peckhams. Theirs is a more promising title — *Wasps, Social and Solitary*. I was drawing near home.

But what was my disappointment to find that in this book the wasps were issuing from the ground! And to read at the very forefront of the work, preluding all the 'experiments,' a statement which, although discouraging to

me, is admirable for its complete candor and honesty with the public. They say: 'Experiments which would have been dangerous to life and limb, had we tried them with a nest hanging in the open, were easy here, so long as we kept calm and unflurried.'

Here we find that there are social wasps, the so-called common wasps, which fall into subterranean habits. You may experiment with one or two of them, as they issue forth, because the rest of the wasps do not know you are doing it. My wasps were social enough — that much I knew. But instead of being underground, they were at the upper end of a ladder.

Students do not seem to specialize with them under those circumstances. It is comparatively easy, or at least safe, to follow a social wasp afield, noting what prey she pounces upon, how she makes it into meat, and how she conducts herself in general. But to follow her home with the meat, and note her little ways in the bosom of her family — that is something different. It is the solitary wasp, with her home affairs, that gets oftenest into print.

To the practical man, wasp-books are of little use. They are not like the bee-books, written for the trade and telling you what to do. And so I saw that I might as well get back to my work. It was Art, not Science, that I was interested in. I wanted to get the house painted. I went out to conduct some experiments of my own.

II

It is easy enough to get rid of a wasp's nest, but not so easy to get rid of the wasps. This I found out by means of a fishpole. When the nest, knocked loose from its fastenings, came rolling wheel-like down the slope of roof, and was carried by its impetus far out into the yard, I expected to see the whole colony following it, solicitous for the welfare of their young. But this was a wrong theory. They kept coming back and paying attention to the place where the nest *ought* to have been. Pretty soon, the whole population, including those that had been afield and now came home with provisions which they did not know what to do with, were clustered upon the mud-plastered pedicle, or flying round, 'as mad as hornets' — a comparison which is faulty here, owing to the fact that a hornet is a wasp.

It was just at this stage of affairs that I again retired into the library. And then I had an idea.

When next I appeared upon the ladder, I carried in my hand a long stick, on the end of which was a sort of boxing-glove. This big pillowy weapon, well soaked in a quart of ammonia, was intended to push the whole nest into the corner, and by snugly conforming to the shape of roof and cornice on all three sides, shut off all means of escape. I thrust it firmly home and held it there.

For an appreciable part of a minute there were no signs of life. I had them bottled up. I imagined them suffocating by hundreds. Then came the exit.

At the upper end, where my boxing-glove had not quite reached into a sharp angle, there was an opening about as big as the bore of a rifle; and from this place the wasps began to shoot. It was as if I had just started up a machine gun, with my shoulder resolutely pressed against the butt. How many wasps came forth per second I cannot say; but they followed one another with a speed and precision that was highly military; and all on the same straight line of fire. I could barely see each one as it shot past, as a camera might catch a bullet before it has vanished into space. Strange to say, with all their hurry to get out, they did not jam the bore. No human crowd could ever, in like circumstances,

organize itself into such an orderly panic.

As it was not a scattering fire, but a straight flight of wasps, whose speed would evidently carry them far, I stuck to my post in hope of killing those in the rear. And when the magazine seemed to have spent itself, I withdrew my suffocator. Except a few that I had crushed in the first quick push, all had escaped. The nest, now a crumpled mass of grubs, fell from its pedicle and rolled down the roof. I seized my putty knife, scraped away the mud by which the stem was fastened, and began to paint. I kept plying the brush rapidly, with the idea of painting myself as far away from that place as possible.

I had not gone far when the wasps began to come back. This time they did not loiter about their home site, now reeking with ammonia from the shingles and newly covered with paint: they lit on the roof near me, and began casting restlessly about. More and more came back; and then they grew more lively in their demeanor. I again went down the ladder.

By a simple process of arithmetic, multiplying the present number of wasps on the roof by eight, I saw what the state of the premises would be if I stirred up all the colonies, and deprived them of their homes. I put the cover on the paint and relegated to the darkness of the cellar the pure Virginia white and the delightful apple green. I did not paint that summer. And now that the place had become so popular, I did not see how I was going to do it any other summer.

III

But I did paint the following spring. And here is where mere book-knowledge finally vindicated itself.

Early in the season — I believe it was in March — I was standing in the sunshine on the south side of the house. The stone wall, two feet thick, was warming up cosily and making a sheltered place in which spring came early. I was not yet thinking of painting: I had not worked up inwardly to that stage of activity. But I quickly thought of painting as a wasp darted along the wall — then another, and another.

Bees and wasps are remarkably alike in some of their arrangements. In both the wasp's nest and the beehive the population consists of male, female, and neuter — the latter being an incomplete and unfertilized female. Among wasps, as among bees, the males have no sting. So far they are alike. And now come interesting differences.

Among bees, it is only the neuters that work. The colony, as you see it coming and going (twenty to thirty thousand in a hive), consists mostly of spinsters. They are the architects, the food-providers, and the trained nurses who tend the young; and, finally, they are the soldiers, furnishing the prætorian guard which stands watch before the door. The males, or drones, are gentlemen of leisure. They spend the summer of their lives loafing about the place and living upon the common store. They are as lazy and useless as any buck Indian who ever let his womenfolk do all the chores. And they are mostly superfluous — mostly, I say, in view of the fact that there is but one female in the hive for them all to pay attention to. As she is laying eggs from morning till night, — thousands of eggs a day, — and needs but one fertilization in the course of her life, she is too busy to bother about the gentlemen out in front. The female is truly a queen, in the sense that there is but one of her: she will not brook the presence of a rival. The rest attend and cherish her.

Among wasps, all are workers, male, female, and neuter. There is a considerable proportion of females in the colony,

and as they take part in the general activity and do not rule in solitary state, they can hardly be called queens. They are simply mother wasps, as distinguished from their unmarriageable sisters, the neuters.

Among bees, when fall comes, the gentlemanly drones fall victims to their theory of life. The old maids fall upon them and kill them all. They do not work; therefore, why should they eat with winter coming on? Now comes that busy scene of killing which was so interesting to Shakespeare, —

> The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The lazy yawning drone.

Or, as the Archbishop of Canterbury must have delivered it, with his long training in eloquence, —

> The sad-eyed justice, with his sur-r-r-r-rly hum-m-m
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The la-a-a-azy, ya-a-a-a-a-wning drone.

Those of us who have read this with reconstructive imagination have no doubt formed a vivid mental picture of His Honor the Justice — a sort of dry-lipped old Yankee, musing over the crime in his dusty court-room and meting out the penalty of the law. This is well and good; but if we are to be modern realists, we should remember that the justice and executioner was really a *she*. Or, rather, it was a neuter.

Not so with wasps. When fall comes, they *all* die — all except a few fertilized females. Some of the mothers manage to survive the winter in sheltered retreats; and when the sun comes north again, it is for these few, the all-including survivors of their race, to start the wasp world over again. As the mother wasp is a complete worker, — much more admirable than a queen when you come to know her, — she is able to plaster a pedicle, build paper cells, lay the eggs, and provide meat for the young. And as there would be no advantage in several mothers living together, each starts a colony of her own. Presently, her first few children issue forth; and these start at once to help her. In short, the bees preserve their organization through the winter and the wasps do not.

Unlike the bees, who cling in a cluster and die all together when they are homeless and famished, and have no further object in living, wasps go wandering around at the end of the season, each seeking his way to dusty death. Those of us who have seen a homeless and dying wasp crawling about in the warm kitchen as the summer wanes, must have observed that he has the look of a fated creature. He is a dejected wanderer on the face of Nature — a wasp out of work. He is the Hamlet of the insect world, and he looks the part.

'What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?'

Whether wasps all die in the fall because the female in spring will be able to fend for herself; or whether the mother wasp has learned to do it all, because the other workers are dead and she simply *has* to, might make an interesting and bootless subject of speculation. Such is the delicate balance, the marvelous consistency of nature. One fact fits in with all the other facts.

Something of this occurred to me, as I stood and watched a few wasps veering back and forth along the sunny wall. Then I began to think of painting. And suddenly I saw the point. As it was just at the tail-end of winter, all these were female wasps! If I killed one of them, I would be killing a whole colony. I could exterminate hundreds at a blow. I went right into the house and got the fly-swatter.

I killed a dozen or two — every last mother of them. All that had come out into the sunshine around the premises I killed. And that summer I painted.

There were no wasps' nests that season; no — nor the next season, nor the next.

IV

Then it began to dawn upon me that I had made a great mistake. I had become *interested* in wasps. From going up the ladder so much that first summer, drawing closer and closer to a nest, I had begun to see things. There was a multitude of plump and hungry grubs, each living like a little papoose in its snugly fitting cell, its brown face always in position for something to eat. And the whole activity of the old ones, as they came and went, was to keep up with this constant demand. When I found I could not paint that summer, — and yet wanted to, — I made repeated excursions up the ladder, and tarried to see what they were doing. As it proved so interesting, I began to take chances in the interest of — not science, but curiosity. I got my nose, as it were, into a wasp's business. And thereafter, when I came down to the library, it was to make notes. Another summer, I told myself, I would start right in at the beginning and see it all.

But the following season I found that I had made a fatal and lasting mistake. I seemed to have exterminated all the wasps in these immediate parts. I had deprived myself of all material for further study. In two or three years, as these notes turned up again and began to grow interesting, I was sorry I did it. If I had kept on with the same rapt interest in the Social Wasps, there is no telling how much I might have found out on this forbidden subject.

One thing I did find out pretty thoroughly, however, and that is how a wasp comports himself in the bosom of his family. I know little about the wasp afield, how he (or she) pounces upon the prey and dismembers it and sorts out the meat. But I know what he does with it when he gets it home, and how he meets some interesting little problems. My knowledge is not extensive, but intensive. Let us, then, take a close look at a wasp's nest, noting the rules that they follow in feeding so large a family, and the many little things that make their system perfect.

The colony that we are observing is at the height of the season's activities, about the middle of July. The nest has now grown to a good size, and all the cells are filled with young wasps in the various stages of development. Some of the cells are sealed, these containing grubs that have been fed until they reached full growth, and then spun a cover over themselves. They will remain quiescent while they take on the nymph form, ready to come forth as wasps.

Around them, and of chief interest to the observer, is a multitude of brownish faces, each face just filling the mouth of the cell. These are the countenances of fat, white grubs, ever hungry and waiting to be fed. They form almost an unbroken surface of faces, separated only by the thin walls of the hexagonal compartments. Toward the rim of the nest, the cells dwindle in size, some nearly completed, some half-built-up, and finally, at the very edge, mere shallow cups. A female wasp does not wait for the cell to be fully built before she deposits her egg. She lays it at once in the rounded bottom. The wasps build as the grub grows and develops.

Turning now to the wasps themselves, who have, in fact, been walking all over the surface of the comb while we were observing it, we naturally expect to see signs of intelligent activity. To our surprise there is not a stroke of useful work being done by the whole restless swarm. There is nothing but walking about and preening and primping, and the everlasting making of their toilet. A wasp — he, she, or it — is never still.

When there is nothing else to do, she is at her toilet, stroking her wings with her legs, washing her face like a cat, recomposing and polishing her parts, and cleaning up generally, after the manner of a fly. They never seem to be satisfied. After you have watched such a lot of housekeepers for a while, you begin to wonder what their business is and how they ever get anything done. There seems to be nothing worth observing.

Suddenly, by some instant understanding, a spell falls over the congregation. All activity ceases. There is not a move. Each wasp seems utterly transfixed. As you see this sudden change come over them, and stand wondering what it is all about, you cannot help feeling the suspense in the air. Each wasp is expectant, motionless, wrapped in some impending event.

This means that, somewhere in the distance, another wasp is coming with a load of meat. You might listen with your intentest ear, or look your sharpest, but you could not detect the approach of that other wasp at the time they do.

Presently the forager comes in, like an airship, and lights with his burden on the nest. He has brought home a ball of sausage about the size of a small pea. Sometimes the ball is much smaller; frequently it is as big as the front section of his body, or half as big as himself. The sausage, already chewed up and perfectly rounded in the field, is either of two colors, a dull reddish hue like Bologna or summer sausage, or a greenish tint like Roquefort cheese. Those who have observed this wasp in the field say that it preys upon caterpillars, and this I can well believe. The lighter-colored meat would indicate that he had killed for his children 'a big, green woolly one.'

As he alights, there is commotion among the wasps, and several draw up closer to him. One stands directly in front of him. And now ensues a peculiar performance with the ball of meat. Resting on the wasp's extended forelegs, it begins revolving, now toward the right and now toward the left. In the same manner that a man without hands might manage a big ball on his extended arms, the wasp makes the ball of sausage turn over and over. And just as a man might extend his chin out over the ball in order to hold and control it better, so does a wasp. But the wasp does it with the skill of a juggler, and the ball moves briskly round. It is evident that a ball handled in this way, simply by the alternate raising and lowering of two straight arms, has got to move from right to left or left to right. It cannot so readily move in the other direction, to and from the wasp. This will be interesting to remember when we consider the wasp's use of his cutting instruments.

In a little while, the wasp that has been standing face to face with the forager walks off with a share of the sausage. Rather, I should say that he walks off with the whole ball, except that the forager has retained a small share for himself. This second wasp now starts the ball revolving to right and left, and another wasp takes a position face to face with him, just as he did with the first wasp. Finally, this third wasp receives the ball, the second having retained a share. Thus it passes on, until it has been divided between three or four, or possibly five, wasps.

These wasps are now to distribute it among the young. Each of the pieces will serve to feed several grubs — possibly eight or ten of them. But the wasps do not feed it by any such crude and simple process as giving each grub a bite, or tearing off a piece for it. Each of the feeding wasps stations himself in front of a cell and goes through the same juggling performance with the little ball. It takes quite a while.

Meanwhile the hungry grub, whose brown face just fills the opening of the cell, has to wait for its dinner. Presently, by a quick dab, that grub has been fed; and the wasp moves on to another cell, to go through the same performance.

Watching this process closely, we begin to see what is taking place: the wasp is shaping a little round biscuit on the side of the main loaf, almost cutting it off, and yet leaving it securely fastened. It is a ball on the side of a ball. And this little ball is always on the side away from the wasp. It is shaped by the pinching of the wasp's mandibles.

At this stage of affairs, the wasp ceases his juggling. He grasps the larger ball firmly between his forelegs and presents it to the grub, so that the side with the little biscuit on it is directly in front of the grub's face. The grub takes hold, the wasp pulls the ball away, the biscuit separates; and so another child has been fed.

The wasp is here solving a problem in baby-feeding incident to a socialistic state of living. It is important that each child of this great multitude receive its share, that one be not gorged while others are famished. The meat must be given to the babies on a set ration, as far as it will go. Therefore, the adult wasp carefully measures off the mouthful that each shall receive. As for the first division of the ball among several adults, that is a division of labor. They are not only social wasps; they are essentially socialist wasps. Without this system, I imagine that many youngsters would try to grab it all, and many oldsters would not do their share of the work.

But this is not to look closely enough. As I have said, the ball has got to revolve from left to right and right to left. And as it is being spun around for the purpose of shaping another little ball on it, the work has all got to be done on one of the poles. This will be the pole away from the wasp, because he hugs it close as it goes round.

For a wasp to reach over a big revolving ball of meat, and keep biting on the pole that is farthest from him, might seem to require a considerable act of contortion. If a wasp had an extensible neck like a bird's and a bill like a bird's bill, he would certainly have to put his head in a twisted position, not very convenient to a juggler. And when we consider that a wasp's head is set directly on his body, with practically no neck at all, it is evident that he must be built in some way that specially fits him for the work to be done. We see this fitness in the way his mandibles work.

A wasp's mandibles — a big, strong beak, which, after you have looked at it a while, seems as formidable as that of an eagle — do not open with an up-and-down motion, like the bill of a bird. His is a bill the two halves of which open out to right and left. And instead of one half moving while the other remains stationary, both move. It works like a pair of pincers. This long and strong cutting tool hangs downward, though not in the sense that it is bent to reach in that direction. A wasp has a long head, like a horse, and the mandibles, being set straight on this, naturally reach downward. Thus, he can work on the far side of his revolving ball, biting as it turns, and cutting off portions with the utmost convenience.

A successful hunter will not always divide his booty with the other wasps. Sometimes he does and sometimes he does not; and as there seemed to be no system or consistency in their practice, they had me puzzled. Watching closely, I discovered the rule that governs. It all depends upon the size of the load. If it is more than the hunter can conveniently handle in feeding the grubs, he will divide; if it is not, he insists upon doing all the feeding himself. If

it is twice as much as he can easily juggle, he will divide it in halves, and there an end. If it is three times as much as he wants, he will keep a third for himself, and give *two thirds* to the wasp before him. This surplus, which is to say the whole ball with the exception of the piece which the hunter retains, always goes round from wasp to wasp, each keeping his portion and passing it on. A wasp that stands face to face with another in making this subdivision, extends his fore-legs also and helps in rotating the ball. The ball at this stage is big and heavy, so that coöperation is welcome. Later, when these wasps have received their shares, they handle them without help, easily and with considerable speed. But if the hunter has brought in a ball that is not too big for him, he will reserve the right of feeding it all himself.

One might suppose that the hunter, having a sense of property rights, would conduct his division on a different system, giving to another wasp what that wasp could use, cutting off a proper share for the next, and so on, till he had a remainder that suited himself. As we have seen, it is just the other way about.

After more watching and further acquaintance with their problems and difficulties, I saw that this was the rational thing to do.

A wasp, after making a long flight with a heavy load, is very tired; sometimes he is so exhausted that he falls off the nest, sausage and all, and can hardly land the load. You can see him breathing heavily, his hinder parts working up and down. The contrast between his condition and that of the other wasps shows very plainly that he is nearly done for. In this state of affairs, it is quite sensible for the one that has been doing the exhausting work, immediately to pass on the bulk of his burden to another wasp. It is going to take a lot of juggling with that heavy ball to divide it into several parts; and so he helps only with the first division — just long enough to retain his share. It is as if he said, 'Here! I 'm played out. Take the rest of this and divide it among yourselves.' The second wasp, though he may not be tired, follows the same rule for subdivision, and passes the bulk of it on.

One morning, when I was watching them, a wasp came in with an unusually large haul. Possibly he had brought it from a great distance. He struck in a blundering manner near the edge of the nest and fell off, landing on the shingles a short distance below. He maintained his hold on the sausage, however, and in a little while he flew away. Why he did not now fly in the direction of the nest I do not know. One might imagine that he was disgusted with the whole performance, and had gone off a distance to get a good flying start. In about half a minute he was back again. This time he did not reach the nest at all, but lit on the roof almost directly under it. It was evident that he was very much exhausted. I could see him pant, his body working like that of a tired bee. After a period of rest, he rose by sheer force of upward flight and landed on the comb. Another wasp immediately met him and started the work of subdividing. I could see no reason for the wasp's wasting his strength by flying away as he did, nor do I exactly understand the difficulties which kept him from making a landing on the comb, when he could reach the roof directly under it. I mention this as an indication of the effort a wasp has sometimes to exert in bringing home a load of sausage.

It is interesting to note that, in a case like this, where a wasp plainly has more than he can manage, the others do not go out and relieve him of part of the burden. They knew well enough he was coming, as could be seen by their rapt attention while he was yet in the dis-

tance; and they could, no doubt, subdivide the burden on the roof as well as on the comb. But this is not according to the abstract rules which govern them. The forager, no matter how many mishaps he may go through, has to deliver his own load. Once he has landed, all are ready to receive a share.

When a wasp has got through forming the little ball on the side of the big one, it is interesting to note the accuracy with which he seizes the larger one, as between two hands, and presents the far side of it, which he cannot see, so that the biscuit is directly in front of the grub. At the beginning of my observations, when I had become pretty well versed in this part of the trade, I thought that the wasp, just as the grub took hold, cut off the biscuit with his own mandibles. Further watching showed me that this could not be the case. When a wasp is just beginning to pass the food around to the grubs, and before it has been reduced in size by several of them receiving their share, the ball of sausage is frequently so large as completely to cover the mouth of the cell as the wasp presses it firmly home against the grub's face. It fills the opening of the cell like the stopper of a bottle. And when it is drawn away, the little ball or biscuit is gone. This shows conclusively that the grub disattaches the portion, itself. This part is done so quickly, by a mere offhand dab, that you have to watch closely to catch the details. The grub is always prompt enough about taking hold.

As to why the wasp has adopted the system of leaving the grub's little ball of sausage attached to the big one, not quite cutting it off, the rationale of that is easily apparent. The wasp, having no hands, needs both front legs to hold the main ball. If he were to cut the little ball completely off, he would have two packages to manage — not very convenient in his case. It is better to keep it in one package, and let the grub get hold before the final separation takes place. It is a part of the work that the grub is extremely willing to do.

The reader has no doubt observed that I have said nothing about the wasp's work as an architect. I do not describe him building up those incomplete paper cells. For this there is no doubt a reason. A wasp, being a paper manufacturer, needs moisture with which to work up the pulp. He gathers the loose fibre from the surface of decaying wood at a time when it is wet with rain. And I did my wasp investigating on fair days. If I had only *thought* of this, the neighbors would no doubt have seen me up a ladder with an umbrella.

I am now beginning to suspect that my too great success in getting rid of wasps had contributing reasons behind it. That south wall of my house, which is built of boulders two feet thick, has deep interstices, where the mortar did not completely fill in; and while it is thoroughly pointed up on the surface, there are cracks, due to seasoning, which allow access to this ramified interior. Having the heat-retaining properties of stone, and facing the sun in winter, it is a great place for snakes to hibernate — as I find out in spring, when I see them issuing from the ground line where the pointing-up comes to an end. Wasps, the few of them that survive, hibernate too; and they look about for a place with favoring circumstance. I am of the opinion that my place attracted all the mother wasps in this part of the country. And my fly-swatter, making such complete work of them just as they were coming out, gave the species a complete setback.

If I thus robbed myself of a source of intellectual pleasure, I can only say that I deserved what I got. One should not be too reckless about disturbing the balance of nature.

THE GOLDEN VANITY. II

BY E. BARRINGTON

'T was the evening of the Birthnight ball when George Anne arrived, in a hackney coach, attended by her dresser, and scarce visible for mantua boxes. The three children were put away — their usual fate — in the beds within, and though not able to sleep for excitement, were mute as mice, lest they be punished by the closing of the door upon the ravishing glimpses they had of the parlour.

'T is not for a mere scribbler to intrude upon the chaste mysteries of the toilet. Suffice it, therefore, to say that, when all was completed, George Anne and Mrs March, the dresser, stood back, breathless, to contemplate the work of their hands.

Mrs Gunning, her fine brown hair piled on her head into an edifice twisted with gauze and feathers that granted her five inches more of height, looked a Roman empress — her fine bust displayed to advantage and sustaining a necklace of stage emeralds set in pinchbeck, which could not be told from the veritable jewels, so closely were they copied for George Anne from her Grace the Duchess of Bridgewater's. Her hoop was very wide, and over it a green satin brocade flowered with gold, wherein George Anne had played Lady Modish but twenty times, and so rich that 't would serve her great-granddaughter. 'T was ruffled at neck and elbow with Mechlin, and the girls gazed in awe at their splendid mama. 'T was a changed woman. She expanded, she glided, she moved, as a swan floating through her native element differs from the same lurching along the bank.

But Elizabeth — O beautiful! Sure 't was joy to see her! Her hair, a-gleam with gold, was rolled back and carried in massive braids that crowned and bound her head in the Grecian taste, confined by a bandeau of pearls that crossed her brow. Her Grecian robe (indeed the fair Miss Lebeau had played Calista in it) was a white satin with a fall of lace, and round her slender throat a chain of seed pearl. Mrs Bellamy knew her business. 'T was simple, but simplicity becomes a goddess, and frills and flounces can but distract the eye from loveliness that seems native to heaven. Her mother surveyed her in a kind of amaze and then turned to Maria.

'T was peculiar to these two fair sisters that they adorned each other, each appearing more beautiful when both were in company. Indeed 't was said later that this contributed much to their triumphs. Maria now appeared in a fine India muslin embroidered in gold wheat-ears, a robe which, 't is to be feared, Mr Sidney of the East India Company, the rich nabob of Jubblepore, had laid at the feet of George Anne in pursuance of a suit not wholly disdained. No matter! On Maria it shone like the raiment of the youngest of the angels, draping yet expressing her fair limbs with a seductive reserve that was art embellishing nature. She had a row of seed pearl like her sister, and one rose of faintest pink nestled in her virgin bosom. Her hair of burning gold was dressed in curls *à la mouton*, as Mrs

March expressed it, and a string of pearls wove through the rich tresses.

But 't is useless to describe beauty. As well dry a rose in a book and look for bloom and dew. It depends on bright eye and smiling lip and wordless sweetness and the fall of exquisite lashes and the tone of music and — and this poor scribbler lays down his pen and attempts no more to paint where the great artists later owned themselves vanquished.

'And all is prepared,' cries George Anne, exulting. 'For my mother's job coach is at hand to take my three beauties; and distress not yourself, my dearest Madam, for I engage to remain with your little family and will return in the coach when it deposits you here. And now, children, peep and whisper no longer, but come see your lovely mama and sisters before they go to conquer the world.'

'T was the kindest heart! She clapped her hands, and in rushed the three children like Bedlam let loose, careering round and about the three, shouting, laughing, and begging to be took also. Raisins and oranges from George Anne's reticule alone restored them to their beds in peace.

'"The Golden Vanity" has sent forth two incomparable beauties,' says she at the door as they stepped into the coach. 'May it bring them the luck of its heroine and more.'

St Patrick's Hall was all of a blaze with wax candles and flambeaux, and shining mirrors set in with gilt Cupids, and twinkling of fairy lights in the great glass lustres and their glittering chains of drops and pendants. Garlands of green, with roses interspersed, were in swags and loops about the splendid walls, where hung the pictures of bygone viceroys in ribbon and star, in frames to match the mirrors that multiplied the scene a hundredfold.

And, more than all, the handsomest women in Ireland were decked out in silks and satins and all the family jewels, and they sparkling like the lustres above their heads; and all the gentlemen, in uniforms and silk stockings showing off their fine calves, and they strutting with their swords and squiring the ladies and bowing. And above it all the Throne, with the velvet canopy and the Royal Arms, and my Lord Harrington, his Excellency, sitting like a picture of himself, with his stars and orders and his coat of sky-blue velvet laced and embroidered with gold; and as each pretty lady came up to him and swept her curtsey he lifted her by the hand and kissed her cheek; for the Viceroy has that privilege, and many a man envied him a few of the kisses, if they did not envy them all.

And now at the great doors appeared three ladies, quietly, like persons used to assemblies, though to be honest their knees were trembling under them and their little hearts quaking. So they were passed on from one golden image to another, until they arrived before his Excellency, the company politely making way, and a whisper that rose to a buzz running with them. 'Lord! who are they?' — 'Who can they be?' — 'Look at the girls!' — 'Exquisite!' — 'Beautiful!' — 'For my part I see nothing in them. Vilely dressed. Very far from modish.' — 'Too tall.' — 'Too short' — in fact, every expression of approval and disfavour. But every lady stood on the tips of her satin shoes to see, and every gentleman took the fullest advantage of his height; and had poor Harry been there, he had died of jealousy. Alas! even his fond letters were not in Elizabeth's gentle bosom, but tossed forgot on the bed in Britain Street, with George Anne casting the eye of sensibility on them.

And now the officer who performed the introduction took Mrs Gunning's

gloved hand, very stately, and led her before the Throne.

'The Honourable Mrs Gunning, your Excellency.'

Down she flowed in a magnificent curtsey, her hands supporting her brocade on either side, her head bent majestic — Beauty adoring Power. Suddenly my Lord steps nimbly forward on the dais.

'What?' he cries. 'Do my eyes deceive me? Impossible! But sure I have the happiness to see the daughter of my old friend, and I am honoured beyond expression to welcome her beneath my roof. Where have you been retired? And what are these two lovely nymphs? Your daughters? No, sure it can't be and you all youth and beauty yourself. Present them.'

And while mama blushed and bridled, the magic words were spoke, and the two dropped the gentlest curtseys, and rising, received a salute more than usual warm from his Excellency on either fair blushing cheek. 'T was observed he lingered an instant on Maria's. Viceroys, too, are human.

'T was an instantaneous conquest — how could it be otherwise? A moment later they were the centre of a competing crowd of gentlemen, and glances of coldness and aversion raining on them from ladies only a little less fair and now deserted. That his Excellency was the first victim, none could doubt, for when he was not in company with the beauties, he was discoursing of them to others. True it is that he conducted the Dowager Rathconnel to the supper-table, but equally true, that he left the lady seated before such dainties as ensure an old age of gout, disengaging himself with a nimble wit that should have appeased her, and sought out the mother of the Graces, devoting himself to memories of old times, while Maria and Elizabeth danced and smiled on their adorers, blooming and beautiful.

'My dear Madam,' says his Lordship, 'how is it possible that you have lived so retired for fifteen years? 'T was not justice to your admirers — of whom I was ever one. How came it about?'

'Why, your Excellency,' says the lady very serious, ''t was not with my good-will. You know well that my late father's good heart was his chief possession; and my husband — alas!'

Sure a pause and downcast eyes are more expressive than any words. His Excellency shook his majestic peruke, and echoed the lady.

'Alas! Cards, horses, the bottle — how many a wife and mother hath had cause to curse that fatal trinity! And 't is even so, Madam?'

She applied George Anne's laced handkerchief to her eye, then smiled faintly and seeing opportunity, seized it.

'I would not cloud this festive scene, your Excellency, yet why should I reserve from a tried friend that I and my poor daughters —'

'Yes, yes!' cries his Lordship, very impatient.

'— Are here this night in borrowed dress,' continues Mrs G. solemnly, 'and are indebted even for the shoes upon our feet to the kindness of an actress, Mrs Bellamy.'

'Good God!' says Lord Harrington, genuinely shocked, and the more so that he had himself known Mrs Bellamy some years since. 'Sure it can't be! I won't believe it. Indeed, we must discourse further of this. Come hither!'

Profoundly interested, he led her to a withdrawing-room and there they fell into so deep discussion that never had he been such a negligent host. And when Mrs Gunning left the withdrawing-room, it was with an imperial head held high, and a flush in her cheek which became her so well that the most prying female eye would not give her a day over thirty.

His Excellency led out Maria to a minuet. Twice he took Elizabeth down the country-dances. The generous wine had warmed his heart, the glow of beauty kindled it to flame, and it was plain to be seen that his eyes were only for the fair Gunnings. The world followed his example — when does it otherwise? — and a petal from Maria's rose, a look from the violet, dark-lashed eyes of Elizabeth, were the prizes of the night.

A party of noblemen escorted them to the doors on leaving, and 't was with the utmost difficulty Mrs Gunning persuaded them it was unnecessary to ride in cavalcade about the coach to Britain Street. When the ladies were gone, they returned into the Banqueting Hall to toast 'The Irish Beauties,' and break their glasses in their honour until the floor was strewn with broken crystal, and the celebrants were most of them borne speechless to their beds. Indeed, a challenge passed between my Lords Cappoquin and Tuam upon a dispute as to which lady was the greater Venus.

Never was such a triumph! And Mrs Gunning, falling into George Anne's arms in Britain Street, declared with tears of joy: —

'You were right, entirely right, my dearest Madam. I am promised a handsome pension on the Irish Establishment, and his Excellency counsels me to transport my girls to London, where, he considers, they may pretend to the highest matches, and promises introductions worthy of them. And, O Madam, playing at faro in the card-room, I won a milleleva — no less! — Fifty guineas! — Lord! was ever anyone so happy!'

Tears of sensibility stood in George Anne's eyes. She was one who shared to the full the griefs or triumphs of her friends. She wrung Mrs G.'s hand and embraced the fair conquerors, scorning to mention the rent in Maria's muslin gown, and the stain of wine on Elizabeth's satin. It was a generous heart, and had earned more gratitude than she afterwards received from two, at least, of the ladies.

'T was amazing to Mrs Gunning and Maria now, that ever they had contemplated the stage — so very far below their pretensions; and it took but a week to open the former lady's eyes to the little cracks in George Anne's reputation. She saw plainly that such a friendship could be no aid to their soaring aspirations; and indeed her ambition had now spread its wings to some purpose. The Earl of Harrington having advanced the first installment of her pension, she immediately moved their lodging to the genteeler Mount Street, and Britain Street was forgot, along with George Anne. Sure a mother must be prudent! Elizabeth only forsook not her friend, going to wait upon her and carrying with her many of the posies left in daily homage to her sister and herself. She had little in her power, for money was still none too plenty; but kindness and gratitude smell sweeter even than roses, and these she carried in handfuls straight from a grateful heart to George Anne.

It smoothed not her own path in Mount Street, for Mrs Gunning's pride grew with what fed it, and though admiration was plenty, offers were few. It might be that the enmity of the Dublin ladies stood in their way, for certain it is that Mrs G. was never a favourite. Where she judged well to flatter, she flattered too openly; where she disliked and saw no gain, she insulted; and many gentlemen would have retired from her acquaintance, but for Maria's frolicsome gaiety and the sweetness of Elizabeth. It gained ground about the city that there was much scheming in Mount Street with a view to rich husbands, and it smirched the girls as well as their mama, and put thorns in their

way. It made the men bolder than they should be, and the women cold.

Maria was the hardier and took it as a necessity of their situation; but the milder Elizabeth wept often on George Anne's kind bosom over the insults (as she took it) which Mrs Gunning received with rapture, as hopeful signs of love. And, whatever the actress's own case might be, 't is certain she showed more delicacy in dealing with the girl than did her lady mother.

Nor had she much comfort from Mr Harry's letters. His father remained adamant; and though he writ, 't was more carelessly, and a rumour reached Dublin that coupled his name with the great fortune, Miss Hooker, and was generally took for truth. Mrs Gunning greeted it with pleasure, regarding Mr Harry as a gone-by and much below her hopes; but though Elizabeth's heart was not wounded, her pride was pierced to the quick. It seemed that all the world conspired to humiliate her, and she asked herself what was the use of beauty, if it meant this and no more. She sighed and left his last letter unanswered.

Miss Maria too had her troubles. My Lord Errington pursued her with ardour, and his handsome rakish face and gallant impudence drew the pretty moth towards the heat and flame of a dangerous candle. Folly, no more; but his lady took her vengeance in scandals that spread about the town, and a duel was fought that did Maria no good and kept off worthier pretenders to her hand; and indeed it was not a day too soon when the family packed up their belongings and changed the air to London. The girls outshone all others — true! but 't was thought more in beauty than discretion, for Elizabeth must needs sink with her family. The world draws not nice distinctions.

But to say they were courted in London is to say little. They broke triumphant upon the town, supported by letters from his Excellency, and the town received them with frenzy, as it might the great Italian singer or the new lions at the Tower, or what not. Amongst the greatest, the Duke of Hamilton put himself at their disposal, urged thereto by a particular letter from my Lord Harrington and his own love of beauty. He dangled about them daily, and it must be owned that, from the first moment of meeting, Mrs Gunning fixed the eye of cupidity on his Grace. For of all of the matches of the Kingdom, James Hamilton was the greatest available. Duke of Brandon in England, of Châtelherault in France, of Hamilton in Scotland, of vast possessions, of suitable age and gallant presence, a princess need not have disdained his hand. A great prince, indeed, and knowing it possibly too well, 't was he to dazzle a girl's eye and carry her heart by storm! As for hearts, it was never supposed his Grace possessed one; at least, he wore it not on his sleeve, but was ever cold and haughty, though it was well known he liked a pretty woman as well as any — short of the wedding ring. He hung about the new beauties as a gentleman will, until wagers began to be laid at White's as to which had caught his favour, and where would fall the handkerchief of the Grand Bashaw.

Meanwhile, his attentions made them more than ever the mode, and the town gallants swarmed about them like bees at the Assemblies where they figured, attended by my Lord Duke in ribbon and star. As the days went by, however, the anxious mother observed that his preference was for Elizabeth, and that he had no thought to interfere with my Lord Coventry, who could not keep his eyes off Maria, though he committed himself no further than the Duke. Indeed, stories were now freely circulated concerning Britain Street and the

poverty and shifts of the family, and wagers were laid that neither the one nobleman nor the other looked for more than a few months' amusement with the two loveliest girls in England. Mrs Gunning was openly called the Adventuress, and it was a favourite sport with some ladies to imitate her Irish accent and carnying ways with those she would please; and doubtless Maria angled a little too openly for her lord. They were, in short, easy game for the mockers, and Elizabeth shrunk daily more into the shade. It appeared as if it would be the Dublin story over again.

Mr Harry came at once to their lodging on his return from Yorkshire, and, to be sure, had not a word to say of Miss Hooker. He would have saluted Elizabeth, but she drew back with a curtsey, her manner sweet and cold as an autumn dawn with a touch of winter in the air. He found her changed, and no wonder, and said as much with some anger.

'It should not surprise you, Harry,' says she serenely. 'I am now eighteen, and have seen the world, as you have also. Our betrothal was a child's game. I like you too well to be your ruin. Marry Miss Hooker, of whom I hear. 'T is your best way, and obedience to parents a plain duty.'

'You were not so wise in Dublin,' replies Mr Lepel, casting a jealous eye on the fair monitress. If her looks had changed it was to a more radiant sweetness, and there was that in the way her long silken lashes lay on her fair cheek that dwarfed Miss Hooker's fortune. He had better have kept his distance from the siren, he thought with bitterness. But sure a little pleasant dallying could hurt neither Miss Hooker nor his father — a summer pastime and no more; and if the tales flying about town were but the half of them true, he might hope for this, especially with the past pleading for him in Elizabeth's tender heart. Sure there was a softening in her glance. He pushed his chair somewhat nearer and took her hand. She withdrew it, and removed her seat farther away.

'Is my Elizabeth angry with her Harry?' cries he with a fine dramatic air. 'Does she forget those happy days when we were all to one another? What is Miss Hooker or Miss Any-person to come between us? What —'

'Your future wife, as I understand,' says Elizabeth, perfectly calm. 'No, Mr Lepel — I know the world now, better than I could wish' (she sighed), 'and I desire not your attentions. I —'

But Mr Lepel broke in, pale and furious.

'And is it thus you speak, you heartless jade? Clothes, jewels, balls, 't is these you value. Is there a woman alive that will not sell her soul for the like? O God, why are fair faces made to madden us? Now I have seen you once more, how can I return to that flat-faced —'

She rose, with a wave of her hand that dismissed him; but he ranted on in a towering passion of wrath and grief. It had all burst up anew in his heart, in and for a moment. He believed himself hardly used indeed.

'Could I bury my father and inherit his land, you would not use me thus. It is all a cursed thirst for gold, and you are for sale like an Eastern slave. Who is the highest bidder? But I know well. What am I to compare with —'

'His Grace the Duke of Hamilton!' announces Mrs Abigail, very demure in her pinners at the door; and in walks his Grace, magnificent in manners and dress, and Mr Lepel's fury stopped on a breath, though he could not regain countenance as readily as Elizabeth. She rose to meet the visitor — a rose in June; and he might take the blush of anger which was due to Mr Lepel for a welcome to himself.

What could Mr Harry do but draw back, stammering and looking foolish under the cold glance Duke Hamilton bestowed on him. Prudence counselled, 'Withdraw. What do you here?' Angry Love retorted, 'Here I stay. What! Shall I leave the field to a rival?' And so, he flung himself in a chair glaring defiance, Elizabeth palpitating between the two. 'T was not surprising that she drew nearer to the Duke, as if for protection; that there was an imploring softness in her face as she looked up to him; that she saw him greater, handsomer, stronger than ever, beside this idle and futile young man who had reviled her. The carelessness of his glance at Mr Lepel seemed to fling his pretensions in the mud — his haughty coolness to degrade the young man; and to such thoughts women are responsive. If her heart was touched before, the dart went deeper now. She held her head higher, deerlike, and wasted no words on the unwelcome guest.

The two gentlemen, seeing neither could outstay the other, departed presently together, Mr Lepel saying with assumed lightness as he bowed, hat in hand, at the door: 'We had not the pleasure to see *madame la mère* your Grace, and no doubt but she is slipped away on some hunting errand. I wonder what new fox is broke cover. Half the world bets on my Lord Coventry still!'

The duke returned not his salute, and Lepel could not tell whether or no his arrow had gone home through the armour of chilly pride and silence. He himself strode angry and ashamed down the street.

That same evening a council of three was held in the lodging: Mrs Gunning with her mask of smiles laid by, Maria fretful, Elizabeth grave and retired in her own thoughts. The ladies had but the one bedroom, with a little closet for the youngest adjoining.

'Girls,' says Mrs Gunning, ''T is time I spoke plain. This six weeks in town hath reduced my purse till I am frighted to look in it; and what have we to show? Young women with not half your looks are married and settled since we came hither. We have had a vast deal of froth and flutter, but nothing solid. Were it possible to live on sweetmeats and dress in posies, we have a fine prospect, but not else. I see naught before us but Britain Street — or worse.'

Maria shrugged her white shoulders.

'What more can we do, mama? Sir James Ramsden has offered marriage, and Captain Golightly; and Mr Lennox has asked Elizabeth, and Mr Lepel —'

'What signifies all that?' cries Mrs Gunning. 'Don't let them slip. They 'll serve for the future perhaps, if all fails. Elizabeth, I command you on your duty that you please Mr Lepel, though not more than sufficient to content him. If we can't better him — But Maria, what said my Lord Coventry to you at Lady Lowther's ball? I saw him very earnest.'

'Nothing that might n't be in the news-prints, mama. His breed of black shorthorns filled his thought and tongue. I protest I loathed the man's folly. 'T is an insipid creature when all 's said.'

'No man with a coronet is insipid. He is grave and reserved, and I would he had been Elizabeth's admirer rather than yours, for they could have sat silent in a corner together. But what of the Duke, child? My hopes are sadly sunk.'

Elizabeth flamed in a blush, less beautiful than painful. A sore heart was behind it. She replied not. Mrs Gunning frowned.

'Well, girls, you 're easy enough, but so am not I. Now therefore listen while I speak my mind.'

'T is needless to be particular in recording the lady's speech, which was

much to the point in dealing with their needs and stratagems. She spoke for many minutes and at the end tears of shame and anger were in Maria's lovely eyes. If Elizabeth wept, 't was behind a sheltering hand.

'What signifies grumbling?' finishes Mrs Gunning. ''T is as plain as the nose on your face. Elizabeth's is the best chance, and if she makes her match, my Lord Coventry will kiss your slipper, Maria. The Duchess's sister can marry where she will.'

'T was vain to interrupt. Mrs Gunning sailed on, maternal, imperative, and took no heed. It would be impertinence to intrude on the talk that followed, and the plan laid for the entrapping of his Grace, of whom it may be said that he could protect himself against even the assaults of beauty better than Mrs Gunning supposed. But Elizabeth, borne down by two to her one, fought a losing game.

'I hate the man,' she cried with spirit, and knew 't was false as she said it. 'I 'd sooner sweep a crossing —'

Mrs Gunning smiled contemptuous.

'Not you! You came pretty near it in Britain Street, and 't is known how you relished it. Beggars, my dear, can't be choosers. The Duchess of Hamilton may have as much delicacy as she pleases. Miss Elizabeth Gunning can't afford it. There 's no more to be said.'

Yet Elizabeth said it furiously, and in vain.

A subdued light of wax candles — the most flattering light in the world — made the parlour enchantment when his Grace sauntered in one evening, later. Posies were in the bowpots, and a delicate scent of violets in the air. On a table by the window lay a magnificent chicken-skin fan sent by my Lord Coventry for Maria's birthday: it was covered with rosy figures of Cupids swinging garlands in blue air, the mother-of-pearl sticks latticed with gold. It lay beside a lace handkerchief, as if a fair hand had flung it careless down. A decanter of purple Burgundy with two glasses was hard by, and a small painting of the lovely sisters from the hand of Neroni, who had asked the favour to depict them as wood-nymphs. They advanced, smiling and bearing a garland between them down a forest glade, while two Cupids concealed behind a tree aimed a dart at each fair breast.

The Duke contemplated this work of art, smiling at his own thoughts, and not pleasantly. Presently the door opened and Mrs Gunning and Maria entered, in hats and capes, followed by Elizabeth, dead pale and in a negligee with blue ribbons, her hair falling in long tresses to the knee, confined only with a fillet of ribbon. She looked not even her eighteen years in this dress, and had a most touching beauty. His Grace kissed Mrs Gunning's hand, yet with the half-contemptuous air of the great man. Some might resent such a kiss as an insult, but the lady's armour was defensive as well as offensive. Says she, curtseying: —

'I beg a thousand pardons, your Grace, but we are disturbed with an unexpected call. 'T is what we never imagined, but can't refuse. Good Mrs Acton, a friend of our Dublin days, is took ill and hath sent for us to Harbour Street. She is unattended in London, and I know your Grace's sensibility will excuse us.'

'Why, Madam, friendship is so rare a virtue that 't is worth proclaiming at the Exchange. I will give myself the pleasure to wait on you another evening.'

His hat was beneath his arm; he picked up his clouded cane.

'I thank your Grace.' Mrs Gunning's voice was stately. It changed as she turned to Elizabeth. 'And now, my

flower, my dove, repose yourself on the couch, and Mrs Abigail will bring you the lavender drops, and let me find my treasure well and smiling on my return.'

'What? Does not Miss Elizabeth accompany her mama?' The tone was alert.

'By no means, your Grace. She has ailed all day with her head, and is not fit for a sick chamber. Farewell, child. I wait your Grace.'

He took Mrs Gunning's hand to conduct her to the coach; 't was as pretty a comedy as ever George Anne Bellamy played. He laughed inwardly leading her to the door, and on the stairs discoursed charmingly on the last masquerade at Vauxhall. Without the hall door he paused.

'Is Miss Elizabeth Gunning too ailing, Madam, to receive a friend for a few moments? Permit me to assist you.'

And before the lady could reply, he bundled the two into the coach, and was halfway up the steps ere Mrs Gunning could cry: 'I know not, your Grace. A moment perhaps —'

He bowed from the door.

'Be easy, Madam. I will myself administer the lavender drops if needful.'

It was impossible for the Duke to hasten himself, for this he had never done within the memory of man; but 't was scarce a minute since he had left the room when he reëntered, half fearing to find his pretty bird flown. Not so, however. She leaned against the shutter, her eyes fixed on the evening sky. It seemed she had forgot his Grace, for her expression was sorrowful and quiet, unlike the female trifling he expected, and he heard a faint sigh. She turned, startled.

'Forgive me, my Lord Duke. I think I can't stay. My head —'

She would have glided to the door. 'T was provocative, however meant, and he put himself in her way. She tried the other side of the table. He blocked that also, and was before her again. Finally she ceased the attempt and stood with eyes cast down.

'Child, don't hasten. Give me a few minutes. I see you alone for the first time and never so lovely as now. Is it your long hair, or what is it? Sure the angels have locks like this.'

He lifted a heavy tress as if marveling. She snatched it from him like an aggrieved queen; then, seeming to recollect herself, stood silent again. 'T was but a schoolgirl, with trembling lips and veiling hair. He took her hand like a man accustomed to be obeyed, as indeed he was.

'Child, your mama hath left you in my care, and you can't desire I should relinquish the pleasure. Such an opportunity no gentleman could resist. Be seated, Madam, and let us discourse.'

'T was all on one side, for she had not opened her lips. But she obeyed him, and sat in the chair he handed her to, as passive as a marble lady. He seemed at a loss to continue, and stood looking at her where she drooped, then took a chair beside her.

'You are pleased to be less cordial than I have known you, Madam. Is it whim or anger? I like a woman's pretty coquetries as well as any man, but this silence —'

It still continued. She was snow and marble. Not a word. Only the dark lashes like fans on her cheek. Not a gleam rewarded him.

'A sullen beauty!' says his Grace languidly, 'but yet a beauty beyond all others. So here we sit!' He drew out his jeweled timepiece. 'I give you a minute, Madam — nay, two. And if by then you have not spoke, I will try if the warmth of a kiss on those sweet lips won't thaw the ice. I swear it!'

He laid the sparkling toy at her el-

bow on the table, and stared in her face. 'T is certain his Grace had dined. He was not wont to treat any woman thus unless where it was asked for. A minute went by — the tick was audible, but she moved not. And now a slow hot tear scorched its way down her cheek. If this followed mama's instruction, it bettered it. The time was scarce out when he springs up and cries with triumph: —

'I was not mistook. Your silence asks a kiss, child, and James Hamilton was never the man to refuse a woman's challenge. Give me your lips, and more.'

His swashbuckling Border-ancestors were stirring in his veins, and for a moment his face coarsened and his eyes were gross. He caught her by the two arms and bent his mouth upon hers.

In a flash the fair statue was living and dangerous. He was a strong man, she a wisp of a girl; but she flung him off and stood glaring at him.

'How dare you?' she panted, and could no more. The eyes were unveiled at last and rained fire on him. Never had any person seen her look thus; she faced him gallantly. He applauded as if it had been the Woffington or any other fair game.

''T is prettily done — but I see your drift, Madam. If a young lady is left by her friends and her own desire to sit alone with one of the best-known men in town, she takes the consequences. Yet I would not have missed Lucretia — she lacked only the dagger in her hand. But the comedy may end. Give me your lips, child, and coquet no more.'

'Sir — if you are a gentleman —'

'Madam, I am a lover.'

'Oh, 't is too much — too much!' she cries. 'I have undertook what was beyond me, and I can't — I can't carry it through. I would if I could — I cannot!'

The strange words, the despair in her face was no stage-play. The Duke knew sincerity when it cried aloud. Still grasping her hands, he stood at arm's length, staring in her face.

'You cannot, Madam? What mean you? Are you in earnest?'

Not withdrawing her hands, fast held and quivering, she kept silence. He could feel the pulses flutter in her wrists, and the fumes of wine cleared slowly out of his brain and carried the brutality with them.

'Have the condescension to explain yourself. You are safe in my company now. Possibly I was mistook, but I supposed you not unwilling for our tête-a-tête. Accept my apologies if this is not the case. I thrust no attentions on women who dislike them.'

'Sir, I will explain and go, and never see your face again. I die of shame.'

He could still feel the pitiful flutter in her wrists. He relaxed his grip and handed her to her chair, — a gentleman again, — James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. 'I see myself gravely in error Madam. I await your words.'

She would not sit, nor he. They stood apart now, and he could scarce hear the silver tremble of her voice.

'Sir, we are poor. You know this. And last night my mother did ask me whether I supposed your Grace had any feeling for me beyond careless good-will. I knew not. What could I say? And she then revealed to me — oh, how reveal it now! — that our little means is all but spent, and that gone, we must retire into poverty and misery again. Also that there are debts, and prison for debtors. Also that any match for my sister is impossible to hope for — No — how can I tell it! And she did say that if we could hope — could but know that —'

Her voice died on her lips. She hung her head in agony. He took her up.

'The task is too hard for you. Let

me continue. Your mama said that, if she and your sister withdrew and left you with me, if you put forth your charms (and God knows there were never such!), 't was possible you might set the sweetest trap for the rich man, and with his aid clamber out of the mud and sit secure beside him. Confirm me if I don't err. Confess!'

'I confess.' The words scarce broke the silence.

'And love was not in the bargain,' the cruel voice persisted. 'Mama did not enquire whether James Hamilton was distasteful to you or the reverse. He was a moneybag — no man. Confess again.'

'I confess. Sir, we have used you very ill. I ask your pardon. I was a fair mark for insult.'

Her head dropped lower. She could not otherwise hide her face, but the shame overflowed it in waves of crimson.

'To be frank, Madam, I have never found your mother congenial company. 'T was not for her I sought this house. Tell me, was this her plot only? Was it acceptable to you?'

'At least, I followed it. She is my mother. I am one flesh and blood with her. If she is a plotter, so too am I. I bid your Grace farewell, and pray for so much pity as that you will never come this way again, nor see me, lest I die at your feet.'

'Madam, do I owe you no apology?'

'I think none, your Grace. You acted as the woman you took me for might, I suppose, expect. Let me go.'

A singular thing happened here. The Duke, the haughtiest and coldest of men, bent his knee and carried her hand to his lips. So on Birthnights he kissed the late Queen's hand, she standing before the Throne. Then stood very grave. 'Madam, I entreat your pardon. I have shown you a side of a man's character very unfitting for your eyes and you but the child you are. Forgive me and, ere we part for ever, answer me one question, in token of your pardon. Had I been but James Hamilton, the lowest of my clan — could you have honoured me with any regard?'

She stammered — trembling before this melancholy gentleness.

'I know not.'

He persisted, gentle but firm: —

'We have perhaps something to pardon each other. I ask again — would this have been possible?'

Constrained, she sought for breath. Because a cold handsome face softens, and because distrust is melted, shall a woman let her heart fly like a bird to a man's bosom?

'Sir, you ask more than I can answer.'

Still the eyes insisted, and now the strong hand held hers.

'Sir — I think — I believe — it had not been impossible.'

'What — not James Hamilton — no more? — with a shealing on the moors, and the heather-cock for food, and a Hamilton plaid to wrap his heart's darling, and a fire of peats to sit by, and this hand empty but for love and his claymore? — Would the beauty of the world have come to his breast?'

His voice was a strong music — a river in spate. His eyes caught hers and held them.

''T is not impossible. But oh, how should I prove it — prove it? There's not a word I say but rings false now. Leave me — leave me. I have said too much.'

'You can't prove it? But you can, and if you prove it, I will distrust God's mercy before I will distrust my girl. All you have told me was known to me — known to all the town. It rings through the streets that the fair Gunnings and their mother are schemers; that they love none and seek only the best price for their charms. Marry me now, this hour, Elizabeth, and face the world that will call you plotter and

adventuress. For they will so! There 's no club in town but will ring with the story of how the beauty was cunningly left to a half-drunk man's advances. That 's how Horry Walpole and all the old women of both sexes will have it! All this will be known through your mother's folly and your Abigail's chatter, and they will tell how you trapped me, how I would have escaped and could not for the snares about my feet. Marry me and face this, if you will, and I will believe you love me, for you will stand a disgraced woman for all time. Marry me not, and I will make your way easy with gold, and your mother shall tell her own tale, and not a smirch on your name, and fear not but another rich man will give you all I could, and not a spot on it. Choose now once and for all. I have seen and I know how my coronet will sting you with shame — with shame set in it.'

He did not embrace her. 'T was the strangest wooing. The clock pointed to eleven. The house was dead silent. Her eyes widened with pain and fear. She looked piteously at him.

'They will say you caught me drunk, whom you could not catch sober. They will say you forced the marriage, lest I escape. There is nothing they will not say but the truth — that my sweetheart is the sweetest, the purest, the proudest woman alive. Your delicacy will be trod in the mud, Madam. Will you take your man at that? Will you crawl through the dirt to his heart?'

His fire kindled hers. Her eyes glittered.

'And if they believed me worthless — that is not what I ask. What would your Grace think?'

He smiled with peculiar sweetness.

'Child, you know. Look at me.'

And still she trembled.

'Beloved, adored!' he cried. 'Think you I knew not 't was death to you to tell the truth? Shall a man find a pearl in the dirt and not set it over his heart. I have loved you since first I saw your fair face, and now I honour you. Come to me and bless me; and when these fools cackle and gibber, I shall know how to protect my wife.'

His arms went round her.

'I will do it,' she said.

The minutes passed in an exquisite joy, plucked out of shame like a rose from a torrent. He left her and went to the door, and leaning over the balustrade, called down the stair: —

'Armitage!'

A young man, handsomely dressed and something of a fop after his valet-fashion, sprang up the stair, his Grace's gentleman. His master, very tranquil and haughty, was by the door — the fair Miss Gunning erect in her chair.

'Armitage, proceed at once to my house, and acquaint my chaplain, Mr MacDonald, that this lady and I are to be married immediately. Desire him to come hither with all that is necessary, and lose not a moment.'

And seeing Armitage hesitate like a man wonderstruck, the duke stamped his foot and set him flying down the way he came, calling after him: —

'Desire Mrs Abigail to come up this moment.'

They heard the door shut violently, and Mrs Abigail came up, very demure and curtseying to the ground.

'Be seated, good woman. Your lady will excuse you. We wait the Reverend Mr MacDonald, with ring and licence, and you and Armitage shall serve for witnesses to the marriage. Now I think of it, call also the woman of the house.'

He carried it masterfully, and Elizabeth, no more than any other woman, could be insensible to that charming tyranny. He stood behind her chair while the woman called for Mrs Mann — who came, mortally afraid of her company.

'Shall Mrs Abigail braid my hair? — it tumbles all about me,' says Elizabeth, questioning her master timidly.

''T is so great a beauty I will not have it hid,' he cries, standing behind her chair where the long locks lay on the ground.

Silence again, and the time passing.

At last, a sound as if Armitage propelled somewhat before him up the stair, and into the room walks his Grace's gentleman, and before him a stout personage in bands and cassock, so breathless from haste as to be incapable of any speech.

'Hath he the licence?'

'He hath, your Grace, but he declares that the occasion being so great, and the incumbent of Mayfair Chapel, Dr Keith, being at home and the chapel open, for the greater solemnity 't were well to have the marriage solemnised there. 'T is but ten minutes, and I have brought the chariot, if it please your Grace.'

And now, puffing sore, the clergyman put in his plea, not for delay, — the Duke's face forbade that, — but that all be done with ceremony.

'If a word more be said, I send for the Archbishop!' swears his Grace, flushed and handsome. 'My chariot 's at the door. Bundle in all who can. Madam, allow me.'

He drew the bride's hand to his, and preceded them down the stair, holding it high as in a minuet. The women followed without a word. Elizabeth went in a dream, half enchantment, half nightmare.

The chapel was dark and musty — no time to light the lamps; but Mr Armitage, the facile, the adroit, a perfect Mercury and old in experience, called in four linkmen waiting by their ladies' empty chairs in the street outside. These grimy fellows stood upon the altar steps, two at a side, lighting the book the parson opened, his voice resounding through the silent place with startling loudness. Behind the bridal pair huddled the women.

'Dearly Beloved, we are met together — ' and so to the close. But his voice was muffled beside the clear ring of James Hamilton's. His 'I will' fell like a sword on the air. He was never a man to show his heart but to the one in whose hand it lay, and his tone disdained all but the woman who stood by him. He put his signet ring on her finger, and they turned from the altar man and wife.

'Give each of these men five guineas, and bid them light her Grace to her chariot, Armitage. Take you the women back to Mrs Gunning's lodging, where we follow. I thank you, Mr Keith, for the best service man ever did me. It shall not go unrewarded.'

He handed her into the chariot with the utmost ceremony; and when the door was closed, flung himself on his knees before her, clasping her waist.

'My dear — my girl, how shall I thank you? Think you I don't know what it hath cost you — and the proof you have given me that your heart is mine. My wife — my sweetheart!'

'T was half after twelve when Mrs Gunning returned with Maria, being a prudent woman, and resolved that, if the criminal did not hang himself, it should not be for want of rope.

'The chariot 's at the door and the light still in the parlour!' she whispered; 'sure, he can't be there still? Heaven send he be not drunk and asleep. 'T was mere folly to leave the wine!'

Not a sound. They approached as it were on tiptoe up the stair, and softly opened the door.

My Lord Duke, attended by Armitage, stood before them, splendid in his dark red velvet laced with silver, the blue ribbon crossing his breast. He held Elizabeth by the hand, she pale as ashes but perfectly composed.

Mrs Gunning gave a fine dramatic start, Maria advancing behind her, devoured with curiosity.

'What — what can this mean? Little did I expect to find your Grace here at this hour. Elizabeth, I fear you have been vastly imprudent. Your good name —'

She might have said more, but the Duke came forward, very magnificent.

'Madam, permit me to introduce a *stranger*,' says he, with emphasis on the word, 'Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton.'

'Lord! Then 't is to be!' cries Mrs Gunning, all radiant, and mistaking his meaning. 'O my sweet child, my Elizabeth — how have you took me by surprise! When shall it be, your Grace?'

'Madam, it is done. Miss Gunning became my bride in the Mayfair Chapel — was it twenty minutes since, Armitage?'

'Fifteen, your Grace.'

''T was all in order — a clergyman? — 't was legal?' pants Mrs Gunning, her hand to her heart.

'Assuage your maternal fears, Madam.'

His lip was disdainful; he set her a world away.

'All was as you could have wished. Permit the Duchess and myself to wish you farewell and good night — or rather good morning.'

He led Elizabeth to the door, which Armitage held open. It closed behind them, and their steps were heard descending. The Duchess had not said a word.

There was silence until the chariot had rumbled away, when Mrs Gunning found her voice.

'I did not credit her with such skill. She hath played her cards well indeed. I would give the world to know what passed.'

'That we shall never know,' says Maria. 'He 's not the man to tell his secrets, nor she neither. Sure, they 're a pair.'

'Well, Heaven send you show the like skill with my Lord Coventry. You can't do better. Lord, how my heart beats for joy!'

'I shall not need, Madam,' says Miss Maria coolly. 'She has ensured my match with her own. The Duchess of Hamilton's sister won't go begging for a husband. 'T is now but to choose my wedding silk. Come, let us to bed. These late hours hurt my bloom. Let us however drink a toast in this wine to old Mother Corrigan and the Golden Vanity. 'T is the least we can do. Blow out the candles.'

(*Elizabeth, later Duchess of Argyll, bore her honours with dignity and became a very great lady. Maria, Countess of Coventry, died aged twenty-seven, not untouched by scandal, and a victim to her own frivolity. Mrs Gunning received a valuable appointment as Housekeeper at one of the royal palaces. 'The Luck of the Gunnings' became a proverb.*)

ASK NOT ONE ANOTHER

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

Ask not one another
Concerning the Spirit —
Can the mute inform the deaf?
Would you, O Incautious,
Ask again for a miracle according to your senses?
O Backward and Base,
Do your lips yet long for the dust 'neath the feet of a golden calf?

Would you ask the sun to pour out differently, or less, or more?
Behold you not that the sun pours out, not all it can pour,
But all that you can use?
Behold you not the sun gathering together the clouds to shield you only,
While upon your neighbor falls his fullness?
Behold you not that in your turn comes your need,
And the clouds are folded up like a plumèd feather fan?

Ask no man —
O Unabashed and Forward,
Would you fishwive in a cathedral?

Go ask the sun!
Go ask your eyes how they open to the light of the morning;
Go ask the comb whence comes the honey;
Go ask the lily cup whence comes the dew.

And when you know,
All shall know you know,
For these are things not said in words.

So ask not one another;
Tax not rude speech with messages beyond its speaking;
But bide without clamor until your time to know is come.
For, — believe me, for I love you, —
The bell that claps in the belfry of the mouth calls no one to vespers,
And the gates of the flesh open not upon the Spirit.

PETER BELL IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
Peter Bell

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

A WINTER'S evening in Michaelmas Term at Oxford. The year does not matter, but it antedates these hectic days of *vers libre*, and is already slipping into the middle distance of the dark backward and abysm of time.

A don's room in one of the colleges on The High. The don himself just out of Balliol with a double first, an archiepiscopal tradition behind him and an episcopal destiny ahead of him, but for the moment little more than a healthy, hearty, overgrown undergraduate, much preoccupied with Plato in particular and with the romance of life in general. The usual after-dinner crowd of boys who habitually gravitated to that room of an evening, to bask in the radiance of the double first, and to share with its possessor the immemorial Oxford pastime of plucking at the elusive hem of The Mystery.

A generous fire of good pit-coal burning in the grate, innumerable basket chairs, a fresh tin of 'John Cotton,' the whole night long, and — Robert Browning. After much wrestling with Pacchiarotto and his works in distemper, with Ferishtah and Fifine, the ardors of this discipline are rewarded with a taste of shameless romance, 'By the Fireside.' The poem 'dates' — certainly it dates. Somewhere midway between the disembodied Eros of Shelley and the masterful male who is the pacemaker for modern letters. But it had its place in the total economy of things. And as the echoes of Big Tom, pounding out the end of day, died away over the Towers of Oxford, the voice of the don boomed out the tender lines, —

> Oh, the little more and how much it is!
> And the little less and what worlds away!

Then 'Silence — eldest of things' fell on the room. The spell lingered unbroken, until the coals settled in the grate with an irreverent restlessness, and the stirring flames lighted up the awed faces of the circle. Finally, the don roused himself out of the chair, heaved a vast sigh, and turned to the prosaic business of academic life, with this tremendous conclusion to the whole matter: 'It must be very jolly to be in love!' Looking back, one does not know whether it is to laugh or to cry.

On the shelves of all respectable libraries there are the classical books of first-hand religion. In any measured five feet they are inevitable and inevasible. In some hour when we are obsessed by the 'too-much-with-us-ness' of the world, we take down one of these books and dip into it. There is *The*

Little Flowers of the Glorious Messer Saint Francis and of His Friars. It must be very jolly to have a religion like that. Even the most two-fisted of us could not have made better work of the wolf of Gubbio. And hanging out suet for the passing grackles is a poor secular substitute for preaching a sermon to our sisters, the swallows.

There on the same shelf is John Woolman's *Journal;* for Charles Lamb and Doctor Eliot have said so, and who shall say them nay. There are the poignant volumes of *Confessions* — Augustine's and Tolstoy's. There is Piers Plowman standing at the heart of his Fair Field Full of Folk, and there, too, Brother Lawrence possessing God in the sacramental tranquillity of his kitchen.

There, just added, is the Edith Cavell edition of the *Imitation*, with its entries on the flyleaf and its markings on the margin. This is holy ground, where no modern mind can walk irreverent along the King's Way of the Holy Cross. That flaming spirit passed on the morning of October 12, 1915. How much of the tragedy and glory of human life live in the three heavy black lines and the brief entry, 'St. Gilles, 11 Oct.,' which stand against the text: —

'I indeed labour in the sweat of my brows. I am racked with grief of heart, I am burdened with sins, I am troubled with temptations, I am entangled and oppressed with many evil passions; and there is none to help me, none to deliver and save me, but Thou, O Lord God, my Saviour, to whom I commit myself and all that is mine, that Thou mayest keep watch over me, and bring me safe to life everlasting.'

There, also, is Pascal's *Pensées*, with its matchless meditation upon the greatness and the littleness of man, prefaced by that memorable inscription on the bit of parchment found next his heart when he had died.

This year of Grace 1654
Monday November 23rd,
From about half past ten at night, to
about half after midnight,
Fire.
God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of
Jacob,
Not of the philosophers and the wise,
Security, security. Feeling, joy, peace,
Deum meum et Deum vestrum.

All this is more than 'jolly': it is austere and imperious.

The noisy traffickings of the world are silenced. Here are exultations, agonies, and love, and man's unconquerable mind. Even the pagan and the outlander realize that the banked fires of all that is imperishable in human experience slumber on such pages. Both the meaning of life and its central energy are found in such authentic lines.

To have known such hours in one's own life is to have lived in the eternal moment; to have missed them is merely to have existed through the appointed threescore years and ten.

These myriad days, these many thousand hours,
A man's long life so choked with dusty things,
How little perfect poise with perfect powers,
Joy at the heart and Beauty at the springs.
One hour, or two, or three in long years scattered,
Sparks from a smithy that have fired a thatch,
Are all that life has given and all that mattered.

How much of the profounder pathos of contemporary life is to be heard in the voice that still echoes in the sombre recesses of the prison of St. Gilles in Brussels: —

'I thank God for this ten weeks quiet before the end. . . . Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. . . . This time of rest has been a great mercy. . . .'

II

Of the need of recovering the central tempers and energies of religion there is no possible doubt to-day. The pulpit cushion is not the only piece of furniture that has been threshed to pieces as the mute victim of our perplexity. The thing cries out to high heaven from all the world. A man wastes his time and breath, who seeks to vindicate the axiom that what the world needs to-day is a religion.

To the description and recovery of the 'Grand Perhaps,' which never ceases to invade our minor moods of cynicism and candid materialism, the more serious mind of the time has readdressed itself. The philosopher of religion reviews the content of this experience in history, and announces with due solemnity that 'Religion affirms a supreme *Is-ness*.' The writings of the mystics are rescued from old neglect and republished in limp leather. Psychology meticulously classifies the phases of the standard episode, so that we now know a great deal about the neuroses and complexes of the saints, which, happily for them, they did not know. But still the wonder tarries.

The initial presumption is that the thing can be taught, 'line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.' Surely the master of the correct pedagogical method can turn the trick. Else what is he for? From the far countries of our own ignorance, we appeal our case to the Imperial Cæsars of the schoolroom. We vest the hope of our salvation in the process which we call religious education.

William James once propounded the theory that the sole object of a college education is to enable us to recognize a real man when we see one. The longer we reflect upon that conclusion to the whole academic matter, the more adequate it seems. In the same spirit, we may go on to say that the sole object of a religious education is to enable us to recognize God when we see Him, and to have communion with Him. Voltaire was once walking the streets of Paris with a friend, when an ecclesiastical procession went by, bearing the Holy Eucharist. Voltaire lifted his hat as the sacred elements passed. His friend remonstrated to the effect that he had not supposed the great atheist recognized the existence of God. To which Voltaire replied, 'We bow, but we do not speak!' It is not enough for religion that a man have a bowing acquaintance with the Divine: God must be addressed and communed with.

Now, the fundamental fallacy of most of the religious pedagogy of the present time is the assumption that learning certain ecclesiastical and historical facts is the equivalent of communing with God. Most of us have carried over from youth the impression of one or two wholesome and invigorating teachers in the Sunday School. But, so far as the stuff of instruction was concerned, there lingers a chaotic memory of unassimilated facts, more or less reconciled to modern learning, and made the occasion for certain rather far-fetched moralizings.

There was the Creation story, arbitrarily readjusted to the body of knowledge covered by the first hundred pages of Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*. Maps of Egypt and Arabia, with a consideration of the plagues of a semi-tropical river basin, and occasional low tides in the Red Sea. Incidental attention to the pyramid of Cheops and the mummy of the great Rameses. The Conquest of Canaan, giving ample opportunity for an excursus on the effects of geography on history, — in this particular case, a phenomenon that may be noted quite as clearly in the Coast Range, the Sierras, and the desert of California, — in short, a

prospect neither more nor less religious than the view either way from San Bernardino. Samson, to be half-furtively enjoyed for all those qualities which distinguish him from the saints, and which would relegate him, in a modern reincarnation, to the police blotter. The Kings of Judah and Israel, a kaleidoscopic confusion of hard names, certainly less real to the average American child than the ritualistic 'Washntonadamsjefferson' of the day school, and probably yielding nothing more distinctly religious than the latter. The morass of the prophets, almost unintelligible to any but the severe student of history. A whipped-up interest in the dramatic values of the Book of Job, for healthy young pagans who have never so much as heard whether there be a problem of evil. Later on, much navigating the eastern Mediterranean with Saint Paul, to conclude with a glorious shipwreck tale.

To all this the gospel story of Jesus forms an inevitable exception, simply because Matthew Arnold was right when he said that Jesus is greater than his reporters, interpreters, and critics. But in the main the conventional discipline yields a strange potpourri of geography, dissociated happenings of varied ethical content and implication, much honest romance, and some dubious moral realism. It is not suggested for a moment that this is the content of the Bible, but merely that something of this incongruous sort is the actual product of the routine system in a vast number of cases: the whole to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, as the substance of a religious experience.

Yes, it must be very jolly to have a religion. But in so far as most of us have achieved anything approximating to that consummation, we do not owe it to God seen, recognized, and directly communed with, in the story of Samson's escapades or the nautical information as to Euroclydon and the coast line of Malta.

III

It will be at once said by the apologists for up-to-date religious pedagogy, that nothing of this sort is going on in the modern theological information factory; that all dubious material has been expurgated, and all permanently valuable material carefully reëdited, with a view to the needs of the time.

Persons of the Wells cult call attention to the forthcoming new scriptures of the race. But it is hard to suppress all advance skepticism. To begin with, there is a certain stable and reassuring somewhat in the very press work of Humphrey Milford, or of Eyre and Spottiswoode, which one fears the latest revisers will neglect. Moreover, the literary flavor will certainly fall far wide of the square-toed English of the King James translators. That version is vital with concrete Anglo-Saxon words that lie near the primal human emotions. The new version will almost certainly be done in the passionless language of universals and abstractions. Furthermore, the new scriptures will be a *tendenz* thing. Samuel will no longer be allowed to hew Agag to pieces before the Lord, nor Solomon to loll in luxury, because the editors have an advance eye already squinted toward a pacifist communism. In the place of Ezekiel prophesying over the valley of dry bones, we shall have Karl Marx desiccating reality for classroom consumption. In short, the new scripture may be useful, in the jargon of the modern office, 'as a matter of record'; but it will not capture, in its imminent pages, the elusive secret of religious education. Indeed, the better it turns out to be, the greater liability it will become. For the greater the burden laid upon it, and the more confidence vested in it as a

pedagogic tool, the farther away we get from the reality of the religious life. It is not, finally, the content of any scriptures, ancient or revised, that is under condemnation, but the process in which it is used, and our dull mechanical faith in the process. For learning facts, however venerable and venerated, is not getting religion. And what Henry Adams said of his 'futilitarian' search for an education holds true as a criticism of the pedagogic method, no matter what its particular content. 'Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the way of inert facts.'

We might as well assume that mastering a standard textbook on eugenics, and exhausting the *Golden Bough* is the equivalent of falling in love. Whereas there is absolutely no connection whatsoever between the two. Somewhere in the hinterland of our natures, sex and religion short-circuit. The experiences of the one may be used to interpret the mysteries of the other. A man may read Havelock Ellis's five monumental volumes on *The Psychology of Sex*, and become a sadder and a wiser man; but he will never see on those pages 'the face that launched a thousand ships,' nor will he meet there his Helen, who shall make him immortal with a kiss. In short, it does not matter whether our pedantically accumulated information concern the love of woman, or the love of man passing the love of woman, or the love of God — the thing is not to be had from pedagogy pure and undefiled. The wife and the friend and the God that you got from a printed book go with you, Tomlinson!

IV

For the essence of religion is a certain 'given-ness.' And in spite of all our earnest twanging on the well-worn iron string of Self-Reliance, we cannot improve upon the elder doctrine of the arbitrary and irresistible Grace of God. You cannot whip yourself up to falling in love. Either the thing is done on you by the beloved, or it is not. And religion is like that. 'My mother, the Holy Spirit,' says an old apocryphal gospel, 'took me by the hair of my head and carried me to Jerusalem.' The figure is painful to contemplate in imagination, but is vividly faithful to a certain drastic imperiousness which marks the ways of Reality with man. Either religion does step out of the picture one day and lay its masterful hand upon you, or it does not.

> Vision will mate him not by law and vow;
> Disguised in life's most hodden grey,
> By the most beaten roads of every day
> She waits him unsuspected and unknown.
> The hardest pang whereon
> He lays his mutinous head may be a Jacob's stone.

A very unecclesiastical friend ventured the other day the confession that he had been given a direct insight into the joy of the Creator; that he had shared for a moment what he could only suppose must be the transcendent pleasure of the Divine mind. It was a late afternoon on the Charles River Embankment. The waters of the basin lay flat and motionless, mirroring the flaming red and gold of the sunset and the black shadows of the Harvard Bridge. To the east the great gray curve of the West Boston Bridge bounded the quiet of all around. Suddenly, down this still beauty came a Metropolitan Police boat, moving swiftly and noiselessly, straight as a flying arrow. The little waves from her wake troubled the reflected colors of the sunset and the dark shadows, and the face of the waters moved like the systole and diastole of some great heart. Then the basin returned to its untroubled dreaming. Here was joy in color and pure line, in motion and rest — the divine aspect and the eternal temper of things.

It is in some such homely way that every real revelation comes to men. It comes in the familiar scene at the unexpected hour. It is gloriously free of all the conventions. It is supremely simple and natural, bringing with it the sufficient credentials of its own authority. The God whom we have fashioned out of the patient pedantry of the classroom or the sermon hour seems hopelessly artificial by comparison. And he yields place to One so utterly natural and wholly credible, that we wonder how we could have ever doubted that He was there. The thing that is given is never without these mingled elements of surprise and recognition, and utter satisfaction at authentic reality. We simply look out on the world and say, 'Surely God is in this place and I knew it not.' The profoundest thing that was ever recorded about this whole matter of getting a religion was said long ago, and once for all: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'

But at the heart of this experience there lies a paradox, namely the deepening conviction that revelation is never given without a commensurate insight on our human side of the transaction. It is true that

> Men have oft grown old among their books
> To die case-hardened in their ignorance,
> Whose careless youth had promised what long years
> Of unremitted labour ne'er performed;
> While, contrary, it has chanced, some idle day,
> To autumn loiterers just as fancy free
> As midges in the sun, gives birth at last
> To truth.

But that mood, deliberately courted, means quietism pure and simple. And it is a fair question whether any revelation is ever given to the Simon-pure quietist. In the case of that 'autumn loiterer' on the Charles River Embankment, exactly the reverse was the case. He was one who had read of 'the rest most busy of God'; who knew that matchless tale about the world held in the hand as a very little hazelnut; whose mind echoed with the old affirmation, 'All shall be well, and all shall be well.' He was one whose outlook on life had been much colored by the poetry of Wordsworth; who brought with him a heart that watches; who sought to see into the life of things; who listened in the vast sea shell of being, and heard there its authentic tidings of 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.' Had it been otherwise, a Metropolitan Police boat by the river's brim a Metropolitan Police boat was to him, and it was nothing more!

A friend once happened upon the painter Turner before one of his glorious sunset canvases. 'I don't know how you saw that sunset,' he said. And Turner answered only, 'No, don't you wish you did?' Henry Adams, dabbling in water colors out in Samoa, complained that La Farge, working by his side, could see sixteen different shades of red in a sky that to him was just pure cobalt blue. The flaming sunset and the subtle colors of the blue sky were undoubtedly given to those artists as indubitable revelations. But they brought to that ultimate 'given-ness' an initial and disciplined insight, which had been won by years of drudgery in the studio.

It would seem, in our human experience, that authentic revelation from without always matches, and is in some measure dependent upon, an advance discipline and a clear expectation on the part of the recipient. This is certainly true of the 'discoveries' of science. They always have, in the end, the quality of being given rather than achieved. But if you want a duffer at an investigation, as James used to say, get a man who has no idea what he is looking for, and no interest in what he is to find. It

is certainly true of all the artists, that the access of inspiration, the intrusion of the creative power not themselves into their work, follows upon a long struggle to master their own technique. The pages of the 'Prelude' and the 'Excursion' are witness to this fact. They alternate between dreary passages of pedantic versifying and flaming verses of authentic inspiration. A *Golden Treasury* may cull out the latter and ignore the former, for our profit. But the chosen selections that appear in an anthology give an inadequate and fundamentally inaccurate account of the total experience of the poet.

The same paradox holds true of the given-ness of God. The ability to recognize one or another of the revealed aspects of the Divine rests upon a certain drudgery with the stable stuff and the normal technique of the moral and spiritual life. The mind that shirks this discipline and rests its case entirely upon a vacant quietism cannot understand how Brother Lawrence possessed God with sacramental tranquillity in the offices of his kitchen, or what General Booth saw in the ragged children and homeless old men of Whitechapel, or what Tolstoy saw in the peasants among the wheat fields at Yasnaya Polyana. To which they can only answer, 'No, don't you wish you did?' As a matter of fact, they all saw flashes of the Divine, actual, or potential. But the power to see what they saw has its advance price. And this advance price is the mastery of the recognized stuff and technique of this greatest of life's arts, the art of the worshiper. Both the power of initial insight, which prepares the way for the given reality, and the power to consolidate experience and to make it permanently fruitful in character, rest upon the daily unremitted drudgery with the method of the religious life.

Having fallen in love, it is, after all, a help to have read 'By the Fireside.' Browning gives first aid to self-knowledge and self-expression in that tumultuous hour. He does more than that: he is a very present help to self-mastery and the subsequent consolidation of the experience. One turns to him, as who should say, 'So this was what he meant, and that is what has happened to me.'

So it is with religion. There is a reliable congruity between the reality that is given, and the insight with which we approach reality. Insight, relying upon its own achievements, is blind. Revelation apart from disciplined expectancy is impossible. The strenuous religion of the seeker and the inert receptivity of the quietist are alike unfruitful of themselves. Each needs the other.

Religion is given, not learned. There is no possible doubt about that. But without the learning and the discipline, its very power to give itself adequately is thwarted. An advanced and disciplined knowledge of what history has defined as religious experience, a wise perception of the ways in which men consolidate and utilize revelation, is the only assurance we have that we are fit for the given hour. The event, learned as book-knowledge in the classroom, — the thing that once happened to psalmist, prophet, evangelist, saint, and pilgrim soul, — becomes a medium for making articulate what must otherwise be inarticulate; and beyond that, a kind of grappling-iron of the mind, with which to lay permanent hold upon the given reality.

Without this advance drudgery in the technique of life's greatest art, religion may be given, and even casually recognized as such. But it will be elusive and ephemeral, leaving only a vague bewilderment and light-headedness, but no permanent residuum in the solid content of character.

V

We come now to the point where those two rivals for our Sabbath loyalty, the church and the golf links, may begin to see their interdependence.

The emancipated Sunday golfer is in rebellion against the pedantry of religious education, which would parade itself as the content of the reality. He is in rebellion against the monopolistic claims of churchmen to the sole mediation of reality. He has come to the independent conclusion that the divine is quite as likely to reveal itself on the eighth green as in hymn 349.

If the links happen to be laid out in some serene breadth of open ground, along the seashore or through a noble woods, he is probably right. Who shall say that God does not walk on the fairways of St. Andrews? Moreover, there is something approaching a religious experience in watching the flight of a perfectly driven golf ball, for its great arc is drawn by the divine necessity.

But the nub of the matter is here. The ability to see God revealed on the eighth green depends upon the initial assumption that he who plays up to it is approaching with a mind that knows what it is looking for, a mind intently watchful and expectant. And the ability to see God there depends upon some advance discipline in insight, which is roughly represented by having been to church that morning.

Without that discipline, the eighth hole by the river's brim the eighth hole is to him, and it is nothing more. Of themselves, eighteen holes of golf, apart from a candid struggle to master the recognized technique of the religious life, hold no assurance of any revelation. But given the insight, the golf links, or any other aspect of the daily scene of work and play, may become our very Shekinah — the place of the Presence of the Glory of God. And to give that disciplined insight, that advance intent expectancy, is the whole aim of what we call religious education and of the normal processes of public worship. By all means, let us away with ecclesiastical monopolies and pedantry. Let us not confuse them with what we mean by the given realities of religion. But that we may be able to recognize God when we see him let us not neglect to

> Join chorus
> To Hepzibah tune, without further apology,
> The last five verses of the third section
> Of the seventeenth hymn of Whitefield's collection,
> To conclude with the doxology.

THE WIND'S WILL

BY CORNELIA GEER LEBOUTILLIER

NOLIE CAROL found small comfort in his pockets as he sauntered through the fields, his hands thrust into them, seeking it. He was nearly a man; but he had n't his full growth yet, and there was a boyishness about him, in the carriage of his shoulders and the loose spring of his step. The warm wind rumpled his Irish crop of curls, which had now for many days and one despairing night been rumpled by his own unquiet fingers.

He came on Ellen sitting in the paddock. The tall grass was waving almost over her head, bright now with the joys of ten bright summers. The sun was yellow on her hair, and in and out among the bare, brown toes of her. Her figure in its little, faded frock was limp with distress. She was in tears.

'What are you doing, child?'

'I 'm crying,' Ellen said.

He sat on the grass and stroked her tumbled head.

'Can't I see that. But what 's making you cry?'

'I 've been reading sad, beautiful verses, Nolie.' She raised her wet eyes to his, and sent a pang through him because they were like Kathleen's. She waved a bit of paper at him, and broke down again. 'It 's verses a boy wrote to Kathleen before she was married.'

'Wrote to Kathleen?' he exclaimed; 'give it here to me.'

The frown disappeared as he read. He blushed, and read again. He held his head on one side and ducked his chin to emphasize the cadence. A smile looked out of his eyes.

'Sure, there 's no sadness in them lines,' he asserted with pride. 'They 're beauties.' He read them once more, slowly. 'I 'll keep this.' He tucked it away in his coat.

'Oh,' she explained, 'it is n't the lines that 's sad. It 's the man that set them down.'

'The one that wrote them!' he exclaimed in consternation. 'And what 's sad about the man that wrote them? I think there 's a mistake in this.'

'No.' Ellen shook her head. 'Kathleen was telling me. He was fond of Kathleen, but she would n't have him. She said he was too young!'

Nolie reddened instantly. He rubbed one hand through his curly mop and dug deep into those comfortless pockets.

'It 's a pity about her,' he muttered. 'He was a handsome man, and a man that wrote verses, and a man that has a good chance to rise out of the place he 's in. Kathleen thought a pretty face would bring a duke itself from London. But is Johnnie Fahey from Ennis a duke? Or is he — '

'But Nolie,' said Ellen, with the tears still running down, 'this man is a sad man. He said to Kathleen himself, and Kathleen give it in to me, that there was nothing in him would make a woman want to be kind to him. It was for that I was crying. I think it is sad.'

And Ellen began to weep again, pressing her pale little face against the crook of her arm. Quick tears gushed into Nolie's eyes and were beaten steadily back. He gulped a bit, and hesitated, and ended up by swaggering.

'Ho! Don't be so simple, Ellen. Sure, I know the feller myself, and he 's as gay as a bee. He was only foolish, and he saying that. He 's a big, handsome lad, I tell you, and the girls is mad for him. Sure, he could walk out with a different one every night if he liked. There 's not one in the place would n't have him. Nellie Frawley would give her eyes for a smile from him — and Margaret McGinnis — Nonsense, child! What are you talking about?'

'He does n't want them other girls. He wants Kathleen.'

Her pointed chin still trembled, and Nolie's trembled with it.

'Ah, sure, Kathleen would n't take him. What would she want with him at all? Sure, he 's a big gawk of a man. He 's as clumsy as an old horse. What would he do with a wife at all, or what would she do with him?' He kicked the clumps of daisies at his feet. 'He was a fool to think of Kathleen. There 's nothing in him a woman would care about.'

'Did n't I tell you that?' sobbed Ellen. 'And you said it was n't true?'

'It 's God's truth itself,' said the broken voice at her side.

'Why, Nolie!' she cried. 'I knew it was sad. You 're crying yourself. I see your eyes have tears in them. What 's making you cry now?'

'I 'm lonely for Kathleen,' he whispered, 'the same as yourself. I was mad for Kathleen to marry me.'

He rubbed his sleeve across his eyes.

'But are you old enough to be married?' asked the child in surprise. 'I thought you were young!'

'What do you know of ages, y' old-fashioned piece! I'm as old as Kerry Croon was, and he marrying Michael Casey's daughter. I 'm old enough for Margaret Dolan, that 's as old as my mother, to want a kiss off, times I 'm passing her door.'

He waited for this to sink in.

'But Nolie! Old Margaret Dolan! Margaret Dolan would not get a kiss off Jingle that 's Thomas McDonagh's doggeen.'

'Well, did I say I give it to her?' he demanded angrily, 'or did I say she asked me, just?'

'But did you write the verses?' asked Ellen, as the thought came to her.

'I did,' he replied, 'and better ones.'

'Nolie!' Ellen caught her breath. 'Nolie, I did n't know you could write verses. Who ever learned you?'

'I learned myself, for the most part,' he told her shyly, 'and I met a man one time that told me the rest.'

'Where did you see him? Do you think he was one of Them?'

'I thought of that,' said Nolie, 'and I don't think he was. I seen him one time and he stopping the night in the old barn is down by the side of Michael Casey's field. I heard a sound in it, and I going home from Patrick Shanahan's place. Like running water, it was, and like falling water. I went in to see what was it, and there was the man before me, lying on his back on fresh grasses, saying his verses loud, and singing them, like. I stayed there all the night with him, and part of the day after. He showed me verses of his own, away better than these. They 'd draw out the heart of you the same as Nicholas Sheridan, and he playing an air on his flute.'

'What did they tell about?'

'What would they? They were like any verses, but better — about love and about magic and about fighting. I repeated him verses of my own, and he praised them, and faulted them, and showed me great kindness. He was off on a journey, he told me. He asked would I come along with him.'

'Nolie!' exclaimed Ellen with open mouth and eyes, 'it's well for you you did n't go. You 'd not get back so easy.'

'Maybe I would n't want to get back. I'll see him again and go with him.'

'Don't, Nolie. Don't say such a thing even for fun.'

'It's no joke. I'd go with him the last time, only for thinking of Kathleen.'

Ellen burst into tears.

'You won't come back and you go. I'll never see you again.'

'Much you would care, Ellen,' he said, running a lock of her hair between his fingers. 'I was no favorite of yours. You'd sooner John Fahey than me, or Joseph Croon, or Paddy Wince.'

'I did n't know then it was you wrote the verses.'

'And you 'd be sorry now to lose me?'

'If Kathleen won't have you, Nolie, then I 'll have you. I 'll be bigger soon. But don't go off with that man. It might be he is n't right.'

Nolie laughed, and passed the smooth hair again and again through his hands.

'He 's as right as myself. It 's not one of Them he is, but a play-boy or a mummer or some sort of a wanderer. I might go with him. I 'd go the last time if it was n't for Kathleen.'

Ellen put her hands to her eyes. Tears slipped between her fingers.

'But you 're only a child, Ellen.'

'I 'd grow very fast.'

'And would you keep pretty, and hold me in your mind?'

'Oh, I would! I would!'

Nolie drew a long sigh.

'If you really would,' he said, 'I'd not be near so lonely.'

'And would you make your verses for me?'

Nolie thought a minute, and nodded.

'I have some for you ready.'

'For me?' Her eyes were like stars.

'Yes, for you. There 's only one or two little changes I must put in them, and they 'll do you as good as another. I'll bring them to-morrow.'

'Oh! Oh! And will I show them to Kathleen the time she comes up from Ennis?'

'No!' There was a sudden change in Nolie, and a dark look on his face. 'You 'll not show them to Kathleen at all. If you 're to show them to her, you 'll not get them.'

'Well, I 'll not, then, Nolie, I promise.'

Nolie rose and flung his hair back.

'Now, mind, Ellen. I 'll give you the verses, and maybe I 'll make some more. But if you show them away to anyone, I'll destroy them on you, every one.'

'I'll show them to no one at all, then.'

'Will you promise that, now?'

'I will. I 'll show them to no one at all, only myself.'

He nodded, and started briskly off. Ellen reached a hand after him.

'Leave me that one you took away from me. That one 's mine, Nolie.'

'Yours!' He turned about quickly. 'What makes you say it 's yours? It's not yours it is at all.'

'It is mine, Nolie. Kathleen gave me it.' She fluttered her hand fearfully.

'Kathleen! Kathleen had n't the right to be giving it away. Kathleen should know better than to do such a thing. Would n't you think she 'd know better than that, Ellen?' He drove down his hands into his pockets, and set his teeth on his lip.

'Give it to me now, Nolie. I 'd never give it away.'

'Here.' He tossed it beside her.

Ellen pounced on it.

'Can I think it 's for me?'

'Think what you like,' called Nolie over his shoulder, 'and I'll bring you some others that will be for you.'

She smoothed the paper on her knee, and fell to reading with shining eyes.

He walked backwards for a step or two, shouting out, 'I'll show Kathleen she 's not the only one. There 's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.'

He swung away out of the broad field then, and by the thin path through the woods. As he went, he mournfully rumpled his hair.

RESCUING HER CUB

BY ENOS A. MILLS

Two hunters and a number of dogs made camp one evening near the headwaters of the St. Vrain River. They were after grizzly. There were grizzlies in these rugged mountains. But with numerous high, rocky ridges, deep, rugged cañons, and miles of forest, most grizzlies avoided being seen, and escaped the hunters even when dogs were used.

Off to the north, up a steep mountain, a mother grizzly had her cubs. The bayings of the dogs, or the scent of the far-off hunters, reached her the next morning after the hunters' camp was made. A grizzly mother takes no chances with the cubs. Generally her keen senses warn her of the approach of a hunter while he is still far off. The instant she scents danger, she hurries the cubs far away, out of the danger zone. But one of the cubs of this grizzly was crippled by the fall of a tree-limb and could not travel.

The mother grizzly appeared in the hunters' camp just as they were finishing breakfast. Instantly everything was in an uproar, and twenty dogs were after her. Away she fled to the south — away from her cubs. But she did not succeed, did not, after an all-day struggle, lead dogs and hunters away.

The following morning mother grizzly reappeared near their camp. Again hunters and dogs pursued. Miles to the south she ran. This time she led them far from her den and cubs. She zigzagged, circled, waded three miles up a mountain stream, concealed her trail, and escaped. The bewildered dogs were left at the foot of the mountain.

She should be safe now. But a grizzly ever assumes itself followed and ever is watchful for ambush. The breeze was behind her. Coming to a low ridge, she peeped over. The way appeared safe.

But, the instant she reached the skyline, the hunters opened fire. The grizzly was out of sight in a few seconds. Miles she ran toward the southwest, away from her den. Late in the afternoon the pursuing hunters paused on a high spur. In the distance they saw the bear pacing back and forth on a pass.

She was more than twenty miles from her den. But the cubs were not yet safe. These hunters and dogs must be led farther off.

It was possible for her to cross to the other side of the Continental Divide, and, over a rough and roundabout way which dogs could not follow, come back to the den. This would mean perhaps fifty miles of travel. The grizzly stopped pacing. While the hunters were watching, she crossed the Divide.

A little while after mother grizzly had left her cubs, an enormous landslide slipped from the mountainside and carried the bear den and surroundings down into the bottom of a cañon. From my camp I heard the slide and saw the dust it threw off. I did not then know that the mother was away from the den, seeking to lead the dogs off. I feared that the entire grizzly family had been carried down by the slide, and started out to make a search.

The second morning following the landslide, the grizzly returned. She

probably had traversed the western slope of the high Divide, to a point opposite her den, then climbed over the summit. I was on the mountainside near where her den had been. Through the glass I watched her shuffling rapidly down the long, treeless slope. While still a quarter of a mile from the place where her den had been, she appeared to realize a change. Perhaps she saw some of it, and scented the fresh surfaces and crushed trees. She stopped, stood on her hind legs, drew her paws up to her breast, leaned forward, and, with nose pointing here and there, looked over the changes in the place.

A stupendous pile of chaotic wreckage lay in the cañon. Uprooted trees, boulders, broken rocks — many of enormous size — were flung in wildest confusion. In this débris and along the slide's destructive way, I had searched and searched for the cubs and the bear.

The grizzly showed surprise and interest in the landslide, but no fear, no alarm. She approached the torn edge cautiously, looked at it for a moment, then plunged down into the cañon and began searching for the den. Then she raced here and there, her nose down like a dog, searching for the cubs.

I hurried on down to where the slide had plunged wildly over the cañon rim. Later, the grizzly came hurrying along. In the channel and on both sides she galloped, searching with eyes and nose.

She caught my scent, put her nose in one of my tracks, and rose on her hind legs, with neck bristling. She scented man-danger for the cubs. Ordinarily, man-scent causes a grizzly to rush from the locality. But her attitude was defiance, not retreat. Intent on the search, and steaming with warmth, she passed near without detecting me. Down into the cañon she went, searching among the landslide débris.

At the bottom, almost on the edge of the stream, she unearthed a lifeless cub. She fondled it, licked its body clean, laid it down and looked at it with a puzzled expression. She lifted it upon the bank. Gently, ever so gently, she pawed and pushed it about as if trying to awaken it. She pushed it against a boulder and backed away, watching it. Then she turned and climbed back up the landslide's torn track, as if there to search further for the other cub.

Fearing that mother grizzly might come upon me in one of her wild dashes, I started for camp. About a mile down the mountain, I stopped to look around.

While I stood upon a log in the woods, a dirty little cub came from among the trees and walked slowly toward me. Neither sight nor scent warned him of my presence. After smelling and sniffing by the side of the log, he began digging. He found nothing, raised his head, and whined. He was a lost, hungry cub — the one for which the mother was now searching. He took a few steps, then stopped as if uncertain which way to go.

I grabbed the cub. He fought me, clawing, biting and struggling. He was weak, — he had not nursed for two or three days, — and weighed only a few pounds. I pushed him into the pocket of my coat, where he snuggled down.

There I stood with the grizzly cub in my pocket. Any instant the mother might appear, having trailed me down the mountain, or, more likely, having trailed the cub to this place.

But, before the mother found the cub, it might perish from hunger. The right thing appeared to be to carry him up the mountain and place him close to the dead cub, where his mother would be likely to find him. This would be taking desperate chances, with the mother so close. But I took the chances and started up through the woods with the cub.

Carrying a long-lost grizzly cub toward its desperate mother is walking into the zones of adventure and suicide.

If she came upon me with the cub in my possession, no explanation would save me. I did not carry a gun, and I was baiting a grizzly bear — the female of the species.

Rushing muffled footfalls on my left startled me. A heavy animal was approaching. Unable to see far because of thick tree-growth, I threw myself down on the pine-needles, to look beneath the low hanging limbs. Nothing could be seen. But the animal could be heard circling around me and coming closer.

The cub set up a bawling. He seemed determined to tell the passer-by that he was being carried off by a kidnapper. I slipped a raisin into his mouth. He became quiet. *Thumpety-thud*, a deer ran by me.

Knowing that this cub outburst might have reached his mother, or that it might be repeated, I made ready to separate myself from him instantly. But, after I had waited a minute or two behind a tree, the forest seemed so peaceful that I went on.

Crossing the stream in the cañon a little below the dead cub, I saw that the water was filled with sediment. Was the mother digging in the landslide débris above? Behind a rock I waited and listened. I was ready to drop the cub and vanish, or to shoot up a tree if the cub whimpered, and mother *Ursus horribilis* appeared.

Eager to be rid of the cub, I hurried up the cañon. Startlingly fresh mother-grizzly tracks were by the dead cub. The crumbling track-edges showed that one minute earlier there would have been a different story. I dropped the live cub by the dead one.

It was no place to linger. Mother might return suddenly. I headed for camp; but, as I hurriedly climbed out of the cañon, I looked back. The little cub was snuggling up to his dead brother.

As I reached the top of the cañon, it came to me like a flash that I was not yet out of danger. Grizzlies have a keen nose. My clothes were filled with the scent of the cub, and as mother grizzly rushed here and there, she might come close enough to catch this cub-scent. If she caught it, she was likely to see if the cub was concealed in the clothes. I hurried from the place.

Down the slope I stopped to look back and listen. A gigantic grizzly coming stealthily behind along my trail was almost upon me. I was in an opening, and it did not seem safe to run, although the bear was approaching as if to pounce upon me.

By the tree nearest to me the bear stopped, and rose on tiptoe to look me over. It was the mother of the cubs. She was steaming with warmth. She put her forepaws against the tree, as if to steady herself. She moved her head slowly from side to side, as if she could not see plainly; then she moved her nose up and down, as she looked me over. Suddenly she dropped on all fours and started toward me. I was less than twenty feet away. After the second step, she stopped. Again she stood on her hind feet.

There was no show of anger. She plainly was greatly puzzled over something. This close approach and apparent hesitation — neither attacking nor retreating — was extraordinary action for a grizzly.

She had caught the scent of the cub. This scent was her first clue of the lost cub, and she was certain to follow it up. I wondered if she would not come up and take hold of my clothes; and what her next move would be on finding my coat full of strong scent of the cub — and the cub not with me.

Perhaps she would allow me to escape, if I threw her my cub-scented clothes. But she might assault me instead. She wanted the cub.

I would have climbed a tree had any been within reach. But it did not seem

wise to move toward one, or to move at all. So again I stood still when she started toward me, and resolved not to move unless she growled or charged. Fortunately she concluded to walk entirely around me. This she did deliberately, stopping a few times to stand still for a better look, and to sniff her nose. Not seeing the cub, she again came to a standstill, and finally sat down dog-like, keeping her eyes upon me.

Apparently she intended to stay until I delivered the cub to her. Although there was no suggestion of anger or fierceness, some unexpected thing might arouse her in a second. If the cub should walk out of the hollow log near by, or come out of the clump of bushes between us, she might assault me in an instant. Grizzly mothers insist that men keep far from their cubs.

So I thought to edge slowly toward a tree. She watched me, but with no show of resentment. When almost to the tree, I concluded to try running away. After many steps I stopped by a boulder, to find out if she was following. She was, and was close to me.

Again I ran. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw her following, a little to one side and at about my speed. She was watching me curiously.

She was trying to find the cub. Its scent being upon me, but no cub in sight, evidently mystified her.

Plainly, the only thing for me to do was to lead her to the cañon near the cub — that is, if she would follow my leadership. If she caught the fresh scent of the cub, I should escape.

I made a dash for the cañon; full speed I ran, without looking back. For several seconds I could not hear her. Suddenly she leaped into an opening in front of me, as if to head me off from the cañon. She stood up, sniffed and sniffed, and acted as if blind. But there was no cub to be seen.

Footfalls on our left disturbed us both. She dashed off, but after a few jumps, came to a stop behind a clump of firs. I stood still. The footfalls, perhaps those of a passing deer, had ceased. A woodpecker was tapping far off, a Clark's crow was noisily clamoring in the top of a pine, and close to me a squirrel was just bursting with curiosity.

In a most leisurely fashion the grizzly came walking back. She stopped, and I hoped that, in the silence, the cub would whine or the breeze would bring his mother a message from him. But nothing happened.

Another short run brought me close to the edge of the cañon, above the cubs. I had hoped to reach the rim in this advance, but the grizzly placed herself before me, a short stone's throw from the cañon. She stopped abruptly, with both eyes upon me.

Then she scented the cub. She rose on tiptoe quickly, and turned her face toward the cañon. She looked and sniffed. She growled. Her neck fur bristled.

In a flash she changed to furious, aggressive motherhood. I now was in danger. She was about to charge me for coming so close to her cub. Fortunately she had not yet seen the cub, and trying to see it delayed her charge. But, bristling and furious, she edged sideways toward me. The cub, near, but out of sight, was climbing out of the cañon toward us.

I had stopped by a tree, up which I could quickly swing if the grizzly charged. If the cub failed to appear, the mother might sit at the bottom of the tree and keep me up indefinitely.

With jaws working and teeth gnashing, she looked at me and gathered herself to spring. A brush near by snapped. She gave a terrific growl.

I swung free of the earth and up the tree. In her leap she turned and plunged toward the cañon.

Looking down from a high tree-limb I saw her lift and hug the little cub.

WHAT COAL MEANS TO US

BY GEORGE OTIS SMITH

I

THERE is no romance in coal; the word calls to mind no pleasing pictures of adventure and conquest. Argonaut expeditions never set sail to find coal; but to mention the spicy Indies, sunny California, the far-away Rand and Australia, and the frozen Yukon, is to recall the lure and the glamour — centuries old, yet ever new — of man's perennial search for gold. Yellow gold suggests high adventure in the open, but black coal suggests only hard toil underground — it belongs to the big world of work rather than to the smaller realm of romance. Dull and dirty, coal is the symbol of the purely utilitarian in life; for coal is as highly useful as it is meanly prosaic. Though it is won from the depths of the earth by laborious effort, and though it soils everything it touches, coal makes our world a brighter and better place to live in.

What coal means to the world, however, is little appreciated by the many who share its benefits. The man on the street thinks of coal only in terms of the few tons he buys for his furnace and his range. A coal strike, though it may be country-wide, means little to him. 'I use anthracite, and I bought mine in March,' is the casual remark with which he absolves himself from any further interest in an impending shortage of both bituminous and anthracite coal. A newspaper headline telling of disorder and riot at a mine in Illinois or West Virginia may bring from him the question, 'That's where they mine coal, is n't it?' The fact that coal is mined in thirty states, and that the industry employs three quarters of a million men as well as two and one third billions of invested capital — all this escapes his notice and the notice of most of us, absorbed as we are in our own daily tasks.

At times, it is true, public interest in coal is thoroughly aroused. Of the raw materials that go into the warp and woof of modern life, coal is one of the few that is directly purchased by the citizen. Our consumption of the useful metals, per capita, is, in value, roughly equal to our consumption of coal; but few of us ever buy pig iron or bar copper, and so we rarely think of the prices of these metals. But, unless he is so unfortunate as to dwell in a hotel, an apartment, or a boarding-house, every head of a family must buy coal for his own household. When, therefore, for any cause the price of household coal rises, his pocketbook nerve is touched, and he begins to feel feverish concern. A rise in the price of no other commodity, gasoline excepted, can more easily bring public opinion to a high temperature.

This sporadic concern about coal and coal prices lacks both perspective and proportion. The public interest in coal is something far larger than that based on all the use we make of it in our homes. Of the six tons that measure the per-capita consumption in the United States, less than one and a half

tons are used for heating and cooking, even though that is the coal which we buy and whose price we know.

There is a large personal service that we receive daily from coal that we often overlook, if indeed we ever fully appreciate it. Coal comes into our homes, not only by way of the chute to the cellar bin, but over the wire, and through the pipes, and also, in no small amounts, by the kitchen door. Our electric current and gas and water and ice all represent coal — more coal than we are likely to realize. Into the house that I happen to know best, for example, there came in a single year thirteen and a third tons of bituminous coal, which was never seen by any member of my household, but for which I had to pay, just as truly as I paid for the fifteen tons of anthracite I bought that year. A study of the accounts for the year shows that one and one fifth tons of coal had to be used at the power station, to furnish my electric current; more than four fifths of a ton of coal at the ice factory, to make my ice; more than eleven tons of coal, or its equivalent in coke or oil, at the gas plant, to furnish the more convenient fuel in my home; and, even with a gravity system, one hundred and twenty pounds of coal at the city pumping station, to raise the water we used from filter plant to reservoirs. These thirteen tons of coal thus bring to a home of to-day what we call its modern conveniences — service rendered by energy-slaves, whose presence we forget, but who quietly do so much work that our grandfathers — and grandmothers — had to do for themselves.

This indirect consumption of coal, amounting to more than two tons a person in the household I have studied, is nearly as great as the direct consumption of coal for heating the same home; so that the visible coal I buy from the coal-dealer is only half of my supply; and, be it noted, the most of my invisible coal is received in the form of what we call public-utility service, for which I pay at publicly regulated rates.

II

Essential as coal, both seen and unseen, is to the comfort of the home, it is a far larger aspect of our coal supply that demands national attention. Our industrial and transportation systems are built on a coal foundation: take coal away and the great structure that expresses all the material progress of which we as Americans are proud would be a useless thing. Coal we take too much as a matter of course; too seldom do we notice how it enters into the life of the nation. As we watch the railroad train passing, laden with coal, the truth of the statistics of coal and the problem of its transportation should come home to us: 40 per cent of all the freight loaded is coal, and the locomotives themselves consume more than a quarter of all the coal mined. For every five cars of coal that the railroads deliver to themselves, seven cars go to the boiler-house of factory, mill, or power plant, three and one half cars to the dealers who deliver the coal to our homes for heating and cooking, and two other cars to the coke ovens and gas works; the rest of the coal is used at the mines for power, or taken to the seaboard for bunker or export. Almost every modern industrial and commercial activity depends upon coal for its motive power.

Nature did not trouble to make an equal distribution of coal among the nations; nor, until recently, have the makers of national boundaries given much heed to the location of coal fields. To-day the wealth of each continent and country in unmined coal is well known, though the figures showing these world reserves of energy are far

too large to be comprehended — roughly five million million tons of coal, not including the low-grade variety known as lignite. An easily remembered and thoroughly gratifying detail, however, is that half of the world's known supply of coal is in North America. If, by way of humanizing these incredibly large statistics of coal reserves, we give the measure of a nation's wealth in coal in the per-capita tonnage of coal unmined, we find that the leading industrial nations rank about as follows: the United States possesses more than 23,000 tons of coal, other than lignite, for every man, woman, and child of its present population; Great Britain has about 5000 tons per capita; Germany probably still owns not less than 4000 tons per capita; Belgium, perhaps 1500 tons; France, probably more than 800 tons; Spain, less than 400 tons; and Japan, 150 tons, or considerably less than our own per-capita reserve of anthracite, our luxury coal, the supply of which we regard as extremely scant.

If population were a fixed quantity, and the uses of coal were a fully determined factor, the rate of consumption of coal might be predicted for future centuries; but what we know about our grandfathers' days justifies some hesitation in prophecy about our grandchildren's days. If fifty years ago the per-capita consumption of coal was one ton a year, and it is now six tons, what dare we say as to the requirements of future generations? This rapidly increasing rate of consumption is, in fact, an ever-changing unit, which we have to use in measuring our reserve stocks of coal. It is true that over 99 per cent of our country's original supply is even yet unmined, but it is also true that in the last dozen years we have mined more coal than in the whole of the preceding century and a half since coal mining began.

This startling increase in our country's consumption of coal can be better understood if we look beneath the surface of everyday things. The trace of coal is found everywhere in modern life. That large tonnage of unseen coal already mentioned as entering our homes disguised as public-utility gas, electricity, and water is by no means the full measure of the domestic service rendered by coal. We know, for instance, that in the industrial zone between Boston and Washington — a relatively small area, in which, however, is concentrated one fourth of the population of the United States — the bakeries use over half a million tons of coal a year for heat and power, the sugar refineries a million and a quarter tons, the manufacturers of other food products another million and a quarter tons, and the ice plants nearly three quarters of a million tons. Indeed, fully seven per cent of what is called industrial coal in this area is thus translated into food; so that, again in invisible form, more than ten thousand tons of coal come each day to our tables. To this extent is coal consumed outside the home in fact a food-necessity.

Even more has coal become the staff of life of our industries. We can best realize what coal means in a national sense if we study history in terms of the steam-engine and industry. In the century and a half since the Declaration of Independence gave to the world a new political ideal, the substitution of steam for human labor in doing the world's work has created a new industry, a new commerce, and a new social order. The leading industrial nations lead because of the coal they produce; their rank in the world's markets is largely fixed by the coal they consume; and their future power must be conditioned by their wealth in coal. Hence the national significance of a properly functioning coal industry.

The modern industrial system, as we

know it in the United States, is founded on a use of mechanical power more generous than prevails elsewhere in the world. We multiply man-power with machinery; we lift the load from the back of man by offering him the use of electrically driven tools; and man thus becomes the master of a machine rather than the slave of a Herculean task; yet these power-driven machines must be thought of as not so much labor-saving as product-increasing agencies. The modern steel plant may employ thousands of men, but back of each human worker there is from five to ten horse-power of electric drive; and this large coöperation of the machine with the man explains the low cost of American steel. And practically all this vast supply of energy, upon which every industry draws so heavily, comes from coal. So it is that each ton of steel we use represents more than two tons of coal; the cement that forms the other essential component in our modern structures has cost half its weight in coal; and the roof of copper shingles, three times their weight in coal; so too, this printed page has cost more than twice its weight in coal; and even the sheerest of fabrics contains its quota of coal, for the silk mills of New Jersey and other Eastern states consume each year nearly half a million tons.

Moreover, this large and increasing use of coal-generated power is typically American; no other country equals ours in its per-capita equipment of power-generating and power-using machinery. And we need to keep in mind, as we face the future, the obvious truth that there is no other route to nation-wide prosperity so direct as this machine method of increasing the productivity of labor. Planning for an ever larger supply of mechanical power and for the ever wider use of improved machines is the surest way to continue American standards of wages and living against all competition in the world's markets.

We have learned to look upon radium as the wonder-worker among minerals; yet the more common and commonplace coal possesses truly marvelous powers in its contribution to the every-day work of the world. Coal perhaps deserves to be called the magical multiplier of man-power. Take the average daily output of the soft-coal mine worker — four tons in 1920; the half ton of coal he mines in an hour will yield, under average practice, steam-power to an amount of 500 horse-power hours, or say 5000 man-power hours: in that ratio do coal and the steam engine multiply human energy. Or, to put it in other terms, although the coal-miner works a short year at best, nevertheless his year's endeavor, measured in the coal he mines, is equivalent in mechanical energy to the continuous effort for a year of a thousand men turning wheels in some man-power machine. By a thousandfold at least does the energy in our coal replace the slave-labor of the ancient world. Better the Coal Age of America than the Golden Age of Greece.

Coal, then, is a wonder-worker whose rôle has become a commonplace — a faithful slave whose service we take for granted. Yet the sum total of all that coal means to us is so great a part of modern life that the public can no longer with safety shift the responsibility of the coal industry, even though the larger users of coal — the railroads, the steel industry, the electric public utilities — all have a more direct interest in watching it. In speaking to the members of the American Iron and Steel Institute, — men of engineering and financial talent, who have won world-leadership for their industry, — I held them to a definite responsibility for the one hundred million tons or more of coal they use each year in making steel; but the rest of us must also face

the plain issue that the story of coal is a story of waste, all the way from the face of the mine-working to the smoke-stack of the boiler plant: waste of a natural resource, waste of human endeavor, waste of capital, waste of transportation capacity, and waste of energy; and of none of these have we enough — much less, any to spare.

III

The betterment of the coal business is not a simple matter. First of all, there are two major classes of coal: anthracite, or hard coal, and bituminous, or soft coal — a distinction that is commercial and industrial even more than scientific. The contrast in the physical characters of these two kinds of coal is so marked that it is evident even to a passer-by; but this Nature-made difference results in two distinct types of industry, whose diverse features are essential in any consideration of the coal problem. The annual output of anthracite, for instance, is less than one fifth that of bituminous coal, although more than one fifth as much capital, and even one fourth as many mine-workers, are engaged in the anthracite industry — that is, the dollar invested and the man employed cannot produce as much hard coal as soft coal. Practically all the anthracite comes from a limited area in Pennsylvania, while bituminous coal is mined in thirty states; there remains in the ground in the United States about one half of one per cent as much anthracite as bituminous and lower-grade coals. So it happens, logically, that anthracite mining is a natural monopoly, out of which has grown a well-organized business, duly proportioned to meet current demands for its high-grade product, which commands a luxury price not closely related to the price of soft coal. To maintain this favored standing, anthracite is prepared for domestic use by cleaning and separating into different sizes, with a resulting by-product of sizes too small for domestic use, — the 'steam sizes' of commerce, — which are sold in competition with soft coal, at prices much below the average mining cost for the whole anthracite output. The anthracite industry is thus a manufacturing as well as a mining business, and its product is roughly divided into 70 per cent domestic sizes and 30 per cent steam sizes. A contrast sometimes overemphasized is that, while 70 per cent of the anthracite mined goes to homes, only 12 per cent of the bituminous coal mined is classed as household coal; yet the fact is that about the same quantity of each, sixty million tons, is burned in domestic use. Both may equally be said to keep the home fires burning; but bituminous coal is preëminently the fuel that makes the wheels go round.

With so much at stake, it is high time that the common people look into the soft-coal business or at least learn the A B C's of its economics. Nature has blessed these United States with wonderful beds of high-grade coal that can be easily mined; the productivity of our American mine-workers, backed by modern machinery, is higher than that of any coal-miners elsewhere in the world; but in Europe the miners work much longer years. In coal-mining it is the American hare and the European tortoise; for while in normal times, in Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, and France, the coal mines have been open for work from 290 to 320 days a year, our average American bituminous mine has been open only 215 days in the average year, and considerably less than 170 days last year. Moreover, for over thirty years the American soft-coal miner has faced not only the certainty of idle days but also the uncertainty as

to when his idle days were to come. Intermittency of employment year after year does not breed good working habits.

It is all too plain that this irregular running of mines for hardly more than two thirds of the working days of a year requires more mines and more mine-workers — it involves a sad waste of capital and a sadder waste of manpower. This overdevelopment of a basic industry is now generally acknowledged, even by those most interested. This excess of capital and of labor in the coal industry leads to the hazards of unemployment; and naturally both capital and labor seek wages high enough to cover expected idle time as well as actual working time. Larger profits and higher wages loom up as the logical content of this vicious circle of too many mines and too many miners and too short working time. All this makes the consumer's coal bill too large, because it includes a charge for too much idleness — he pays for what he does n't get.

The obvious remedy for inflation is deflation; but who is to begin the deflation? A coal operator with wide outlook suggests bankruptcy for one third of the soft-coal mines; and a spokesman of union labor suggests 'back to the farm' for 150,000 surplus miners. Probably neither of these radical programmes can be carried out, however desirable. A more practical line of attack will be to strike at the causes that have opened thousands of new and unneeded mines and attracted this excess army of mine-workers. The stimulus to overdevelopment has been furnished by high prices obtained under exceptional market conditions; and the stimulus to overmanning the industry has been furnished by high wages demanded for short-time employment. And so again we discover this chain of irregular operation and intermittent employment together causing a too high wage-scale, and yet resulting in too low annual earnings; with full justification, the coal-operator and the coal-miner and the coal-consumer, each thinks he is not getting a fair deal.

The average mine and the opportunity it offers the average miner is a statistical fact rather than a social picture. Thousands of miners have a better chance to work than that four-day week of the average mine; but, unfortunately, many thousand others have a much poorer chance. For ten years the coal mines in New Mexico have had an average working week of five and one half days; but in the same period the Oklahoma mines have been open almost two days less to the week. With such extremes, the United States plainly is not a land of equal opportunity for the coal-miner; and the steady work in New Mexico has not helped the family of the miner employed in Oklahoma.

The marked differences between states in the length of the working year are due in part to differences in type of market demand, quality of coal, mining costs (including wage-scale), and degree of overdevelopment. Copper smelters and railroads stabilize the demand for New Mexico coal, and the mine capacity of the state is well proportioned to the needs of the market. In Alabama the steel industry and the cotton-oil industry together give to the coal mines a much longer working year than is possible in Illinois, where a seasonal demand and overdevelopment of mines have combined to make a working year that is all too short. Undoubtedly these market differences tell only part of the story; for the lower wage-scales in the nonunion districts have made possible lower-cost coal, giving it an advantage over coal from union districts in any competitive market and affording the lower-cost mines the longer working time and more days'

wages to their workers. It is part cause and part effect, therefore, that the strongest union centres are the districts with the shortest working years.

Much that may be done to better the condition of coal-mining can be done only by the coal industry itself. The mining engineer is needed to raise the underground efficiency of the average mine nearer to what has been attained in the best mines; for we have large coal mines, well laid out and fully equipped with modern machinery, which show in practice how coal can be mined with the least waste of manpower. It is significant that in these larger and better-planned mines there is opportunity to work more hours in the day and more days in the year. Best of all, in such mines the individual mine-worker loads more coal for society and earns more money for his family, so that the two ideals are attained — cheaper coal and larger earnings. Both mine-worker and mine-operator have paid far too little heed to this method of bettering the coal business — the one has specialized too much on selling his labor and the other on selling his coal.

IV

Yet the economic defects in the coal business cannot all be cured by more attention to engineering by the mine-operator or a larger interest in his work by the mine-worker; for much of the trouble originates not at the mine but at the distant market. The consumer is too often uninformed about coal; and even if informed, he is too often utterly neglectful of any but his own interests. The charge of selfishness can be brought home as strongly to those who buy coal as to those who mine or sell coal; and public opinion needs to put the same ban on the consumer who disregards the interests of the coal producer, as on all those who disregard the interests of the coal consumer. Learning the A B C's of the economics of the coal business is, indeed, no more needed than are a few kindergarten lessons in practical ethics as applied to coal-buying. Few coal consumers, for example, ever consider the possibility of accommodating their coal dealer by ordering a year's supply of coal to be delivered, let us say, 'a.d.c.' (at dealer's convenience). Yet that simple reform would enable the local dealer to stabilize his business, and in turn would help to stabilize the mine-operator's business, to the end that the mine-worker's April might contain nearly as many days as his November, instead of six or seven days less.

A thought-provoking instance of shortsighted self-interest is afforded by the recent bituminous-coal market. In June, New England and New York buyers were refraining from adding to their fast disappearing stocks of coal and were even cancelling their orders for shipments, because freight rates to seaboard points were to be lowered July first. The known facts that the country needed the product of every mine that was then running, that half a million tons waited on the cars at Hampton Roads, and that the failure to move this coal slowed down mine operation in West Virginia — all this counted for nothing against the expected reduction of 28 cents a ton on freight in July, even though at the National Conference of Social Work an earnest inquiry was made about ways and means of aiding the miners' families in West Virginia: *Dollars for charity, but not 28 cents in a business deal!* The result of this penny-wise disregard of the larger interest was about what might have been expected: in July everyone who had waited for the saving of 28 cents in freight rushed to market; and this demand not only cleared the docks of unsold coal but quickly pushed

the price of coal at the mine up 56 cents; so that those who found coal to buy paid 28 cents more, not 28 cents less, for their coal at tidewater. Nor is this recent experience unique; for most of the surplus mines owe their origin to the high prices of panicky markets, and these in turn are due to the mass movement of buyers, whose selfishness causes them now to delay buying until coal may be cheaper, and now to rush to market for coal of any kind at any price. The 28-cent margin of such speculator-buyers is soon wiped out.

This failure of the consumer to see the producer's side of the shield may be due as much to the distance that separates them as to lack of sympathetic vision. Measured even by the recent unusually high transatlantic rates from Cardiff, Welsh coal is only a few cents more distant from the Boston market than all-rail Pennsylvania soft coal. This long haul from mine to market, so large an item in the cost of coal, hinders the growth of community of interest between those who burn and those who mine coal — too often they are not citizens of the same state. Coal, in its relation to general welfare and to interstate commerce, thus has special significance in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware; for this industrial belt has no coal of its own and is therefore wholly dependent upon mines outside of it. This means that the 21,000,000 citizens of these nine states look to their Federal government to protect their health and welfare so far as these depend on fuel and power: they ask Washington to provide coal, adequate as to supply and reasonable as to cost.

The evidence that sets forth the bad economics of the whole coal business is not yet all in; what we have learned in the last few years about the mining, distribution, and marketing of coal simply opens up wide fields for further inquiry. The sooner all the facts are known, the better it will be for the coal industry as well as for the public. Dead-set opposition to permitting representatives of the public to poke into so-called private business is a policy already out of date. What is most to be feared is public action without adequate consideration of the facts. Public opinion needs for its guidance a better understanding of the consumers' possible influence on the marketing of coal; of the burden put on the railroads by the seasonal variation in coal shipments; of the useless duplication of transportation facilities demanded by competitive service to too many mines; of the waste of man-power in small mines that operate intermittently; of the lack of mine-efficiency due both to poor management and to union regulations; and of all the man-made handicaps placed on this industry, upon the health of which practically every other industry depends. We should not expose the coal industry to political experiments, but we must plan its restoration to economic health.

It may be that radical changes will be found necessary, such as permitting larger combination, under strict public regulation, of corporations engaged in mining and marketing coal; or controlling the distribution of coal along rational rather than fortuitous lines — a revival of zoning, so as to secure economy in the large item of transportation cost; or limiting the development of the industry more nearly to the measure of public requirements. Any of these methods may seem to run counter to the established ideas of the rights and privileges of private business; but public regulation has already taken similar liberties with the public utilities, and for the general benefit of all concerned. Monopoly of market, regulated quality of service, and prices adjusted to costs, are now accepted as

basic premises in the conduct of what are well termed public-service corporations. What was private business a few years ago has now become public business; and it is noteworthy, too, that the public-service executives have visions of future advances in economy of power-generation and distribution in the public interest far beyond anything proposed by private initiative in the coal business.

Indeed, it appears wholly inconsistent that, although the energy put at our service through the agency of railway train or street car or electric light is recognized as of a public-utility nature, and the rates we pay for it are fixed by municipal, State, or Federal regulation, the price of the coal that constitutes the source of that energy and the chief component of that public utility is regarded by some as outside the pale of public control or even of public inquiry. Coal, they say, is simply a commodity, like boots and shoes, and is therefore not to be made a matter of public concern or investigation. The coal mine, say these defenders of the past, is private property, even though the electric-power plant and the steam locomotive, which together consume so large a part of the output of that mine, are agencies engaged in business so affected with a public use that they are wholly subject to public regulation.

The futile conferences in Washington in July between coal-operators and coal-mine-workers emphasized again and again the fact that the stoppage of coal-mining was looked upon by both parties as purely a matter of private business, a controversy to be fought to a finish; and clever cartoonists were quick to portray the insignificance of the common citizen with the empty coal-hod. President Harding's repeated references to the larger public interest in this issue were sorely needed to offset the vociferous utterances of those who set their business and their jobs above the general welfare; and no argument, however skillfully framed, could meet the President's assertion that both workers and operators had an obligation '*to serve that public which made possible your industrial existence.*' It is society that gives value to coal and opportunity to the coal industry.

The 'general-welfare clause' undoubtedly must play an increasingly prominent part in national affairs, as the constitutional basis for action to protect the majority against any minority that arrogantly exhibits its indifference to the common good. The aggressive minority may derive its power from its monopoly of a valued resource or its monopoly of skilled labor; but the eventual reaction of the public will be the same, whether the monopolistic minority wears the label of trust or of union. Too long have the mine-owners treated the coal business as private privilege, and too long have the labor leaders, with no less monopolistic attitude, obstructed every move for underground efficiency and economy. The people's coal costs too much because of the mistaken idea that mine-owner and mine-worker can continue indefinitely to fight over contracts and rules.

Yet there is equal need and greater opportunity for the general-welfare clause to be made a standard for personal decision and a motive for individual action. The coal problem may yield in part to better engineering underground; but that engineering should have the humanitarian purpose of increasing the earnings of labor as well as the economic purpose of reducing the waste of capital. The coal problem may be solved in part by better distribution, but railroads and coal companies need to coöperate in a spirit broader than that of exchanging empty coal cars for coal contracts at prices

below cost. The coal problem may also be made simpler by bettering the marketing system; but here, too, no machinery of public regulation can be so effective as the mutual recognition by buyer and seller of coal that broken contracts and profiteering prices do not serve to stabilize any business.

Not only does the trouble in the coal industry include sins against both economic and moral law, but at bottom there has been a lack of vision of its true relation to the general welfare. In the present readjustment period, for example, the coal-operator, coal-miner, and coal-merchant have too often failed to see that the price at which coal sells becomes a first item of cost in the great productive industries, so that the general recovery of business for which everyone prays is conditioned by the trend in coal. If the coal industry fails to keep down prices, what hope is there in other industries? No other producers exert a more general influence; and this relation of the coal industry to the general welfare carries the larger obligation to the nation.

For many years the coal industry has been burdened with evils that were only in part of its own making, — it is told that the first man who sold hard coal in Philadelphia was chased out of town as a swindler, — and now, in 1922, the controversy between the two active partners in the business has involved the silent partner in heavy losses. Exasperated by indifference and neglect, this silent partner has come to realize to some degree how large his share in the coal business really is and has now even threatened to take over the management of the business. Perhaps it would be wiser, first, to learn more about the coal industry and to apply the force of public opinion to its betterment in less extreme fashion than by Government operation. A somewhat radical journal recently referred to 'a naïve belief in the power of public opinion'; yet in a democracy what other power can be appealed to for either conservative or progressive influence in public affairs? A larger faith in popular government was voiced by our President at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial, when he said: 'Deliberate public opinion never fails.'

Let a public opinion enlightened by a thorough study of the coal industry be the force that refuses capital to open or operate unneeded mines; that refuses either wages or profits figured on only two-thirds working time; that refuses, in short, to regard as private business the mining and marketing of so indispensable a commodity as coal, but that encourages, in turn, off-season purchase and storage of coal by consumers; that replaces suspicion and criticism with true coöperation between consumer and producer; and, especially, that endorses any legislation needed to put coal-mining and coal-distribution on a better economic basis.

With this more lively appreciation of what coal means to us, and with a more definite purpose to help to make the industry function better, the passing car of coal may catch our eye as one of the symbols of American greatness — as visible evidence of the energy whose uninterrupted service is needed in home and factory alike; for without coal our great industrial cities would be cold and dark and silent.

THROUGH AN ULSTERMAN'S EYES

THE BIRTH OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

I

When England put its pen to the Treaty with Ireland, a chorus of thanksgiving rose to heaven from three fourths of the English people. They thanked heaven because it seemed that they were at long last relieved from the care of a thankless and profitless charge, which cost much money, clogged the wheels of Parliament and crowded out the consideration of many much needed reforms affecting Great Britain alone. It was clearly impossible for an officially controlled Press to jubilate on such base lines as these, so the real cause of national joy was hidden behind an affectation of sympathy with the Irish people. The United States, France, and indeed all civilized mankind applauded the action.

In one quarter alone was there an ominous silence. The child itself, which for three hundred years had been spitting on its English feeding-bottle and screaming for its mother's milk, refused to smile now that the natural food was at its mouth. This was perhaps intelligible. The poison of the bottle, it was said, was bound to remain in the system for a time even though the noxious thing itself had been flung back across the wet ditch on the far side of which lay all that was foul and repugnant. It was confidently felt that under the soothing influence of its mother's milk the child would quickly settle down.

Alas and alack! it was not to be. The milk must have lacked some quality, for the child grew worse and worse.

A sage and poet once observed truthfully that, —

> We're charmed with distant views of happiness,
> But near approaches make the prospect less.

That realization is too often a fraud is a commonplace truth, but in Ireland the realization of self-government turned to gall before it was even tasted. In the dish proffered there was in fact one bitter morsel which poisoned all the rest. Twenty-six out of thirty-two counties had been handed over to the official representatives of the Irish people to do as they would with, but six counties in the Northeast, in which were a majority of Protestants, had — at their own earnest request — been withheld and established as a separate and independent community. Here was an obvious grievance; a flaw in the perfect happiness of the Irish people. Much had been given by or, rather, wrested from the British by the prosecution of certain traditional methods, but there still remained something which had not been given and which could have been given. It was only reasonable to suppose that a continuance of the same methods would add this vineyard to the rest.

In this sanguine mood the Free State Executive — as it was called — mustered its new levies and, having equipped them with arms and ammunition, confidingly handed over (for a widely

This paper was prepared before the deaths of Collins and Griffith. — The Editors.

different purpose) by the British Government, marched them northward in hostile array against the Ulster border. The immediate object of this expedition was not the conquest of Ulster but the annexation — through forcible occupation — of certain outlying portions of the six counties adjacent to the Free State.

The scheme did not quite work out according to plan. An immense amount of ammunition (English) was expended in firing across the border at any mark that presented itself; the two salients of Belleek and Pettigo, where in each case Ulster juts out temptingly into the Free State, were forcibly seized and the loyalist residents ejected. Further acquisitive inroads were, however, checked by the unexpected attitude of the British troops in Ulster. The Free State Executive, in fact, in formulating its plans, had made the grave mistake of forgetting that, with the advance of the twenty-six counties to the status of a colony, the supervision of its affairs, together with the control of the British troops in Ulster, had naturally drifted into the province of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill — a man of very different fibre from the majority of his colleagues in the Cabinet, as events now proved. He advanced two regiments, under a heavy fire, against the captured salients and saluted the invaders with six rounds from a field-piece. Several casualties resulted from this discharge and the remainder of the invading army withdrew precipitately over the border. Loud-voiced was the indignation of the Free Staters over this incident. It was an outrageous thing, they protested, and wholly contrary to precedent, for British troops to return a fire directed at them in the interests of patriotism. Efforts were made to excite the sympathy of the House of Commons, but there was a lukewarm response and they were wisely dropped.

In this serio comic way ended the threatened invasion of Ulster; but guerrilla warfare on the old familiar lines of midnight visitings, firings, and shootings continued to be directed against such of the Ulster agriculturists as an unkind fate had domiciled on the Free State border. The object aimed at was to intimidate these into abandoning their homes so as to facilitate a gradual encroachment from the South.

The Free State Government disclaimed all responsibility for these outrages, — and indeed for similar outrages in other parts of Ireland, — all of which they, rightly or wrongly, laid at the door of their own deadly enemies, the Republicans. So complex had the situation in Ireland now become that it was impossible to gauge the truth or falsity of this disclaimer. It is, however, a significant fact that, although hundreds of murders have been committed in Ireland since she assumed control of her own affairs, not one single murderer has been brought to justice and executed by the Free State Government.

In Belfast itself the state of affairs, for some time after the signing of the Treaty, was deplorable in the extreme. Every effort within the scope of rifle, revolver, bomb or torch was made to render government impossible and life unendurable in the Northern city, with the idea that, in despair, the Union Jack might be hauled down by the trembling citizens and the green-white-and-gold tricolor hoisted in its place. The attempt failed, as everyone with a knowledge of the Ulster character must have known from the first that it would fail. The Orangemen were neither cowed nor shifted from their purpose by the death and destruction dealt among them, but they were unfortunately goaded into reprisals which, in point of ferocity, fell but little short of the original crimes. Either as the result

of these, or as the result of increased police activity, there was a sudden slump in murder and arson, and at the moment of writing Belfast is at peace. Outrages have ceased and the pulse of the city is once more even and slow. Out in the six counties, under the constant tutelage of its magnificent constabulary, Ulster has resumed its normal tranquillity and the farmers sleep secure.

With Anglo-Saxon Ulster basking in prosaic peace or, at all events, in something so near peace as to cheat the eye of the spectator, the focus-point of interest shifts with a jerk to Anglo-Irish Leinster, where the Free State confederates, baulked of their Northern prey, have turned fiercely on one another.

It may be said at once, in reviewing recent happenings in and around Dublin, that, though these can be described, they cannot be explained except by the doctrine of atavistic tendencies. There is no logical explanation of them, but in Ireland such things have always been.

In December, 1921, the long-sought and much discussed Treaty was signed. Through it Ireland gained what she had been struggling for year after year and generation after generation; one might almost say, century after century. In many ways she had gained more than had been hoped for or even asked for; but, on the other hand, the six counties had been withheld. This was a defect and, as already described, active measures to remedy that defect were taken — and failed. The shells of the 18-pounders had shown clearly that, with the relinquishment of the twenty-six counties, the limits of British complacency had been reached.

With the Northern door thus closed to martial and political enterprise, the activities of the newly enfranchised people had to find another outlet. It was found in what may broadly be described as intertribal feuds. Collins, Griffith, and Valera, the hybrid triumvirate whose united efforts had achieved Ireland's independence, found themselves no longer able to walk abreast. A triumvirate obviously cannot split into two equal parts and, in the split which followed, Valera had to face a majority of two to one. Undismayed, he launched his attack in the threefold formation made sacred by usage — first, impassioned appeal; then, hot vituperation; and finally, blows. The hot vituperation and the blows were returned with interest.

What it was all about no one knew and no one knows to-day. Nominally the cause of dispute is that Valera wants emancipated Ireland to be called a Republic, while Griffith and Collins want it to be called a Free State. To the interested observer, watching the scrimmage in the cockpit, there seems no difference. Collins has repeatedly proclaimed in public that the Free State is in effect a Republic masquerading under a more expedient name. When the psychological moment arrives, he assures his supporters, the true label will be attached. In the meanwhile, the observations of the dispassionate onlooker tend to confirm Collins's claim. The Free State does not fly the Union Jack, as do all the other colonies of the Empire. On the contrary it flies the Republican tricolor. Its armed forces are known as the I.R.A. What more can Valera or any hot-souled Republican want? Where is the point of dissension? No adequate answer can be found, for the dissentients themselves cannot furnish it. The martial spirit of each side is kept alive by the assurance that it is fighting England. Valera denounces Collins as the myrmidon of England's intriguing politicians. Collins denounces Valera as England's secret agent deliberately engineering a turmoil which will force the hereditary foe to a reconquest of Ireland.

In the meanwhile the whole structure of Ireland's civilization is crumbling to Iberian dust. In eight short months she has slipped back to the tribal conditions of Tudor days, before the imposition of the English rules of society so bitterly resented and now so successfully shaken off. With names changed, a page out of the *Annals of the Four Masters* would read like a column of to-day's *Morning Post*. What are Collins and Valera fighting about? No one knows. What did the O'Neils and the O'Donnells fight about four hundred years ago? No one knows. For centuries the two great Northern clans systematically wasted and ravaged each other's lands with fire and sword for no adequate and tangible reason. Then, as now, the great majority of victims were noncombatants and then, as now, hatred of England was made the excuse for torturing Ireland. Con Bacagh, the O'Neil of Henry the Eighth's day, as a protest against the use of English ploughs, burned all the corn crops in his dominions and so produced a famine from which thousands died. On his deathbed he invoked a curse against any and every man in Ireland who used a plough, built a stone house, or spoke English. Was the curse effective? Are four centuries of intermittent misery traceable to the effect of Con Bacagh's dying invective? It would almost seem so, and it would almost seem as though efforts were being made to-day to rescind the curse. Land is going out of cultivation, the use of Erse is being enforced by statute, and all the noblest stone structures in Ireland are being destroyed by Irish hands. The splendid Customs House went first, burned by the Irish under the wild belief that they were thereby in some way injuring England. Now the magnificent Four Courts and many parts of Sackville Street have followed — battered to pieces by Collins with his new artillery toy, because they were in occupation of Valera's men. The finest buildings in Limerick and Waterford have met the same fate. Why? Would the English batter down St. Paul's or the Americans the Capitol at Washington if they were held by a handful of insurgents? No, but then perhaps the curse of Con Bacagh has not reached so far.

The Valerites are even more mad in their iconoclasm than their opponents. Wherever they extend their patriotic movements, they leave behind a trail of desolation. Bridges, canals, railways, and public buildings are ruthlessly destroyed. Trade is at a standstill; brigandage and highway robbery are the common sports of the people. Every man does that which is right in his own, and wrong in other people's, eyes. Law Courts have not been suspended, but they have ceased to function, for the popular eye views them with repugnance. Restrictive authority in any shape has always been the bane of the Irish people. So long as England was the official representative of law and order, revolt against restrictive authority became a popular form of patriotism. Now that restrictive authority is native, it has been made dismally clear — even in eight short months — that it is not the uniform in which it comes but the thing itself which is abhorrent. The brehon law would be tolerated and we may yet see this superseding the reasoned logic of judicial tribunals. Con Bacagh knew no other law.

II

After prolonged absence from Ireland, due, perhaps, to threatening letters, articles in the *Morning Post*, and other deterrents, I landed at Rosslare Harbor in the small hours of an April morning, 1922. All seemed normal. That portion of the 'Cork Express' advertised for Waterford took precedence

after the engine, while cars destined for the terminus had hitched themselves on behind. Six Roman Catholic nuns occupied the only compartment labeled 'smoking,' and the window blinds of the remainder had been lowered according to custom by travelers requiring 'seven feet by two' on which to extend their limbs. I opened a door and peered within, to meet the scowl of a blue-chinned vendor of store cattle innocently engaged in recharging an automatic pistol. As he did not appear to like my looks, I told him to cheer up, closed the door and then crept silently to roost in the breakfast car, isolated by forethought of a ticket-collector from other portions of the train.

Poached eggs and bacon, Limerick butter, and a rising sun dispelled the after effects of a bad crossing. I sat up and looked around. Golden gorse, limpid streams, blue-gray mountains at the back of beyond, and all things bright and beautiful in the shape of scampering pigs, children playing in the muck, and 'herself' hanging the family wash on the line. Surely a 'Die-Hard' press had lied! Then the train slowed down to a station, and I knew. The Ireland to which I had returned was not the Ireland I had quitted eighteen months before. The stationmaster, a jolly acquaintance of bygone days, had neither time nor inclination, it seemed, to greet me. The irresponsible frivolity of the red-headed porter was a thing of the past. The stalwart Royal Irish Constable was no longer on his beat, having been relieved by a pair of armed and furtive corner-boys; and there was something uncanny, something almost terrifying, in the shifty silence of the watching crowd. . . .

The Black and Tans had certainly left their mark on one side of Patrick Street, Cork City. From amid charred beams, bricks, and rubble, rose wooden huts bearing the names of ruined tradesmen and offering nothing in particular for sale. On a pole in the window of a burned-out shop was exposed a 'Cap of Liberty' with tricolored rosette, and attached to it a card inscribed with a large note of interrogation. That was all. They told me at the railway station that the five o'clock train might leave then, — or thereabouts, — but that, as the bridges were down, it would not get anywhere to speak of. Past experience had taught me, however, that Irish trains generally get there somehow; and, although it was Friday, I decided to chance it and selected a compartment in which were seated a Roman Catholic priest and a patriot who had 'drink taken.' The former sought spiritual comfort from a small black book, while the latter emitted loud and prolonged snores.

I had extracted all available amusement from the *Cork Constitution* (since suppressed) and from the *Cork Examiner* now censored by Miss McSwiney, — affectionately known to her admirers as 'Bloody Mary,' — when the priest closed his book, lifted his eyes to the hills, and directed my attention to some barbed-wire entanglement surrounding a derelict-police station. A snore broke off in the middle, and a husky voice remarked that 'the sanguinary Father might go to Hell, and mind his own business.' At the next station the priest changed compartments, after which the patriot resumed his beauty sleep.

Our train came to a standstill in a railway cutting about 9.40 P. M., and remained there for no particular reason all through the night. At early dawn I shared a packet of sandwiches with my traveling companion, who in return showed me how to load a Service revolver, and then went off to get a drink from the engine. We reached a common destination shortly before noon.

Ballymuck, our happy home, was in full enjoyment of the 'Second Terror,'

a thoughtful British Government having that morning withdrawn two companies of enemy infantry on receipt of information to the effect that one hundred Republican gunmen, fresh from New York, were coming to massacre the entire community. Leading citizens had 'phoned an S.O.S. message to the English general, for which act of treason they had, very properly, been condemned to death, their graves having already been dug. I was distressed to learn their whispered names, but relieved when those about to die saluted me on my doorstep and consented to remain to lunch.

There was no massacre. It was — 'postponed'! The hundred gunmen, reduced by wastage of war to a score of Republican Kerry boys, arrived to take over the coastguards station on behalf of the Free State Government from an unsuspecting British naval officer, and, as a finishing triumph, the two companies of enemy infantry returned at 10 P.M. by a special train, to be received with shouts of welcome from a dense crowd collected and inspired by representatives of local tradesmen who had had the honor in past years of supplying His Majesty's forces with meat and bread.

I spent my Sunday at home, grubbing up weeds within the four walls of my garden, or stretched in a hammock listening to the love call of wood pigeons, the 'caw-caw' of the rooks and reading *Poems of Power* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

> So many gods, so many creeds,
> So many paths that wind and wind;
> While just the art of being kind
> Is all the sad world needs.

Down by the docks a machine gun peppered at intervals while church bells of various denominations competed one against the other. After tea arrived the news that a child of ten had shot and killed the parish priest, and a second report followed to the effect that she had only missed the curate.

But I had not crossed to Ireland in order to collect rumors and listen to church bells; I had come to get at the truth. Therefore, on the second day of the week, a 'Ford' was hired (my own car having been 'borrowed'), and I and another set forth. The first thing noticeable, after a wealth of primroses and gorse, was the fact that all along the road my appearance was greeted by signs of consternation and alarm. Ass carts backed into ditches; farm carts bolted up bohreens, whilst no man looked my way until after I had passed. The lad alongside of me knew why, and told me later. I was wearing a rain coat, black necktie, gray cloth cap, and leather leggings — the undress uniform of the I.R.A.! It was my purpose to run through the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, King's County, and thence to Dublin, pausing at places where bad work was alleged to have been done, visiting such friends as were still clinging to their properties, and allowing my leg to be pulled by publicans and sinners. The average individual who could be stimulated to talk politics was, of course, the soul of loyalty to the British Empire, and so on; but now and again the truth slipped out. The conviction grew upon me by degrees that the people as a whole were simply terrified — not so much at the trend of political events, but at the spirit of anarchy growing, as they said, in every district but their own. Bad men were here to-day and gone to-morrow, leaving a trail of blood and grief, or as an Irish lady of ninety years put it, 'The Divil is trapsing about like a roaring lion. God help us!'

A movement in favor of ridding the twenty-six counties of Loyalists in general, and of disbanded members of the Royal Irish Constabulary in particular, was then being pushed from Dublin for

all the extremist section was worth. The R. I. C. had concentrated at various centres and awaited transportation to England, while the 'Castle' authorities thought good to discourage the removal of wives and children, deeming them safe from interference. But those who had held the fort knew better. Sinister rumors of outrage on unprotected women were gaining credence, and it followed that many a gallant man took the law into his own hands and, without permission, went off to join the wife. A number were murdered straightaway. Others escaped in the clothing in which they stood or ran, to watch from afar the destruction of their homes. As I motored north small pitiful groups of wounded men, distracted mothers, and exhausted children were making their way toward the eastern ports. How they managed, one cannot say; for to offer them bed and board was to court death at the hands of local gunmen, and the majority were penniless. At that time 'the Army' had not decided which portion of itself should sing the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' and which should flaunt the Free State flag; but the Press, needing copy, had anticipated events. 'Three days and a night under machine-gun fire' — 'Murphy's Hotel goes up in smoke' — 'Death before dishonor, boys' — 'Desperate hand-to-hand fighting.' Casualties: one Brigadier-General wounded in the toe, one cow shot in a field.

While 'the Army' was thus lightly engaged, the most dreadful atrocities were being committeed by the dregs of the population. In every case of outrage and murder those responsible were known, but no one dared to whisper a name. Death was always very near. Bands of ruffians moved from place to place killing for killing's sake. One gang operating in the Macroom district boasted of having poured petrol over victims and then set them alight. Bodies were often mutilated and outrages on women and children were becoming more frequent.

By the end of my tour I had investigated forty-one instances of murder, arson, outrage, and so forth, and I give one case of violence as typical — that of a residential landowner of King's County. I reproduce her statement written at a time when the full horror of her experiences was upon her.

I was alone with maids and an old manservant when I heard the Reds coming. It was about 2 A. M. and very dark, with sleet showers. I went down and a body of eight or ten men rushed at me like wild beasts; one struck me full in the face with his clenched fist; they all struck me and kicked me down like madmen. They tried to break my neck holding me by my hair which they tore half out. Then one man, in the midst of yells of 'Let me at her,' 'Where are the guns?' said something and the moment he said it, two men who had beaten me with the sticks of the Pampas grass from vases, helped me and dragged me up, shouting to stop it, and saying, 'For God's sake get up, ma'am.'

I am very strong and tall and four times I got up and was kicked and beaten down again. Somehow I got to the dark stairs, the men dragging on to me (these sort of people can't get up stairs) and got up two flights. They had flash lamps. They went on to my room on another landing which they searched and wrecked. I got to another staircase, and through a window into the woods, and then across fields to one of the Sinn Fein magistrates who had known me for years. These people helped me. I was wet to the knees and part of my foot broken. When I got back, the beautiful old Georgian house was wrecked.

Since then we have had to keep, at our expense, a guard of farmers in the place; it costs quite £400 a year. The gang who attacked me are perfectly well known to all. Three of the men I had done every possible kindness to — nursed when ill, and so on. After the attack on me, they were all caught by the local people at once, with some of the things they had stolen from me. At

once the Provisional Government let them out. I went to Dublin and remonstrated. Later there was a trial, and a Sinn Fein Judge told every stealer of money and cattle that they 'had good honest faces and had spoken the truth.'

And so he let off all!

When he came to me and I recounted the attack on me, the rabble, the criminals, and the jury laughed aloud. I was told I 'deserved all I got' as I had brought in military and police and had got people put in prison in 1920. In 1920 a mob of four hundred attacked me to make me sign away my property. I had to give in, as they were going to burn my poor father alive and drown me unless I gave in. Amidst shouts of 'Beat her down, beat her down, drown her,' I gave in and signed.

When I explained this the Judge told me 'not to make a speech.' I was alone in the Court without a friend and as I walked out through the mob outside they jeered and shouted, 'Where are your Black and Tans now? Up the Republic!' I hope I looked the contempt I felt. I 'd have liked to say, 'If I had six men of *any* kind, you'd all be cringing.'

All my criminals, of course, the Judge let off without any punishment. That night they attacked me again and I ran out into the woods. My farmers' guard was too strong and fired and I was able to return. Later the same gang robbed the local Bank. They were caught by the farmers and again let out by the Provisional Government.

I can get no letters. One is surrounded by triumphant murderers. And yet I am indeed fortunate in comparison to those who served the British Government. They have endured and are enduring, if caught, such horrors and such tortures as would disgrace any barbarians in the most terrible times.

How will it all end? End is a big word to which no man's eyes can strain, but even weak eyes can see that, before she is better, Ireland must be worse and far worse. In any community in which armed idleness preys systematically on peaceful industry, the evil must continually roll up; for it is always easier and pleasanter to do no work and rob than to work and be robbed. So the ranks of the robbers are continually finding recruits among their victims.

Where, under such conditions, can we look for the first beginnings of salvation? Can we look for any among a people who light-heartedly efface all the country's monuments of civilization because they are England's handiwork? This is elemental and, in coping with it, twentieth-century appeals beat the air. The Provisional Government would beyond doubt like to see order restored, for only so can they hope to tap the coffers of England. But the task is beyond them. They are themselves too deeply tainted with that which they are now up against. And they have not the courage. Their tribunals dare not punish. That, sooner or later, England will be implored to come across to set things straight again is tolerably certain and, such is her quixotic imbecility, she will probably do as she is asked. But the task will be neither grateful nor profitable.

FRANCE'S PROBLEMS IN NORTH AFRICA

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

At a moment when the responsibilities of empire appear to be weighing on Great Britain as never before; when not only India and Egypt, but Palestine, Mesopotamia, and East Africa are, each, presenting anxious problems to tax the wisdom of English statesmanship, France seems to stand more than ever secure in the loyalty of her Mohammedan subjects in North Africa. The immunity of French North Africa from the currents of opinion that sweep through other portions of the Moslem world was usually taken for granted, even before the war. Eleven years ago we find Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, an unfriendly observer with a strong Mohammedan and anti-European bias, regretfully agreeing with an English friend, who lived in Tunis and like himself was a sympathizer with the ideals of the conservative — one might call it reactionary — party in Islam, that fanaticism was dead in North Africa, because it was recognized that resistance to Christendom was useless.

It is instructive to note that, while so keen a supporter of extremist nationalism, which is the present-day form of fanaticism, appealing as it does to the same prejudices and appetites, saw no signs of any national movement, French officials were already predicting a 'catastrophe' in Algeria. The fact is that, although Algeria politically belongs to the Near East, its geographical situation has caused us to forget it. The special correspondent avoids Algeria as offering no scope for copy, and we are all only too pleased, in the perturbed state of the Mohammedan world, to think that no news is good news, and to adopt the theory that the native Algerians are loyal sons of France.

During the war, we heard a good deal of the way in which the Arabs and Berbers supported the Mother Country. In effect, the native population did not contribute in a proportion commensurate with the results that conscription, which had been imposed in 1912, should have produced. For, while the 620,000 European colonists sent 115,000 men, the four and a half million natives provided only 157,000. Still, this effort, coupled with the fact that, with the one exception of Ain Toula in 1916, Algeria remained quiet, although the normal garrison had been enormously reduced,[1] reassured those Frenchmen who may have felt doubts about their dependency. Since the war, the popular complacency has been strengthened. For while in India, the Middle East, and Egypt, the anti-European movement has flared up with an unexpected intensity, a calm, to all appearance, has reigned in French North Africa, and the few echoes of the unrest in Tunis which have been bruited in the press have been attributed to 'infection' from Egypt, or from Italian Tripolitania.

[1] The present garrison in French North Africa is about 170,000, including French, Algerians, and 'auxiliaries.'

To lend emphasis to this optimistic view, the President of the French Republic has recently completed a tour through Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, which has been stage-managed far more efficiently than was the progress of the Prince of Wales through India. Nothing has been allowed to detract from the impression it was meant to create in France and the world at large. The Sultan of Morocco, descendant of the Prophet, and the Caliph of Northwest Africa, spoke of the 'glorious Protectorate Government,' which defends the 'imprescriptible rights of the Shereefian throne'; and the local feudal chiefs — who, on the whole, are inclined to support the French régime so long as their own power over their followers is left untouched while that of the Sultan is kept in check — made their protestations of loyalty to the French President.

M. Millerand waited, however, till he reached Algeria before addressing himself definitely to Europe. Then, in a public speech, he spoke these significant words: 'What more striking tribute can be paid to the wisdom of the French people, to its calm, tranquil power, than the fact that, at a moment when the gravest problems are being discussed between the nations, the Chief of State can without anxiety leave the capital for five weeks, to carry to Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis words of hope, confidence, and gratitude from the Mother Country.'

We were supposed to draw the contrast between the wranglings of the Genoa Conference and the immutability of victorious France — a great imperial power, secure in the loyalty and affection of her subjects; and, doubtless, many people on both sides of the Atlantic did so. But it is possible that the French President did not so much believe in the picture himself as wish us to believe in it. Faith is a cardinal virtue in politics, as well as in religion, and the rulers of France are very anxious to impress the world with the success of their rule in Northern Africa. M. Millerand's highly colored phrases certainly lose something of their power to convince, when we remember that, two or three days before this allocution was pronounced, a certain Antoine Fabre, editor of a local newspaper called the *Cri du Soir*, was expelled from Tunis on the ground of his Bolshevist connections. The Paris *Matin* took the opportunity of announcing this, to explain that an attempt was being made to restore the old Beylic régime, that is, to overthrow French rule, by an unnatural alliance between the Bey and the communistic Young Tunis Party, the Bey espousing their claims for a constitution and an elected national assembly, *plus* his own private programme for the suppression of the 'freedom of the press' — which, by the way, has lately been taken in hand by the French authorities.

II

It is vital for France that the resolute bid she is making for supremacy in the Islamic world should not be hampered by any inconvenient incidents in Tunis or Algeria. And, seeing that the foreign policy of France, in which the United States as well as Europe is interested, depends very largely on the success of this entente with Islam, it is of considerable importance that we should get the French position in Algeria, of which it is the corner stone, into true perspective. On the Gallic *Drang nach Osten* I need not enlarge. In that desperate year, 1916, France staked out her claims in the Middle East by the Sykes-Picot Agreement; later, we have seen the Franklin-Bouillon Treaty with the Turks; the attitude of the Quai d'Orsay toward British policy in Egypt, recently manifested in

an attempt to reopen that hoary question over the corpse of Tangier; the rumored overtures that the French have made to Ibn Saud, the powerful Sultan of Central Arabia; and even the objections that the Vatican has formulated about the Zionist programme in Palestine. We can see it, too, in more trifling, but not less significant, ways; in the Colonial Exhibition now being held at Marseilles; in the provision of a Mosque and Mohammedan Institute in Paris (there is none in London); and in the recent presidential journey, which was untroubled by *hartals*, or other untoward incidents.

This lure of the *esat* is no new thing for France. It is difficult perhaps for an American to realize the interaction of Europe and Asia, which has been the most potent political factor in the history of Europe during the past thirty centuries; but we cannot, without doing wrong to the historical sense, level imperialist accusations at France to-day for doing what she and all other European nations have always done in the days of their greatness and power. The exception is sixteenth-century Spain; and then Columbus discovered America in looking for the Indies.

But, though France is simply following the policy of Saint Louis and Louis XIV, of Napoleon and his nephew, — the third Emperor, — there are special reasons which make this policy more vital for her now than in the past. It is no longer merely a question of trade, or of sentiment. To France to-day the supreme problem, of which reparations is only one facet, is how to maintain its position as the great military power of the European Continent, with a population inadequate in numbers to shoulder the burden. The solution has been sought overseas. France's colored subjects have been brought in, to redress the balance of a diminishing birth-rate in the Mother Country. Thus, the employment of black troops on the Rhine has been no mere piece of official tactlessness, but has been designed to encourage Frenchmen to take comfort from their imperial resources, and to demonstrate to Germany that France has at her back great reserves of manpower in Africa.

This conception is not the fruit of the war; it goes back to the years of strain preceding the catastrophe. The introduction of conscription into Algeria, in 1912, was fraught with consequences which are now only beginning to emerge. But the acceptance of this idea, with all the moral and material support it implies, makes the success of French rule in Algeria, and throughout North Africa, vital to the national position of France. Egypt, or rather the Suez Canal, may or may not be a necessary link in the chain of the British Empire; Algeria is the foundation-stone of the imposing imperial structure which the French began to erect in 1830.

That is why any student of foreign politics may say with Bassanio, 'so may the outward shows be least themselves,' and attach a deeper significance to the presidential visit than that popularly given. For in spite of the 'calm, tranquil power' of the French people, there is very real anxiety among the governing clique in Paris regarding the situation in Tunisia and Algeria. If we may believe General Gouraud, the costly and not very successful efforts that France is making to enforce a 'friendly tutelage' over Syria are connected with this same preoccupation. That is, at least, the legitimate inference from the French High Commissioner's words to a French journalist: 'If the balance is once reëstablished [that is, the Mandate effectually enforced] in this vital spot, there will be peace, not merely in the East, but in the whole of

French Northern Africa.' One may disagree with these conclusions, but they are an interesting illustration, both of the motives that underlie French policy in the East to-day, and of the apprehension among responsible Frenchmen concerning the situation in North Africa.

III

To understand the reason for this, we must first realize the differences between the three dependencies, which together are about two and a half times as big as France, or one sixth the area of the United States — Tunis, the smallest, being rather larger than New York, whereas Algeria and Morocco are each, individually, larger than France. The first step was taken in 1830, when a French naval and military expedition attacked Algiers, and overthrew the government of the Dey Hussein, the last of a line of tyrants as bloodthirsty as any recorded in history. France found little difficulty in cleaning out this nest of pirates, a thorn in the side of Christendom for centuries, and deserved well of Europe for so doing. But it was not true of the conquest of Algeria that 'it is only the first step that costs.' On the contrary, the subjugation of that country — what Chateaubriand called 'the most spotless of conquests' — was to prove a long and costly business, made longer by the indecision of the French Government. For, when the Dey had been deposed, and the Turks, who filled such offices as existed in his rotten government, had been packed on shipboard and sent off to Asia Minor, with two months' pay as indemnity, Paris seems to have thought that it was sufficient to establish a French administration in Algiers. It was not till Bugeaud pointed out that definite peace for Algeria lay in the Sahara, that the French conception of the country as a French region, a prolongation, on the southern side of the Mediterranean, of the sacred soil of the Motherland, took shape; and only after the serious native rebellion of 1871 was direct administration introduced.

Twenty years later, there was another swing of the pendulum, when M. Jules Cambon, the most distinguished Frenchman who has been connected with Algeria, tried, as Governor-General, to oppose the policy of assimilation, of treating Algeria as if it were indistinguishable from France, by developing the local liberties of the North African dependency. But this only partially succeeded. Algeria to-day remains under the French Ministry of the Interior; it is divided into departments, and sends senators and deputies to the French Parliament. It has its own budget, however, and the local prefects (governors of departments) are answerable to the Governor-General, and not directly to Paris. Most Frenchmen who have written about Algeria agree in complaining of the cast-iron French mould into which the local administration has been forced, and deplore the absence of that spirit of elasticity which is supposed to characterize English colonial administration.

While Algeria is thus part of France, Tunis and Morocco are protectorates, with their own native rulers and officials, side by side with those of the protecting power. In Tunis, under the Convention of 1881 with the then ruling Bey, which set up the Protectorate, power centres in the hands of the French Resident-General, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to whose advice the Bey is forced to submit. Of the other ten ministers, eight are French and two Tunisian. The provincial governors also are all French, and the native element is found in considerable numbers only in the lower ranks of the official hierarchy. There is no elective assembly. A protectorate

of this kind is practically indistinguishable from annexation, and the French hold over Tunis is weaker than that over Algeria only because of the more formidable organization of native opinion which former independence makes possible.

It is worth while noting that the English never attempted in Egypt to exercise anything approaching this control of the administration. Egyptians always filled the ministerial portfolios and the positions of provincial governors; and since the recognition of Egyptian independence, even English supervision through advisers has ceased for all purely Egyptian affairs. To this example, — which does not at present show any very hopeful auguries of success, — following on President Wilson's asseveration of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves, the French attribute the 'infection' which has indubitably attacked the body politic in the Regency, as Tunis is technically called, and is spreading to Algeria.

There is, finally, Morocco, the last and, in some respects, the most satisfactory of the French conquests in North Africa. It is slightly superior to Algeria in size, has a better climate, and more potential wealth. Its pacification, which it is confidently anticipated will be entirely completed next year, will have been accomplished in a quarter of the time, and at one seventh of the cost, of that of Algeria. Thanks to the genius of General Lyautey, the counterpart in the military sphere of M. Jules Cambon in the civil, France has established her ascendancy with a minimum of effort, and the Protectorate, formally established in 1912, works with far less friction than in Tunis; the reason for this being that the French have wisely respected the feudal powers of the great chiefs, and also have left more initiative to the central government. As in Tunis, there is a French Resident-General, who has the last word in every important matter; but the Vizier (Prime Minister) is a Moor, and there are Moorish ministers of Finance and Justice, with French advisers on the Anglo-Egyptian model. Unlike Tunis and Algeria, Morocco contains no educated effendi class, which is the backbone of the nationalist movement in all Islamic countries. Until fifteen years ago, it was still an oriental despotism, tempered only by the particularism of the tribal chieftains. Under French administration it has prospered exceedingly. Imports in ten years have risen from 10,000,000 to 813,000,000 francs, and French trade has gained a more than proportional benefit. It is not surprising that General Lyautey, with this achievement to his credit in the Caliphate of the West, carries weight in Paris when he recommends the policy of an entente with the Caliphate of the East — in other words, with Turkey.

When we come to look into the matter more closely, however, we find that it is just in this policy of establishing an entente with Islam, or, to put it more precisely, of reaching a modus vivendi between European and Mohammedan, that France has hitherto failed in Algeria and Tunis. That charming writer, Gaston Boissier, contrasting the success of Rome in turning the natives of North Africa into loyal subjects of the Empire with the comparative failure of France's efforts in a similar direction, says: 'May not the obstacle lie in religion? That is the most potent cause of division; it is what makes the nations our mortal enemies to-day. They are no more a nation than they formerly were, but they follow a religion that commands them to detest us. It is that which sets a deep gulf between them and ourselves; which brings them together, despite their natural taste for living by themselves; which makes

them suspicious of the benefits we confer on them; which leads them to listen to all those who try to incite them to rise against us. The war they have been carrying on against us for fifty years is no longer a national, but a religious, war.'

Boissier perhaps overestimated the power of imperial Rome to assimilate the peoples of North Africa. The 'inflexible zeal of freedom and fanaticism,' which, in Gibbon's sonorous phrase, animated the Donatists and cut them off from the Empire, shows that the anti-European spirit was alive, even in what Mohammedans term the days of the Ignorance. One may well believe that Islam, imposed on this stubborn national character, has made it impermeable to French culture and civilization. 'Xenophobia,' says a French writer to-day, 'is still the basis of the native soul'; and every effort of France dashes itself in vain against the impenetrable barrier of the Koran.

IV

Had the French possessed the swarming power of the Anglo-Saxons, the Teutons, or the Italians, the situation in Algeria to-day might possibly have been different, for the coastal region is fertile and not unsuited to European settlers, at any rate, from the Mediterranean peoples. But the French have not settled in Algeria in such numbers as to make it 'white'; and even the French who are there are described by M. Raymond Aynard, who knows what he is talking about, as 'Spaniards, Neapolitans, Jews, who can hardly stutter a word or two in our tongue.' These, to come to figures, amount to 620,000, out of a total of over five millions. Thus the real French colonist is in a minority of a minority.

To make the position worse, the natives are increasing far more rapidly than the Europeans, the one adding but 6000 to their numbers annually, the others 60,000. Hitherto, this numerical inferiority has been counterbalanced by the privileged position held by the Europeans. But the law of 1919, the charter of native rights, has, to a great extent, swept this away, with the result that the colonists have become disheartened, if not actually alarmed, as to their physical security. They say that their social and economic situation has been made intolerable; that they have been sacrificed by the politicians of Paris to the imaginary grievances of the Berbers; and there has been a not inconsiderable movement among the Europeans to dispose of their farms to the natives, who are always 'land-hungry,' and to migrate to the towns. Their discontent was shown in a recent European election at Algiers, where, though 14,000 voters declared for the candidate of the Republican Left, no less than 8000 supported a declared Bolshevik or, rather, Communist. This unrest among the Europeans is a factor which has to be reckoned with. It is particularly prevalent in Constantine and Kabylia; and in Oran, where the Spanish element (with its traditional anti-Arab feeling) is numerous, the tension between European and native is even stronger than elsewhere.

There may be some reason for the bitterness of the colonists at the way their interests have been sacrificed; but the real fault is their own. Had they increased and multiplied, had the French and neo-French shown the fecundity of the American settlers in the eighteenth century, the problem of Algeria would have presented itself in very different guise to the French Government. There would then have been no necessity to venture on the dangerous path of trying to win over the natives by conciliation and concessions.

Yet the first step in the new direction

was, in appearance, neither. This was the institution of native conscription in 1912. The native party-leaders, with an acuter sense of its possibilities than the French War Office, welcomed the measure as strengthening their hands, and they exploited it to the full during the war. It was natural to argue that, if the natives of Algeria were good enough to fight for France, they were good enough to vote for her; if they were called on to make the same military sacrifices as French citizens, then they should, at least, be treated with fairness and sympathy. The result of this campaign, which was vigorously conducted by the Young Algerian Party, in Paris as well as in Algeria, and was supported by the Extreme Left in the French Chamber, — whose alliance with the more subversive forms of nationalism in North Africa, particularly in Tunis, is curiously paralleled by the similar incursions of English Labor Members into Egyptian politics, — was the law of 1919.

Passed in a hurry, in the first flush of victory, it seems to have aroused little opposition in France, where it was generally regarded as a grateful geste, in return for the military assistance afforded by the Algerians during the war. French colonists in Algeria, already in alarm at the changed demeanor of the native, became thoroughly frightened when they realized the attitude of the people of France, their fellow citizens. This was shown in a report to the Senate in 1918, where the problem was enunciated as being one of stimulating the initiative of the natives — in its sentimental liberalism almost as naïve a statement as the celebrated phrase used by Mr. E. S. Montagu, the English ex-Secretary of State for India, as to the need of arousing the Indian from his pathetic contentment. In vain the French colonists protested through their Senators and Deputies. The French Parliament was determined, in the words of one opponent of the measure, to make of their subjects, 'if not citizens, at least electors, at the risk of driving the country into paralysis or convulsions.' The bill, therefore, duly became law, and 140,000 French electors found themselves faced by 421,000 natives also possessing the franchise.

This 'Law concerning the Admission of the Natives of Algeria to Political Rights' has two chapters. The first deals with naturalization, which is made somewhat easier to effect. It should be explained that, though every native of Algeria is French, he is not a French citizen. He may become one if he likes, and he will then enjoy the rights which attach to this status; but, in order to do so, he must give up his privilege of being regulated in questions of marriage, divorce, and inheritance by the Koranic law. In other words, he must cut himself off from his fellow Mohammedans, in whose eyes, by doing so, he will appear a renegade. It is not surprising that, in the past half-century, there have not been above 1000 naturalizations; nor is the process likely to become any more popular in the future. The native leaders are laying stress on the study of the Koran and the need of better teaching of Arabic in the schools. This, we may take it, is a mere party cry, as sincere as such things usually are, and designed merely to flatter Moslem sentiment. For the Berbers of North Africa speak a dialect further removed from the classical language than that spoken in Egypt, where the same reasons have prompted the allocation of many hours a week to the study of the Koran and the Arabic of the classics. Neither in Algeria, nor in Egypt, are the demagogues really anxious to raise the people from the illiteracy which is the general rule in both countries.

On the other hand, the French, with their splendid pride in their own lucid

tongue, look with disfavor on the extension of the teaching of Arabic. It has yet to be demonstrated that any Islamic people can benefit from education, as we understand it nowadays. Those Frenchmen who know Algeria best question the wisdom of the present educational scheme in Algeria, by which, in course of a rather long time, the whole juvenile population will be brought within the orbit of the elementary school; and they are probably right in insisting that the need of the Algerians, who are sunk in abject poverty, is for technical and agricultural, rather than literary, instruction.

It is this illiterate population that the law of 1919 has enfranchised. For, by the second chapter, Mohammedans who are not French citizens are granted the privilege of electing native members, with the same rights as the French members, to all the deliberative assemblies in Algeria; to the financial delegations; to the superior council, which discusses and, with the last-named, votes the budget; to the general councils, the municipal councils and commissions; and, lastly, to the village councils, the *djemaas*, which form the smallest unit of the administration.

Here, then, almost at a single bound, the natives of Algeria, if they have not been placed on the same footing as the Europeans who return members to the French Parliament, have, in their own country, broken down the position of privilege which the colonists once held. In every assembly natives sit side by side with the Europeans; they have the same rights of deliberating on municipal and provincial affairs, the same opportunities to influence the central government, and to air their grievances. It is true that these concessions, generous as they are, leave the question of representation in the French Parliament where it was; and, so long as the four and a half million natives are unrepresented there, their leaders will claim that they are little better than helots. This, at any rate, is the ostensible reason why they profess to be dissatisfied with the law of 1919. It is significant that, on M. Millerand's recent tour, a certain Mir Khaled, an ex-Captain of Spahis (native Algerian troops) and an officer of the Legion of Honor, pointed out that they now wanted representation in the French Chamber; and that the President, in a conciliatory speech, urged the natives to be patient, to consolidate the gains they had already won, and to show their ability to make use of their new privileges.

So far they have done none of these things. Those, on the contrary, who profess to speak for the inarticulate masses, express their dissatisfaction in no uncertain voice, and the French, as the result of their concessions, are more mistrusted than they were before. A not uninstructive analogy can be drawn with Egypt, where English prestige is at a lower point to-day than ever before. When the Young Algerian Party spoke for the Algerian natives, the movement was never an extremist one, the Young Algerian leaders being too deeply impregnated with French culture ever to be fundamentally anti-French. But it is just this European sympathy which caused them to lose influence with the new party, which takes its inspiration from the Koran and its programme from the Socialists, of which the realization would mean the end of French rule in North Africa. At the head of the new party's demands is that for the naturalization of the natives in their religious status, which no French government could grant; for, apart from political considerations, it would create a class of French citizens who, in the vital questions of marriage and divorce, would be outside the French codes. If this were obtained — and there is a

speciousness about it that appeals to the African mind — the other planks in the platform — the suppression of the disciplinary powers of the French administrators, the application of the common law to all, the equality of French and native officials — would follow almost as a matter of course. The representatives of this party were successful at the polls; and thus, for the first time, the French find themselves opposed, not merely by the blind forces of fanaticism, or Xenophobia, or whatever label we choose to attach to the frame of mind which shows itself in a disinclination to accept the rule of a foreign race, but by a political party definitely nationalist in color, and with as definite an anti-French bias.

V

But though the natives are dissatisfied with their concessions, as being insufficient, they have not proved their ability to put them to any useful purpose. In the village councils, or djemaas, where the results are more immediately perceptible, the elective principle has proved a failure. Previously these djemaas, which play an important rôle in the economic life of the country, since they regulate the questions that arise over the three million hectares of common land throughout Algeria, consisted of native caids and sheiks, nominated by and responsible to, the central administration. Now that the presidents and members are elected, the way has been opened to jobbery and corruption so flagrant that, in many cases, natives returning from the war have found their rights in the common lands usurped by interlopers who were friends or relatives of the members of these djemaas! The abuse has grown to such an extent that the Government has already been obliged to re-create the old official djemaas.

Nor is there much hope that the vote, which all Orientals regard with contempt as a Western idea and useful only if it shows some prospect of immediate material gain, will be any more successful in the larger spheres. It looks as if the elected native members, instead of taking M. Millerand's advice, will form a sort of permanent native opposition.

The Algerians, though they understand, as little as other Orientals, the real nature of representative government, have, from all accounts, proved apt manipulators of the ballot box and experts in the arts of demagogy. There is something in the programme of the new native party to appeal to all appetites and prejudices. The native capitalist hopes to gain from the relaxation of French rule, just as the Egyptian pasha hopes to profit from the removal of British control in the administration; those who look to an official career eagerly support the demand for the complete assimilation of French and native officials; the agriculturists favor the application of the same law to all, natives and Europeans alike; and the town mobs take up the cry that the disciplinary powers of the French administrators shall be swept away. And not only the disorderly elements in the towns: one of the results of the law of 1919, which allowed all natives to buy arms without any formalities, has been to create a condition bordering on anarchy in many of the country districts in Algeria. In Oran, it was calculated that nine tenths of the crimes committed went unpunished; everywhere the Pax Gallica, established as the result of ninety years of effort, was endangered. An amendment has now been passed, withdrawing this freedom in the purchase of arms from the native. But it is easier in politics to give than to take back, and the products of St.-Étienne are still having a good sale among the Berbers.

These are some elements of the situation in Algeria to-day. On the one hand, the European colonists, French and neo-French, hostile to the policy imposed from Paris and disheartened at the deterioration of their political and economic situation: on the other hand, the natives, outnumbering the Europeans by nearly eight to one and following their leaders, who are determined to break down every barrier which has hitherto hedged them in. And to hold the balance there are the French officials, not specially recruited for dealing with an Oriental population, as in the Indian Civil Service, but too often transferred at the whim of the Ministry of Interior from posts in France. So far the French Government has tried political concession. Further along that line it cannot well go; as we have seen, it has already had to draw back in certain respects. How, then, is the unrest to be allayed? Frenchmen who have had experience in Algeria believe that, with a control over the native press, — at present the restrictions over the press in Algeria are the same as those in France, — with a reform of the Civil Service, and with a development of the essential public services, such as the survey, irrigation,[2] and the like, a good deal can be done to counter the present movement, which, the French assert, when they admit its existence at all, owes much to Bolshevist and German propaganda. Certainly the theory of 'infection,' in that it attributes the present instability to outside causes, is soothing to the national pride. But it is difficult to say how far it is the case. When we are told of anti-French intrigues in North Africa, we cannot forget that the French have always proved particularly suspicious of foreign interference, and seen it where it has never existed; as, for instance, in their treatment of the American Evangelical Mission in Kabylia, or the recent visit of Mr. Crane to Syria, which was made responsible for the outbreak which had been brewing in that country for many months.

In Tunis the connections that exist among the upper classes with Cairo and Stamboul have played a part in developing the present form of extreme nationalism, which sets the natives in sullen hostility to the French, and puts the Bey in sympathy with the Young Tunis party, whose cry is Tunis for the Tunisians. A good idea of the conditions that prevailed there shortly before the war may be obtained from Mr. Norman Douglas's book, *Fountains in the Sand.* He shows the conditions that prevail in Tunis, and the weakness as well as the strength of French administration in the Regency. The Algerians do not, at present, go so far as their neighbors to the eastward. Their demand is for assimilation, which no French Government could ever grant, given the fundamental fact that France does not, and cannot, trust the loyalty of the natives in Algeria.

I have tried not to overcloud the picture. I have not mentioned the sporadic examples of a sort of communistic pan-Islamism which have cropped up in the past few years; of Berber schoolboys advocating Bolshevism; of the dockers at Oran going on strike as a protest against French policy toward Russia; of the sabotage of the railwaymen at Constantine; and of the fact that the 'North African Proletariat' sent its representative to the Tours Congress, and signified its adhesion to the Third International. But I have said enough to show that M. Millerand's recent words about the 'calm, tranquil power' of France in North Africa require a good deal of modification before they can be taken as a factor affecting the political situation of the world to-day.

[2] A loan of 1,600,000,000 francs for Algeria has recently been sanctioned.

THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

BY ANDRÉ ROSTAND

I

THE present state of the great mass of French opinion could not be better explained than it has been by M. Poincaré on various occasions recently, and notably in his speech to the Senate, on the 29th of June; a speech listened to approvingly, and the conclusions of which were sanctioned by a resolution voted unanimously by the Upper House.

The questions of the Interallied debts and of German reparations can scarcely be separated from each other, for France. Theoretically, it is true, they are distinct and of a different kind: the first result from engagements more or less freely contracted between allies, or associates, in the course of a war conducted in common; the second, from conditions imposed upon a conquered enemy. An objection might be raised as regards the debts of France to England (about 14,000,500,000 francs in gold). These should perhaps be considered as a single account, comprising the common sacrifice entered upon freely by both countries. They came into the struggle at the same date, and one of them expended in human matériel much more than the other. Would it not, therefore, be just to consider as a whole the losses in human lives, in matériel, and in cash, suffered by the two nations, and to emphasize the fact that the mighty effort put forth by the British Empire could not have been made except for the occupation of the frontier by the French army; while at the same time the French army found its needs of every kind satisfied through British financial and naval support? If the balance sheet of the war is thus made up, it may rightly be asked which of the two Allies owes more to the other.

II

As to the United States, to whom the French owe about 16,000,250,000 francs in gold, the situation is different. In this case a power enters into war freely, at her own time. The sums which she advanced to her associates have, as a matter of fact, served to pay for the supplies, in matériel and equipment, bought from her. American industry largely profited and these sums, in consequence, did not go out of the United States. However, the reasoning does not apply, in this case, as closely as with England. To be sure, France has made to other states (Russia, Belgium, Italy) certain advances, less in importance, — about 6,000,000,000 francs in gold, — but still, not negligible. Nevertheless, she has up to now made no claim for repayment. Finally, loans and advances in time of war were agreed to at a time when the unsteadiness of exchange was scarcely noticeable. It seems as if it would be just to maintain for the loans this real value, as it was when they were subscribed, and not to apply to them the actual current rate, which has been completely warped by

an economic situation, the direct consequences of the war let loose by the central empires. Although there are these reservations, France has no intention of repudiating her debts, if payment is demanded. M. Poincaré has affirmed that anew; and in addition there is the assurance that no *French* government will fail in its engagements. Only the means must be given to fulfill them.

First of all, it is necessary to emphasize certain figures which establish the weight of France's financial burden. The amount necessary for the restoration of the devastated regions is estimated at 130,000,000,000 francs. We must add to this, service pensions for the wounded, the widows, and the orphans of war; all charges which ought to fall upon Germany, but which, following successive reductions, have fallen back — for more than half the amount — upon the victorious country. France has already advanced in this way 90,000,000,000 francs.

One factor which is not negligible is the lessened amount of the tax collections. It is physically impossible for our ten devastated departments, the richest ones in the country, to discharge their whole obligation. Besides, the twenty billions, or thereabouts, of French capital invested in Russia and not productive of interest for several years, causes a diminution of private fortunes which is not without reflection upon the tax yield. Despite this, the financial effort which has been made for two years is considerable. The old taxes and the new have reached a maximum that it no longer seems possible to surpass. Loans have succeeded one another and the care of this internal debt absorbs a large part of the national budget. Why is this? Chiefly because France has the desire and the imperious need to reconstruct the devastated regions; she exhausts herself in this work, the burden of which, as I have mentioned above, ought to fall back upon Germany. Now the interest of 90,000,000,000 francs, thus advanced by France represents almost exactly the 4,000,000,000 deficit foreseen in the 1923 budget.

So long as reparations in money and kind are not made good by Germany, the financial restoration of France remains impossible. And the objection should not be made that the military expenses are exaggerated. These have increased in proportion to those of 1913, 90 per cent only, although those of the United States have increased 174 per cent, those of England 181 per cent, those of Spain 275 per cent, those of Japan 290 per cent, those of Italy 390 per cent. Although the military expenses of France are 1,823,000,000 francs in gold, those of Japan are 1,900,000,000; those of Great Britain 4,300,000,000; those of the United States 6,100,000,000. One is found, therefore, facing this paradoxical situation: extreme exigencies on the part of the allies and associates and the impossibility of making the conquered pay. In order to facilitate settlement, at Genoa they went as far as to demand of France that she abandon one part of her claim against Russia.

The two questions, therefore, are closely connected, and only a general liquidation will allow an escape from chaos. In the praiseworthy intention of giving to Europe a certain economic stability, the Allies are forced to come to the aid of the country which is most impoverished, Russia, and to lighten the the burden imposed upon Germany. The order adopted causes astonishment, and it is asked, why begin with Russia — that is to say, with the least civilized country in Europe, who, by her own faults and her own crimes, had brought upon herself a frightful situation; who repudiated the principles recognized till now as most sacred; and who finally showed herself incapable

of drawing upon her immense resources. We agree that the Russian nation inspires pity, that it ought to be recognized by charity; but we cannot go further, and can only approve the position taken by the government at Washington toward Moscow. Serious and sincere discussion is impossible with the representatives of the Soviets; the first sessions of the Hague Conference confirm on this point the experience of Genoa, just as it was foreseen and predicted in the French press.

After Russia comes Germany, where the factories are intact, but where the government follows with success a financial policy based upon the progressive debasement of its currency. Here is a country which England represents as a future client, although she will be for her the most redoubtable of competitors — a country, finally, whose political equilibrium is every instant at stake.

III

Would it not be more just at this time, and more in conformity with good sense, to begin with the most civilized nations, and with those that the devastations of war have affected most profoundly? The work of European restoration is a long job. It ought to make a vigorous start and then advance steadily. Logic demands that the work be distributed in the region of Western Europe which was in former times the most prosperous and most fertile in intelligent initiative, and which has been systematically ravaged and depopulated: the North and the East of France. Not only would this rehabilitation make reparation for one of the most unjustifiable attacks that has ever been made against the right of nations (a voluntary and calculated destruction of industrial organizations, ironworks, farms, and mines), but also it would permit production to get on its feet again. Finally, applied at the most seriously injured point, it would have its effect in the country most opposed to ideas of disorder and anarchy. General equilibrium can be gained only when France — where revolutionary propaganda is marking time — is again strengthened and stabilized.

Since it is considered indispensable to restore to Germany her economic powers, in order that she may meet her obligations to the Allies, how can a similar treatment be refused to France, who also is obliged to acquit herself of a heavy debt?

If then the desire is sincere that Europe regain little by little her healthy life, it is indispensable that France be permitted to recover her breath as soon as possible. For this she requires that the stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles do not remain a dead letter, and that Interallied solidarity continue to function in peace as it did in war. This solidarity, far from being secured by the successive conferences, has on the contrary been brought in question by them. Behind official programmes, there is, above all, the eager search for oil concessions. Further, the practical utility of those conferences is very questionable, with the United States not participating. Her position seems to us perfectly justified, but we cannot imitate it, for France must be at all places where European affairs are discussed.

We must seek a close liaison with our allies and war associates, and we must above all bring them to the knowledge that debts and reparations are indissolubly bound together.

A NEW SOUTH—THE TEXTILE DEVELOPMENT

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

FROM the time when the terms North and South were first used to designate two phases of civilization, the two divisions of culture into which American development branched, the peculiar genius of the North has been accepted as being fundamentally commercial, that of the South, agricultural. In the first is found a people with a taste, in the early days, for barter and for trade, progressing to the higher realms of commerce and of manufacturing. In the latter is found a people following agriculture on a scale of constantly increasing magnitude, until at length slavery becomes commercially profitable to the ruling classes and, therefore, acceptable to the public conscience.

In the North, owing to the growth of large commercial enterprises and involved manufacturing processes, the people soon became interdependent, and the rights of the individual became in a certain degree subordinate to the common good. In the South, the vaster the scale of agricultural development, the larger became the personal unit of enterprise, the wider the sphere of individual authority; and thus was created a distinct type — individualistic, aristocratic, ill-fitted for that coöperation necessary in the conduct of large manufacturing enterprises, requiring obedience to authority and management.

Probably the most typical example of what one might term the Northern type is New England. Here the activities of the very first settlers were, as is the case in all newly settled regions, directed toward farming. However, because of the short growing season and the harsh nature of much of the soil, agriculture did not long engage the deepest interest, but it was found more profitable to enter into fishing, commerce, and manufacturing; the products of the soil were more profitably obtained from other sections more favored as to soil and climate.

An equally good example of the Southern type of culture is found in the Carolinas. Here, as throughout the colonial South, the extensive coastal plains, and the frequent river valleys extending far inland, were early occupied by Englishmen who promptly began the cultivation of the soil. Here they did not stop content with the mere production of sufficient food for their own necessities, turning, when that point was attained, to seek other avenues of wealth-producing activity; but they sought, diligently and successfully, crops which could be sold to other sections and distant lands, and so become the basis of prosperity and civilization.

In Virginia and North Carolina tobacco became the wealth-producing crop; in Georgia and South Carolina indigo and rice were shipped across the seas, in exchange for England's gold and goods. The wealth of the great planters attracted settlers of agricultural inclination from far and wide.

Agriculture became the honored pursuit, the gentleman's vocation. For the gentleman's son there were offered only the law, the church, and the plantation. The youth from Charleston or Savannah, who may have had a taste for commercial or mechanical life, frequently moved to more congenial sections, feeling that there was no field at home for the exercise of such talents.

Likewise the New England youth, feeling the call of the soil, began the long trek which carried him to an empire of fertile prairie lands, and ended only when he saw the sun set beyond the Golden Gate. Thus, by a process of elimination, were the tendencies of the two sections accentuated.

With the introduction of cotton into America, the two industries based upon cotton — the growing of the plant and the manufacture of the fibre into cloth — divided naturally, as the conditions which I have mentioned had previously shaped the tastes of the people. For climatic reasons cotton-growing was necessarily confined to the South, but it was eagerly seized upon as being ideally in harmony with the inclination of the people. As I have shown in a previous article, it was a crop, above all others, which could be produced by the lowest type of labor and with a minimum of expert supervision. So nothing could have better suited an aristocratic, leisure-loving civilization, with countless slaves to shoulder the rough burdens. The invention of the cotton gin by Whitney, in 1792, gave enormous impetus to cotton-growing in the South, yet it seems to have created almost no ambition on the part of the Southern people to become the manufacturers of their own product. Here, however, was an activity which suited the New Englander; and the men of affairs who had amassed fortunes upon the sea found profitable investment for their capital in the building of cotton-mills. The falls and rapids of the short rivers furnished ample power; the large families from the hillside farms found easy, profitable employment in the mills, and a welcome shelter from a bitter rural struggle through long bleak winters.

So the South, land of men who gloried in the cultivation of the soil as the noblest calling, land of patient, toiling slaves, of fertile fields, sluggish streams, and mild climate, produced the cotton. New England, land of commerce, industry, keen bracing air, rapid streams, and prolific, hardy, native stock from the hills, made the cotton into cloth; and from her convenient ports her ships carried the finished product to the far corners of the earth. On account of lack of land-transport, such an industry could have existed then only in close proximity to seaports. As early as 1793, a cotton-mill was in operation in Rhode Island; by 1811, one hundred and two mills were in operation in the several New England states, with a total of more than 80,000 spindles.

In the light of recent events, it is interesting to review in some detail the growth of the industry in America. At the close of the Civil War, New England had 6,500,000 spindles, while in all the Southern States at that time there were only 200,000. By 1875, New England had increased to 10,000,000 spindles, while the South had not quite half a million. It was said to be unprofitable and impractical to bring the mills to the cotton country, where it would have seemed the logical thing to locate them. About 1890, the Southern textile industry began to indicate by a sudden growth that some hitherto overlooked factor had entered in. In the year 1900, the New England spindles numbered 15,000,000, while the South had reached the noticeable figure of 4,500,000. But soon after this we meet an amazing statement: figures

which seem to belie our entire reasoning up to this point. For at the present time, 1922, we find New England with 20,000,000 spindles and the Southern States with 15,000,000; and in the month of May of this year, 65 per cent of all the cotton manufactured in the United States was spun in the South. Financial interests having the welfare of New England's textiles at heart have begun to take marked notice, and from many sides reasons are being advanced to explain the Aladdin growth of the textile industry in a land where, for a century, it seemed unable to strike root. There must also be some factor at work which has caused the relative slowing-up in the growth of this industry in that section which has always seemed the best suited of all to its highest development.

A high official of one of the national textile associations, in a recent address, dwells at some length upon the present situation of the industry in the two sections of the country, and mentions a number of factors which may have brought about the recent changes in relative volume. For the checked growth of the industry in the North, he assigns as the chief cause the New England state legislatures, many of whose acts he deems hostile to her manufacturing interests. In his opinion, the time has arrived when the local law-makers must decide whether they desire their section of the country to retain its industries, or to become a mere summer resort. State laws restricting working hours, high taxes, and similar handicaps may, of course, serve to curtail for the time being the profits of the New England mills; but these things cannot possibly furnish a satisfactory explanation of the almost over-night growth of a mighty industry, in a section whose people have always been considered as being unsuited by tradition, environment, and temperament for skilled technical enterprise on a large scale.

Were this textile growth diffused throughout the entire South, or were it confined to a given area, but one with nothing to differentiate it from the South in general, then it would seem necessary to change the entire popular conception of Southern culture, as our deductions up to this point would not be justified by the event.

However, even a casual survey will disclose the fact that, while not confined to any one state, the successful textile plants of the South are, almost without exception, located in a clearly defined area, comprising portions of several states, yet at the same time comprising a section of country similar in all its extent, and standing out in marked contrast to all other portions of the South, and to all popular conceptions of the Southern land and people. I refer to the Piedmont Plateau, which begins in Virginia, crosses both Carolinas, and ends in the hills of northwest Georgia. This is the home of the textile industry, and this region differs so strikingly from its surroundings as to seem an island of alien culture. Therefore, fully to understand the development which is taking place there, it is important to note the character of the country, the history of its settlement, and the causes of those differences which set it off as a land apart.

It is a continuation of that hill country which skirts the whole eastern base of the Alleghanies, from Pennsylvania through Maryland and Virginia. From 1740 until the beginning of the Revolution, there flowed southward along this high tableland a constant stream of Scotch-Irish and German settlers from Pennsylvania. The coastal plains were already preëmpted by the English planters, who had the lands divided into vast estates, where they established their slave baronies. They

clung to the coast and to the lands near navigable streams, where the cultivation of the great money crops was profitable, and where the waterways furnished easy communication with the culture and life of the Mother Country.

The hill lands they deemed worthless, and so left them open for the influx of a hardy yeoman stock from the northward. Into this open gap flowed the vigorous, liberty-loving stock which had settled the Northeast and which later was to set toward the West. About twenty years after this movement began, many shiploads of Scotch, Irish, and Palatines landed at the Georgia and Carolina ports. Finding the coast lands already taken up by the planters, under whose system there was no dignified place for the small landowner or the white laborer, these settlers pushed on through to the hill lands, and there found already established their own people, who had come by way of Pennsylvania. They mingled with them, and so the Piedmont Plateau was settled. Its people had nothing in common with the Bourbon culture of the low countries.

During the Civil War and the period just before that conflict, the civilization of the Piedmont was merged and joined with the remainder of the South in the face of a common enemy. As soon as the crisis was past, the fundamental differences of the two peoples became at once evident. The coastal South, whose prosperity and wealth were founded on slavery and on class, lay prostrate for decades. The Piedmont, under the new order of things, came into its own and advanced rapidly toward healthy and well-rounded development. As soon as the first shock of the great war was past, and when means of transportation had been established, its people turned naturally to that industrial progress for which they were in all respects well fitted.

Even the religions of the two sections of the South marked a difference of origin. The Church of England was supreme on the coast, while the men of the hill-country were Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Moravians. As a proof of the extent of the movement which I have mentioned, it is a fact of church history that nearly all the early Presbyterian churches in the upper Carolinas were supplied with pastors from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The country became a land of small farmers—industrious pioneers, who cleared up the hardwood forests, tilled the soil with their own hands, lived simple, frugal lives, and on Sundays gathered at their little log meeting-houses. Here, for a long while, slavery was almost unknown; and it never gained sufficient volume to leave its effects upon the people.

Naturally, two such distinct types of culture could not long exist in such close proximity without some strife and some modification. As early as the year 1800, considerable friction developed between the Pennsylvania pastors and the slave-owners of the lower districts. As the country filled up, and communication became easier and frequent, the manners and customs of the coast did to some extent penetrate into the up-country, and change the life there, especially in the larger towns. Ohio and the Near West were now opened up, and the tide which had flowed south into the Piedmont for fifty years receded and turned westward.

While that culture which bounded the Piedmont lands on the east did change to some degree the life of the towns, the character of the rural districts remained almost identical with that of the states located north of the Potomac. From the Piedmont there was also a constant trickle from the hills into the coves and gaps of the high mountains which lay just to the west.

It is important to note that here, in a country very similar to the highlands of Scotland, the pioneer Anglo-Saxon stock has remained almost unchanged down to the present day.

The wealthy planter element of the coastal plains, having leisure to travel and to engage in public life, forced the acceptance of its particular brand of culture as being representative of the spirit of the South. They were good publicity men; and so in time the world lost sight of the latent possibilities which lay in the simpler, hard-working small farmers scattered over the wide extent of the hill country and the mountains.

II

It is often said that France is that portion of the earth best fitted to be a dwelling-place of the human race. Possibly, taking the country as a whole, this may be true; yet I cannot believe that even France contains any one spot better suited for the development of a happy well-rounded civilization than the Piedmont of the Carolinas.

Owing to the latitude, the winters are mild; yet one finds pleasant summers, and the invigorating effects due to a considerable altitude. The elevation is from 600 to 1200 feet above the sea; the surface of the land is gently rolling; the soil is nearly everywhere fertile, producing bounteous crops of cotton, corn, wheat, and all kinds of fruit. The streams are clear and cold, and in their rapid descent from the mountains offer almost unlimited power for hydro-electric development.

From some open vantage-point one frequently obtains a wide outlook over the landscape of low hills, checkered into well-tilled fields and small patches of woodland, white farmhouses, and, here and there, the tall stacks marking busy industrial towns. It is, indeed, a pleasant land viewed against a setting of the blue mountains to the west. As one travels nearer to the mountains, past neat prosperous mill villages, past compact stone farm homes, by cool springs shaded with white pine and hemlock, one feels on all sides a brooding spirit of peace, of contentment. Entering the passes of the mountains, which rise blue and abrupt on either side, one hears at evening from high pastures the tinkle of Alpine bells, and the vision is of a land where not only is the laborer deemed worthy of his hire, but of a goodly land where he who plougheth shall plough in hope.

The population, as we have shown, is pure Anglo-Saxon stock, of Colonial American traditions. Extremes of wealth or poverty have been negligible since the first settlement; so that we find here to-day probably as pure an example of democracy as exists anywhere. Sufficient negroes are found for certain necessary labor, yet not enough ever to become a problem.

We have seen that the first chapter of cotton in America was that the South raised the plant and New England manufactured the fibre into the finished product. At first, the Anglo-Saxon stock of the New England hills bred large families but scanty crops, and so provided ideal labor for the mills. During the Civil War, most of the looms stood idle, while the former operatives carried the blue lines across distant cotton fields. After the war, they never returned to the mills. They had traveled far, and their vision was broadened. Some returned home to other pursuits, while many moved into the new states of the West. Their place was, at first, filled by Irish and some English labor; but after a time this also was replaced by labor from Central and Southern Europe. So, at last, those who owned and managed the mills, and those who labored in the mills, were poles apart in race, understanding, and

frequently in language. The conditions which had once given birth to successful textile development had changed and passed, and the industry was forced to shape itself to meet new conditions. The labor was now chiefly that class most susceptible to the influences of trades-unionism, and to all those new doctrines concerning the relations of capital and labor which, whatever may be their fundamental merits, have not, thus far, made for the efficient and harmonious operation of large industrial enterprises.

In the Piedmont section of the Southern States, on the other hand, are found conditions almost exactly paralleling the New England of sixty years ago. The population is of a hardy stock, reared amid hard work and rural simplicity, from which spring leaders of enterprise and efficient captains of industry. Unlimited native labor comes from those mountain coves where the pioneers from Scotland and Ireland ended the long migration. These people better their condition of living when they move from a lonely log-cabin in the mountains to a comfortable bungalow, with all modern conveniences, situated in some Piedmont mill town. Living conditions for labor in a Southern country are necessarily easier than they are in the North. As I have suggested, the languor and lassitude often associated with a southern climate are here overcome by altitude, and by bracing air from near-by mountains. Long summers and short winters give greater opportunity for raising vegetables and poultry, and there is also less expense for fuel and heavy clothing.

A factor which makes for harmony is that the labor here has never developed class-consciousness or social isolation. Farming conditions are easy, and real estate is cheap. Many families retain and operate small farms, while certain members move to near-by mills and obtain there profitable employment. Thrifty operatives frequently own real estate in town, which they either occupy or rent. They thus retain a keen interest in the economic and agricultural life of the country. They are simply individual citizens who are engaged in textile work. Should one, for any reason, become dissatisfied with his mill-life, he would probably move back to a farm or find other town employment. It is hard to picture such a group of individuals becoming a solid class-mass, apart from the general life of the home state. We have here good American stock, well pleased with their lot in life. The walking delegate who comes to this country is wise if he brings with him his return fare.

In many instances the presidents of large mills are men who were raised on adjacent farms. Neighboring farms produce alike presidents, superintendents, and operatives. Employment in a cotton-mill is looked upon as an honorable vocation, which any may enter, and as a good training-school for young men who hope to expand into leaders.

The manufacturing cities, such as Greenville, Charlotte, Gastonia, and Spartanburg, are attractive places, of from twenty to fifty thousand inhabitants. As a rule, the mill villages are located in the outskirts, so that ample space for healthy living is furnished. All operatives occupy individual homes; civic pride is encouraged by cash prizes offered for the best-kept lawns and gardens. Parks, paved and shaded streets, good schools, libraries, and churches all tend to render the lives of the operatives satisfactory. In several instances, large mountain tracts are owned by the mills and turned over to the operatives for summer camping-sites and recreation parks.

While I do not believe that the Southern States will ever have a monopoly

of American textile industry, I do believe that this Piedmont land is to-day adapted for the highest development of this industry in all its branches. The most intricate processes and the production of the finest fabrics can here be successfully carried on.

New England's lawmakers, while not unmindful of the welfare of labor, must also remember to temper their legislation with wisdom, and not suffer themselves to be led by the voices of political expediency. Also, her labor, in making its demands, should realize that this section to-day holds no natural advantage in cotton-manufacturing over the favored section which I have described. If too many and too great legal burdens and handicaps are placed upon her industries, then Southward will the Star of Textile Empire inevitably take its way.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROFANED WORDS

Mr. Lodge has recently assured the world that Theodore Roosevelt was in no sense a 'profane' man. It is a great satisfaction to have this fact established in the minds of posterity by so eminent a witness. Otherwise, certain of Mr. Roosevelt's more violent epithets might become the quarry of misguided philologists, and serve as a basis for reinterpretation. It might come to be believed that the distinguished President had mingled with the lower sort, prize-fighters for example, and lost that emotional restraint which marked the gentlemen of his day.

I fancy that, if Mr. Roosevelt was not, in any sense, a profane man, it was because he was generally master of a more precise idiom than the language of profanity. Poems are born of the emotional exigency, as Wordsworth discovered. But how frequent the emotional exigency of which no poem is born — or any humbler utterance, unless an oath? We are often grateful for mere prose if the exigency is extreme, as in the winter of 1919–20, when Mr. Wilson pronounced the busy-ness of the Senate to be 'supererogatory.' We did not know what it meant, but we had observed the Senate. Any word not encumbered with a meaning would do. From the mouldy depths of lexicographic desuetude it came: 'Supererogatory' — that was the Senate and the Senate was that!

Will posterity count it a profane word? Who shall say? Any pebble shied at so august a body has about it an aspect of profanity. But posterity will not enjoy the *frisson* that attended its rebirth, its reinstatement in the language — not, perhaps, of the street — but of the volatile suburb. The supererogatory Senate!

I looked it up in the dictionary. It was right as far as it went; but somehow, I had expected more of it. Then, as frequently, I was tempted by the philosophy of Humpty Dumpty. If only words would mean exactly what we wish them to! Let the dictionary go by the board and printing become a series of gestures — conveying, inversely as the square root of their brevity, the pent emotions of mankind.

To be sure, nobody would understand us. But nobody understands us anyway! So what of that?

Take the word 'Bezonian,' for example, which means a vulgar hind. Thanks to Jefferson, it is a term of opprobrium now, in so far as it is understood. But if we want to put the 'powerful Katrinka' in her place, — and especially, to relieve our feelings without injury to hers, — it is not altogether a disadvantage that the word is little understood. She may think you are calling her a beautiful Amazon, and turn from following after contrariety.

One's experiences on the other side of the fence — the bright realm of ignorance — are frequently delightful, while they last. I remember as a child having settled several theological questions very satisfactorily without recourse to the authorities, and frequently without any real perplexity; as with the phrase: 'And I will send you another Comforter.' A species of down puff, I argued, of which, in an intemperate climate, one could not have too many. I have since learned that the Comforter is identified with the Paraclete, or the third Member of the Trinity, or, in other words, the Holy Ghost. The 'other words' do not help particularly; it is an entity which becomes less intelligible the more it is explained.

But my childish fancy had already disposed of the Holy Ghost. In the normal Sunday-morning congregation, every third or fourth person habitually leaned his forehead on the adjacent pew during the prayer, the rest remaining erect, with folded hands and bowed head. Emulation did not prevent me from observing this demonstration of piety, which so impressed me that I never doubted these were holy ghosts; especially as the clergyman always employed the expression at this juncture in the ceremonies. I have never since found a suitable means for recording this distinction among the devotees.

My saddest experience, however, was with the word 'maverick,' which a sheltering environment withheld from my cognizance until quite recently. I believe that one member of the Roosevelt family is reported to have applied it, as a term of opprobrium, to another, in a not very intelligible context. The impulse of incurable folly drove me to inquire its meaning. I am the poorer for my pains.

Already associations had gathered in my mind about the word, which caused my informant some amusement, but caused me infinitely more. Great, as Humpty Dumpty discovered, are the resources of an unbiased mind. The word had suggested to me a romantic and sentimental fowl, dwelling with all the other un-American birds — poor things! — in the wildernesses of poesy. I longed to hear him in a ballad as, for example: —

> The finch, the throstle, and the lark;
> The merle and maverick!
>
> 'Write them together, it is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.'

For some reason I am sure there would be a great many mavericks for every finch. It is a bird of luxuriant growth, a child of the rank tropics, and cousin to the bul-bul; the English sparrow of romance.

> The multitudinous maverick and shy finch,
> The throbulent throstle and loquacious lark —

The merles and mavericks would be more or less dependable, like the decorations on a Christmas tree; while the finch would flit, the throstle would flicker, and the lark would keep popping into the clouds for incalculable absences. Here are æsthetic joys indeed!

On every twiggen tree a throstle throve,
On every twig, a tuneful maverick.

Mark the devastating power of diversity and repetition: the throstle to thrill by his prosperous singularity; the maverick to soothe by his hypnotic recurrence.

And this normal multiplicity would render him, like the last rose of summer, excessively poignant alone. What sound, or what absence of sound, could be more whelming at the end of an autumnal stanza than —

The muted maverick's melanchcly moan.

Surely another bird 'could not so mope.'

The fact of the matter is, that the word would be much more useful to me if I did not know its meaning. It would serve to eke out my meagre quota of nautical terms, thus: —

The maverick met the mizzen-mast.

It would stead me as regalia in the Scottish Highlands: —

His money in his maverick;

or thus: —

His maverick abune his breast;

or, as a proper name, in this fashion: —

Then straight stood forth the Maverick.

It would dig a ditch: —

A mattock and a maverick.

But, best of all, it would carry conviction in one of those tremendously muscular feudal mêlées, not quite unknown to song and story, in which (to mount by polyphonic gradations to the theme) the true knight smites his blasphemous foe from helm to saddle-bows a blow which, still unspent, unsandwiches his horse and rives the earth below: —

Thus through helm, saddle-bow, and horse
He drave the cleaving maverick.

In my aviary, the finch and throstle forever mourn the deprivation of a comrade defrauded at christening. My autumnal sonnet stutters in the contemplation of a moan that never was. My sailor boy eschews the mizzen-mast in an agony of baulked disposition. The impecunious Scot has no receptacle for his pittance, no cloak for his poverty. And the blasphemous Paynim blasphemes with perfect abandon in the absence of the blow that should rebuke him — from a weapon that shall be nameless. A dubious anonymity pervades my cosmos. For the word has gone forth that maverick shall mean a 'small unbranded steer' upon the Western prairie.

In the shadow of this disillusionment, one wonders again whether the 'mastery of a more precise idiom' ever quite embitters the uses of profanity; whether all the words in Mr. Roosevelt's religiously mortified (!) vocabulary ever burst among us with quite the lustre of one unpremeditated 'damn!'

ELDER, NOT BETTER

During the last year or two, the public has been abundantly supplied with discussions and controversies, spoken or printed, on the subject of the Rising *versus* the Risen Generation, defenders for each side — according to the age of the special pleader — taking the floor by turns. Like the weather, this has proved a subject in which everyone is interested, because everyone is involved; for those of us who are neither rising nor risen may be said to be setting, and interest in that phenomenon is not confined to hens, or the sun, when it concerns one's own decline and fall.

Antagonism between generations seems to be inevitable, and may as well

be recognized and dealt with, not denied and smoothed over, just because we wish that it did not exist. The old and the young are as far apart in point of view, code, and standard, as if they belonged to different races. An Englishman and a Frenchman are not more unlike than an old man and a young man; and it is as impossible to interpret one to the other. A different language is spoken in both cases; the morality is different; the temperaments are divided by a channel as wide as the Straits of Dover; the ideals are not the same; the sense of humor, the sense of taste, and the scale of values are totally dissimilar.

Those who belong either to the Anglo-Saxon or to the Latin race would naturally have a prejudice in favor of their own people; and the same thing applies to age and youth. Those who belong to neither of the two races may yet have an inborn predilection either for the Englishman or for the Frenchman, just as those who are on the borderland between age and youth — who stand nicely balanced in the middle of the see-saw on which the two extremes are perpetually tilting — may have a temperamental sympathy either with the standards of a day that is dying or with those of a day in its infancy. It is just as futile to argue about the relative merits of age and youth as it is to discuss the respective virtues of two totally dissimilar nations.

Let us frankly — if regretfully — accept as a premise that the two generations are natural enemies, suspicious of each other, critical, distrustful, unsympathetic, and hostile. It is extremely probable that, as long as life endures, these two great opposing armies will occupy the field and will occupy it exclusively. The grandparents and grandchildren count only as a sort of stage mob that murmurs approval or scorn; the real combatants are fathers and mothers *versus* sons and daughters.

Of course there are countless individual exceptions to this rule of general hostility, just as there are innumerable instances of warm friendship and mutual admiration between nations temperamentally opposed; but such exceptions do not affect the fact that a state of war, or, at best, of armed neutrality, exists between the old and the young.

I am not pleading for 'a better understanding,' nor do I dare to hope for a real entente cordiale: but I do believe in the practical advantages of a social alliance between these natural enemies.

There are many unseen forces drawn up against the two opposing armies, — forces potent, though invisible, — which are hostile to both generations, and which are recognized by old and young alike as being menaces to civilization and to life itself. Is it intelligent for soldiers to begin to fight each other when the only hope of the survival of either army depends on annihilating the unseen enemies of which both sides are equally conscious? What does it matter whether the invisible foes are called by different names by their opposing forces? 'The Enemy' and '*L'ennemi*' mean the same thing to each army; so perhaps do 'Sinner' and 'Fake' to each generation. Age may incline toward a rather grandiloquent battle cry. It may like to advance to the trumpet call of 'Down with Corruption! Forward with the Standard of Truth!' while Youth merely sets its grim jaw and mutters, 'To hell with shams!' (murmuring under its breath, 'and to the same place with the old hypocrites who preach about what they don't understand!')

What does it matter if, as an incentive to the imagination of the old, one banner bears the device 'Idealism,' and

the other the stark word 'Realism'? To noncombatants, too feeble for fighting, by reason either of extreme age or extreme youth, the word on the wind-tossed banners looks much the same from a distance.

Of what consequence is it that one army chooses to employ bayonets and the other poisonous gases? Let each use the weapon it prefers — Age the traditional, Youth the experimental. Let the band of one side play hymns and the other jazz: each speaks to the generation that understands the tune. Perhaps Age advances into the strife with heart uplifted by prayer, while Youth flings out a curse from its cynical lips; yet Youth goes forward no less manfully. There even come moments when, through some strange mirage of the spirit, the fighting generations seem — each to the other — to be retreating.

'Stop praying and advance!' cry the young men; 'can't you old crabs see that you are going backwards?'

'O foolish, misguided youths!' moan the elders in despair; 'can you not realize that your blasphemies and your ribald songs are leading you back into barbarism?'

When there was a world war, the Englishman and the Frenchman forgot their differences and fought side by side, each contributing to the defeat of a common foe qualities which the other nation could not bring. If they had stopped to analyze and discuss, to compare and criticize, as the two generations are doing to-day, the result of the great cataclysm would have been even more disastrous than it is at present. The two nations — temporary allies — were just as different during the war as before and after it, but they had sufficient intelligence to see that as allies they could gain something which as opponents they would lose.

So, in the name of common sense, is it not time for Age to stop shaking its palsied head at the irreverence of the collegian and the frivolity of the flapper; and for Youth to cease scoffing at the archaic standards of fast-fossilizing fogies? Is it not the part of expediency for the young iconoclast and the hard-shelled conservative to form an alliance based on differences, rather than to continue the fight without an end, or to attempt to create a fictitious friendship based on nothing at all?

When the war against all the evils of civilization ceases, the old and the young can take arms against each other once more; but, meanwhile, let us favor disarmament to the extent of scrapping the cutting remarks with which the antagonists seek to wound one another, and quietly remove inflammable material stored in magazines.

Perhaps crabbed Age and Youth *could* live together if Youth would refrain from hurling that insulting adjective at Age; and if Age, in its turn, would — like Cassius — modestly proclaim itself an elder soldier, not a better.

Cannot extremes meet in alliance, though not in friendship?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

James M. Cain is a member of the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, a paper of conservative character, respected by friends and enemies alike. The course of the *Sun* in connection with the West Virginia outrages is striking. Mr. Cain was sent to the ground in the service of his paper, with instructions to gather an unbiased story. The mine-owners regarded his activities with disfavor, thinking him prejudiced, and a well known politician was requested to expostulate with the owners of the *Sun*. The newspaper management appointed a man friendly to the operators to investigate the charge, and gave no hint to Mr. Cain that his own story was being checked up. The report of this investigator was that Mr. Cain was absolutely truthful and his story fair; whereupon the *Sun* instructed him to stick to his job. Radicals the country over continually accuse newspapers of bias in favor of capitalism. But the *Sun's* general course in this and in other matters is strong testimony to the power and probity of the press.

* * *

Ralph P. Boas is head of the English Department of the English High School at Springfield, Massachusetts, and editor of *Youth and the New World*. To the very difficult subject which she calls 'The Open Door in Marriage,' **Anne C. E. Allinson** brings a broad equipment. Formerly dean of the Women's College in Brown University, she is the author of *Roads from Rome* and of many essays on classical, religious, and personal themes. *The Acropolis and Golgotha* and *Juventus Christi* will be most easily remembered by readers of the *Atlantic*. **Joseph Fort Newton** proves in a second paper how stimulating 'Preaching in New York' can be. The manuscript comes to us from the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which Mr. Newton is pastor.

* * *

The chapter on Lowell, by **M. A. De Wolfe Howe,** is from Mr. Howe's new book *Memories of a Hostess*, to be published very shortly. **Robert Davis,** a transplanted American, cultivates a farm in the Department of the Gironde, which, as travelers know, is a delicious wine country. The Hindman Settlement School, on Troublesome Creek, in Knott County, in the mountains of Kentucky, has just celebrated its twentieth birthday. **Lucy Furman's** 'Quare Women' stories go back to the days before its founding, when the women who afterward started it came up from the Blue Grass to the mountains, and, pitching their tents a two days' journey from a railroad, carried on a rural social settlement, meantime studying the people and their needs — the permanent result being the Hindman Settlement School, in which industrial and academic education are combined with various forms of social service especially adapted to the mountains.

* * *

We asked **Mr. Edward W. Bok** if he had n't made a mistake in putting the 'W' into his name. He wrote us: '"Edward W. Bok" is right; that is as I am now; Edward Bok was the chap who edited the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he is no more. It's the real me now, thank the Lord, trying to express myself.' **Charles D. Stewart** is not only a naturalist, but a many-sided lover of life. He is a profound student of horses — and of the first folio of Shakespeare. A successful novel, *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, is his, and he is the author of many stories and articles in the *Atlantic* and other magazines. **E. Barrington's** latest book is *'The Ladies,'* a volume of truth and romance woven about the wit and beauty of eighteenth century England. To those who complain of the obscurities of religious and mystical experiences, **Claudia Cranston,** whose strange poem, *Ask Not One Another*, we print this month, has this to say: '[It is] as though while accepting from a cathedral its shade and shelter during an inclement period, we should drown out its holy service with criticisms of the carvings on its walls.'

Willard L. Sperry has just been appointed Dean of the new Theological School in Harvard University. Readers of the *Atlantic* will remember his paper, 'A Parish Minister's Declaration of Independence,' which appeared in January, 1921. His volume, *The Disciples of Liberty*, was published last year by the Yale University Press. **Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier** will be remembered for her pleasant Celtic stories (written before she was married) 'Pearls before Swine,' and 'The Irish of It,' which appeared in October, 1917, and March, 1918. The story of a bear by **Enos Mills** is an authentic record of personal observation. Mr. Mills has for years been the familiar of bear, and beaver, and deer, and writes as truly and as pleasantly about western wild life as anyone we know in America.

* * *

As Director of the United States Geological Survey and member of Secretary Hoover's advisory committee on coal, **George Otis Smith** has had an unusual opportunity to consider the present coal crisis in the light of the basic coal facts, geographic and economic. **Through an Ulsterman's Eyes** is an example of war psychology not to be ignored by peacemakers. So long as this hate-complex exists in Ireland, North or South, there can be no peace. We are not at liberty to give the name of the author, but it can be stated that he was an eye-witness of the terrible events he describes. **H. E. Wortham** is a student of the Mohammedan problem in Africa, and a correspondent of the *London Outlook*. **André Rostand** is an educated liberal-minded Frenchman, whose views on reparations — so hard for most Americans to understand — are widely representative of the best educated opinion in France. Southerners and Northerners alike were interested in 'A New South: The Boll-Weevil Era,' by **E. T. Shaffer,** which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. Mr. Shaffer writes us: 'My occupation is that of a truck farmer. My chief compensation, however, is in observing the many interesting phases of the life about me — of which I am a part. Possibly my angle of vision on local affairs may be different from most men's, as, while Southern born and reared, I am of New England parentage.'

A letter comes to us from Omaha, apropos 'American-Born,' in the June *Atlantic*, which, because of its sharp spiritual insight adds, we think, to the literature on 'Americanization.'

June 17, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article in the June *Atlantic* entitled 'American-Born' interested me very much. It suggested the definition of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy which reads, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy and Heterodoxy is your doxy.'

A few weeks ago when I was in England, my devout little hostess dealt tenderly with my soul that she might convert me from being a nonconformist to becoming a member of the Church of England. In easy conversational discussion I gave her the very kernel of the doctrine of the church to which I belong, but not labeled as such. She responded with great feeling, 'Oh, Miss R——, you should be an Episcopalian. You have so much of it in you.' She did not realize that in the essentials, all Christian faiths are perhaps alike.

Even so when we receive an immigrant into our country and label that which is best and finest in him as 'American,' are we not missing the point that the finest and best of every country are all kin perhaps, and cannot be said to be of any one country unless of the Kingdom of Heaven, whatever we mean by that?

My small niece says that the Smiths have a painting very like ours. I say that we each have a Rembrandt. Let us put away childish things and draw the conclusion, not that the little immigrants are American in spirit, but rather that the American heritage partakes of that great indefinable spiritual inheritance which is too big to be circumscribed by any lines, either national or racial, and which is the birthright of real manhood and real womanhood wherever found.

M. R.

* * *

Such a flood of letters swept into our office in the wake of Dr. Channing Frothingham's article on 'Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and the Practice of Medicine,' in the July *Atlantic*, that last month we were able to print only half of the best of them. The following seems to us important: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As an osteopathic physician of twenty years experience I was naturally very much interested in the views upon Osteopathy, presented by Channing Frothingham, in the July issue of your publication.

The assertion is made that the osteopath 'depends upon a theory.' That the human organism is a vital machine, largely dependent upon the laws of biology and physics for its proper functioning is a demonstrated fact, not a *theory*. The basic contention of the Osteopathic School is that *structure determines function*, in the human machine the same as in any other. The circulation of the blood which carries the vital elements of nutrition is mechanical in its nature and depends in a large measure upon reflex action through the proper play of nerve impulses.

Dr. Frothingham says, 'The orthodox osteopath *should* feel that a general knowledge of medicine is not necessary, because, according to the theory, it is only necessary to find the osteopathic lesion in the region of the spine and remove it by appropriate treatment and health will result.' There is an implied criticism of the osteopathic physician in the above quotation, because he refuses to remain in a narrow groove, but instead has increased his realm of study and maintains a broad outlook upon disease. The osteopathic physician has never contended that the structural lesion was the sole and only cause of disease. He has proven, however, both by clinical results and animal experimentation, that spinal lesions are very important factors in the causation and perpetuation of ill health, and that the principle of adjustment is coextensive with the practice of the healing art. Contrary to the assertion of Dr. Frothingham, osteopathy discards nothing in the way of scientifically proven facts in medicine, using the term medicine in its broadest sense. On the contrary, we are trying to add some facts entirely overlooked by the regular school. . . .

The article in question is not fair, in that it attempts to convey the impression that the osteopathic student is not given a thorough training in physical diagnosis and general medical knowledge. There are, at the present time, seven colleges of osteopathy in the United States, recognized by the American Osteopathic Association. The standards of these schools are high. No student is qualified to enter unless he is a graduate of an accredited high school. No doctor may graduate until he has completed a course of four college years, each year being a full nine months of study.

ERNEST C. BOND, D. O.

* * *

Mountain-climbers and horseback-riders will enjoy these letters.

August 16, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was much interested in what Samantha Whipple Shoup says of the late Queen Victoria's petticoat in the July issue of the *Atlantic*. I have wondered where the information came from. When I wish any mid-Victorian information I wait for a rainy Sunday afternoon and begin to go through my files of bound *Godey's*. Sooner or later the idea sought is found in print in that old chronical of American social life, books, and fashions of that time. In those days of the early fifties *Godey* clubbed with the *Atlantic Monthly!* This is the 'Godey' history of the Balmoral petticoat.

Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, March 1858.

'A new material for petticoats has been introduced into London by Her Majesty Victoria. It is of very thick material, with a very brilliant scarlet and black stripe. The Empress Eugenie, whose Spanish taste is for bright colors, has adopted them.'

Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, June 1860.

'A Summer Balmoral would be a great convenience for the decks of steamers or boats, and the dirty floors of cars and cabs. Will some amiable importer order them? Colored underskirts were considered unladylike until the Queen gave prestige to them. . . . A fashionable house like Levy's, Arnold's, or Stewart's, could soon make them the rage, and confer a lasting benefit on the feminine community of travellers.'

The appeal seems to have been complied with. *Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine, March* 1861, says, 'Cotton Balmoral petticoats, in the same neat, light colors that have distinguished those in wool, silk and wool, etc., the past winter, will be found a most serviceable article for spring wear, or for travelling through the season. They are much lighter, and of course cooler than those our readers are generally familiar with. *They are also suitable as an underskirt for equestrians.*'

Ye cross-saddle riders! Imagine either girl or horse submitting to a long petticoat!

LETITIA HART ALEXANDER.

LOUISVILLE
KENTUCKY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the July number I have read with interest the comments of Samantha Whipple Shoup, of San José, anent the 'Balmoral.' I trust I shall be pardoned if I differ from her on some points.

Far from being an 'outing costume,' and the forerunner of 'khaki knickers,' it was the legitimate and fashionable successor of the 'quilted petticoat'; simply a woollen garment for winter wear. Webster says it was 'a striped woollen petticoat worn under the dress, which was looped up to show it.'

Observe, please, that the looping was done for effect, and it was quite the mode for street-wear.

As for mountain-climbing, it would have been difficult for countless women, who were merely

following the fashion of the day, to find even the suggestion of a mountain in their localities. For instance, in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and elsewhere.

M. V.

San Francisco.

This seems to be one of the many cases in which both sides of a controversy are correct. American women may not have climbed mountains in Balmorals, but Queen Victoria probably did.

* * *

The *Atlantic* must allow its contributors a certain poetic license, but the following is a warning to those who do not go to sea in ships:

Dear Atlantic, —

Shades of your seagoing New England antecedents! On the first page of the August number I find ships 'casting their anchors'! Even if the ordinary speech of New Enganders no longer is salty, there remains no excuse for ships 'casting' anchors in the *Atlantic*, especially when the subject has been so well covered by Joseph Conrad, from whose *Emblems of Hope* I quote the following: —

'Now an anchor is never cast, and to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech.

'This insistence in using the odious word arises from the fact that a particularly benighted landsman must imagine the act of anchoring as a process of throwing something overboard, whereas the anchor, ready for its work, is already overboard, and is not thrown over but is simply allowed to fall.'

The order is not "Heave over!" as the paragraphist seems to imagine, but "Let go!"

'I remember a coasting pilot of my early acquaintance (he used to read the papers assiduously) who, to define the utmost degree of lubberliness in a landsman, used to say, "He's one of them poor, miserable, 'cast anchor' devils."'

Yours very truly,

Edgar Williams.

Washington, D. C.

* * *

Many letters of appreciation have come to the anonymous author of the now famous poem printed in the 'Column' to the refrain, so expressive of the dormant humaan longing, 'Oh, leave me lay.'

We notice, however, in the *Seattle Star* one discordant note from an outraged teacher, who believes she discerns a grammatical inaccuracy. Her comment, which seems to us imperfectly sympathetic with the poet's mood, is preceded by the second stanza of the poem.

I had n't ought to want things different
To what transpires every single day;
But I keep wishing that I could of went
From this heart-rendering dulness quite away.
And yet, why move? there's always rent to pay.
— Oh, leave me lay!

One cannot but wonder what the limits are — and 'a well-known scholar,' too! What there could be to 'like' about it passes understanding, and how the person guilty of perpetrating such an atrocity could ever hope to escape 'heart-rendering dullness' also raises my curiosity.

By all means, 'Leave him lay! Leave him lay!'

* * *

Among kindly efforts intended to bridge the late unpleasantness, the Editor notes the following offer of assistance: —

Grä Felfing, Bavaria

Dear Sirs, —

please let me know as soon as possible, if you consent to accept me as a continual contributor for your magazine. Perfect, exact, experienced writer. Speciality: Most various matters concerning science, culture, politics, in Europe and in the Far East (Indian Ocean and neighbourings). Correct point of view, only influenced by pure, ethical principles.

50 articles a year (beginning from Sept. 1st, 1922), $50. each (not less than 100–150 lines); extents, however, according to your wishes. 1st class material. Specimens on demand.

Be kind enough to give me your terms and consense. If you do like it better, I shall also agree to previous payment by the lump, viz., $2000 the year, an important abatement. Cheque on: Deutsche Bank, Lenbachplatz, Munich, Bavaria.

Soliciting your correspondence, I am, Dear Sirs,

very truly yours,

—— ——

author

Some themes to discuss about:

The Muscat Treaty between England and France from March 10th, 1862

Dynastic relations between Muscat and Zanzibar

Amulets and Talismans

The very series will to be choiced by me, exeept your determined orders.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Atlantic Friendships

Among the October publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press there is one book which bears a close relation to the *Atlantic Monthly* itself. This is *Memories of a Hostess*, more fully defined on its title-page as 'A Chronicle of Eminent Friendships, Drawn Chiefly from the Diaries of **Mrs. James T. Fields**, by **M. A. DeWolfe Howe.**'

Under the second editor of the *Atlantic*, James T. Fields, the place of the magazine in American life and letters was definitely established. As a publisher and editor he had extraordinary gifts, of which none was more notable than his capacity for entering into relations of true friendship with the writing men and women, the most distinguished of their time.

These friendships were furthered by constant hospitalities, for the domestic conduct of which Fields was no less fortunate in his wife, then a young woman of remarkable beauty, charm, and spirit. Her own instinct for writing led her through many years to keep an intimate diary, in which the 'solemn troops and sweet societies,' especially of the sixties and seventies — Hawthorne, Dickens, Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, and scores of others — are to be seen and heard, not as remote, august figures, but as living friends.

In her lifetime Mrs. Fields published portions of this diary, but many of its best pages were left unprinted. Her literary executor has now used it, together with a mass of unpublished correspondence committed to his hands, to reconstruct the scene — personal, social, intellectual — in which the *Atlantic* became what it was, under the editorship of Fields, and what, *mutatis mutandis*, it has remained.

Mr. Howe's experience in the handling of biographical material was extensive before the death of Mrs. Fields in 1915, and has been enlarged since then. In this volume he has employed it, not so much to produce a biography of a friend of the older generation who honored him with her confidence, as to present a picture of a vanished society as seen through her sympathetic eyes, and described in her journals with a profusion of lively anecdote and reminiscence.

A Dr. Johnson Play

The daily press has an immense advantage over the monthly. The Talker of Shop, who has long been in possession of an important 'literary secret,' was planning to divulge it in this issue of the *Atlantic*. Imagine his chagrin in picking up the '*Literary Review*' of the *New York Evening Post* for August 11, 1922 — after the September 'Shop-Talk' had gone to the printers — to find that the agile Kenelm Digby (*agile* be it written, though he prefers to call himself *debile*) had outrun him. Thus the enterprising knight: 'A long sigh, and we announce that *A. Edward Newton*, of Philadelphia has got ahead of us. * * * He has written, and the Atlantic Monthly Press will publish in the spring, a *Play about Dr. Johnson*. * * * The deuce he has; we always wanted to do just that, and had even sketched out a scenario. * * * Anyhow, there's a chance for theatrical producers who want something that will really tickle the cognooshers.'

Now that is not precisely as the fact would have been announced here; but it is nevertheless a fact. There is even a certain comfort in the reflection that if Kenelm Digby got ahead of us, Mr. Newton got ahead of him. Indeed he has got ahead of many others, and the surprising thing is that nobody before him had the combined ingenuity and knowledge to do what he has done. This is to construct a four-act play of which Dr. Johnson is the central figure, with nearly every word of the dialogue drawn from Boswell, the Doctor's letters, and other contemporary sources. It is no mere tour de force, but a vivid and authentic presentation of scenes from the actual

life of Dr. Johnson, which will be hailed as a unique contribution to our little shelf of eighteenth-century books.

The Juvenile Field

As the season of Christmas approaches, it is natural to turn one's thoughts to the matter of books for children — though why this youngest battalion in the army of readers should not be regarded in connection with books through the rest of the year may be a little difficult of explanation. Already we are prepared to meet the demands of the year, and the season, with two new books chosen for publication not because anyone has thought them of the kind which older donors will regard as peculiarly appealing to younger donees, but because they have been 'tried on' the young themselves with conspicuous success.

The first is *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane*, by **Sarah Addington,** a story of the boyhood of that world-figure, Santa Clause, growing up in a community peopled by the equally real characters of Mother Goose. It is adorned with admirable colored illustrations by **Miss Gertrude Kay.** When a portion of it appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for last December, it met with a response, and a demand for publication in book form, which have added materially to our confidence in it as a Christmas book which will make a large and distinctive place for itself.

The second is called *David the Dreamer* and has afforded the Atlantic Monthly Press an interesting opportunity to combine in one volume the work of two widely separated creators. One is a Rumanian artist, Tom Freud, not a male psychoanalyst as the name might suggest, but a young woman trained in Paris and London, and well-known in Europe both for her drawings and for the wooden toys she makes. A set of her remarkably quaint and imaginative colored designs is accompanied, in *David the Dreamer,* by a whimsical, amusing story in prose and verse by **Mr. Ralph Bergengren,** of Scituate, Massachusetts, whose *Jane, Joseph, and John* has been one of the popular juvenile books of recent years. The League of Nations is still incomplete, but Rumania and Scituate have 'got together' to good purpose.

School and College

Between the really juvenile and the adult reader stands the multitude of youth in process of education. Within the past two weeks millions of pupils have sought — eagerly or reluctantly — the shelter of the schoolhouse. The national interest in education has accordingly risen to its annual flood-tide.

During the past summer we have published two textbooks of more than ordinary importance. One is entitled *Famous Stories from Famous Authors.* The first three authors are Dickens, Tolstoy, and Lewis Carroll. Three titles picked at random from the table of contents are 'The Great Carbuncle,' 'A Descent into the Maelstrom,' and 'The Man without a Country.' The entire book of *Famous Stories* has been edited with the junior-high-school pupil definitely in mind.

Another book just off the press is **Professor E. A. Cross's** *The Little Grammar,* designed for junior-high-school classes. We believe in teaching grammar, but we don't believe in teaching a mass of technical verbiage that refuses to function in speech and writing. This new text reduces grammar to its lowest terms, and then offers opportunity for insistent drill upon these minimum essentials. This text, we believe, solves the grammar problem in our schools.

During the past session of the Harvard Summer School, an interesting diversion was offered one afternoon to the students. A group of enthusiastic children, taught by Miss Kathryn Martin in a Salem public school, acted a little play published by the Atlantic Press — *The Charm,* by **Catherine T. Bryce.** This play supplements admirably the textbook material in Professor Cross's *Little Grammar.*

There was another innovation at Harvard this summer. In connection with one of the courses in the teaching of English, a demonstration class was organized. This group of eighth-grade boys and girls voluntarily offered to come to Cambridge to be experimented upon. They were taught by an expert teacher in the daily presence of a group of observers intent upon receiving all the hints that expert teaching in English offers. The instruction in literature was based largely upon one of our most successful texts, *Atlantic Prose and Poetry.*

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

AMONG the men enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute there are more than 24,000 presidents and business heads. The Institute welcomes inquiries from such men, but this particular page is not addressed to them.

There are nearly 25,000 vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers on the Institute's rolls; but this page is not for such officials.

Neither is it for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment; who knows that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is because he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary *to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.* We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Glimpses of the Moon, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. viii + 364 pp. $2.00.

It sounds strange, if not absurd, to speak of the promise of a mature writer whose past is crammed with solid performance. Yet, to say the truth of *The Glimpses of the Moon* one must describe it as either the promise of new powers or the collapse of old ones; and I prefer to take it as promissory. To call it Mrs. Wharton at her best would be an inane slight to *The Valley of Decision*, whose scope and nobility this book has not, any more than it has the enameled brilliancy of *The House of Mirth*, or the superb technical self-sufficiency of *Ethan Frome*. *The Glimpses of the Moon* will never, as a destination, content those who have learned to admire its author in terms of the others; like *The Fruit of the Tree*, it is too imperfectly wrought through, too lacking in the integrity and totality of the first-rate novel. It holds together only by the magic of good writing, and only while you read it. But, as a stage, it may arrest those who cannot take it seriously as a destination; and, while some may read in it only the collapse of a great ironist into sentimentality, others, no less exacting, will find themselves excited by the sudden appearance in Mrs. Wharton, after all these years, of a quality perhaps fully as great as irony in its meaning to the novel — that is, the great gift of what is but feebly named when one has called it compassion.

One guesses that Mrs. Wharton herself has been all but bowled over by the impact of this strange, new, artistic experience, and that, in the excitement of emotional sympathies never before allowed so largely to rule, she has left her art a little in abeyance. The consummation to which this novel points will consist, of course, in the eventual union of what Mrs. Wharton has always had with what unprecedented warmth she has here gained. Let that occur, and her true masterpiece will have come as late in her career as once it seemed to have come early.

What she actually does in *The Glimpses of the Moon* is to present the case of a pair of married lovers, too idealistic to be good worldlings, and too worldly to be confirmed practising idealists, who do in the end take the final plunge out of their environment (the very same which poor Lily Bart could not surrender without losing her clutch on life itself), and who do, in Emerson's phrase, give all to love. They are two modern enough young folk, a little cynical, a little disillusioned, but secretly tender and very effectively equipped with sundry honorable if old-fashioned inhibitions. The trouble is, Mrs. Wharton cannot seem to clinch her thesis — which is, in effect, that even in this materialistic world it is possible for the spoiled children of unearned luxury to sacrifice material values to spiritual and count the bargain a good one — without somewhat altering and denaturing her characters. She descends, moreover, to a typical novelist's subterfuge for prolonging suspense by keeping her lovers apart; and in bringing them together at last she assumes a good deal of what was to have been proved. In the end, she has but got to the beginning of this particular story. But even that is an altogether surprising quarter in which to find her. As for the story, it is a glorious one; and gloriously, one must have faith, she will yet tell it.

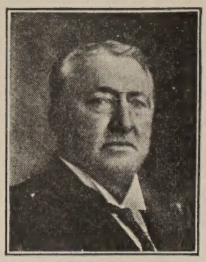
Wilson Follett.

This Freedom, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1922. 12mo. x + 372 pp. $2.00.

Mr. Hutchinson's new novel narrates the tragic attempt of a woman to succeed as a wife and mother and in a career at the same time. Though to the present reader the logic of the conclusion is not convincing, the book is excellently planned and the story is carried on with equal rapidity and skill. The four parts, entitled 'The House of Men,' 'The House of Women,' 'The House of Children,' and 'The House of Cards,' — recounting in turn the heroine's life as a child at home, as a growing girl in school and boarding-house, as a wife who is also in business, and, finally, as a mother, — mark the four stages of her history, from her early bewilderment over the predominance of men in society, through her growing sense of the unfairness of that predominance, on through her achievement of 'freedom' in a career and her rather impulsive marriage, and to the end in which the realization comes to her that by succeeding in the career she has failed disastrously as a wife and mother.

In the first two parts, because he is at his best in sentiment, humor, and caricature, the author sustains his story with much skill, although even here his addiction to rhetorical exclamation and repetition at times becomes wearisome. The portrayal of Rosalie, the heroine, as a little girl, and of her father and her Aunt Belle, is particularly vigorous and true, and certain scenes, such as the suicide of Anna, the secret drinking of Miss Keggs, and the jealous letter of Miss Salmon, are narrated with some power. Altogether, the first half of the novel is excellent, showing more unity of both character and atmosphere than did *If Winter Comes*.

In the second half, however, in which Rosalie has won her freedom by achieving a position in



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business, notwithstanding her marriage and the birth of her three children, the author's manner, which one is perhaps willing to forgive so long as it is to be interpreted as sentimental, humorous, or pathetic, becomes excessive. Having a story of considerable human interest and quite worthy to stand on its own merits, he is not willing to let it carry its own impression and stamp its own effect upon the reader, but must constantly appear from behind the scenes to point the moral. This he does with such persistence that the reader is tempted to rise up in defense of his own powers of perception. The style, moreover, is of such emotional incontinence that some of the later chapters fairly bristle with exclamation points. Even Dickens, whose less restrained style Mr. Hutchinson's sometimes recalls, was chary of exclamation points, because they inevitably lead the reader to feel, sooner or later, that the author 'doth protest too much,' and therefore to doubt his sincerity.

To use the critical jargon of the day, Mr. Hutchinson's great failing is sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is certainly the particular fault of the style: whether it is of the plot also, there is perhaps some ground for dispute. The book, indeed, is certain to provoke wide differences of opinion, with respect not only to the points here touched upon but also to its main thesis. After all, is there anything better worth disputing than the question of fundamental realities, and their opposites?

R. M. Gay.

The American Party System: an Introduction to the Study of Political Parties in the United States, by Charles Edward Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Co. 8vo x+439 pp. $3.00.

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* who are familiar with the career of Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, will recognize his fitness to write of the American party system. A sound and enlightened scholar, who has embodied the results of his studies in several books treating of political theory, familiar with the working of the party system in England and on the Continent, he writes with the advantage of a man who has also had practical experience with politics in Chicago; he was for six years a member of the City Council and was the Republican candidate for mayor in 1911. In consequence, the volume at hand, although Professor Merriam calls it an 'Introduction to the Study of Political Parties in the United States,' and insists that his method is that of 'objective analysis,' has the flavor of humanized scholarship that distinguished the writings of the late Lord Bryce.

The first chapters, on the composition and organization of the political party, show by what means the power of party organization became greater in this country than anywhere else. The following chapters on the spoils system explain in detail the ways by which the 'machine' has maintained itself in influence. These are summarized in a chart which exhibits concretely the opportunities for graft enjoyed by a local boss in a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

The chapters on the party and the selection of official personnel aim to set in proper relation the dramatic periods of nomination and election and those quieter and more prolonged intervals in which 'jobs' are found for the 'workers,' who in turn work for the boss. Here, as in the treatment of the spoils system, the importance of administration and the loss resulting from a distrust of vigorous and effective government are set forth in moderate but convincing terms.

In this present month, with the primaries behind us and the November elections just ahead, we are in the midst of one of the spectacular periods of party activity. Perhaps our thinking on political themes, ordinarily sluggish, is somewhat quickened by the drama. If, questioning the future of our institutions, we read Professor Merriam's concluding chapters, we shall find sober counsel that, although not blinking the dark side, bids us take courage. After all, we are our own masters; public opinion rules. The power of the boss through his control of patronage grows not stronger but weaker. Public sentiment against the spoils system has unquestionably developed, and even more effective forces have come into play.

The last pages of Bryce's *Modern Democracies* are memorable by reason of the doubts which the author hazards as to the future of Democracy. The people, as Herbert Croly has said, are 'innocent and easily diverted'; the problem is to impress upon them 'the necessity of salvation.' Who is there who would not be appalled at the task? Yet who would refuse to put his hand to the plough?

Henry G. Pearson.

British History in the Nineteenth Century (1782–1901), by George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1922. 8vo. xvi +445 pp. $3.75.

From the point of view of historical literature the twentieth century has not yet proved its right to be ranked with its more intellectual predecessor, the nineteenth century. But signs are not wanting that in this regard the next generation will see us on a much higher plane than we may claim at present. And one of the most significant of these signs is the appearance of George Macaulay Trevelyan's *British History in the Nineteenth Century*. Combining in a fashion not common in this day literary grace and vividness with accurate statement and courageous speculation, it is a book that will find favor with the general reader no less than with the professional student. Those who have enjoyed Strachey and Charnwood will find Trevelyan an admirable companion, although without the glittering brilliance of the one or the broad sympathy of the other.

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Since this book appears while the world is painfully engaged in the rearrangement of lives and of countries, one could wish that those statesmen to whose care the work of reconstruction was committed had been able to read it before beginning their labors. In particular, it is to be regretted that a copy of it did not lie open on the peace table at Versailles!

From the downfall of George the Third's personal rule to the death of Queen Victoria, Mr. Trevelyan shows us, each in its proper relation to the others, the economic, social, and political developments, in England and elsewhere, that led to the erection of the British Empire. He traces for us the course of the internal events in Britain which made the creation of such an empire not only possible but necessary; he describes, with due regard to the lessons to be derived from them, the complicated foreign relations which such an empire entailed.

It is to be expected that Mr. Trevelyan, inheriting the literary tradition of his father and his great-uncle, should show an appreciation of the importance of literature in considering any period of history. In a twentieth-century historical work it is interesting to note the frequent references to purely literary works — novels and essays — with which he illustrates many of his points. Nor is he indifferent to the importance of great men who, he says, 'are often in large measure the cause of some "tendency" which only they rendered "inevitable." ' It is curious, however, that in this volume he fails to make the 'great men' really live for us. His picture of Gladstone is by far the best, but even that falls short of our expectations. It is in dealing with events and policies that he is at his best. Here his sound judgment, his clear presentation of cause and effect, his always reasonable speculation will be, for the average reader, a welcome contrast to the far-flung theories and somewhat colored statements of Mr. Wells who, for all his shortcomings, is comparable to Mr. Trevelyan in that he too has written a history which can be read by the layman.

The book is, quite frankly, written from an entirely British standpoint, and the author could hardly be accused of lack of patriotism even by the most enthusiastic of his countrymen. But it is wholly free from bias or national prejudice, and this is the more remarkable in a work written at a time when the animosities and hatreds attendant upon war were at their height.

EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY.

My Discovery of England, by Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1922. 12mo. viii+264 pp. $1.50.

THE popularity of the work of Stephen Leacock is far more than an appreciation of humorous badinage; it is a portent, foretelling the revival of satire as a force in the English-speaking world. We have been dangerously long without it. Stifled by the prevalent pollyanna-ism, whose rose glasses it was heresy to toss aside, powerless against a dozen different superstitions of progress, the wise spirit of irony and ridicule could do naught but leave us to our fates. Gentle digs we have had, and many a sly jest, but no cleansing scourge for a world uncommonly well-stocked with quackeries and rascals.

The muse of satire whom Mr. Leacock leads from her retirement is not, however, the austere figure of the moralists. The world is as yet quite unprepared for so imposing a figure, and Mr. Leacock is too completely a North American to be able to abandon certain tricks and figures of humor which would upset the lady's dignity. Mr. Leacock's muse has borrowed a garment or two from the world's old friend of the cap and bauble, and is not averse, now and then, from shaking the bells. Woe to him, however, who makes a confusion of identity, for he will find that a touch of the bauble will send him home a-howling!

Mr. Leacock has never used his peculiar and very personal method with greater success than in this present volume devoted to observations made in England. The chapters are much varied, both in subject matter and its treatment. 'Impressions of London' is one of the merriest of chapters; and the pages on the British and the American press once again reveal the author's special gifts as a parodist. 'We have with us tonight' is a chronicle for all who have given lectures and suffered introductions to read with silent and understanding sympathy.

The best of the book, however, is the study called 'Oxford As I See It,' a study which should be read by everyone interested in the freedom of higher learning in America. Not only is the field of comparison between British and American universities a matter on which Mr. Leacock can talk with authority, but also the chapter is one which gives him every opportunity to place his satiric wit at the service of his faculties of observation and shrewd judgment.

My Discovery of England is a book for both nations. Reading it will help many to discover America.

HENRY BESTON.

The Hairy Ape; Anna Christie; the First Man, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1922. 8vo. xii+322 pp. $2.00.

MR. O'NEILL'S view of life is bitter. He delights in sordid episodes. Characters portrayed are weak, irresolute, selfish, or brutal. He knows

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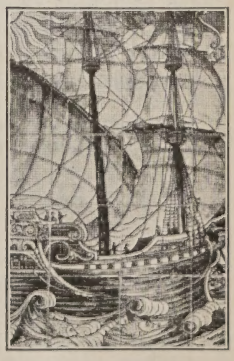

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the theatre, and is skillful in arrangement of situations, with men and women true to instincts and surroundings, speaking as they should. Seldom does he err in dialogue, which usually is natural, direct, and revealing of character. In 'The Emperor Jones' he portrayed terror so that it was contagious. In 'Beyond the Horizon' his pathos was unaffected. His sense of grim humor is indisputable. He has the gift of flaying satire. His bitterness and hopelessness are almost unrelieved. His tragedy is without the nobility that exalts. Often he brings to mind the unhappy Strindberg. Yet there is to-day no more commanding figure than O'Neill in the American play-house.

The stoker 'Yank,' in 'The Hairy Ape,' exults in strength and stoke-hole life. In his gutter speech he shouts to his mates — they are finely differentiated — how they rule the world. Mildred in white, curious about the boiler-room, frightened by his 'abysmal brutality' and foul language, exclaims 'Oh! the filthy beast!' and faints. 'Yank' swears to get even with her; not as Zola's Ragu when Fernande in white ventures into the foundry; 'Yank' would kill Mildred. There is no place for him in the city; even the I. W. W. reject him. At the Zoo he talks as a pal to the gorilla, frees him, and is slain by him. This powerful play is somewhat marred by repetition of phrases. Is not the ending for the *Grand Guignol?*

A play of a higher order is 'Anna Christie.' Mr. O'Neill was once, it is said, a seafarer, but his sea is not the sea of Melville, Whitman, Hugo, or Swinburne; it is 'dat ole davil, sea,' as Chris, the bargeman, keeps saying. His daughter, Anna, meeting him after long absence, is loved by the bold Burke. Loving him, she confesses her life of shame in the West. Enraged at first, he accepts it, for his rough love prevails. 'Fog, fog, fog, all bloody time,' says Chris, looking out in the night; 'you can't see where you vas going, no. Only dat ole davil, sea — she knows!' With this symbolic line the curtain falls.

In 'The First Man,' a study of male selfishness and small-town meanness, an anthropologist is going to Asia. His children died; he does not wish another to distract him and his devoted wife from research work. She longs for one and is delivered — in a daring and painful scene, off stage. The mother dies; the child lives. The father hates it. His hatred confirms outrageous suspicions. Knowing the slandering, he proudly asserts his fatherhood.

PHILIP HALE.

Pieces of Hate, by Heywood Broun. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1922. 12 mo. xii+227 pp. $2.00.

'IN the plains and the rolling country there is room for the individual to skip and frolic, but all the peaks are preëmpted.' So writes Mr. Heywood Broun, in his latest volume, *Pieces of Hate*, and thereby lays down the very precept and suggestion for his own hilarity. He skips and frolics through the plains and across the knolls of ordinary experience, swift of toe and ready-shod for frauds, whether literary, or dramatic, athletic, sociological, or domestic, and with a zest which starts suspicion in his reader's mind that, possibly, the 'preëmpting' of the peaks is not such a discouragingly important matter after all.

Pieces of Hate is a volume of essays, criticisms, discussions and casual gossip about living, snatched from the flood which Mr. Broun pours steadily into the monthly and daily press. Some of its pages are trivial, many are extremely valuable, and a few are excellent. The whole volume is deliciously alive and full of chuckles. Its author is awake to the common weakness for packing away the critical toga in moth-balls when we plunge into the popular novel, or take our seats before the theatre curtain, or go about our daily concerns. He shakes out the camphor and holds to the sunlight some of the absurdities of the fabric of habitual opinion.

If that were the sum total of his service, *Pieces of Hate* would be welcome enough; but behind the whole performance there looms another matter, seldom noticed: the question of merit in those fugitive contacts which men make with life, contacts that find their sole record in the daily newspaper. Himself a newspaper man, Mr. Broun has his clan's gift of haste; and yet, though this book shares largely in the bewildering implications of speed and tumultuous life crowding the press, though it contains much frolic and friendly laughter, there are also signposts to a discernment and meaning not commonly associated with the press.

To the inveterate and stupid tradition about the essential badness of all newspaper-writing, its shallowness, conscious falsity, and poor pretense of coming to grips with the subtleties of human affairs, a severe shock is administered by writing of the quality revealed in some of the pages of this volume. Evidently some of the fugitive writings that flit across the pages of one's newspaper may be instinct with a beauty and stung with a life well worth a longer existence than the twenty-five minutes between editions. Probably Lafcadio Hearn was not wrong, after all, when he caught his *Fantastics* into the pages of the New Orleans *Item;* nor Anatole France, when he penned his famous series for *Le Temps*.

Mr. Broun, of course, is a long way from Hearn and a longer way from M. France; but he confounds the dubious for all that. One wishes only that he would halt a bit more frequently to lay his shovel to those deeper treasures that are strewn under the plain. For fugitive beauty, even when glimpsed in a frolic, is still as tantalizing as an incomplete adventure.

JAMES H. POWERS.

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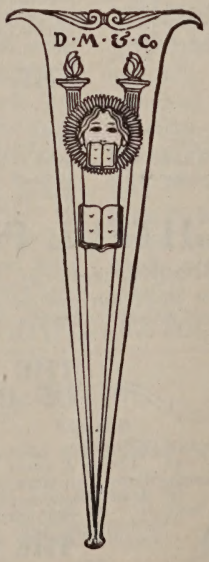

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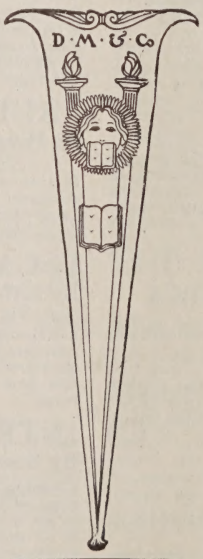

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1922

THE NEW HEREDITY

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I HAVE a friend who goes in strongly for genealogy. He claims to have traced his ancestry back to Clovis — or is it only to Charlemagne? I forget; but it does n't matter. If my friend knew more about the actual characteristics of his famous but unknown ancestor, it would matter more.

The British Museum Library is infested by a lot of dry and dusty men, tracing genealogies for English and American — especially American — patrons. The Library assistants know them as 'searchers.' They are searching for names, and a few facts about the men and women who bore these names: the dates and places of their birth and death; the number and sex and names of their children; their occupations and positions and honors and titles — especially their honors and titles.

These searchers sometimes speak of their profession as the study of heredity. Their work, and that of a few physicians who interested themselves in a mild way in trying to trace the recurrences of some disease or malformation in a family stock, constituted much of the study of heredity as it existed before the days of Francis Galton, cousin of Charles Darwin, anthropologist, founder of the modern eugenics movement, and most scientific student of human heredity in the nineteenth century.

I

No biological subject seems to me more interesting or more important to the student of human life than heredity. Why are we like our parents? Why are we unlike them? Does heredity count for more, or for less, than environment and education in determining what we are and what we do? How can we distinguish the effects of heredity from the effects of environment and education?

It is said that fifty members, in five generations, of the Bach family were notable musicians. Anyway, if not fifty, there was an unusual lot of them. Was this because they taught each other music so well? Or because the capacity for being a good musician was inherited in this family strain? Among the 1200 known members of the notorious Jukes family there were 310 professional paupers, 440 physical wrecks from debauchery, 55 prostitutes, 60 habitual thieves, 7 murderers, and 130 other convicted criminals. Was this because of poverty, lack of education, and continuously bad environment, or was there an inherited mental defectiveness, weakness of will, and trait of bestiality in the strain? The environmentalists accept one answer, the hereditarians the other. The truth is that one cannot answer certainly these questions about the

Bach and Jukes families without a careful collection and analysis of many facts. And we have not all these facts just now before us.

But we can find clearer cases. I once — no, not once but several times, as behooves the careful student — divided into three lots of one hundred each the three hundred silkworms hatched from a single clutch of eggs. To one lot of these brother and sister worms I gave, from the first meal of mulberry leaf after hatching to the last one before pupation, all the food that each worm could eat; to the second, I gave to each worm exactly half this ration; and to each member of the third lot, exactly one fourth of the optimum ration. When the cocoons were spun, I had three lots of cocoons of three different sizes (amount of silk produced). The lot of big cocoons came from the best-fed worms, the middle-sized cocoons from the worms on half-ration, and the little cocoons from the ones on quarter-ration. Some of the latter died during the experiment; their food allowance was hardly a living ration. I used to remember my silkworms sometimes during the Belgian relief work.

Finally, when the moths came from the cocoons, they also could be readily grouped into three lots, one of big moths, one of middle-sized moths, and one of dwarf moths. These lots corresponded with the different rations the worms had had.

Now, no one would hesitate to declare that these differences among cocoons and moths were produced by the varying environment — that is, food supply — to which the silkworms had been exposed.

But I tried another experiment. I took a number of silkworms from each of several just-hatching clutches of eggs laid by different moth-mothers, and reared all of these worms as one lot, each member of which got just as much food, and at just the same time, carefully weighed out from the same gathering of mulberry leaves, as every other member. Also, all these worms lived under exactly the same other conditions, as temperature, light, atmospheric humidity, and everything else that constitutes silkworm environment.

But when the cocoons were spun, and when the moths issued from the cocoons, neither cocoons nor moths were of the same size. There was no cocoon or moth so little as those that were produced by the nearly starved worms of the first experiment; but there were some plainly smaller than the average, and some plainly larger than the average. Yet all had come from worms reared under as nearly identical environment as possible. But they had come from different mothers and fathers. These parent moths had varied among themselves, some larger, some smaller. And their offspring also varied in size, despite an identical upbringing. It seems safe to attribute these differences to heredity.

In still another experiment, I selected just-hatched worms from ten different lots of eggs laid by silkworm moths, all of the same species but of ten different artificially developed races, the worms of each race producing cocoons characterized by special size or shape or color of silk (white, pale yellow, golden, salmon, greenish). I reared all these worms under identical conditions of food supply and temperature and light and atmosphere. But each worm produced a cocoon of shape, size, and color characteristic of its race. This again is heredity in its familiar wider manifestation of racial persistence, or kind producing kind.

II

But let us get back to human beings. Observing this more complex animal, can we find cases where the respective

influences of heredity and environment can be distinguished as clearly as among our silkworms?

There is a well-attested record that of 480 direct descendants, in five generations, derived from the mating of a normal father and a feeble-minded mother, 143 were known to be feeble-minded, while a considerable number of others had a doubtful mental status. Of 496 direct descendants, in five generations, however, from the same normal father mated with a normal mother, all but one were of normal mentality.

Now I should say that it is quite certain that the feeble-minded mother had handed on feeble-mindedness to many of her posterity directly by heredity. One does not become feeble-minded by environment, even though a person of normal mentality may become outranked in mental achievement by others of similar mentality but of better education.

Goddard's careful detailed studies of the genealogical history of 327 families represented by inmates in the Vineland (New Jersey) Training School for Feeble-minded, and numerous other similar studies by other careful investigators, prove conclusively the heritability of feeble-mindedness. Similarly, the studies of Galton, Pearson, and others, on English men of genius and high-ranking Oxford students, equally prove the heritability of unusual mental ability. But the proved differences in mental achievement, associated with presence or absence of education on the part of different persons of apparently similar native mental endowment, show that achievement — that is, what we do — varies not only with inherited capacity, but also with opportunity (environment) for this capacity to be most effectively exercised.

The Maoris of New Zealand, a Polynesian race, have added little to human knowledge during their history, and, since their contact with Caucasians, have mostly died. But some of the remaining ones have taken advantage of the opportunities for education offered them by the English occupation of their islands, and have become very capable individuals, comparing favorably with the Caucasian colonials.

This is a good example of the influence of environment and education in determining what we can do. But it does not prove that this influence is all-powerful. The black race of Africa has certainly not contributed much to human civilization, even when brought into contact with a highly developed education. The race seems to have an inherited incapacity, as a race, for high mental achievement. I recognize of course the brilliant, although infrequent, individual exceptions.

But inherited differences in mental capacity are by no means limited to differences of race. Go into any school in this country. Pay attention only to those pupils of similar race. Not only is there an equal opportunity for education before them, but the teachers are trying to compel every pupil to accept the opportunity. Some obstinately refuse to do so. But most of them, through inclination or coercion, try to learn their lessons. But do all do equally well? Conspicuously not. What are the reasons for this variance? One will be admitted by all teachers to be the principal one. It is the different inherent capacity of the pupils. Some try and can; some try and cannot. They are naturally different in mental capacity and character; born that way; that way by heredity.

What, then, is this mysterious, ever-present, powerful influence that plays so large a rôle in determining what we can do and cannot do? This powerful influence in human life that spells happiness and pride, or dismay and grief, to parents? This potent life-factor,

so important to us as individuals and, from a larger point of view, even more important to us as members of a community, nation, or race? This influence that may spell greatness or littleness to a whole people? What has science to tell us, us laymen fathers and mothers of children in whose achievement and happiness — and happiness comes chiefly from achievement — we are even more interested than in our own, and to us laymen members of a nation for whose development and future we have a great concern? What has science to tell us of the why and how of heredity? Can it tell us enough, so that in the light of such knowledge we may hope to make the best use of our control of environment to encourage and reinforce favoring heredity and to restrain and offset unfavorable heredity, to the end of strengthening the nation and advancing human progress?

Well, the answer to the last question is certainly yes, even though the answer to the first question, that is, What is heredity? may not be any more enlightening than the answers scientific men give us to the questions, What is gravitation? What is electricity? We do not know, satisfyingly, what electricity is, but we know enough about what it does to enable us to manage it, that is, make good use of it, and avoid letting it do us much harm. That is about what we know of gravitation — and of heredity.

Heredity affects not only our mental capacity but our physical make-up, including the color of our hair and eyes, the normality or abnormality of our bodies, our bodily strength and weakness and resistance or nonresistance to disease and poisons. And it equally affects all the characters of all our domestic animals and plants. By virtue of our selective control of the mating and reproduction among these plants and animals, we have, if we exercise this control under the guidance of our present-day knowledge of heredity, a powerful instrument in our hands to make them contribute ever more enormously to our comfort and advantage. And we can similarly use this knowledge to assure a greater happiness and progress among our own kind. We can discourage such matings as are practically certain to produce children doomed to unhappiness and suffering, or to be serious burdens on society.

III

But you may not care to accept these assertions without some explanation and illustration of the definiteness of our present-day knowledge of heredity, its mechanism, methods, and power. It is certain that we have gained more of a scientific knowledge of heredity in the latter third of the last century, and in this past fifth of the present century, than had been gained in all time before. Is this new knowledge really sufficient and sufficiently definite to be useful?

We need not concern ourselves here with the history of our growing understanding — with some misunderstanding — through the centuries of the mechanism and methods of inheritance. Heredity has always been recognized as one of the major factors in organic evolution; hence it has always been a subject of special interest to evolution students. But we may give our first attention to the sudden and important increase of our knowledge of heredity in the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century. For it was then that the 'new heredity' began.

It began with the work and writings of that Francis Galton to whom I have already referred — an excellent example of the personal advantage which comes through being derived from a family stock in which unusual mental capacity has been a conspicuous hereditary feature.

Galton opened a new field in heredity study by paying attention to the inheritance of mental traits. Observation of inheritance, before Galton, had chiefly concerned itself with physical characters. Galton studied the inheritance of mental ability in Oxford students and distinguished English families. From these studies he formulated a general law of ancestral inheritance, to the effect that an individual derives on the average one half of his inheritance from his two parents, one fourth coming from each; one fourth of his inheritance from his four grandparents; one eighth from his eight great-grandparents; and so on, by diminishing fractions, until the sum of this infinite series reaches 1, or the total inheritance of the individual.

He also formulated a second generalization, which he called the law of filial regression. This may be expressed by saying that the children of parents who vary from the mean of the population vary similarly, but to less extent than the parents. 'The stature of adult offspring must on the whole,' he says, 'be more mediocre than the stature of their parents; that is to say, more near to the mean or mid-type of the general population.'

Galton treated heredity statistically. He determined averages, and his laws indicate general, or average, results.

These generalizations, or laws, of Galton, based on the examination and statistical treatment of many data, mark a distinct step forward in the study of heredity. But they give us little information — and that little is somewhat discredited by the more recent revelations of the heredity students — about the probabilities of the inheritance of specific characters, and the hereditary make-up of specific individuals. They do not indicate just what special traits we may expect to derive, or may not expect to derive, from the parents, or the grandparents, or great-grandparents. Nor do they tell us what will be the hereditary fate of a given individual with a given ancestry. And it is precisely that kind of information that we most desire. If one of the parents is feeble-minded and the other normal, or if both parents are normal but a grandparent is feeble-minded, or if both parents are feeble-minded but all four of the grandparents are normal-minded, will the child or children be feeble-minded, or not?

IV

In the eighteen-fifties and -sixties, an Augustinian monk, Gregor Mendel, living in a cloister in Brünn, Austria, made a series of experiments in hybridizing various races of garden peas in the cloister garden. He published the results of his experiments, together with a theoretical explanation of them, in the obscure journal of the local natural history society of Brünn. Here they lay, practically unobserved, certainly unappreciated, until 1900 when three famous European botanists, one in Holland, one in Germany, and one in Austria, all working independently along lines tending to lead them to conclusions similar to Mendel's, all independently, and practically simultaneously discovered Mendel's work and made it known to the world. For thirty years an epoch-making discovery in science had lain hidden! Now Mendel, Mendelism, and Mendelian inheritance are names as familiar to biologists as Darwin, Darwinism, and Darwinian selection. And in time they will be as familiar to laymen.

Mendel made the beginning of the more important part of the 'new heredity.' Many followers have developed this new heredity into a fascinating and imposing special science. It is already in the way of answering precisely those questions about inheritance that we most want answered. It

deals with the inheritance behavior of specific traits of plants, animals, and man, and with the inheritance of specific individuals. And it reveals much of the actual physical mechanism of heredity.

Mendel, in his own work, crossed different races of peas — he worked also with some other plants — which differed plainly and characteristically in such specific and immediately contrasted details as height of stem, character of seed coat, form of the pods, and so forth. He crossed a race with tall stem and one of low stem, a race with wrinkled seeds and one of smoothly round seeds, and so on, and noted the outcome in every one of the offspring produced by each cross-mating. He then mated these hybrids among themselves and similarly recorded the results for all of the second-generation offspring. He followed in detail the inheritance of his various pairs of contrasting characters through several generations, always noting the results in all of the individuals produced by each mating.

Mendel arrived at several definite and surprising and important results — results not limited to garden peas but holding for other plants, for animals and for man. One of these results is that, given a definite knowledge of the presence or absence in the germ cells of given parents of some physical or chemical determiner of a certain trait or traits, — and this can be determined from a knowledge of two or three ancestral generations, — definite prophecy can be made as to the outcome of the children of these parents with regard to this trait, either when the two parents are alike, or when they differ in regard to the possession of this trait.

Another result is the clearing-up of the old mystery concerning the passing-on of a trait by parents not possessing it, that is, in bodily or mental manifestation. The explanation of this depends upon the fact, also first clearly indicated by Mendel's work, that the possession of the determiner of a trait in the germ cells does not necessarily assure the bodily development of the trait in the person producing, or produced from, such germ cells. For example, a normal-minded mother and father of a certain germinal character and history can produce feeble-minded children; and a feeble-minded mother of a certain germinal character and history can produce normal-minded children. The germinal and bodily possessions of an individual may differ; and it is the germinal rather than the bodily character and history of a given individual that is of prime importance in understanding and prophesying the hereditary possibilities of that individual and his offspring.

Let me show this by an experiment that I have made repeatedly.

If we make a cross-mating between two silkworm moths of different artificially developed races, one of these races producing exclusively golden silk (cocoons) and the other white silk, we shall get a family of about three hundred brother and sister silkworms which, when cocooning time comes, will spin not pale yellow (color-blend) cocoons, nor yellow and white blotched (color mosaic) cocoons, nor some golden cocoons and some white cocoons, but all of them will spin golden cocoons like the cocoons of the golden-silk-spinning race to which one of the parents belonged. And it makes no difference whether this parent was the male or the female parent. It is the hereditary trait, golden silk-spinning, that dominates over the hereditary trait, white silk-spinning, not one parent over the other. The dominance seems complete, and, as regards physical or bodily manifestation, it is. But let us carry the experiment a step further.

If we mate two of these golden-cocooning offspring of the golden × white cross we shall get a family of silkworms which will *not* all spin golden cocoons, as both their parents did, but three fourths of the young will spin golden cocoons and one fourth white cocoons, and this proportion will be nearly exact. If now, two of these white spinners, which are the offspring of two golden-spinning parents, are mated together, all the offspring produced by them will spin white cocoons, while the offspring of two of the golden-spinning children of the golden-spinning parents will again divide in the proportion of three golden spinners to one white spinner.

That is, although the golden-spinning trait is dominant, in bodily manifestation, over the white-spinning trait, when a pure golden race is crossed with a pure white race the germ cells of the offspring produced by this crossing will still carry the white-spinning trait, which is able again to manifest itself under certain conditions.

Mendel, whose results in crossing his races of garden peas differing in various contrasted traits, such as tall and dwarf stem, smooth and wrinkled seed-coat, and so forth, were just like these silkworm results, offered a theoretical explanation of this behavior which indicates what the conditions are which make the recessive trait appear again after its apparent extinguishing by the dominant trait. And this explanation so well accounts for the happenings that it may be accepted as the true one.

It assumes that hereditary traits are represented in the germ cells by specific physico-chemical determiners, which are brought together in the fertilized egg cell produced by any mating, pure or cross, and handed on in the male and female sex cells produced by the offspring of the cross, without destroying or materially influencing each other; although, when two kinds of determiners representing contrasting traits, such as yellow-and-white-silk spinning or high-and-dwarf stem of pea plant, are in the egg cells, one of these contrasting characters is dominant over the other as regards actual bodily manifestation.

Now, applying this explanation to the pea and silkworm experiments, let us see how it accounts for the results.

When a moth of the pure white-silk race is crossed with a moth of the pure golden-silk race, the offspring will all spin golden cocoons, because golden is dominant over white in the struggle for manifestation; but half of the germ cells of these hybrid golden-silk spinners will carry the determiner for golden, and half the determiner for white. When these golden-spinning hybrids are mated together, the differing sex cells should meet, by the law of probabilities, in the following proportions: male cell carrying golden with a female cell carrying golden in one fourth of the cases; male carrying golden with female carrying white, or female carrying golden with male carrying white, in one half of the cases; and male carrying white with female carrying white in one fourth of the cases. Now the results of these junctures in the fertilized egg cells from which the young develop should be that, in all the cases where golden meets golden, the developing young should spin only golden cocoons and produce sex cells containing only golden determiners; in all the cases where white meets white, the young should spin only white cocoons and produce sex cells containing only white determiners; but in all the cases where golden meets white, the young should spin only golden cocoons (because golden dominates white in bodily manifestation where the two traits meet), but these young should produce sex cells, one half carrying golden and one half carrying white determiners.

That is, although all of the young produced by mating a moth of the pure golden race with a moth of the pure white race should spin golden cocoons, only three fourths of the young produced by a mating of these hybrids should spin golden cocoons, while one fourth should spin white, and these whites mated together should produce young spinning only white; but the goldens mated together should produce again a certain proportion of whites, because only one third of these goldens are germinally pure, the other two thirds possessing both germ cells representing white and germ cells representing golden. Which is just what happens.

This is only the beginning of the new-heredity story, which has been worked out by much careful experiment on plants and animals, and much painstaking observation and ancestry-tracing of human beings, by the students of Mendelian inheritance. In some cases, the first hybridization produces a blend between the crossed characters, because neither character is actually dominant over the other; but crossings of the blend-generation result in a breaking-up among the offspring into some (actually one fourth) showing one of the original traits, some (another one fourth) showing the other, and the rest (one half) showing the blend again. The one fourth showing one of the original traits are germinally pure for that trait, and, mated together, produce offspring showing only that trait; and similarly with the one fourth showing the other original trait. But the blends are germinally impure, that is, they produce in equal numbers sex cells carrying one trait and sex cells carrying the other, and, when mated together, they produce offspring, one fourth manifesting only one trait and germinally pure for that trait, one fourth manifesting only the other trait and also germinally pure for it, and one half showing blends and germinally impure.

But it would take too long, and carry us into too much detail for this general paper, to go on with the story. It is sufficient to affirm that the facts of Mendelian inheritance and their explanation have carried us a long way in our attempts to reach the goal of being able to prophesy, with a high degree of confidence, what will be the specific hereditary outcomes of matings of plants and animals and men in which contrasting specific traits are involved. The principles and the mechanism of Mendelian inheritance are well determined. But the behavior of each trait has to be worked out for each species of plant or animal, or for man. Golden color may be dominant over white in the silk of silkworms; but because we know this, we cannot say that golden is dominant over white in flower petals. It may be in one kind of flower, and the reverse may be the case in another.

The actual determinations can be fairly easily worked out in plants, and in those animals susceptible to experiment. In the case of man, however, planned and controlled experimentation is impossible. Here advantage must be taken of unplanned experiment (miscellaneous matings), and of family (genealogical) records which have paid more attention to physical and mental characteristics than to names, dates of interesting happenings, and honors and titles. There must be a new kind of genealogical searching.

Much has already been done in this way. The hereditary behavior of a number of human pathological conditions, like six-fingeredness, web-fingeredness, dwarfism, color-blindness, night-blindness, and the like; and a number of diseases, and especially disease diatheses, as diabetes and Huntington's chorea; and some less important but interesting physical characteristics, as

eye-color and hair-form; and finally, and very importantly, several mental traits, as feeble-mindedness and epilepsy have been pretty clearly worked out. But only a beginning has been made. And, despite the sweeping claims of the Mendelians, there is undoubtedly much heredity that is not Mendelian in character.

V

Fortunately, our fate as regards both personal and social achievement and happiness is not all determined by heredity. I say fortunately, for despite the good fortune of the individual who finds himself naturally endowed with a sound body and unusual mental capacity and despite the good fortune of a race or nation or any social group which includes in its ranks a large number of such naturally endowed individuals, it would be a calamity beyond reckoning if heredity were to be the sole arbiter of our fate. Such a condition would rob millions of hope. It would, too, absolve all of us of personal responsibility for our own outcome and that of the race. Or it would at least restrict this personal responsibility to the simple brutal one of preventing any individuals except those of a certain standard of physical and mental fitness from participating in racial increase.

But heredity, despite all the claims for it made by the convinced hereditarians, is by no means the only factor, although it is a very important one, in the determination of human achievement and, hence, happiness. There is nurture as well as nature to be taken into account: that is, environment and education as well as inheritance. But it does behoove any nation ambitious for national achievement and solicitous for the individual health and happiness of its people to pay serious attention to all possibilities of having its succeeding generations well-born. As a matter of determined fact, most civilized nations are not now having their succeeding generations well-born. The birth rate of these nations is a selective birth rate, and it is not one based on good selection. Karl Pearson pointed out some years ago that one fourth of England's population was producing each year one half of the new births, and that this ultra-prolific fourth was exactly that part of the total population least well-endowed by heredity and social heritage.

The analysis of our own annual birth rate also indicates an unfortunate and menacing disproportion between the ill-born and the well-born. It is not merely the decline in birth rate, which we show in company with the nations of Western Europe, that is so disturbing; but it is the fact that this decline is selective, and is most marked in those classes or parts of the population which we can least well afford to have reduced. Holmes paints a gloomy picture of this in his recent book, *The Trend of the Race.* 'We are losing the elements of our population that belong to native American stock,' he declares. 'We are losing the elements of our population that have achieved success financially, socially, and in the field of intellectual achievement. The elements of the population that are of subnormal mentality exhibit at present the highest degree of fecundity.'

With regard, in particular, to this matter of inherent, that is, inherited, low mental capacity, the revelations of the application of the ingenious tests for intelligence, devised with much care and after much preliminary experimentation by competent psychologists, to 1,700,000 drafted American soldiers, show us amazing facts. Certain persons in discussion of these data have tried to make them show more than they really do show. These drafted men may be taken as a fair sample of our people: they represent all social

classes, all degrees of education, and all kinds of professional, business, industrial, and agricultural activities. The tests of the mental capacity of these drafted soldiers showed that 4.5 per cent of the examined men could be rated as of 'very superior intelligence,' 9 per cent as of 'superior intelligence,' 16.5 per cent as of 'high average intelligence,' 25 per cent as of 'average intelligence,' 20 per cent as of 'low average intelligence,' 15 per cent as of 'inferior intelligence,' and 10 per cent as of 'very inferior intelligence.'

In a democracy like ours, such a representation of mental levels within the population gives one food for serious thought. What of the future of the republic? What of the future of the evolution of the race if this evolution is to continue to be determined, as it now is chiefly being determined, by the further accumulation and use of knowledge and the passing-on of this knowledge by social heritage to succeeding generations? Are we going to be capable, mentally capable, of making the most of the opportunities for racial progress which social evolution puts into our hands? The facts set out, and the implications of these facts indicated in such a book as Goddard's *Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence* should have a hearing by every man or woman of responsibility in this country — not simply that we may enjoy, as some naturally do enjoy, a certain anxiety and pessimism, but that we may be informed, and hence well oriented, in facing our great task of making the best of the situation; our task of exerting, wisely and along the lines most promising of useful results, our efforts to use the environmental and educational means that are really in our hands to give ourselves more power of achievement, and hence more happiness, and to assure a continuing human progress.

However conflicting may be the definitions of human progress, we do have a sort of racial consciousness of what we hope human kind may attain to. In this hope for the highest humanness, and in the expression of our goal to be reached, we may be idealist in the highest degree; but in the actual striving to reach the goal and realize the hope, we must be sternly realist. There are definite physical and biological preconditions to be achieved. This realist struggle can only be successful if carried on in the light, and with the guidance, of scientific knowledge. That is why we must know the worst and the best about the power of heredity, and at the same time, the worst and the best about the limitations and the possibilities of environment and education.

I received recently an advertisement from a gentleman of impressive head, — he had his picture on his advertising circular, — that asked the interesting question, Should I like to be another Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci. It suggested that, if I should, the gentleman would explain how I could have my wish — probably for a certain consideration. He gives lectures to aspiring audiences on how to make yourself about anything you would like to be.

Now this gentleman is an ardent environmentalist. He believes, I imagine, that the principal thing about being born is the mere matter of being brought alive into the world, and thus made an object to be moulded into any wonderful shape by environment and education. Any child can become anything any other child can, provided a similar advantage of an identical environment. There are many people — educators, prison reformers, mystics — who believe this, and preach and practise feverishly on the basis of this belief. Heredity is negligible in their scheme of things. There is even a school of

scientific anthropologists in this country, and represented in most other countries in which scientific anthropologists occur, who go nearly as far. If they do not quite say that any man can be or do what any other can do or be, provided an identical environment and education, they do believe that any living human race, or considerable group, can reach the status — evolutionary status, we may call it — of any other group, if it can have a similar environment; and they declare that the differences among races as we note them to-day are chiefly owing to differences in environment and the controlling influence of this varying environment.

It is certainly true that one cannot be at all sure, without some experimental evidence, that a so-called backward race is backward because of inherent (hereditary) incapacity, or because of lack of opportunity to use a possessed capacity. I have already referred to the Maoris of New Zealand, who have not added much to human progress, but who, when the Caucasian colonials set up schools which they could attend, fell little behind the representatives of a highly civilized race in their school work.

But it is not with races that we are now especially interested: it is with ourselves. How much can we do in determining the fate of our children by submitting them to carefully chosen environment and education? How much influence does inevitable variation in environment have in determining the final fate of our children? The answers are, I firmly believe, and with all appreciation of the significance of our modern knowledge of heredity, that environment has a large influence in determining the outcome of any given person, and that we can do much to help determine the fate of our children by controlling their environment in the mother-body, in the cradle, in the school and playground, and, indeed, through all their life.

There need be no doubt about this, despite all our new understanding of the great rôle that heredity plays in human fate. In fact, this very new understanding assures us of the great rôle that environment and education also play in human and animal and plant fate. There is, indeed, no heredity or, better, no result of heredity without environment. The fertilized egg cell, with its inheritance determiners, can come to nothing without a certain necessary environment for itself and for the embryo and the adolescent into which it is to develop. There can be heredity only when there can be environment, and specific environment at that. The two are inseparable: they inevitably coöperate. One without the other is nothing.

There can never be two identical heredities, or two identical environments. There is always some slight physical or (and) chemical variation in the inheritance determiners; and there is always some variation in the conditions that constitute environment. This is because the physicochemical conditions in the world are constantly changing with time, and time does not repeat itself. Hence there is always some variation even in the brother and sister plants and animals and men which come from the fertilized eggs produced by any single pair of parents; and more variation in the young from eggs which come from various parents of the same species. All the worker bees in a hive come from eggs produced by a single female, the queen. These bees are reared under conditions as nearly alike for all as it is possible to find in nature. The temperature and humidity and food conditions are, as nearly as they can be, alike for all the young bees developing at the same time in a given time — and there may be thousands.

Yet I have never failed, in repeated trials, to find marked, measurable variations, and other easily definable structural variations, in the fully developed bees issuing from their birth cells at the same time. And with these structural variations, there were undoubtedly physiological and psychological variations which, because I do not know bees well enough, I could not readily detect. Some of these variations were due to differences, slight but inevitable, in the physicochemical inheritance determiners; more of them were due to environmental variation, such as slight differences in the cell-shape, the food provided by the nurses, and so on.

But if the bees differ from each other because inevitable differences of environment have their influence in determining the outcome of personal development, how much more must human beings differ from each other, among whom the environmental differences attending development are, comparatively, enormous. Fortunately we can, in some measure, control and determine this environment. Therefore it is for us to find out what results any given environmental conditions produce, and then to eliminate as far as possible the bad conditions and seek earnestly to establish the good ones. Personal and social effort can do much for the unborn embryo, and more for the babes and child and adolescent.

Over the surface of the cerebral hemispheres of the human brain there is spread a thin superficial layer of nerve cells, blood vessels, and supporting tissue called the cerebral cortex. It varies from one and a half to five millimetres in thickness, and the total number of nerve or brain cells in it is about nine millions. But, taken all together, these nerve cells weigh only about thirteen grammes, and make only about a cubic inch of matter. Yet, in a just-born child, this thin layer of gray brain-matter, this trivially small part of the whole body is the clean surface on which is to be painted, slowly, in enduring pigments, the influencing picture of nature and human life which the new individual is to carry till death. This picture will largely determine its behavior as child, adolescent, and adult. To the formation of this picture all the sense organs will contribute; also, all the inferences based on the observations made by the senses. The whole social heritage of the human race will add to the making of this picture, in a degree determined by parents, playmates, teachers, and books.

The substance of this surface on which the picture is painted, and hence an important element in determining the character of the picture itself, is the physical basis of intelligence and memory: this substance, and the picture painted on and into it, is the very seat of human personality. The blood and lymph and the hormones (gland secretions) will affect this substance; every reaction of the rest of the body will be registered on it. Up to the inherent (inherited) limits of its possibilities, it will be influenced by any and all of the elements of the environment which may, by chance or deliberate determination, be brought to bear on the individual from beginning to end of his life.

What better chance could we ask, to build the kind of man or woman we want out of the child under our control. Just one, perhaps. This is, that that qualifying clause, 'up to the inherent (inherited) limits of its possibilities,' should be wiped out. But the word 'limits,' which sounds discouraging, has, after all, its encouragement. Limits can be broad as well as narrow, high as well as low. And if the child is born with large possibilities, these large possibilities can be realized if the proper environment and education are given it. If the possibilities are more

limited, there is still necessity for a suitable environment and education to permit the child's development up to the very verge of these limits, and in the special way which these limits impose.

Perhaps the principal fault with our present system of education is that it takes too little into account these inherited differences in individual capacity: it is too blind to the fixed levels of mental capacity which characterize the various groups in school and college classes. And hence it is wasteful and inefficient in its attempts to offer the needed environmental (educational) conditions necessary to the fullest development of our youth. When the use of mental tests among school children had revealed clearly that some children were inherently less intelligent than others, — this had, of course, been revealed before, even if less exactly, by simple observation, — it was realized that it would be advantageous to establish 'backward' classes; and this was gradually done in most schools. But now we know that it is no less advantageous to provide special opportunities for 'forward' pupils — to establish 'forward' as well as 'backward' classes.

This has been criticized as undemocratic, as favoring the smart at the expense of the stupid. But it is not at the expense of the stupid. It is as much to their advantage as to the advantage of the smart, for it relieves them of trying to do the impossible, and hence of becoming hopeless because of failure to achieve it. And it gives them opportunity to make the very most of their possibilities. It is democratic in the highest degree to give to every child the opportunity to make the most and best of himself. It is undemocratic, unfair to the child and harmful to the nation, to limit the child of superior intelligence to the pace of the child of average intelligence, to say nothing of the pace of the child of inferior intelligence. And our present school-system does just that. Equal opportunities for all children to make the utmost out of their varying inherent mental-capacity, through suitable environment and education, is real democracy in education.

And everything I have just said applies as well to college and university students as to school children. We see to-day, in our great institutions of higher learning, the efforts and time of administrators and professors, and the money and equipment of the institutions, devoted largely to attempts to hold backward and average and forward students to the same work and standards. The backward are lifted and pushed, and the forward restrained, to make all conform to the average. The result is discouragement and bitterness among the backward, and deadening of interest and idleness among the forward. These seek relief in athletics and extraneous student activities, where all forwardness is recognized and rewarded.

Fortunately, the colleges are awakening to the situation. The problem of the gifted student is being recognized, and first attempts to solve it are being made. But both secondary and college education need a vigorous shaking out of their ruts. They must cut with tradition and join hands with modern knowledge. They must appeal to present-day scientific psychology and present-day knowledge of heredity for a new orientation and grounding. Education is environment. It should be good environment, helpful not harmful environment, if the race is to make the most of itself. This is simply a biological truism. That it may be good environment, educators must have personal knowledge of science, or personal faith in it, and personal resolution to make their practice conform to their knowledge and faith. We are incredibly wasting money, effort,

and time, and sacrificing individuals and society by our present-day educational methods, because these methods were established before the days of the new knowledge of heredity, and because we have had a wrong conception of democracy in education.

The time has come to do better. But it will take a mighty effort to do it. If the professional educators will not do it of their own free will, — and, as one of them and knowing the breed pretty well, I am fearful of them, — then they must be made to. The biologist stands aghast at what he sees happening. He knows what the consequences of flouting Nature are. The fate of plants, animals, and men is determined by heredity and environment. It takes the best of both to assure the best fate. Shall man, who has some power over his heredity and much power over his environment, not use this knowledge and this power to give himself the best fate possible? If he does not, he is worse than foolish; he is criminally responsible to his children and his children's children.

A CHINESE JOURNEY. I

BY SEAL THOMPSON

SHANGHAI, CHINA

MY DEAR ——,

I assume thee's on tiptoe for news of me. But I should be writing anyhow: it 's the only activity that saves me from the crushing realization that I now belong to the illiterates — nay, the defectives. Not a word can I read, write, or speak! And only to-day have I learned to respond to my Chinese name. A Chinese name, thee knows, one *must* have, and one comes by it on this fashion: the mandarin teacher who is attached to every foreign household looks out the nearest phonetic equivalent in Chinese to one's English name. When found, to be sure, those sounds have many meanings; but the honorable teacher selects for you the one that has the gracious connotation. Mine might mean several things, but the gentleman of the old school elects that it shall mean *Honorable Teacher of Beautiful Ceremonies.* And I, a Friend, who knows naught of ceremonies, English or Chinese!

Thus am I christened to the tasks of Oriental life. To him that overcometh, say I to myself, there shall be given a new name; and then, as if by magic, comes also the 'white stone' — a tiny piece of white jade which I shall bring thee for a present. And by that token thee will know that the Angel of Beauty hath broken the last seal. Through a bit of jade the Westerner may glimpse down a byway of beauty where I fear he will never walk. Hard by the Jade Fountain are the pure delights of *touch.* The Westerner, through his art, *hears* and *sees;* but it has not been given to him to *feel* his way, with finger-tips purposely trained, along cool smooth surfaces from which he gets definite response. Perhaps the subtlety will always restrict the pleasure to a few.

Dr. Fergusson is bold enough to claim that 'this artistic appreciation of a sensitive touch is peculiar to the Chinese race, and even among them it has been confined in its expression to this one medium of jade.' As to that, 'this deponent sayeth not.' I know I have seen Chinese gentlemen turning over tiny balls as they chat; and my gentle tutor tells me it is a pastime with a purpose — to keep the tips of the fingers *live*. Recently I had tea with L—— H—— C——, who has a few priceless pieces of jade. The shapes and variations in color, which so appealed to me, he never mentioned; but as his finger slipped along the delicate surfaces, his face lighted, and I knew him for a homesteader in a realm where I am only a vagrant.

At another point the foreign lady feels a bit *gauche*. She covets ownership. My Chinese friends love their art, but few are obsessed (it is that, is it not?) with desire for ownership. Many a time, in a bit of a shop in Honan Road which is one of my daily haunts, I see a group of Chinese gentlemen saunter in, spend 'time, times and half a time' delicately fingering a few jades, — *realizing* them, as it were, — and then on to their tea. They go to the jade shops as we go to the symphony.

There 's something extraordinarily nice about this impersonal appreciation, but, alas, it has a fatal consequence: despite the boycott, the best things are going, as fast as they can travel, to private collections in Japan. For some weeks back I have had the tail of my larboard eye on a brave little altar screen — a little Ming thing of translucent marble, painted in blues that sing and reds that swear. That happy alliance was not adulterous to the Ming (Bright) dynasty. Every week, on a Friday, which is my 'free' day, I fare forth to parley with the 'master.' Yesterday, when I reached the shop, the darling space was vacant — the little screen was gone. I assure thee I felt as if the baby were dead. The 'master' shared my grief, but, — he bows apologetically, — 'Japanese man pay first price.'

'But *spiritually* it belonged to me,' I say lamely.

'So! So!' he mourns, 'but — first — price.'

I know it is futile to hurl myself against Capitalism, but I remember that a flea did once attack Zeus. So I fling back with malice, 'A Chinaman cares for naught but his chow and his coppers.'

'An' his child's,' he adds, with a smile that restores friendly relations, '*most* for the child's.' And that is true, and because of it, I 'm thinking, these deliberate folk some day are going to have the last word. Because of that — and other things — they 've a cosmic insurance against failure. But I go no more to the little shop: it has ceased to be a shop, this necropolis of my hopes.

I must not revert to the subject of jade or I shall be lost in subtleties which are not for an humble follower of George Fox — drat him! — with the heavy toll he levies on my conscience after these two hundred years. Otherwise I should return with a barge laden like that of M. Polo. Just one more item — the tiny jade links which one sees everywhere are tokens of lasting friendship; so thee will be knowing that my wee gift is more than just a piece of jade.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

MY DEAR ——,

I 'm interned to-day. Perhaps thee thinks I 'm ill. No, I 'm indecently well. Nor is it bad weather. It 's a bright, cold day — like a November morning on the Common. Moreover, it 's my 'free' day, and such an orgy as was written in the stars for this seventh day of the tenth month. It was to be a ride

down Foochow Road among the heartless little Sing-Song girls, in their gay silks as brilliant as Brazilian June-bugs — far less moral, I dare say, though my acquaintance with the latter is simply a museum affair. Then there was to be tea in one of the homes of a friendly courtyard, and a visit to the wondrous silk shops in Nanking Road (China's Bond Street). There tea awaits the stranger, and cigarettes, if one will, and pleasant greetings and parley — also a charge account, if one even so much as hints that way, without reference or collateral. Each shining roll of priceless silk is encased in its spotless paper cylinder, from which hangs a cryptic tag done in the decorative Chinese script. Purchase is a ritual — but of that later.

Thee must be wondering why my rose-colored day suddenly faded to dull drab. It was this way: every evening I tell my ricksha boy at what hour to come in the morning. 'To-morrow at nine,' said I last evening. He loitered, his face full of pleading, his fine brown body glistening after his run in the heat of the day. Then with gentle firmness, ''Morrow Ah Nee no come. 'Morrow Ah Nee stay homeside. 'Morrow Ah Nee have gues'ses.' This from one whose fealty I have come to regard as inviolate. I am distraught, and summon the little Chinese student who is our go-between. She hears him out and then says courteously: 'Ah Nee is right; to-morrow he must not come, to-morrow he entertains guests.' He is only a coolie boy, but I know I must not remonstrate, and we part with mutual respect.

But those *guests* — I *am* curious! My little friend explains. 'To-morrow,' she says, 'his family worship their ancestors.' Their spirit world is not ours, but theirs is nearer than ours. I shall tell thee more of this boy later. He had never heard of the Great War — fancy that for a street-runner in a treaty port! Does thee wonder China is inarticulate? He tells my little friend that he likes to run for the foreign lady — she is unbelievably light, she stops strange foreigners in the big street, she talks so oddly; but, most important I gather, she pays him one-and-forty more than the last beneficer, who was of the Celestials.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

My dear, this *is* the strangest world! Despite all I knew to the contrary, I know now that what I expected was the China of the returned student. But there are 399,500,000 others (this is a hypothetical percentage of a supposed population). And it is those others, after all, who make up China. With them I do not yet feel quite at home. I hope I shall soon be more conscious of the fundamental likenesses between us. I recall that one of our Oxford professors (Gilbert Murray, I think) once unconsciously withered me by noting that the scholar's mind discerns *first* fundamental likenesses. If that is true, I fear I 'm an outcast, for I am acutely conscious right now of the differences. The externals of life are all so different. It is curious to be in a world where the men wear silk skirts and the women trousers; where little boys jump rope and little girls play marbles; where one gets on bravely with no fires or sanitation, and with never a proper bath; where industry, for the most part, is still in homes; where not machines but bare brown human backs are requisitioned for the burdens of the highway; where one gets used to a whole new scale of prices — thirty cents a hundred for strictly fresh eggs; gorgeous, wicked, voluptuous poinsettias at two-for-five, and just a bit more for chrysanthemums, of the imperial yellow, if you please, and as big as — well, the only things that come to mind are the puffs on the 'cauliflower' tree in our

St. Francis print. It is true, there is soap, which is treble what is asked at home; and for stationery I pay a ruinous sum. In fact, one feels like Alice — always growing very, very little or very, very tall, in order to fit one's environment.

But by far the strangest thing of all is to live among folk who have little knowledge of secondary causes. Last night, while we were at dinner, came the greatest uproar from the street: the ubiquitous firecracker (when the Chinaman wishes to register extreme emotion, joy or sorrow or fear, the firecracker is the medium) was supplemented by rockets, by drums, by tom-toms, by wails. Our own servants, in lieu of anything more rhetorical, had seized the kitchen pans and chopsticks, and were doing their 'bit' to augment the frenzy. Altogether Shanghai seemed given over suddenly to the weirdest and most pervasive noises a populace could produce.

I fled to the roof, accompanied by one of our Chinese students. She noticed at once that the moon was under a slight eclipse and said, 'Oh, it is that: they are terrified. The demon dogs are gnawing the moon; if that is consumed we shall all fall a prey to the demons.' The eclipse spread rapidly, but could not keep pace with the noise. By every sound known to man were the demons appeased. 'Apparently it was a hard task to pull Mlle. Diana through; but Shanghai sat up with the lady and rendered enthusiastic aid until the danger point was passed.' A recently organized Fire Department nervously awaited summons, for it seemed as if whole sections of the city were ablaze. At 11.30 the eclipse passed, and there was an immediate lull; there was a final lavish expenditure of gunpowder, a grand flutter of gongs, much burning of joss paper, and at last, quiet. Again the demons were conquered.

Think of that for a port city! When science has done her perfect work, will all our 'dangers' be known as shadows? I wonder.

19, Hsi Tang Tzu Hutung
Peking, *Good Friday*

My dear ——,

While I am waiting for the late member of our party, — thee knows there must always be a late member, — I have just time to start my little week-end record to thee. All our belongings — bedding, personal linen, cameras, typewriters, tins of food, et cetera, — are packed either in duffel-bags that lock, or waterproof sheets that 'rope.' They are being tumbled into a tiny cart, drawn by a toy white donkey beside whom the driver looks heroic. Everything but ourselves has gone into the cart. I, on second thought, reserve Hermes [1] for safety. The donkey has brayed, the driver has argued, the servants have harangued, the amah has blessed, we have commanded, but at last, for one brief moment, all are inarticulate, and we are off, looking like an invading army. We move off with quite an air because we go, not, as usual, by cart or donkey or ricksha, but, for part of the way at least, by motor — the last word in luxury, available because of an opportune 'check from father,' just received by one member of our party. We are going to the Western Hills!

The evening of the same day
Wo Fo Ssu
(The Temple of the Sleeping Buddha)

My dear ——,

I can scarcely believe that the morning and the evening are the same day. The busy city, with its intrigue and plague and refugees and malevolent dust, is left behind, and we are in the silent hills. To-night I am the guest of a long-dead Manchu Emperor. I am living in his tiny guest-palace, built on one of the 'high places' in this old Temple

[1] My Corona.

of the Sleeping Buddha. Perhaps thee will need, as I did, to rearrange thy ideas of a temple. It is not a building, but an enclosure. Within is 'a series of rectangular courts running from north to south, with the principal edifice in the centre, and the lesser buildings' nestled in the evergreens of the surrounding hills. There are sunny courtyards, open pavilions, long avenues of cypress, jade ponds for goldfish, pilgrims' houses, where, for a bit of tea-money, the weary may rest though the wicked do not guarantee to cease from troubling. A central temple contains the awesome Buddha — fifty feet long, and sound asleep in his clay robes. If the Mongol who placed him there left word, as did Little Boy Blue, 'Now don't you go till I come,' he may be rising any day now, for Mongol drums are heard not afar off; the great Mongol war lord, Chang Tso Lin, is to-day in Tientsin; and a delegation of Mongolian priests from the Hutukhtu, or Living Buddha, are said to be on their way to Peking for a *conference*, which is a Mongolian euphemism for *invasion*.

The little guest-palace where I am put up is the most ravishing abode one can imagine. The roof is of tiles, gold and pale blue — the shade of Fra Angelico angels. I begin with the roof, because, in Chinese buildings, large and small, sacred and secular, the roof is *the* feature. The architecture, as thee perhaps knows, follows the old tent model — inviting one to take one's soul on a pilgrimage. Only, instead of sagging canvas, here are convex shingles of brilliant tile. The sag of the canvas from the high centre-pole finds a counterpart in the downward curve of the tiling; and the slope of the canvas upward again, to catch the outer tent-poles, is repeated in the upward tilt of the tiles. The old nomad weighted his canvas with stray stones. In the evolution of detail, the stones have been supplanted by golden finials, creatures from the animal world — not the fearsome gargoyles of Notre Dame, but friendly little beasties, despite their glazed exterior: Ming editions of collie pups. Instead of tent-poles there are uprights and beams of fine, old hard wood, all lacquered in the ever-recurring design, golden dragons contending for the pearl — an age-old game, apparently, in China, played always on the same daring background of orange, green, and blue. We are enclosed on only three sides, with walls of Pompeian-colored plaster. Wonder-stuff, in the way of a carved grille, gives us two 'apartments,' and presently, when the moon rises (it is due in a minute!) I expect a phœnix to rise from one and a dragon from the other. I hope so, for, though I scorn to be afraid, the Mongolian war lord does seem unpleasantly near to-night.

The next morning

These hills are filled with temples — the Buddhists knew the sacred spaces. We took donkeys this morning, and picked our way across a barren, rocky valley to Pei Yun Ssu, Temple of the Green Jade Clouds — not the oldest in the hills, but reputed to be the most beautiful. The temples are much alike in general arrangement, but each boasts some special feature. This one has a Hall of Five Hundred Buddhas. Some are sardonic, some are benevolent, some are lean, some are obese, some are Chinese, some hint at Semitic, some are Mongolian — all are potent and must be placated.

A beautiful Chinese lad comes in while we are here. I follow him. He will worship, I think from his sensitive profile, before the Buddha of Beauty. No, we pass that. Then it will be the Buddha of Happy Ancestors — he looks such a dutiful lad. No, we pass that without turning a hair. Then it will be the Buddha of the Bright Heart

— I know from the lad's mouth, with corners finished just right, that he is pure in heart. No, we pass that. I hesitate to tell thee that presently, with the preliminary fee to the priest, and with three bundles of joss-sticks ablaze, he drops, three times, prone, before the Buddha of Big Business. And now he goes back, calm and confident, to his little shop.

There are dramatic friezes here, too, of Heaven and the Eighteen Traditional Hells (think of only eighteen!). Like the Italians, the Chinese have 'done' their purgatories with much more power than their beatitudes. Virtue did not capture their imagination, however it may have excited effort. The 'hell' before which I lingered, because it had suffered least from occupancy and hence decay, was like Signorelli's in this — it consisted of every conceivable physical torture. Many of the unrighteous are famine-stricken, some are overcome by flood — two bits of realism always before the Chinese of the north.

I am hoping my camera will yield good representations of some of the balustrades and spires from Pei Yun Ssu. The symmetry and grace and the bas-relief all bear testimony to the master-builder. Though I am dying to try, I shall refrain from vilifying them by vocabulary, but hope, later, to send thee prints.

The ride back to Wo Fo Ssu was unpleasantly dusty, with a strong wind full of fine sand that is blinding. I hate to admit it but these heavy dust storms, when the Gobi Desert literally drops in for the day, make one excessively nervous.

Sunday

I wish thee were here to keep First Day with us. This evening we climbed to a high spot, going up the old rift between the hills, over what was once the river bed. We spread our rugs on a tiny plateau overlooking the summer home of a Chinese gentleman — so different from an American home! The grounds were terraced, and scattered between flowering almonds and peach-trees and persimmon bushes were the low, single-story houses, each with its own court-yard. There must be a house for the master, and one for No. 1 wife, another for No. 2 wife, another for the man-servants, another for the amahs, one of course for guests. This time there was still another, wee as a playhouse, with two beautifully carved doors and bravely lacquered. That is the home of two slim-legged, stately herons, which are pirouetting about their tiny court, their plumage iridescent even in the late afternoon light. From the bough of a cypress a dashing blue parrot (the primeval Blue Bird?) sways in a hoop of bamboo — a good foil for a drab monkey playing with some blue-clad kiddies on the flagstones under the wall. Down the valleys come the coolies, clad, if at all, in the blue smocks which are the feature of every landscape here. In the stillness I was startled by a low, quivering bleat. It was the little coolie boy, gently, in their own language, persuading his flock to the great adventure of return to the fold. No wonder they responded, though the trail was steep and the tiny ones had not yet got their 'mountain legs.' Shepherds, like mothers, have a way with them!

Later

Out across the plain, as far as the eye can reach, are placed rectangular towers. Why at irregular intervals? I trace an imaginary line between them and find it sinuous, making curious convolutions. Why are *watch* towers so capriciously placed? The Lady from Shansi tells me they are more than watch towers, they are to hold down the tail of the Dragon. In Italy it was the campanile, in Ireland the Round

Tower, in England and France the Gothic spire. What in America? The modern little New Yorker at my elbow murmurs, with unconscious irony, 'The skyscraper.' 'Oh yes, of course,' I reply, because I 'm rather afraid of the issue. *Do* they typify our aspirations?

Monday morning

The Chinese coolie gangs chant as they work. Moreover, they chant antiphonally. Sometimes it is an old, weird, and inexpressibly beautiful folk-song; sometimes a narrative of the 'passing show.' For instance, as I come round the corner, the foreman will break into a low chant: 'Here comes a foreigner! Here comes a foreigner!' The men will chant in return: 'What does she wear to-day? What does she wear to-day?'

Or sometimes it is a wedding, or a funeral procession. We had a gorgeous one recently in Peking. One of the last concubines of the imperial family died. She was escorted to her Manchu tomb by a train of camels, each in the imperial trappings of yellow embroidered satin. I assure you more than the coolies broke into song when that stately procession moved slowly to the city gate.

I 'm wondering how often they 'll be singing — these coolies — when China moves into the mechanical stage. Now they lift the heaviest burdens, and pull the heaviest loads, to rhythm. This morning I heard their voices and followed the sound, until I came up with the group on one of the slopes of the temple enclosure. There I found an engine from Corry, Pennsylvania, with twenty sweating coolies trying to 'chant it' up the steep slope. But Corry failed to respond to Oriental symphony, and I fear the pauses were not all registered in the original score. When the foreign foreman came along, I learned what it was all about. The drills were close behind the engine, and both were there for the purpose of driving an artesian well. If this is successful, they are to go from here to the famine area over in Shansi, where recent investigation has pointed to a possible subterranean lake. The foreigner's face shone as he told me his dream — a hundred artesian wells and a district interlaced with irrigating streams, and the end of this age-old scourge. That, of course, would be the real famine relief. (And by the way China has awakened to a new dream — famine prevention.)

While we were chatting, the coolies fetched some logs from the nearby wood and constructed a rough corduroy road, and Corry was again 'on the job,' moving steadily uphill to the tune of an old Tartar field song. 'Why did you not tell them to do that an hour ago?' I queried of my engineer. His answer was the slogan of the Orient: 'They would have lost face.' Having got their promise, '*Can do*,' he must not interfere: otherwise, to-morrow no men. He told me with pride that this was the first American engine in the field, and that it would drill a well several thousand feet deep in three weeks — as against a four months' job by the Chinese method. I bade my glowing countryman good-bye, feeling that I had been in the presence of a real missionary, one who was willing to endure as seeing that which is as yet invisible.

When I came by late in the afternoon, neither engine nor coolies were in sight. On the other side of the summit I could hear their voices and an initial puff from Corry. They had gone 'over the top' to make a conquest of No Man's Land. The priests are still droning their sutras, and the Buddha sleeps.

Later

I like to think of the enthusiastic young foreigner, but I fear it is rather a flash in the pan for Corry. I am told that there is plenty of iron, coal, cotton,

and wool up in the famine area, and that that district should be evacuated by the 'farmers of forty centuries' and given over to diversified industries.

FOOCHOW, FUKIEN PROVINCE, CHINA

MY DEAR ——,

I am of that small minority who have entered Paradise — being one of seventeen foreigners within the walls of this wonderful old city, which still shelters more than six hundred thousand inhabitants, though Amoy, with the honey-sweet fruit and the bitter morals, is fast stealing the trade. And I came, as the Fathers would prefer, via purgatory, — the China Merchants Line, there being no other way. The Big Liner, who 's a lady, goes direct to Hongkong, with never so much as a peep at the Chinese ports; and as there is no railway, one must leave one's maps and charts in port, and literally roll down on an evil-smelling little craft, with a population that rivals the states (and the jungle) for diversity.

We reached the mouth of the Ming River in the dark o' the moon, and had to wait until dawn to be piloted in. There are dreadful stories of the orgies of the river god, and of his mad displeasure if a craft enters without the escort of his emissary. How does thee think the pilots came aboard? They came out in a sampan, with women at the oars: when within a few feet of us, they 'tackled' our deck-rails with hooks embedded in long bamboo poles, skillfully kicked themselves clear of the sampan, and clambered up the poles to our deck, dropping the poles back into the water where they were rescued by the women rowers.

We came upstream in a primitive type of houseboat. The river life is dangerous and social and gay. All the boats are of wood, of the half-moon design, with ribbed sails of mahogany-colored pulp. One detail they all have — a discerning black-and-white eye painted on the bow. *Warum?* The coolie boy murmurs, '*No have eye — no can see.*' Nothing could be more simple or satisfactory or rational — or Chinese. All the way up the river the coolies are crooning and yelling and screaming and banging their bamboo poles about, each one demanding the channel. Bamboo is the staple of life. Give us this day our daily bamboo is the river man's prayer. He punts with his bamboo pole, he sleeps under his bamboo hood, he gets his chow in a bamboo basket, he ties the vagrant baby with a bamboo cord, his *petit déjeuner* is of boiled bamboo sprouts, and on the rare occasions when he goes ashore, he smokes his bamboo pipe under a bamboo that sheds feathery shade.

Later

MY DEAR ——,

The paradise was worth winning. I am high up above the city wall, beyond which a real moat glistens: out toward the sunrise are fields of golden mustard, toward the sunset gleam the rice paddies. Within reach are all the poinsettias, violets, roses, heliotrope, iris, begonia, and China lilies one could wish for. On the streets are good-looking women, with elaborate headdresses of blood-red silk, and chased silver ornaments, dagger-shape, from ten to fourteen inches long — the survival of one mediæval day when the women of the field were coerced and allowed this one weapon for defense. As far as I can see are purple hills. G—— Y——, the Chinese friend who shares my sleeping-porch, says that last night I sat bolt upright and laughed aloud in my sleep. I do recall that I was trying to decide whether this was mediæval Brittany or the New Jerusalem, and that I picked the former because of the absence of the 'four-and-twenty elders.' Does thee wonder I was chortling?

To-morrow we go a-lacquering and I

shall have a bit in my locker when I return. This is the place for the No. 1 lacquer, which is done on silk and which sheds sunlight on the dourest day. It takes as much as eight months to make one of the little golden boxes, and the secret is a family affair, handed down, now, for generations.

Then there are dashing red-leather boxes, decorated in the most bizarre fashion. The burning question is, Will thee have dragons or storks? Think of that exquisite choice! Apparently, if one waits long enough, *all* the fairy stories do come true. Personally, I am all for the dragons, as gratifying a hidden instinct which generations of pacifism have failed to eradicate. Perhaps, too, I feel the irony of storks as a decorative element in a spinster equipment. Thee can take thy choice, but be influenced by the fact that the dragons offer an inexpensive way of seeing life. Recently we had the great privilege of seeing, late at night, the old dragon ceremony, given, in all its grandeur, in the Chinese courtyard of the Confucian chief here. I shall write thee later of that.

First Day evening

MY DEAR ——,

We climbed this evening to our nearest 'high place' and said farewell to this quiet day from the old altar there. Steps thereto are cut from the solid rock; the altar itself is of the Stonehenge type — a rough post-and-lintel design; behind it is a huge bronze basin from which the sweet savor rose to the infinite. The earlier folk came to the 'friend behind phenomena' in their own way. The little temple beside the shrine is of the Confucian Order — plainer than a Friends' Meeting; just an enclosed space, with a platform at one end on which stand the stately tablets of the law. Think of a temple furnished *only* with wisdom!

> Pray that life may keep us simple
> So that God may make us wise.

I shall go again to that high place — but not at sunset. Sunset and evening star, in a strange land, and the altar to the unknown god are not a bracing combination for folk who would be 'homeside.'

> To remember a little Argive Street
> Is torture to the bone.

Does thee remember?

Later

Thee 'll be interested in a detail of my landscape — a village of lake-dwellers exactly like the pictures of prehistoric days. These are for defense in the dreadful spring days, when the wicked little Ming rushes deliriously about over the plain.

I am one hundred and fifty feet above the street. The coolie is winding his way up my high hill, with the ever-present bamboo pole over his shoulder; from each end is suspended a five-gallon bucket of water. Every drop of water we use must be carried. We have one boy who does only that. Up and down, up and down, up and down he goes with his endless buckets. It 's a 'pitiful doing,' and him still young; and even now unsightly welts of misplaced flesh warp each shoulder; and they will harden there before he knows another way. The potential deformity of all the workers is one of the tragedies. The worst of all is their quiet acceptance of it. Oh, not idolatry, not that, O Lord, not that, but the 'lethargic mind' is the hideous evil!

CHRIST IN OBERAMMERGAU

BY FERDINAND REYHER

I

THERE is a profound rationalism in man's former acceptance of miracles. In 1634, when the plague held heyday in Bavaria, Oberammergau quarantined itself against the world, armed watchmen guarding road and path. On Christmas Eve a villager, who had been employed outside, eluded the sentries and crept back to his family, bringing the plague. The village was almost depopulated. Those who remained, prayed. They pledged themselves to Almighty Intercession to give a performance of the Passion Play every ten years, if the plague were checked. From that moment none died, and every ten years, with a few unavoidable omissions, Oberammergau kept its word.

My trip to Oberammergau for Christmas began, properly speaking, in the cavernous waiting-room at Hanau. I arrived there at half past nine at night; the Munich express did not come through until half past twelve. I wrote a letter, and listened to the wind twining about the net of sheds outside. After a time I stopped writing and talked to the waiter. He had come on duty at five o'clock that morning, and would go off duty at one. He was given to philosophy, and had developed the thesis that the strain of his position was due to the collective nervousness of travelers focusing itself upon him.

When the waiter went away the other traveler called to me over his newspaper, from the second plush settee along the wall: —

'You travel cheaply here these days, eh?'

It was neither unceremonious nor abrupt, but the national greeting to foreigners, as casual as 'Good-evening,' as stereotyped as a doll's squeak, and more wearisome. First used when the mark fell to four cents, it was substituted for comments on the weather when the *Valuta* crashed to three hundred marks for one dollar. After an eliminating bad guess that I was English seemed to inform him that I was American, he set himself to serious discussion.

'France will never be satisfied until Germany is destroyed,' he told me.

After the San Francisco earthquake, a New Yorker might conceivably have turned to a stranger in the subway and said, 'Was n't it awful?' His loquacity would have been mysterious but not his meaning. National catastrophes, with a sentimental race like the German, become national obsessions. The new hate of all Germany for France was packed into those words. A polemic was sent at me between rustlings of newspapers, gulps of beer, and mouthfuls of sandwich. Presently I understood why I was journeying to the Bavarian Alps, and entrusting myself to an out-of-season train-service. Previously I had considered only that this summer, for the first time in twelve years, the famous Passion Play was to be given, and I was curious about the preparations. Now I wanted to speak

with one man in Europe who would be free of hate, unconcerned with the *Valuta*, and given to no sarcasm over the Conference in Washington: Anton Lang, the potter Christus of the Passion Play. I would spend Christmas with Christ in Oberammergau.

The appropriateness of the season pleased every literary instinct in me. Yet there was, too, — born out of my weariness with the disastrous political fumblings, the inchoate political talk, and the moral as well as mental stupidity of Europe advancing its ostensible programme of reconstruction in front of augmented batteries of hate and increasingly reckless antagonisms, — a wistful desire to come again in contact with the Christian legend. The qualities of it had escaped me through fourteen years of assiduous Sunday-School attendance, only to reveal themselves, I remember, during the most materialistic period of college, through the authority of the art of the New Testament.

II

The incline to the Alps begins shortly after leaving Munich. The cool winter lights on the lakes that began to appear on both sides were a relief after the grayness of Berlin. Our traveling companions were a young man affable with industrial statistics; a Japanese student from the Inns o' Court for Partenkirche, without a word of German, to see the winter sports; two ladies from Hamburg, also holidaying in the Tyrol; and a Bavarian in black-and-white breeches. His expansive local pride in the cheapness of the cost of living in Bavaria compared to northern Germany was ironic, his system of the quickest way of dealing with political dissenters sardonic, and his opinion of the Ebert Ministry a tribute to the toughness of Teutonic imperialism. He was bitterly occupied with what the outer world must socially think of a nation which made a fat harness-maker its president.

The little electric train which swingingly climbs the steep stretch from Murnau to Oberammergau brought us in after dark. We climbed off, and went through the station gates.

It is not always easy to determine whether one's impressions are determined by what one wishes to see or the converse.

The first thing to attract one's gaze, even before one catches a glimpse of the village, attracting the eyes upward, is a thing of mighty symbolical import. One of the peaks, detached as it were, and isolated from the rest, rises up, narrowing at the summit to receive, as its crown, a lofty simple cross.

Unfortunately the great gilded cross of the Kofel was not visible in the dark; and the first thing that attracted my gaze was a smallish dog, harnessed to a much larger cart which was being filled with suitcases and packages.

It was the first time I had seen a dog harnessed to a cart since I had been in Holland or Havre, and it affected me with the discomfort of inappropriateness. I am not here concerned with any moral or humanitarian attitude; merely the artistic. On the way to the hotel, I tried to recall from either of the Testaments a word on the treatment of animals.

In the Gasthof Alte Post we saw the first important actor of the Passion Play, Peter, seated at the earthly bar of the hotel quaffing Munich beer.

Next door to the Alte Post, but set somewhat back, is Hafnertoni, the house of Anton Lang. Like almost every dwelling in Oberammergau, it is a boarding-house. Shortly after eight o'clock we knocked at the door. The family had just finished the evening meal. I had a glimpse of two sturdy children, and a youth with arrestingly

tender features and beautiful long hair. The pleasant Bavarian greeting of God, '*Grüss Gott!*' passed, and we were left alone with the Christ of the Passion Play.

The peculiar state of anticipation in which I had come to Oberammergau after more than a year of Europe, all that I had heard of the Passion Play and of him, gave me a moment in which I was conscious only of what an excellent working copy he was of Da Vinci's Christ of The Last Supper. Pictorially he satisfied my expectations. I saw him rather as a composite of my own emotional projections than as himself. Gradually he emerged into personal distinctness.

A loose-jointed man, with an appearance of frailty, which is, however, a sort of sensitive flexibility. He might, indeed, be strong. Quick, knuckly hands — the soiled hands of a potter, with the potter's necessarily cunning fingers. He wore a blue jumper, flappy trousers. His natural long hair and beard were untinged with gray, despite his forty-six years and the exigencies of probably the most strenuous rôle in drama. Wrinkles creased his rounded, tight forehead. His nose was wonderfully finely shaped.

We began speaking of the things about which my friend, the correspondent of the world's greatest newspaper, had come to ask Christus.

'Our frame of mind toward the Passion Play this year is very different from what it once was,' he said. 'The sufferings of the war and its results have brought in a new seriousness. There is none of the old joy in making ready. The joy has gone out of the play. The war has made the players spiritual.'

He paused here, and I had my first twinge of disappointment. It was too glib. War in itself is generally idealism gone wrong; and psychologically its back fire is materialism. And there was something not right in the implied necessity of conflict between joy and spirituality.

'From the new seriousness and sorrow of the war, however, the art of the Passion Play will gain.'

He rose with a swift, stooping grace, and from an orderly writing table brought us a prospectus of the Passion Play performances.

'The Passion Play is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but Christian, and this year it has a special mission. It will act as a means of bringing the world together again and bringing back the lost brotherhood of man. We want more foreigners to come than ever before, and we shall be able to take care of them despite —'

At this moment Frau Lang reëntered the room.

A rotund, compact, rosy woman with the gift of imparting the impression of being good at figures. Without shock, yet instantly, the conversation became mundane. As he finished explaining the plan of the Government to establish food depots, from which supplies for the expected quarter of a million visitors to the Passion Play can be drawn without draining the immediate district, Frau Lang said: —

'We ourselves really do not know how to make ends meet. We live from hand to mouth. There is really no more middle class; we all belong to the poor. Oberammergau itself is already one and a half million marks in debt.'

She laid her hands, with the sewing between them, on the table, and eagerly continued. I waited for the fatal, 'You travel cheaply here now, *nicht?*'

She spared us. Prettily appreciative of the help sent the village by German Americans and the Quakers, she swung the conversation over to the *Valuta*, however. I know that the economic state of Germany is ominous; that

there is doleful cause for the *Valuta* being the supreme mania of Germany. But the high Biblical place given to charity may be due to its facile tendency to exhaustion. A foreigner's sympathies for German wretchedness are apt to be congealed into indifference by months of comparatively polite attention to everyone's ideas on the rate of exchange as the source of all ills, internal and external. One experiences something like a goose-flesh creeping of one's sensibilities when the word is mentioned. Europe, despite its traditions of culture, has not learned that there is a vulgarity of poverty as well as a vulgarity of riches.

One meets here, daily, gentlemen and gentlewomen who have alternately frozen and baked in financial infernos; and one of the most dejecting experiences human sympathy can subject itself to is to note the little engraved scratchings on the steely polish of character after a bout with the furies of insolvency, or inadequacy to meet the demands of their positions, which must be held to because what these people still have they have from these positions. This is the problem of the fixed-salary intellectuals of Germany.

Suddenly like a clap of cannon fire I heard the potter say: 'France will not be satisfied until she has crushed us altogether.'

I turned and almost involuntarily asked him: 'Do you expect any French to come to Oberammergau this summer?'

'Well —,' he smiled deploringly — 'we hope not. If they come, we must take care of them; but we hope no French will come. There is too much hate against France. The stories our people have told us of prison camps and other things make me hope no French will come to Oberammergau.'

My purpose in being there seemed to break in the middle with a clean ring.

'The Passion Play of Oberammergau has a special mission this year . . . to bring the world together. . . . But we hope no French will come to Oberammergau —'

The moilings and coilings of men's mentalities find in Europe to-day neither obstacle nor humor in paradox. A chilly cynicism came over me — almost derisiveness. I could properly honor his manliness of outspoken hate, infinitely preferring it to cant; but how well had he learned his rôle, after all?

My eyes abruptly clear, I looked at him carefully, listening rather to the intonation of his voice for *nuances* of sincerity and insincerity, and the accents, rather than the matter, of wisdom. His voice was modulated with something that seemed to me now a combination of religious habit and professional training; it was sonorously pitched, and his German, in a district where speech is a coarse dialect, correct. His loose-jointedness, his silky hirsuteness, his voice, all tended to reproduce that endearing gentleness which still somehow shines through nineteen hundred years of adamantine bigotry, theological prowling, and institutional stalking of doctrines, recrucifixions innumerable and gargoylian Gothic dogma.

But his apparent humility and forbearance stopped short of itself, somehow. Perhaps at his eyes. There was something in his cool blue and entirely un-Jewish and mystical blue eyes that was distinctly un-Christlike. They were not calculating eyes. It was, perhaps, that that amazing intelligence of Christ which, granted the premises claimed, makes His career undebatably logical to its end, was missing. It might be that the hardness of his cool Northern gaze was due to a youthfully imitated mysticism, hardened into a mysticism, still foreign to him, become habitual. As near as he was to Da Vinci's Christ

in the flesh, I suspected him of a temperament compounded of the spiritual and outward obeisances he must make to this sort of mysticism; an astute worldly perspective, which he unconsciously inhibited; and sizable histrionic vanity. He was, first and foremost, the thrice-elected Christus of the most famous Passion Play in the world — an honor no one not of Oberammergau itself can appraise fully, — and as such, assured of immortality in the general records of art and the very particular chronicles of his village; secondly, a Bavarian and monarchist; thirdly, a German and reluctant Republican.

For Frau Lang made a point of elucidating the gossip about the recent election of the principal character of the play.

'They say that Herr Lang had only a majority of one, but that is not true.'

He shifted in his chair.

'The important thing,' he said, 'is, not by how many votes one is elected, but that one is elected.'

I believe that his majority was two votes in the last contest between youth and age for the highest honors Oberammergau can give. Against the disadvantage of his forty-six years was the advantage of the publicity which his fame and influence would give the Passion Play in America, which in these times would be a deciding factor in his election, aside from his experience and previous success with the rôle.

Two comments upon the political situation revealed him the Bavarian and royalist first, and German last.

'The revolution was worse than the war.'

'Germany must hold together. Bavaria is too small and exposed to be a separate nation. Prussia is the sour apple that must be bitten into.'

The French aim of Bavarian separation stumbled on a religious block perhaps as much as on any other. Bavaria, officially and socially Roman Catholic, and pre-Reformation Catholic, would hardly go with France, officially atheistic. He smiled his smile of strangely mingled gentleness and shrewdness when he spoke of the Washington Conference and disarmament.

'We have read so much in the papers,' he protested with charming wariness, 'that we believe sparingly.'

He had arrived at that common distrust of the newspapers of the opposition, which prepares so thoroughly for credence in those of one's own views. The cool, radical, objective sagacity of the Christ of the twelfth chapter of Matthew was again lacking. I could feel the strain of ennui settling on him. He has been much interviewed in his life. But he rose with naïve new interest, to bring us a letter from America inviting him there to play Christus at any salary he would name; and told us the story of the American motion-picture producer, who recently arrived in Oberammergau with a check-book potent enough to obliterate the German indemnity, but not to buy the film rights of the Passion Play. Frau Lang described it as 'a real temptation at this time'; and, as we discovered next day, the whole village was inordinately proud to have had the strength to request Satan to get behind it.

She related other stories of professional offers, and her husband's refusal to look upon the cities of the world. But the point missed in the American motion-picture producer's rebuff is precisely his lack of cash. That Oberammergau regarded the proposal as a transaction involving thirty pieces of silver is plausible enough. The fact remains, however, that, the rights not being the property of any particular generation, after a minimum calculation of the generations which are still to build their lives and fame about the play, — still to receive their meagre

three or four hundred dollars for each of the leading rôles, involving, as they may, years of preparation, months of rehearsal, and the renunciation of yet other temptations, — it is impossible to estimate the adequate compensation for depriving them of their monopoly. Brought up in a constantly revitalized tradition, which has given them a unique property and honor in the world, and a regularly accruing revenue to their village, they know the cash value of immortality, and it would require a village of Judases to sign a contract of sale.

The last thing of which we spoke, after he had patiently consented to being photographed the next day, was the company of Freiburg Players, who give performances of a Passion Play and advertise themselves as Oberammergauers. As I went back to the hotel, I was able to consider a new paradox of the forgiving spirit, which assumes a mission to reintroduce peace and fraternity in a world without Frenchmen, but insists upon curtailing the propaganda for good-will among men to a severely accurate observance of its own trade-name.

As I lay in bed upstairs in the Gasthof Alte Post, next door to the house of Christus, I went over my hour with him, and three sentences always came back with new force: —

'The revolution was worse than the war.'

'All the world, only not France.'

'The war has made our actors more spiritual.'

III

The atmosphere of the village is theatrical. In the thin winter sunshine, with its elaborately frescoed houses, its surrounding snow-capped hills, the minaret steeple of its church, and its glittering Cross of the Kofel, from which a visible beam streamed toward the opposite peak, as if a celestial limelight were thrown on it from behind, Oberammergau was like a perfectly struck mise-en-scène. The long-haired Pre-Raphaelite boys and youths gave the impression of growing up to *be* Christ, rather than like him. They were nearly all comely. Through some freak of ethnological derivation, these people are said to have a Celtic origin; but they give an impression of un-Celtic commercial acumen. They have had a thorough training in trade, inheriting a tradition of barter older than Christendom; for their village was a station on the Roman road from Verona to Augsburg, and their ancestors flourished when the great caravan route from Central Germany across the Alps to Italy went by their doors.

Again I was struck with the diversity of impressions the same objects can create in a variety of witnesses. There is an alarming consensus of opinion, however, that Oberammergauers are 'simple mountaineers,' sociologically idyllic peasants, with 'three acres and a cow.'

Immediately one is transplanted to another world, a simpler, saner, freer, more natural and wholesome outlook, where the lies of a false civilization do not exist, where the beauties of nature are not sneered at, and the ugly strenuousness of modern life forced in upon one as a virtue.

For myself, I discovered the shopkeepers to possess a remarkably practical knowledge of the *Valuta* and foreign accents; and the bookseller, confronted with the fact that a book he had sold us for eighty marks as a rarity could be plentifully had round the corner for fifty marks, evolved a political theory of salesmanship which would have done credit to a Berlin merchant.

But, chary as one may be of the literal value of even unanimous reports of human perfection, Oberammergau presents at least the possibility of life

lived with maximum wiseness, happiness, and intensity. Remember that this is a highly sophisticated, tourist-haunted community, with an innate wariness in business, craftmanship, religion, and art. Its inhabitants have the spacious duality of both passive and active participation in the pageantry of things. It is an amazing arrangement, whereby a potter can hold the centre of a stage illuminated by every newspaper and journal in the Occident, and Peter divide his talents between the bars of heaven and the Alte Post, and play *skat* until the cock crows thrice.

Bear in mind, too, which is the great tribute one must pay Oberammergau, that they take their religion humanely, not vindictively nor frivolously; that they are genially reverent, and have the pleasant heritage of that mountaineer peasant humor which keeps sacrilege more surely at arm's length than the sour aspect of any savage bigotry has ever yet managed to do. It is a community where a man may be humble, and yet have news of the day; where the respect of one's fellows is immortality; where immortality should come to every family, for no other reason than that it is born there, and its ancestral right to fame is assured by every law of chance and offspring as certainly as its ancestral rights include free pasturage on the Alps for its cattle.

In the house of Georg Lang, sculptor and stage manager of the Passion Play, the famous Christmas Group of Oberammergau was on exhibition. It is a bewitching example of wood-carving and miniature costuming, representing, by scores of figures and Düreresque properties, the Annunciation and entire prelude to the Passion. It was cut by Oberammergau craftsmen a hundred years ago; but it has the forthright effectiveness of fourteenth-century wood-carving. It was an eloquent witness of this community's coöperation in the production of art.

The stage manager, Lang, was a big, raw-boned man, with close-cropped skull, high cheek-bones, and magnificent huge hands, the fingers spatulate and bulky-knuckled. Unobtrusively he imparted the impression of an intelligence and earnestness beyond those of anyone else we met here. The man was completely an artist. He alone had a constructive and mobile attitude toward the Passion Play itself. He was sensitive to the streams of artistic tendencies, and the lure of the primitive, which is one of the main currents of modern art, evinced itself in his intention to bring the play nearer to its former simplicity of speech, its brighter warmth of naïve yet more significant costuming, and its broader adoration. One had the feeling that he looked at the Christmas Group, beside which we were standing, when he was alone, or sought out authentic art elsewhere, and learned from it. That he was far beyond his village contemporaries, because he was really so much closer to their best traditions. I first felt concretely through him the vitality of Oberammergau tradition.

Balzac, whose scientific, political, philosophical, and religious generalities can usually be only graciously regarded as fantastic, said wisely, however: —

'I do not share the belief in indefinite progress for society as a whole; I believe in man's improvement in himself.'

This is Christianity down to its least common multiple; and because art is interested primarily not in communities, but in individuals, I suddenly felt that this Passion Play, with its community concentration upon the greatest protagonist in western history, and particularly upon the *acting* of His part, must have broken away from the

severe restrictions of community proprietorship, and be an artistic thing after all, not a revival of mere religious pageantry.

There is just as much mankind in some communities as in others, and perhaps more. The Passion Play is not acted by untrained, self-conscious citizens. They prepare for their rôles in pieces sacred and profane, with a diligence beyond the belief of even our own amateur theatrical societies; in secret declamations, at which the rocks in remote glens hereabouts must often have groaned; in secret pantomimic rehearsals of gestures; in daily mental performances; in technical scrutiny of the best actors in the large cities. There are families here with traditions of the stage which the last of the Booths might envy.

There is no art without passion, and man must know passion, suffer under it, or attain it imaginatively, to put it into art. There must be passion to spare in Oberammergau — a quiet, deep undercurrent of it running through the entire life of any likely candidate for a principal rôle. Not only passion, but tragedy, culminates in each decade's election. It is decorously held in hand by the respect for tradition and by the continental reverence for elders assembled in committee. Each election is not only a clash between youth and age: the years between signify that a favored candidate for the rôle of Christus, who has approached the age of thirty, missing election, misses every chance to play the part; for at the next voting, he is opposed not only by his own former defeat, but, in his turn, by youth. I had an inkling of the devastating disappointment of such defeat when I met the wood-carver, Aloysius Lang, the understudy to Anton Lang and his most formidable rival. He is twenty-six, athletic, and almost the handsomest man I have ever seen. He will play the rôle of Nicodemus, and, barring accident, never that of Christus.

Behind the performance of the Passion Play there is all-pervading preparatory passion to spare. Men and women have gone insane over their rôles; only 'unblemished women' being permitted to act, girls have deferred their marriage for years, on the hint that they might be chosen for one of the Marys; and at least one Judas sought to hang himself.

IV

Long after I had left Oberammergau, and left the still delicious city of Munich; left Frankfurt, and arrived in a little Hessian village whose perfectly preserved towers, moat, battlements, resident castle, and red sandstone gates date from the Crusades, I was still wondering. I can never get over an astonishment at the silliness of human hatred for anything but its own stupidity. If hatred were not so dangerous, we could laugh it away. But it is the chronic insanity of the world, and one may come to believe that even the perfect hatred of the Psalmist was ill considered.

It is only that impossibility for the average person to maintain a great hate or a great love — the essential lukewarmness of humanity — which keeps back ruin. It is not our high feelings and spasmodic nobilities which save us, but the absence of them. While Europe still rings, not so truculently in this quarter as once, with noncommittal grandiloquence, humanity goes more or less about its business of inelastic egotism. The thing which truly effects, which continues to goad, is the personal thing, despite the daily nationalistic diatribes of the incendiary press.

What did I want of the Christus of the Passion Play?

'RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG'

James Thomson

BY ALICE MEYNELL

WIDE waters in the waste; or, out of reach,
Rough Alpine falls where late a glacier hung;
Or rivers groping for an alien beach,
Through continents, unsung.

Nay, not these nameless, these remote, alone;
But all the streams from all the watersheds —
Peneus, Danube, Nile — are the unknown,
Young in their ancient beds.

Man has no tale for them. Oh! travelers swift
From secrets to oblivion! Waters wild
That pass in act to bend a flower or lift
The bright limbs of a child!

For they are new, they are fresh; there 's no surprise
Like theirs on earth. Oh, strange forevermore!
This moment's Tiber with his shining eyes
Never saw Rome before.

Man has no word for their eternity —
Rhine, Avon, Arno, younglings, youth uncrowned!
Ignorant, innocent, instantaneous, free,
Unwelcomed, unrenowned.

THE POINT OF VIEW IN AMERICAN CRITICISM

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

ACCORDING to all the critics, domestic and foreign, who have prophesied against America during the last hundred years, the great and ever-present danger of a democratic society lies in its tendency to destroy high standards of excellence and to accept the average man as a satisfactory measure of all things. Instead of saying, like Antigone in the drama of Sophocles, 'I know I please the souls I ought to please,' democracy, we are told, is prone to dismiss the question whether she has any high religious obligation, and to murmur complacently, 'I know I please the souls of average men.' I propose to examine a little the origins of this belief, and then to inquire whether it is justified by the present condition of our civilization, as reflected in our current literature. In the course of the inquiry I shall at least raise the question whether the average man is as easy to please as he is ordinarily supposed to be.

I

At the very foundation of the Republic, the menace of the average man was felt by a distinguished group of our own superior men, including Washington, John Adams, Hamilton, and many other able and prosperous country gentlemen. To them the voice of the people was not the voice of God, but the clamor of a hydra-headed monster, requiring to be checked and bridled. Thus, at the outset of our civilization, they established a point of view and they instituted a criticism, which were unfriendly to the average man and his aspirations and to all his misguided friends. They possessed, for example, certain standards of character and manners, which they applied with some austerity to what they regarded as the vulgar Jacobinism of Thomas Paine, to the disintegrating demagoguery of Jefferson, to the cosmopolitan laxity of Franklin, and to all the tendencies of French radicalism toward leveling by law the inequalities created by law and by nature.

Edmund Burke explained England's relative immunity to the equalitarian speculations of the French by this fact: 'We continue,' he said, 'as in the last two ages, to read more generally, than, I believe, is now done on the Continent, the authors of sound antiquity. These occupy our minds. They give us another taste and turn, and will not suffer us to be more than transiently amused with paradoxical morality.' Now, it is insufficiently recognized that, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, America, like England, was at the height of her classical period — I mean the period when statesmen, poets, and painters most deliberately and successfully imitated the example of the ancients. The public characters of Washington and his friends, like those of Burke and his friends, were in the grand style, were in a style more or less consciously moulded upon that of the great republicans of England, Rome, and Athens. From Cromwell and Milton, and, above all, from the heroes of Plutarch, the friends of Wash-

ington inherited the ardor and the elevation of their public spirit, and, at the same time, their lofty disdain for the vulgar herd and a conviction that the salvation of the people depended upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities.

At its best, near the source, and on its positive side, there is something very august and inspiring in the utterances of this old Roman or aristocratic republicanism. It is not far from its best in the letters of Abigail Adams.

> Glory, my son [she writes to John Quincy Adams], in a country which has given birth to characters, both in the civil and military departments, which may vie with the wisdom and valor of antiquity. As an immediate descendant of one of these characters, may you be led to an imitation of that disinterested patriotism and that noble love of country, which will teach you to despise wealth, titles, pomp, and equipage, as mere external advantages, which cannot add to the excellence of your mind, or compensate for the want of integrity or virtue.

It is not difficult to despise 'wealth, pomp, and equipage,' when one is adequately supplied with them; John Quincy Adams, accordingly, found his occasion for pride in the excellence of his mind and in his integrity and virtue. And, true to his breeding, he maintained, like Coriolanus, a kind of passionate and scornful opposition to the vulgar mob. In 1795, he writes to his mother that France will remain without the means to form a Constitution till she has exploded the doctrine of submission to and veneration for public opinion. A little later, he admits to his father that 'the struggle against a popular clamor is not without its charms in my mind.'

There he sounds the rallying cry of our great conservative tradition. I shall not ask here whether the creative ardor of the aristocratic spirit which we observed in the mother is not already beginning to be transformed in the son to a certain ardor of repression. Nor am I concerned here to trace the evolution of this Roman-American pride from its pure high source, down through the ages, till it reappears in aristocratic republicans of our own times, who still find a charm in opposing the popular clamor. I am thinking of the railway magnate, author of the celebrated phrase, 'The public be damned'; and I am thinking of our most aggressive literary critic, a professed Federalist, who remarked the other day in language savoring a bit, perhaps, of the Roman decadence: 'I don't care a damn what happens to the Republic after I am dead.'

We must pause here, however, long enough to recall that the classical models of society, which the more conservative of our forefathers kept in their minds' eye, rested upon a slave population, and that the government which they actually set up countenanced, in opposition to the plebeian taste of Paine and the demagoguery of Jefferson, a slave population. It is a question of more than academic interest to-day, whether or not the government which they set up necessarily implies the continued existence of an illiterate peasantry.

Those who believe that the salvation of the people depends upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities are likely, in the long run, to make the end subservient to the means, to grow rather careless about the salvation of the people and rather over-careful about the preservation of their own superiorities. They incline, also, to a belief that these superiorities can best be perpetuated through their own offspring — a belief which, so far as I can learn, is inadequately supported by statistics. On this assumption, however, they endeavor to make a kind of closed corporation of their own class,

and seek to monopolize for it the administration of government, the possession of property, the enjoyment of higher education and culture, and the literary production of the country.

These tendencies, as we know, appeared very early in the history of the Republic. John Adams nearly ruined himself in 1787 by his frank declaration that wealth and birth should be qualifications for the Senate. Hamilton, at the same time, put forth his proposals for restraining the vulgar herd by perpetuating wealth and the leadership of established families in the nearest possible American imitation of the British monarchical and aristocratic system.

The irrepressible conflict provoked by such attempts to check the rich fecundity and the unpredictable powers of our colonial 'populace' is ordinarily presented to us as a contention over political principles. In its most comprehensive aspect, it may profitably be regarded as rather a conflict of religions. The short interval between the adoption of the Constitution and the end of the eighteenth century is the period of antique Republicanism triumphant, dominated by the religion of the superior man. In 1800, this religion received a blow in the election of Jefferson, the St. Paul of the religion of the populace, who preached faith, hope, and charity for the masses. In 1828, the religion of the superior man received a still more ominous blow, when the fiery, pistoling rough-rider from Tennessee, Andrew Jackson, defeated John Quincy Adams. At this reverse to the sons of light, John Quincy Adams lost his faith in God, the God of superior men.

II

We have recently had, from the fourth generation of the Adams family, Brooks, Charles Francis, and Henry, a voluminous commentary upon the effort of 'the heirs of Washington' to stand against the popular clamor and uphold their great tradition. On the whole, if we may trust their testimony, it has been a tragically unavailing effort. In Boston and Cambridge and in a few tributary villages, in old New York and Washington, on a few great plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, the civilization which the superior men contemplated obtained a struggling foothold before the Civil War. And this civilization achieved some literary expression in the classical oratory of Webster, in the fine old English gentility of Irving's prose, and in the pale provincial flowering of our New England poetry. Sanguine observers saw in this literary renascence promise that the intrenched intelligence and culture of the settled, civilized East was to take and hold the mastery in the national life.

But for Henry Adams, at least, that hope ended with his return from England in 1868. He discovered, when he went to Washington to offer his services in carrying on the great tradition — he discovered that the great tradition was broken. There had taken place, not merely a Civil War, but a far more fundamental revolution. He and his kind, bred on the classics, and versed in law and European diplomacy, were anachronisms, survivors out of the classical eighteenth century, belated revelers in the Capitol. A multitude of unknown or ignored forces had developed in his absence, and had combined to antiquate him, to extrude him from the current of national life, and to incapacitate him for a place in the public councils. This singular new nation was no respecter of grandfathers. It took its superior men wherever it found them. It picked its chief statesman out of a log cabin in Illinois, its chief military hero out of an Ohio tannery, its most eminent poet from a carpenter's

shop, and its leading man of letters from a pilot-house on the Mississippi. Such standards! Henry spent a lifetime elaborating his grand principle of the degradation of energy, to explain to himself why the three grandsons of two presidents of the United States all ended miserably: one as President of the Kansas City Stock Yards; one as a member of the Massachusetts Bar; while one had sunk to the level of a Professor of History at Harvard.

III

From the point of view of these antique republicans, the period from the Civil War to the end of the nineteenth century proves the truth of all the prophecies against the average man. This is the period of triumphant democracy — meaning, of course, the triumph, not of the political party, but of the religious principle. In this epoch, the gates of opportunity open as never before to the populace, to the new men. What are the results? Throughout the period, the steadily waning influence of Eastern intelligence and culture in the national life, steadily increasing immigration from the peasant stocks of Europe, expansion of the population into new western territory, prosperity of industrial pioneers, rise of the railway magnate, the iron-master, the organizer of large-scale production of material commodities — immense rewards and glory for supplying the average man what the average man, at that particular moment, wanted and had to have.

Midway in this epoch, one of its heroes, Andrew Carnegie, wrote a book which he called *Triumphant Democracy* — a work which exults and rejoices in the goodness and greatness of American life. It was an industrial captain's reply to the foreign critics who had flitted across the country year after year, like ravens, boding disaster. It was a reply from the point of view of a Scotch radical, a self-made man, who could compare the poor little Scotch town of Dunfermline, where the revolution in machinery had ruined his father, to the booming city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the same revolution had made him one of the masters of his generation.

Carnegie's point of view was inadequate. He offered no effective answer to the savage criticism which Dickens had made of our civilization forty years earlier, when he pictured the democracy as brutal, boisterous, boastful, ignorant, and hypocritical. He made no effective reply to Carlyle, who had cried twenty-two years later than Dickens, 'My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. . . . They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before — that hitherto is their feat in history.'

Matthew Arnold, a critical friend of ours, far more friendly to our political institutions and to our social organization than Carlyle, dropped in upon us at about the time that Carnegie published his book. 'The trouble with Carnegie and his friends,' said Arnold, 'is that they have no conception of the chief defect of American life; namely, that it is so dreadfully uninteresting.' This dullness, he explained, was due to the average man's quite inadequate conception of the good life, which did not go beyond being diligent in business and serving the Lord — making money and observing a narrow code of morality.

The particularly hopeless aspect of our case, Arnold thought, was that we,

as a people, seemed quite unconscious of our deficiencies on the human side of our civilization. We displayed a self-satisfaction which is 'vulgarizing and retarding.' Nationally we were boasters, or, as we say nowadays, 'boosters.' 'The worst of it is,' he continues, 'that this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any rebuke from sane criticism over there.' He cites some examples; and then he adds that, 'the new West promises to beat in the game of brag even the stout champions I have been quoting.'

IV

Now, no Englishman will ever fathom the mystery of Uncle Sam's boasting. No outsider can ever know, as we all know, how often, out of the depths of self-distrust and self-contempt and cutting self-criticism, he has whistled to keep his courage up in the dark, and has smiled reassuringly while his heart was breaking. Still, if you look into the literature of the period, you find that there is much warrant for Arnold's strictures, though not always precisely where he found it. The little boasts of men like Lowell and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Brander Matthews are only Yankee whistling, the turning of the trodden worm, a decent pride in the presence of 'a certain condescension in foreigners.' Lowell knew a man, he says, who thought Cambridge the best spot on the habitable globe. 'Doubtless God could have made a better, but doubtless He never did.' I myself am fond of declaring that the campus of the University of Illinois is finer than the meadows of Christ Church College, Oxford. But no one in America thinks anything a whit the finer for what an academic person has said in its favor. Nor, on the other hand, does anyone, outside academic circles, think anything in America a whit the worse for what a foreign critic has said against it. The Chicago journalists, for example, with true Jacksonian hilarity, ridiculed Arnold and, after his departure, stigmatized him as a 'cur.'

The only criticism which ever, as we say, 'gets across' to the Jacksonian democracy is that which comes from one of their own number. The really significant aspects of our self-complacency in Carnegie's time were reflected in the popular literature of the period by writers sprung from the new democracy, self-made authors, who flattered the average man into satisfaction with his present state and his average achievement. I am thinking of Western writers, like Joaquin Miller and Riley and Carleton and Bret Harte and Mark Twain. I am thinking of the romantic glamour which these men contrived to spread over the hard rough life and the rougher characters of the middle-borderers, the Argonauts, and the Forty-Niners.

You recall the method. First, they admit certain facts — for picturesque effect. For example, these settlers of the Golden West, they say, included a few decent men, but they were in great part the riffraff of the world — foreign adventurers, offscourings of Eastern cities, uncouth, red-shirted illiterates from the Middle States, lawless, dirty, tobacco-spitting, blaspheming, drunken, horse-thieves, murderers, and gamblers. And then, with noble poetic vision, they cry: 'But what delicacy of sentiment beneath those shaggy bosoms! What generosity and chivalry under those old red shirts! Horse-thieves, yet nature's noblemen! Gamblers and drunkards, yet kings of men!' 'I say to you,' chants 'the poet of the Sierras,' 'that there is nothing in the pages of history so glorious, so entirely grand, as the lives of these noble Spartan fathers and mothers of Americans, who begot and brought forth and bred

the splendid giants of the generation that is now fast following the setting sun of their unselfish and all immortal lives.'

Here is the point of view of the Jacksonian democracy in its romantic mood. This, in general, was the point of view of Mark Twain, the most original force in American letters and, on the whole, the most broadly representative American writer between the close of the Civil War and the end of the century. Most of us have enough pioneer blood in our veins, or in our imaginative sympathies, to love Mark Twain nowadays. But academic people, they tell us, — and they tell us truly, — had little to do with establishing his earlier reputation. He neither flattered them nor pleased them. He pleased and flattered and liberated the emotions of that vast mass of the population which had been suppressed and inarticulate. He was the greatest booster for the average man that the country ever produced. Confident in the political and mechanical and natural superiorities conferred upon every son of these States by his mere birth under the American flag, Mark Twain laughed at the morality of France, the language of Germany, the old masters of Italy, the caste system of India, the imperialism of England, the romances of Scott, the penal laws of the sixteenth century, and at the chivalry of the court of King Arthur — he laughed at all the non-American world, from the point of view of the average American, stopping only from time to time to pat his countrymen on the back and to cry, like Jack Horner, 'What a brave boy am I!' To make a climax to the bold irreverence of this Jacksonian laughter, he laughed at New England and at all her starchy immortals.

In the *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, published in 1889, we hear the last full-hearted laughter of triumphant democracy. Mark Twain himself became sombre in his later years; he became cynical, and touched with misanthropy. I cannot go here, in any detail, into the causes for the darkening of his outlook. The most interesting of these causes, perhaps, was that Mark Twain had one foot over the threshold of a new age, our present era, which I shall call the era of critical and pessimistic democracy. He had begun to emerge, as I think we are all now beginning to emerge, from the great romantic illusion about the average man, namely, that liberty or equality or any kind of political recognition or literary exploitation, or even economic independence, can make him a happy or a glorious being.

V

Poets and novelists, since the French Revolution, have fostered this romantic illusion in a laudable but misdirected effort to bestow dignity upon the humblest units of humanity. They liberated the emotion for a religion of democracy. They did little to give to that emotion intelligent direction.

You will recall Wordsworth's poem called 'Resolution and Independence.' The poet, wandering on the moor in richly gloomy thought, comes upon a poor old man, bent, broken, leaning over a pool, gathering leeches for his livelihood. The poet questions him how it goes with him. The old man replies, quietly enough, that it goes pretty hard, that it is going rather worse; but that he still perseveres and manages to get on, in one way or another. Whereupon Wordsworth falls into a kind of visionary trance. The old peasant looms for him to a gigantic stature. He becomes the heroic 'man with the hoe'; a shadowy shape against the sky; man in the abstract, clothed in all the moral splendor of the poet's own imagination.

This same trick of the fancy Hardy plays with his famous dairy-maid, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. She is but an ignorant, instinctive, erring piece of Eve's flesh. Yet, says Hardy, drawing upon the riches of his own poetic associations, 'The impressionable peasant leads a larger, fuller, more dramatic life than the pachydermatous king.' Thereupon he proceeds to invest the dairy-maid with the tragic emotions and import of a heroine of Thebes or Pelops' line. He infers, by a poetic fallacy, that she is as interesting and as significant to herself as she is to him.

I will take one other case, the hero of a recently translated novel, Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. Here we have an illiterate peasant of Norway, going into the public land almost empty-handed; gradually acquiring a pig, a cow, a woman, a horse, building a turf-shelter, a cowshed, a cabin, a mill — and so, little by little, toiling like an ox, becoming a prosperous farmer, owner of rich lands and plentiful flocks and herds. It is, in a sense, a very cheerful book, a sort of new *Robinson Crusoe*. Its moral appears to be that, so long as men stick to the soil and preserve their ignorance and their natural gusto, they may be happy. It is a glorification of the beaver, the building animal. It is an idealization of the peasant at the instinctive level.

The trick of the literary imagination in all these cases is essentially the same as that which Bret Harte played with his Argonauts, and Miller and Riley with their Indiana pioneers, and Mark Twain with his Connecticut Yankee. We are changing all that.

VI

I chanced the other day upon an impressive new American novel, strikingly parallel in some respects to Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*, but utterly different from it in the mood and the point of view. I refer to the story of Kansas life, called *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius. Here again we have the hardy pioneer, rough, dirty, and capable, entering on the new land, with next to nothing but his expectations; acquiring a pig, a hut, cattle, and a wife; and gradually 'growing up with the country' into a prosperous western farmer, with stock in the bank, and a Cadillac, and electric lights in the cow-barns, and kerosene lamps in the house. Our human beaver in America, toiling with the same ox-like fortitude as Isak in Norway, achieves the same material success. But — and this is the difference — the story is one of unrelieved gloom, ending in bitter tragedy. Why this sustained note of gloom? Why has our Kansas tale none of the happy gusto of Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil?* Because the Kansas farmer is not content with the life of a peasant. Because our Kansas authors refuse to glorify man on the instinctive level, or to disguise the essential poverty and squalor of his personal life with a poetic fallacy. The book is written from a point of view at which it is apparent that our civilization has failed to solve the human problem.

Since the time of *The Connecticut Yankee* and Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy*, our literary interpreters have been gradually shifting their ground. They are giving us now a criticism of life from a position at which it is possible to see through the poetic illusion about the average man. Making an effort now to see him as he really is, our authors are reporting that he is not satisfied with his achievements, he is not happy, he is very miserable. The most hopeful aspect of American literature to-day is its widespread pessimism. I call this symptom hopeful, because it is most fully exhibited by precisely that part of the country, and by those ele-

ments of the population, which were thought forty years ago to be most addicted to boasting and most deeply infected with the vulgarizing and retarding self-complacency of the Philistine, the red-shirted Jacksonian from Missouri. This pessimism comes out of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, and California; from the sons and daughters of pioneer farmers, country doctors, small-town lawyers, and country editors; from the second generation of immigrant stock, German, Swedish, Scotch, Irish; from the hungry, nomadic semi-civilization of the West.

I call this Western pessimism auspicious, because it is so sharply critical, and because the criticism is directed, not so much against the political and economic framework of society as against the kind of personalities which this society produces, and against the quantity and quality of the human satisfactions which these personalities have at their disposal. It is directed against that defect in our civilization which Arnold pointed out; it is so lacking in elevation and beauty; it is so humdrum, so dreadfully uninteresting; it so fails to appease the vague yet already acutely painful hunger of the average man for a good life. 'Beguile us no longer,' cry the new voices; 'beguile us no longer with heroic legends and romantic idyls. The life which you celebrate is not beautiful, not healthy, not satisfying. It is ugly, obscene, devastating. It is driving us mad. And we are going to revolt from it.'

VII

The manifestation of this spirit which, at the present moment, is attracting most attention is what Mr. Van Doren, in his new book on *Contemporary American Novelists*, has called 'the revolt from the village.' I need only remind you of that long series of narratives, beginning in the early eighties with E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and followed by Hamlin Garland's *Main Travelled Roads*, Mr. Masters's *Spoon-River Anthology*, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett*, and the novel of which I have already spoken, *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius.

But the interesting pessimistic and critical note in our current literature is by no means confined to representations of country life and the small town. Take Mrs. Wharton's pictures of metropolitan society, from *The House of Mirth* to *The Age of Innocence*, remembering only that Mrs. Wharton cannot be classed as a Jacksonian; then consider the dreary wide wilderness of Mr. Dreiser's picture of big business; Ben Hecht's story of a city-editor in *Erik Dorn;* Mr. Cabell's *Cream of the Jest;* Mr. Norris's broad picture of the California scene in *Brass;* Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the younger generation in *The Beautiful and Damned;* Mr. Hergesheimer's admirable new novel, *Cytherea;* and, finally, Mr. Lewis's *Babbitt*.

Here we are invited to consider a class of which the discontent cannot be explained by their struggle with the churlishness of the soil and the rigor and tragic whimsicality of the elements. Most of the characters, indeed, have reached a level at which even the economic struggle is as much a pastime as a necessity. They are business men and their womenkind, with a sprinkling of professional men, people who, as we say, know 'how to live,' people who live expensively, purchasing with free hand whatever gratifications are available for the senses. Nevertheless, if we may trust their interpreters, these people, too, are dreadfully uninteresting to

one another, alternating between a whipped-up excitement and a stifled yawn. Their entire stratum of society is permeated by a terrible ennui. Jaded with business and card-parties, Mr. Hergesheimer's persons, for example, can conceive no relief from the boredom of the week but to meet at one another's houses at the week-ends and, in a state of half-maudlin tipsiness, kiss one another's wives on the stairs. Even when the average man is sheltered on all sides, weariness, as Pascal says, springs from the depths of his own heart and fills the soul with its poison. Our 'bourgeoisie,' no less than our 'peasantry,' are on the verge of a cultural revolt; they are quarreling with the quality of their civilization.

VIII

Now, at the time when a man quarrels with his wife, either one of two interesting things may happen. He may elope with his neighbor's wife for Cuba, fancying for the moment that she is the incarnation of all his unsatisfied desires, the divine Cytherea. Or this man and his old wife may turn over a new leaf and put their relations on a more satisfactory basis. Which course will be followed depends on the power of self-criticism which the interested persons possess.

This is a parable, with wide possibilities of social application. Our average man, in town and country, is quarreling with his wife, that is to say, with our average American civilization. If he listens to certain counselors who appeal to certain of his instincts and to his romantic imagination, his household, the material civilization which he has slowly built up out of the dust by faithfully working on certain traditional principles — this household will be in danger of disruption. If, on the other hand, his discontent with himself and his human conditions is adequately diagnosed, and if an adequate remedy is accepted, then he will look back upon this period of pessimism as preliminary to the redintegration of the national spirit and its expression in literature. Which course will be followed depends in no small measure upon our power of criticism, which, in its turn, depends upon an adequate point of view.

The elder critics in the academic tradition have in general not dealt sympathetically, or even curiously, with the phenomena. Fixed in an inveterate fidelity to the point of view established by the early classical Americans, they look with a mingling of disdain and abhorrence upon our impious younger world, as upon

> a darkling plain
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The critics, on the other hand, who are endeavoring to deal sympathetically and curiously with the phenomena, are utterly unorganized; are either without standards of judgment, or in a wild state of confusion with regard to their standards. They are making efforts to get together; but they have no principle of integration. I have not time to do more than mention some of their incongruous points of view.

A man whose hearty geniality touches the affections of us all, Mr. William Allen White, proposed the other day, as an integrating principle, the entire abandonment of all standards and a general adoption of the policy of live and let live. His theory of universal sympathy, which he miscalls 'the democratic theory in criticism,' would, if applied, destroy both criticism and democracy.

Our journalistic critics in general, conscious of the incompatibility between their private beliefs and the political and economic interests which they serve, tend at the present time,

I should say, to adopt the point of view of universal cynicism.

In order precisely to escape from the troublesome clashes of political, social, and moral judgment, in order to escape, in other words, from the real problem of critical redintegration, another group has adopted the æsthetic point of view, and has made a feeble effort to revive in America, with the aid of the Crocean philosophy, the doctrine of art for art's sake.

I will mention, finally, one other point of view, to which an increasing company of the younger writers are repairing, which we may call for convenience the Freudian point of view. The champions of this point of view attempt a penetrating diagnosis of all the maladies of American civilization, with the assistance of the new psychology. To sum up their findings briefly, they hold that the trouble with American life is, at the root, due to age-long and cankering inhibitions, attributable to our traditional Puritanism. The remedy is a drop to the instinctive level; the opening of the gates to impulse; a free and spontaneous doing as one pleases in all directions.

IX

Popular Freudianism is, perhaps, the most pestilential of all the prevailing winds of doctrine. Yet its champions have penetrated, I believe, nearer to the heart of our difficulty, they are nearer to an adequate point of view and an integrating principle, than any of the other seekers. They at least recognize that the kingdom of disorganization is within the individual breast. The fact that they approach so near to the true destination, and yet fall short of it, renders their counsels peculiarly seductive and peculiarly perilous.

They are right when they attribute the central malady of our civilization to suppressed desires. They are tragically wrong if they believe that this malady is due to the suppression by religion of any specific isolable physical instinct. They are tragically wrong if they think that this malady can be cured by the destruction of religious restraint and the release of any specific isolable physical instinct. When they prescribe, as many of them do with as much daring as they can muster, giving a new and large license, for example, to the sexual impulses; when they prescribe, as if with the countenance of fresh scientific discoveries, the restoration of the grand old liberative force of alcohol; when they flatter any of the more or less disciplined instincts of our animal nature with the promise of happiness in emancipation, they are offering us intoxicants, anodynes, opiates, every one of which has been proved, by the experience of innumerable generations, hopeless even to accomplish any permanent alleviation of the malady which they profess to cure. And when they attack the essential religious principle of Puritanism, — its deep human passion for perfection, — they are seeking to destroy the one principle which can possibly result in the integration of the national life.

Now, as I talk with the members of the beautiful younger generation which comes through my class-room year after year, I find that the Freudians are profoundly mistaken in their analysis of human nature. The deepest craving of these average young men and women is not to be unbound, and released, and to be given a license for a free and spontaneous doing as they please in all directions. They recognize that nature and environment and lax educational discipline have made them beings of sufficiently uncoördinated desires and scattering activities.

What they deeply crave is a binding

generalization of philosophy, or religion, or morals, which will give direction and purpose, which will give channel and speed, to the languid diffusive drift of their lives. The suppressed desire which causes their unhappiness is a suppressed desire for a good life, for the perfection of their human possibilities. The average unreflective man does not always know that this is, in fact, his malady. And in the blind hunger and thirst of his unenlightened nature, he reaches out eagerly for opiates and anodynes, which leave him unsatisfied. But what the innermost law of his being demands, what his human nature craves, is something good and great that he can do with his heart and mind and body. He craves the active peace of surrender and devotion to something greater than himself. Surrender to anything less means the degradation and humiliation of his spirit.

This is the tragedy involved in any surrender to subordinate passions or instincts. I think that our current pessimistic literature indicates that our average man is discovering this fact about his own nature, and that, therefore, like the sinner made conscious of guilt, he is ripe for regeneration; he is ready for the reception of a higher culture than he has yet enjoyed.

Democratic civilization suffereth long, because it is always waiting for the hindmost to catch up with the middle. It is always reluctant to consign the hindmost to the devil. But, in the long run, I do not believe that the history of our civilization is going to verify the apprehensions entertained by our old Roman-Americans regarding the average man. To one whose measure of national accomplishment is not the rich flowering of a small aristocratic class, but the salvation of the people, the choices of the average man in the past do not conclusively prove the danger of giving him what he wants. In our first period, he wanted a stable government; and he got it, and wholeheartedly glorified the political and military heroes who gave it to him. In his second period, he wanted a rapid and wide diffusion of the material instruments of civilized life; he got them, and wholeheartedly glorified the industrial heroes who provided them. In his third period, the average man is growing almost as scornful of 'wealth and pomp and equipage,' as John Quincy Adams. The captains of industry are no longer his heroes; they have communicated to him what they had of virtue for their hour. What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and the wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature, health, recreation, manners, human intercourse, happiness — the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify wholeheartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him.

X

The great civilizations of the world hitherto have been integrated in their religion. By religion I mean that which, in the depths of his heart, a man really believes desirable and praiseworthy. A great civilization begins to form when men reach an agreement as to what is desirable and praiseworthy. The leading Athenians, in their best periods, reached such an agreement; and that is why, whether you meditate on their art, their poetry, or their philosophy, whether you gaze at the frieze of the Parthenon, or read a drama of Sophocles, or the prayer of Socrates, you feel yourself in the presence of one and the same formative spirit — one superb stream of energy, superbly controlled by a religious belief that moral and physical symmetry are the most desirable and praiseworthy things in the outer and the inner man.

'I'm glad for you, granny,' said Fult, heartily; 'and I 'd take the cow right back, now, but I'm on my way to see what has happened to the singer the women sont out for, that ought to have got in last night. But the rains have been so bad I allow traveling is pore, and Uncle Adam's wagon is maybe stalled in a quick down Troublesome, and I told the women I 'd ride down a piece and see. But I'll come for the cow later — soon as dinner 's over, maybe.'

II

Returning to the house, Aunt Ailsie tiptoed into the room where Jeems slept, and came out with a large armful of his clothes over her arm. These she threw on a chair in the kitchen-house, then held up the coat and trousers with a deep sigh.

'Hain't hit a pyuore pity, now, for a man-person to start out a-courting in sech gear?' she exclaimed. 'Pore creetur, the babe has puked up hit's milk all over him from head to foot, and the dust has got kotched in the spots, till nobody would n't be able to tell the color of his coat and breeches. And them fine linsey, too, that Mallie weaved herself out of black sheep's wool for him.'

She went to work with hot water and soft soap, repeatedly sousing the coat and trousers and socks, and rubbing them with her hands (washboards were an unknown luxury). Then, having cleansed and rinsed them, she hung them out in the July sun to dry, and turned her attention to the hat, which was the usual broad-brimmed black felt of the mountain man.

'Eh law, hain't hit a picter of misery!' she said, holding it out: 'the brim all a-flopping, like hit 's ambition was plumb gone.'

She scrubbed and cleaned it, and then took a flat-iron and pressed the brim carefully while it was still damp, until it took on quite a jaunty stiffness.

Then came the shoes. The deeply-caked mud was scraped and washed off, and a mixture of lard and soot generously applied.

By ten o'clock the suit was sufficiently dry to be pressed, and a truly artistic job was made of it.

Then Aunt Ailsie went in and waked Jeems. 'You 've put in seventeen hours good sleep,' she said, 'and I allow your stummick needs a leetle comfort next. You got plenty of time to get ready for dinner. I fotched you in a pan of warm water and soap and a towel and wash-rag, allowing you might feel to take a good wash-off. Then you can put on this here clean shirt of Lot's, — I could n't get yourn off'n you to wash hit, — and these here breeches I washed and pressed for you, and clean socks and shoes, and then come in the kitchen-house and take you a shave with Lot's strop and razor, and then I'll crap your hair, — hit looks like hit hain't seed scissors sence Mallie died, — and then you 'll begin to feel more like yourself.'

An hour later, Jeems, washed, dressed, shaved, shingled, and combed, was indeed a transformed man — the hollow look gone from eyes and cheeks, twenty years from his age.

'If you could meet up with yourself, Jeems, you would n't never know hit was the same man rid up here a-yesterday,' said Aunt Ailsie, proud of her handiwork. 'You look now about what you air — thirty-two come September; I ricollect your birth, you and Link being nigh of an age. You look fitten now to start out a-courting to-morrow. Not,' she added hastily, seeing an awakening gleam in Jeems's eye, 'not to court young gals, of course, but to court them of an age with you. Of course, you 'll never be what you once was, in those fur-off young days when

me 'n your maw used to take pride in your looks.'

'Hit seems to me like two or three weeks sence yesterday,' remarked Jeems, who appeared to be in a kind of daze. 'I don't feel like the same man.'

'You hain't,' pronounced Aunt Ailsie. 'You was in a pure franzy for sleep. And now you got hit, hit has wropt up your narves, and swaged down your feelings, and knit up your faculties, till you 're in some fix to look around you and get things kindly straightened out in your mind, and take counsel about what you come for — the job of getting you a wife.

'Now I knowed in reason you 'd be a-seeing troubles, though I never tuck the full measure of 'em, or drempt how nigh crazed and drove you was. But when these here furrin women come in, and I seed how smart and pretty they was, and all the way from twenty-three to twenty-eight year' old, and nary a man to their name, seemed like hit went through me like a knife, I felt so bad for sech sweet creeturs to be old maids. And then I thought right off of you, and how scandlous bad you needed a wife, and your young-uns a maw, and how proud you 'd be doing yourself to get one of these fine, fotched-on women; and I jest put two and two together, Jeems, and sont you word immediate, afore any more widow-men could get in ahead of you; for you know they 's allus several round about all on the look, and I knowed when they seed these women they 'd be atter 'em hot-foot. And when you did n't come sooner, I begun to get right scared for your chances. But I hope you hain't too late yet.

'Now, Jeems, hit 's plain enough you can't live no longer a widder — you 'll sartain be dead if you do. And the pint is, what kind of a woman do you need? That 's what you want to study on, and study keerful. You hain't had no show sence Mallie died, to get out and look around none, or do much thinking either, I allow. But hit don't take much studying to know you need, first and foremost, a woman that can tame down and civilize young-uns.'

'That 's hit,' Jeems agreed, fervently.

'All them furrin' women knows how to handle young-uns to the queen's taste,' continued Aunt Ailsie. 'You 'd never believe how civil all them feisty, briggaty boys and gals at The Forks has got to be.'

'Hit 's a sight how a woman-person can swage 'em down,' said Jeems, wonderingly. 'Now, Cindy Swope had n't been in the house a' hour afore she had my nine and her six all a-working peaceable and biddable.'

'And the next thing you want, Jeems, with your dyspepsy, and all that mess of young-uns, is somebody can cook.'

'Eh law, that 's what I want, too! I'm plumb beat out with my own cooking; that air supper Cindy cooked when she come in was the first meal of vittles had sot on my stummick for three month'.'

'I don't rightly know,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'which one of them quare women is the best cook, but, from the table they set, I allow they all air. Now there's one that 's sort of extry fine on vittles, and larns the gals how to make all manner of new-fangled things, and hain't but twenty-three, and got mighty pretty crow's-wing hair, and blue eyes. But ricollect, she hain't for you, Jeems, and would n't so much as look at a old widow-man with nine young-uns. And, anyhow, Darcy Kent 's a-talking to her. So don't you waste no thoughts there.

'And the next thing you got a bound to have is a woman can sew and weave and spin, same as Mallie, and keep coats and blankets for you and your young-uns. Now one of them head-women — Amy is her name — is the

sewingest woman ever I seed, besides the ladyest; why, she's even got Fulty and his wild crowd of boys a-hemming handkerchers and towels up yander every day, and she has already axed me to larn her how to weave and spin. She 'd be the woman for you, Jeems, if you could get her — either her, or t' other head one, Virginny, which is the up-and-comingest female ever I laid an eye on, and don't baulk at nothing on earth. And then, of course, the nurse-woman, she 'd be mighty handy when the young-uns all takes down sick with the choking disease, or the breast-complaint, or sech; or likewise that one that teaches the least ones, and keeps about fifty of 'em happy and biddable all the time. You could n't make no mistake, whichever of them you tuck.'

Jeems meditated a moment, then said, with a deep groan: 'One thing you left out, Aunt Ailsie, and seems like hit 's the one I set the most store by of all. I want me a woman knows how to milk good, and handle cow-brutes. Hit appears like I could have stood up under all the rest, but for them devils of cow-brutes on my hands, that gets mad whenever I come a-nigh 'em, just because I am a man-person, and upsets the bucket, and holds up their milk, and kicks me in the shins, and does their almightiest to aggravate and destroy me, till my gorge rises up at the very thoughts of 'em. Yes, Aunt Ailsie, I want me a woman can milk, if she can't do nothing else. Now, Cindy, hit was a sight —'

'Sartain you do, Jeems,' interrupted Aunt Ailsie, 'but there hain't no needcessity in the world to bother about that. *Any* woman anywheres can milk, — hit 's woman's *nature* to, — and I allow every single one of them fotched-on women is the finest milkers ever was; they so smart any way you take 'em.

'But listen, Jeems,' — and there was a sudden, inspired gleam in her eye; 'if that 's what you set the most store by, me 'n Lot is a-lending a cow to them women this very day, — the Pieded Heifer, — and Fulty is a-coming to drive her in atter dinner. And I never allowed to let you go in where them women was till you had got you another night of sleep. But sarcumstances changes plans, and I don't know but what hit might be better for you to go in with Fulty this evening, unbeknownst to the women, and kindly take a gineral view, and spy out the land, so to speak, and see for yourself who is the ablest milker; and then come back and sleep on hit to-night; and then to-morrow you and me will go in and take the day, — I was a-going in anyhow to start on my A B C's, — and I'll fix a way so 's you 'll get a chanct to court the one you pick out — I allus was the most contrivingest woman you ever seed. And if all goes well, as hit sartainly will, you 'll ride home a-Sunday with your wife behind you, and likewise all your troubles.'

Jeems agreed that the plan was a good one; indeed, he began to wake up and be quite keen on the scent; so much so that Aunt Ailsie felt impelled to drop a few more words of wisdom.

'Of course, I know a man's nature, and in partic'lar a widow-man's, is to run atter the youngest and foolishest female that crosses his trail, with nary thought for his orphant offsprings, or his own welfare. But take the counsel of one that has lived long and seed much and thinks a sight of you, Jeems, and pick you out a good, old, settled woman, nigh of an age with you, that 's got more, or anyway as much, on the inside of her headpiece as the outside, and will be a right step-maw and help-meet. Twenty-eight is terrible old, I know, most women being nigh-grandmaws by then; but I give you my hand, Jeems, them two head women, Amy

and Virginny, is the deceivingest in their looks ever you seed, and don't ary one of 'em look hardly twenty; hit 's a pure myxtery how old women like them can keep sech a fair, tender skin, and rosy jaws, and shiny hair, and white teeth.

'And another thing for you to bear in mind constant, Jeems, is that no young gal, with a-plenty of chances ahead of her, would n't take a second look at a old widow-man with nine orphant young-uns. No, a woman would have to be pretty far along on the cull-list before she 'd even think of tying up with a man in your condition. Facts is facts, Jeems, and ought to be looked full in the eye.'

Uncle Lot stepped in just then, and the subject was of necessity dropped. Jeems ate a ravenous dinner, and with every bite courage and manhood seemed to grow within him.

III

Not long after dinner, Fult appeared, as he had promised. Aunt Ailsie went to the pasture-bars with him to get the Pieded Heifer. Seeing an unwonted light in his handsome eyes, she inquired, 'What 's come to you, Fulty — what 's happened?'

'Oh, nothing,' replied Fult, carelessly. 'I found that air singer this morning, down Troublesome, setting in Uncle Adam's wagon, stalled in a quick, and brung her up behind me to the women.'

'Is she an old maid, too?'

'No,' answered Fult, indignantly.

'How old is she?'

'I never axed her; but she looks about sixteen.'

'Is she a pretty looker?'

'Prettiest you ever seed,' declared Fult, with feeling.

'Prettier than Lethie?'

Fult flushed. 'She 's different,' he said. 'And sing! I never in life heared the like!'

'I 'll be bound she can't outsing me when I were young,' said Aunt Ailsie, jealously.

'Maybe not,' replied Fult; 'I never heared you then. I told her about you, and she wants to hear you.'

When Fult and Jeems were mounted, and ready to start with the heifer, Aunt Ailsie gazed with pride upon her handiwork. Jeems made quite a presentable appearance. True, a collar and tie would have improved the effect; but such vanities were only for dashing young blades like Fult, not for old, settled, married — or widow — men.

After they had started, Aunt Ailsie called Jeems back for a last word.

'Mind now,' she said, 'not to get your thoughts tangled up with no young gals you may see there. One 's jest come in this morning from the level land. Ricollect, they hain't for sech as you. Keep your mind fixed stiddy on what you 're a-going atter, and don't get witched off by no young face with naught behind hit.'

When they arrived at the tents, the heifer was received with warm appreciation by two of the women, whom Jeems judged to be the heads, though they were astonishingly fair and rosy and young and neatly dressed, to have reached the ancient age of twenty-eight. From a safe distance in the background, Jeems inspected each, narrowly and appraisingly. When the heifer had been anchored to a tree, one of the women returned to a group of old people she appeared to be teaching near by, and the other settled down to letter-writing under a more distant tree. Fult had already hurried uphill, and Jeems slowly followed, gazing with solemn, owlish eyes upon all the strange things and people he saw.

The lowest tents were deserted, but in the larger, gayly decorated one

farther up, two or three dozen mothers, with babies, were gathered, and the nurse was making a talk on the care of infants, using one in her demonstration. She was giving it a warm bath when Jeems peered into the tent. He was at once transfixed.

'That air woman knows how to handle a young-un,' he said to himself, after watching the proceedings for some time, 'and is a good looker, too.'

No mother present could have been more appreciative of the deft ways of the nurse than was Jeems, out of the fullness of his own experience.

After this was over, he went on to the top of the spur, where the young folks of different ages were gathered, in several large groups and circles, playing games. In the largest circle, where the young men and maidens were playing 'Old Bald Eagle,' a game that was a combination of quadrille and Virginia reel, with a song accompaniment, Fult was leading, and his partner was a young and extremely pretty stranger, at the sight of whom Jeems stopped stone-still and gazed with all his eyes. Aunt Ailsie's warning came to him with a pang after a while: 'Ricollect, sech as that hain't for you.' He sighed deeply, and felt a dull anger with Fult's youth and beauty.

Still another very young and pretty one — the one with the 'crow's-wing hair and blue eyes' — sat on a bench not far away; but Darcy Kent was at her side.

After a long while, the play-games stopped, and the merry crowd trooped down the hill and home — all save Fult and a few of his cronies, who stopped at the big tent, where Fult was soon picking a banjo and singing ballads for the stranger. Jeems leaned against a tree-trunk outside, and waited for the fateful hour of milking to arrive.

Finally, an anxious call came from below for Fult, and all in the tent went down, Jeems following at a little distance. Fult joined the group of women behind the cooking tent. When Jeems arrived, he saw that they were gathered anxiously about the heifer. One of them, Virginia, was saying to Fult, —

'But how are we going to get her milked?'

Fult shook his head. 'I allowed, and granny allowed, all you women could milk — all the women-folks in this country can.'

'Milk? Why, I never did such a thing in my life! Down in the Blue Grass the women don't milk; the men do all the heavy work like that.'

Jeems stopped in his tracks. His jaw dropped.

'I thought maybe you could milk her for us to-night, and until we could hire somebody for the job,' continued Virginia, a little impatiently.

Fult flushed. 'Sorry I can't oblige you,' he said; 'I never in life undertook to milk a cow. Up in this country hit 's allus a woman's job.'

'Do you mean to say you let your mother and sisters do rough work like milking all the time?'

Fult laughed. 'Maw would n't let me get in ten foot of her cow,' he said. 'Cows won't stand for hit in this country. They are used to women-folks and their ways, and don't want a man to come a-nigh 'em.'

'Hit 's a fact,' groaned Jeems inwardly, from the depths of experience.

'You women know there hain't nothing I would n't do to pleasure you,' continued Fult, gallantly. 'If I knowed how to milk, I 'd try hit, man's job or not. But a body can't learn all in a minute.'

'They can't, neither,' protested Jeems, under his breath.

'Can't a single one of you brought-on women milk a cow?' inquired Fult, looking, astonished, around the circle.

One after another, Amy, the nurse,

the kindergartner, the cooking teacher, the singing gal, admitted her ignorance. None had ever in her life tried to milk.

Jeems's jaw was now permanently dropped. He stared with incredulity.

'And even if some of them could milk,' said Virginia, with a note of decision in her soft voice, 'I should n't feel that I could permit them to do it. It 's setting too bad an example. The thought of the women of this country doing all the milking shocks me inexpressibly, and one of the principal things I hope to teach them is that milking is *not* a woman's job, but should be done always by the men.'

Jeems's countenance registered complete horror.

At this instant, Isabel, the new arrival, spoke up. 'The cow will have to be milked to-night by somebody,' she said; 'and though I never milked in my life, and do not approve of women milking, still I 'd be glad to try this time, if you say so, Cousin Amy, and Miss Virginia. Of course, I live on a stock-farm, — papa has always raised horses and cattle, thoroughbreds, — and I 've seen cows milked by the negro men thousands of times, and it does seem that I ought to be able to do it myself. If you 'll give me a bucket, I 'll be glad to try.'

Virginia shook her head. 'I don't consider it wise,' she said; 'it 's setting too bad a precedent.'

'I believe I 'd let her do it just this once, as it 's an emergency,' suggested Amy, in her quiet way.

'Well, maybe, for just this once,' Virginia grudgingly consented.

A shining bucket was produced, and Isabel stepped toward the heifer. Jeems's face was once more transformed, irradiated.

'Now you hold her,' said Isabel to Fult. 'Not that I'm a bit afraid. I can ride any horse I ever saw; but I'm not so used to cows.'

She approached carefully, spoke to the heifer, rubbed down her flank, and at last gently grasped a teat. This she squeezed periodically and persistently for a long while. Not a drop of milk appeared.

'Why, there 's something the matter with this cow,' she said at last. 'I believe she's a dry one.'

'No, granny said she was giving three straight gallons a day right along,' said Fult; 'and to not fail to milk her a single time.'

Isabel tried another teat, then conscientiously made the rounds of all.

'Maybe she's just too excited to have any milk to-day,' said Virginia. 'I 've heard that cows are extremely nervous creatures.'

'Yes, that must be it,' said Isabel. She rose, reluctant to give up, but forced to admit that she could do nothing.

Jeems's expression was now one of utter bewilderment. But he was ready to accept the explanation offered — a cow-brute was equal to anything.

A small boy of eleven or twelve, who had been standing near all the time, digging his toes into the earth, spoke up laconically.

'Anybody with eyes could see she's got milk.'

'Well, how can you tell, Billy?' asked Virginia.

'Because I know cows. I 've holp maw milk a many of a time, and Lethie, too. I don't care if hit hain't a man's job, I 've holp 'em when they was sick or busy. Here, you fotched-on women don't know nothing; gimme that air bucket, and a apern and sunbonnet, and I 'll show you. Of course, she would n't lemme come a-nigh her in breeches.'

The nurse lent her large apron, Amy her white sunbonnet, and Billy, retiring to the cooking-tent to put them on, soon emerged, hit the cow a sharp lick on the hip, bawled 'Saw!' half a dozen

times, squatted down, put out small dirty hands. In an instant two large jets of milk were foaming into the pail.

'I knowed hit,' commented Billy, scornfully; 'I got my opinion of a passel of women that hain't able to milk a cow betwixt 'em!'

The women looked on in solemn relief.

And Jeems? He swept the six strange women with a slow glance, in which indignation, disgust and anguish struggled for supremacy; then, turning on his heel, strode rapidly down the hill.

'Not nary one of 'em able to milk a cow!' he exclaimed to himself over and over, as he descended.

And later, as he rode down Troublesome, 'Not nary single one! Not even,' with a groan, 'that air youngest and prettiest!'

It was supper-time when he arrived, and Uncle Lot being present, there was no chance for Aunt Ailsie to ask the reason of his profound melancholy, which, however, was so noticeable that, when she started to milk after supper, she called to him to go with her.

'What in creation's the matter with you, Jeems?' she demanded. 'You look like you had seed a hant!'

'I 've seed worse 'n a hant, Aunt Ailsie,' he said, with awful solemnity: 'I 've seed six able-bodied women, not nary one of which is able to milk a cow-brute!'

Aunt Ailsie dropped her bucket. 'Jeems!' she said, 'you know hit hain't the truth!'

'Hit 's the truth, too,' he replied, sternly. 'When milking-time come, not nary one of 'em would even try but one, — that air newest and youngest, — and she could n't squeeze out a drap! And then a leetle chap that was hanging around, he sot down and milked out a bucketful easy as scat!'

Aunt Ailsie picked the bucket up, and stood by the bars, speechless.

'I never once thought but what every woman on that hill was a able milker,' she said at last. 'But look-a-here, Jeems, all hope hain't yet gone; they would any or all larn to milk if needcessity come — say if any of 'em was to marry a widow-man!'

Jeems shook his head most emphatically. 'They would n't, neither,' he said. 'Them women all allowed hit was a man's job, not a woman's, to milk a cow-brute; and one of them head women said she was aiming to teach all the women-folks in this here country not to milk nary 'nother time theirselves, but to make the men-folks do hit allus.'

Jeems's voice broke on the utterance of this frightful heresy, and Aunt Ailsie herself was entirely beyond speech.

After a long while she recovered herself, and laid down the bars. 'Well, hit jest wa' n't to be, Jeems,' she said; 'hit jest wa' n't predestined for you to get you a fotched-on woman. I don't know but what, if I was you, I 'd court that air widow-woman, Cindy Swope. Her six and your nine, with maybe seven or eight more to foller, will be kindly a stumbling-block; but if she can quell both young-uns and cow-brutes, like you say, numbers won't make no p'ticlar difference — you 'll still have peace in your home. I reckon hit 's the best all round, Jeems; though I feel mighty onreconciled, atter all the big plans I laid for you. You hain't the first man to look furder and fare worse.'

She threw half a dozen nubbins to Old Pied, sat down on the small three-legged stool, and began to milk, vigorously but pensively.

Jeems gazed down upon her, with healing and comfort stealing over every torn and jangled nerve.

'Man's job, indeed!' he said to himself, scornfully; 'Cindy hain't got no sech crazy notions!'

JOHN BROWN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It is always profoundly interesting to study a controversy where there is right on both sides, though neither can see the right in the other. In the American Civil War the South, with however little fault of its own, was oppressed, smothered by the hideous wickedness of slavery. On the other hand, it was contending for the original principle of state vitality — the important element in our Constitution, and one steadily undermined by Federal encroachment and, most of all, by the war.

Up to 1861 the most intense complication of these contending principles was in Kansas. There right and wrong fought their battle with furious bitterness, and with a heat of wrath and recrimination which is as pitiful as it is fascinating to behold. And into this thick and bushy tangle of motives and passions John Brown hewed unhesitatingly with the fierce and cruel axe of his unfaltering will. But, as it happens, Brown himself is as complex a puzzle as Kansas; and friends and enemies have torn his memory to pieces in the effort to make him out devil or saint; whereas he was neither, but a human being, with immense aspirations and hopes and struggles, like you or me. In any case, he was perhaps the most curious American example of the intensity of fanatical enthusiasm, and, as such, the analysis of his soul has a profound and absorbing interest.

Before beginning such analysis, however, we must have a brief summary of his remarkable career, avoiding controversy as much as is possible where many facts and almost all motives are subject to contest. In making such a summary, we must first acknowledge indebtedness to the admirable biography of Mr. Villard, whose thoroughness of research is equaled only by his obvious desire to be fair to all parties and all men.

Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800. His parents were of English and Dutch stock and his stubbornness through life did not belie his heredity. He had a severe and sternly nurtured youth, growing up with the Bible in one hand and the plough in the other. In later life he wrote a brief autobiography which depicts the struggles of his youth in the terse, tense, rude English he always used. All through it you can see the earnest, passionate, obstinate boy, with his soul set on one object, all the more furiously when he found himself baulked.

The boy was married when a boy, chased fortune in strange fashion all over the country, as a tanner, as a surveyor, as a cattle-breeder, as a wool-merchant, and never once caught her. He had and bred and lost children, lost his wife, married another, and had more children, illimitably. How he fed them all is a mystery. But their feeding was simple, and their lives were simple, and their souls were simple, like his — if all souls were not so bewilderingly complex.

Through these various financial strug-

gles, it comes out increasingly evident that Brown was not a practical man of business. His temperament was speculative, fed on high hopes, if little else. He worked with borrowed capital, his schemes failed, and he came to grief, like many others. Most of us believe that he was fundamentally honest. But some do not. It may be well to quote here the most scathing piece of abuse that I have met with, as an antidote to much that will come later: 'I knew the old scoundrel long before the war; long before Kansas was known; long before abolition had many advocates. He tried to blow up his mother-in-law with powder; he was guilty of every meanness. He involved his father at one time in ruin, and everybody else he had anything to do with.' So do the saints and martyrs appear to those who have suffered by them.

But, if the practical world rejected Brown and misunderstood him, the unpractical had its revenge in yielding him immortal glory. He gave his life with mad abandonment to the American negro, and that sacrifice raised him on a pedestal no envy and no detraction will ever throw down. Just when Brown's devotion to the abolition cause began cannot be definitely settled. In later life he and his family placed it very early. Mr. H. P. Wilson, who has dissected Brown's soul with searching and ingenious cruelty, but, I think, with utter misapprehension, believes that this early origin was invented, and that Brown's anti-slavery enthusiasm was merely a hypocritical mask to conceal the old greed for gain that had been in so many ways disappointed. I do not see how anyone who has studied Brown's life and letters carefully can question his sincerity for a moment; and I believe, after a thorough consideration of all the evidence, that the passion for freeing the slaves was early conceived and grew and broadened with years, until, when he was nearly sixty years old, it broke out in the wild adventures of Kansas and Harper's Ferry.

Several of Brown's sons went to Kansas in 1854 and 1855. They were led in part, no doubt, by the enthusiasm of the Free-Soil movement, largely also by the instinct for adventure and for seeking fortune under new conditions. Their father was interested in their project from the first. He heard of the violence and aggression of the pro-slavery men, who were thronging into the territory from Missouri, left his wife and other children in North Elba, New York, and made his way to Kansas, well-armed, eager to help his sons, and passionately curious to see what would turn up.

When he arrived, the struggle between the political parties was violently under way. Accounts vary as to the prominence of his earlier part in it. He was never a man to work with others, much less under them. He could contend, command, control; he could not obey. At any rate, he was intimately involved in the furious complications of the end of 1855 and the beginning of 1856, and his antipathy to the advocates of slavery increased in bitterness —if it could. There was wrath and recrimination everywhere, some unwarranted violence, and a luxury of threats, meaning much or little, but all serving to foment hatred.

Brown made up his mind that a cruel example was needed. In May, 1856, he and a party of his followers, by night, took five pro-slavery men from among their Pottawotamie neighbors, men of bad character but not more criminal than others, and butchered them — literally hacked them to pieces with cutlasses. Brown always insisted, in a fashion approaching duplicity, that he had no actual hand in the deed; but the whole responsibility was his. In any case, it was a bloody, brutal murder,

and quite without immediate excuse. Brown's admirers declare that it saved Kansas to freedom. Less prejudiced historians believe that it did more harm than good.

Brown's course in the West after Pottawatomie was much what it had been before. He was engaged in several so-called battles, with a few men on each side, and behaved always with absolute intrepidity and sometimes with shrewdness. Mr. Wilson insists that his chief motive was plunder. There was plenty of disreputable plundering on both sides, horse-stealing in particular. But there can be no serious doubt that Brown regarded it as a worthy despoiling of the Egyptians, and intended religiously to devote all profit to the advancement of the cause.

In the autumn of 1856 Brown left Kansas. The year 1857 he spent in the Middle West and East, gathering funds and arousing enthusiasm in various societies and individuals, with the ostensible purpose of aiding Kansas, but with, at any rate, some further and deeper plans for a more central attack upon the strongholds of slavery. In the summer of 1858 he returned to Kansas, where conditions were again acute, made a raid into Missouri, captured a considerable number of slaves, and, after a journey full of picturesque vicissitudes, carried them triumphantly to Canada, where the British flag ensured their permanent freedom. John Brown never entered Kansas again.

II

As there is endless controversy over the date of Brown's first interest in slavery, so historians dispute over his conception of the Harper's Ferry adventure. If the interview recorded by Frederick Douglass as having taken place in 1847 is to be accepted, — and I think it must be in substance, — Brown was at that time brooding over the details of some such scheme as he afterward attempted to carry out. He explained to Douglass his plan for subsisting an army of whites and blacks in the mountain fastnesses and so gradually undermining the whole slave-power. In 1849 he made a brief trip to Europe, for business objects, and he appears to have attempted a more or less extensive study of battles and battlefields, with a military purpose in mind. For, though he was profoundly religious and by profession a hater of war, like many another such he was born a fighter, and relished nothing more than to have God put a scourge into his hands to lash the devil.

His daughter testifies explicitly that he told her of his Harper's Ferry plan before he first went to Kansas. In the interval between his two Kansas visits, the general outline of the scheme was certainly made more or less plain to some of his eastern supporters. And in May, 1858, took place in Chatham, Canada, that singular convention of a few whites and a larger number of negroes, which adopted the still more singular Provisional Constitution — Brown's elaborate device for governing the nation within a nation that was to be created by the gradual freeing of the Southern slaves. This instrument, with its lofty tone and its complicated establishment of executive, legislative, judiciary, and the rest, seems like a Utopian parody of the Constitution of the United States, elaborated by a slow, thorough, narrow, limited intellect, possessed and obsessed by one idea; and such was assuredly Brown's.

Any hope the inventor of this system may have had of putting it immediately into practice was thwarted by the defection of the restless, unreliable adventurer Forbes, who, after being more trusted by his leader than was anyone else, deserted the cause and made perilous revelations as to the methods.

Brown was obliged to defer action for a year; but his patience was as indomitable as his energy. 'Young men must learn to wait. Patience is the hardest lesson to learn. I have waited for twenty years to accomplish my purpose.'

At last, in the summer of 1859, Brown settled himself and his little band of followers at the Kennedy farm in Maryland, about five miles from Harper's Ferry. The followers were a somewhat heterogeneous collection. They were by no means all religious men. Perhaps they had not all been virtuous men. They were hardy, energetic young fellows, ready to risk anything and go anywhere. Most, if not all of them, had a superstitious horror of slavery. And everyone of them adored the old man and was willing to die for him.

Just what plan of campaign Brown had adopted, if any definite, will never be known. His friends and his foes have ingeniously supplied him with several, and supported them with what they think are conclusive arguments. But the arguments are as different as the conclusions, and none is convincing. Somehow or other Brown hoped to gather a nucleus of slaves and whites, whose determined action in seizing Harper's Ferry would finally lead to the liberation of every Southern negro. But the method of accomplishing this is obscure. On the one hand, we are told by Brown's son that 'Father had a peculiarity of insisting on *order*. I felt that at Harper's Ferry this very thing would be likely to trap him. He would insist on getting everything arranged just to suit him before he would consent to make a move.' On the other hand, we have Brown's own impressive words: 'It is an invariable rule *with me* to be governed by circumstances; or, in other words, *not to do anything* while *I do not know what to do*.' No doubt these two positions may be reconciled, but they do not make our puzzle much clearer.

At any rate, the conspirators, about twenty in all, lurked at the Kennedy Farm till the middle of October, slowly accumulating arms and supplies and keeping themselves marvelously hidden from the neighbors' curiosity. Then, on the evening of Sunday, October 16, Brown marched out, at the head of a petty band of adventurers, to challenge deliberately a great nation by assaulting its officers and seizing its property. The complicated evolutions of Sunday night and Monday need not be traced in detail. By Monday night, not only the town of Harper's Ferry, but the State of Virginia and the whole country had been aroused, and had grasped, at least vaguely, the enormous effrontery of Brown's undertaking. Various peaceable citizens had been killed, as well as several of Brown's followers. He himself, after getting possession of the different government buildings and picking up from the surrounding country a number of slaves and also a number of slaveholders as hostages, among whom was a member of the family of Washington, was shut up with the remains of his band and his prisoners in the engine-house and continued there till Tuesday morning. But in the dull gray October dawn a detachment of United States Marines, under Colonel Robert E. Lee, broke in the doors, liberated the prisoners, and killed or captured all the defenders. Brown was cut down fighting, and received several wounds, which were at first thought to be dangerous, but which afterwards proved to be comparatively unimportant.

Virginia and the whole South were naturally infuriated. Brown was speedily tried on various charges, and sentenced to be hanged. His Northern friends complained of indecent haste in the proceedings, but later historians agree that, on the whole, the affair was

conducted with as much consideration as could have been expected. Brown bore himself through it all with the admirable dignity that he had shown from the first moment of his capture. Indeed, the testimony of his captors and interrogators to his composure and clear-headedness is as impressive as that of his prisoners to his courage and thoughtful humanity.

During the long weeks of his imprisonment the condemned traitor showed an unbroken serenity and nobleness. He discouraged all attempts at escape or rescue, and urged upon his friends that, as a martyr to the cause, he would serve it more substantially than by any further living effort. He corresponded widely, and his numerous letters, with their poignant directness and incontrovertible sincerity, afford the best evidence of the great qualities of his character.

On the second of December, 1859, John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia. Great military preparations were made to ensure a peaceful execution of the sentence, and it was carried out with every detail of decorum and decency, except that a painful delay at the last moment prolonged unnecessarily the prisoner's suspense. Brown's bearing was perfect, his courage and calmness flawless. There were no heroics, no rhetoric. He took an affectionate leave of his companions in arms and gave them each a quarter of a dollar, saying that he should have no further use for money.

Of an equally touching simplicity were his words as he was driven to the gallows: 'This is a beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before'; and the phrase seems somehow to give a startling insight into the vivid and intense perception of a man who is opening his eyes upon the other world. A few hours later the eyes were closed to this, and John Brown had become a strange, great legendary figure in the complicated progress of humanity.

III

So died a typical incarnation of ideal, or fanatical, enthusiasm, a man absolutely convinced of the truth and justice of his own ideas of right and wrong, in certain points at any rate, and determined to impose them upon the world, by persuasion if possible, if not, by bloodshed, agony, and slaughter. He was a theorist, a reasoner, all the more rigorous in his theories because their scope was limited. You can see the rigor in the face, especially before it was bearded — in the set mouth, the cavernous eyes, the sturdy chin, the drawn brows and narrow forehead. There was a tremendous, indomitable stubbornness in the man. 'Let the grand reason, that one course is right and another wrong, be kept continually before your own mind.' He kept it always before his, and walked straight on, no matter whom his footsteps shattered.

To minds of a different type, reflective, curious, analytical, there is endless interest in studying such a temperament, in weighing the good and evil of its working in the world — good and evil to itself, good and evil to the vast body of its fellow beings. Let us trace out some of the ramifications of this as illustrated in the case of Brown.

First as to the evil, and the evil to the world at large. Such natures are intolerant; from their point of view they have the right to be so. They know what should be done and what should not. Paltry excuses, quibbling reserves, charitable allowances, what are they but devices of the Evil One, cunningly assorted to obscure the real issue between heaven and hell? 'I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration

of Independence,' said Brown. 'I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth, — men, women, and children, — by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail in this country. I mean exactly so, sir.' He meant so, he acted so, he lived so.

Such intolerance kills the quiet ease and joy of life. It kills compromise and mutual understanding, and breeds suspicion and mistrust. It breeds wrath and violence, sets father against son and brother against brother, triumphantly justifies such hideous crimes as the brutal murders on the Pottawatomie. And, alas, so often, it does all this from misapprehension, from reasoning with fierce, narrow, unenlightened logic, and reasoning wrong.

The injury of this fanatical temperament to the individual possessor of it is even more obvious than the injury to the world in general. Take intelligence. His temperament cuts him off from curious knowledge, from wide interest in the movement of life and its varied currents and subtle developments. It makes him feel that all that does not renovate society from his point of view is frivolous and contemptible. Brown read — oh yes, he read the Bible, always the Bible, and he read Plutarch, and he read books on military science. What if he had read Plato or Montaigne?

And beauty? What room, what leisure is there for beauty, a frivolous distraction, an idle, deceiving siren, which leads the soul astray from the one clear, arduous path it must forever follow? Brown loved music, loved hymns; they fed his strange melancholy, his strange exaltation. Yet probably he would have said of music, with Cowper, 'If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God . . . it degenerates into a sensual delight and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same.' And Brown loved nature; but we have seen that he walked through it as a man in a dream, and opened his eyes to it only when they were about to close forever.

It was the same with all the comforts of life, ease, fine clothes, delicate food, luxury, grace, elegance, and charm. The grosser man in us, the simple, natural man, unhaunted by far thoughts and tormenting scruples, enjoys these things, savors them, revels in them. But how can any one enjoy them whose mind is clouded with the misery of the world? How can a life be happy passed in the midst of those who suffer? To be sure, many lives are, but not this man's. He would cut off human wants, cut off superfluous desires, cut off bare needs. Those poor negroes were toiling under the lash, and why should he achieve felicity? He wore old, plain clothes, and ate the simplest sustenance compatible with life. When Douglass visited him, in 1847, he was struck with the utter poverty of everything. 'Plain as was the outside of this man's house, the inside was plainer. . . . There was an air of plainness about it which almost suggested destitution.' The meal was 'such as a man might relish after following the plough all day.' 'Innocent of paint, veneering, varnish, or tablecloth, the table announced itself unmistakably of pine and of the plainest workmanship.' And while the poverty may have resulted in part from lack of business ability, it came far more from absorption in higher things. 'For twenty years,' said Brown, in 1858, 'I have never made any business arrangement which would prevent me at any time answering the call of the Lord. I have kept my affairs in such condition that in two weeks I could wind them up and be ready to obey the call; permitting nothing to stand in the way of duty —

neither wife, children, nor worldly goods.'

It is equally evident that these lofty spiritual pursuits do not fit well with the lighter side of life, with the more kindly human relations, the trivial exchange of cordial, empty, daily jest and laughter. Brown had a grim, Old Testamentary humor of his own, that relaxed the iron muscles of those mouth-corners just a trifle. But did he ever laugh with abandon? He mingled with men for his own purposes, though even with those closest to him he had a strange and desperate secrecy. For ordinary social converse he had no taste and no aptitude. 'I have one unconquerable weakness,' he said with a smile in those last unsmiling days; 'I have always been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen, than of meeting a company of men with guns.' Even the faculty of consolation, the most exquisite, tender link of friendship, was denied him, or at least not given in large measure. 'I never seemed to possess a faculty to console and comfort my friends in their grief; I am inclined, like the poor comforters of Job, to sit down in silence, lest in my miserable way I should only add to their grief.'

But the crowning interest of the effect of Brown's great aim in life upon his human relations appears in his dealings with his family. He was devotedly attached to both his wives and to his numerous sons and daughters. He was thoughtful of their worldly welfare, as he saw it, to the very end. He was more than thoughtful, he was tender. He was tender to the animals with whom he lived so much. He was tender, divinely tender with human beings. When those he loved were ill, he would give up food, give up sleep, give up immediately necessary labor, to tend them and watch over them with delicate, considerate care. Yet he punished with pitiless severity. When one of his sons had earned a heavy whipping, he inflicted half of it, and then made the boy lash the father's own bare back till the blood came. 'He made his wife ride to church with him on a pillion, on a young and unbroken horse he wished to tame, with the result that she was twice thrown.'

Also, he must rule, dominate, control everything that came near him. He dominated animals. 'He said that he could always, without moving, make a dog or cat leave the room if he wished, by his eye.' Was he not one day to be ruler over thousands? If so, then surely he must dominate at home. 'He was intolerant in little things and in little ways. . . . I had it from [his son] Owen, in a quiet way, and from other sources in quite a loud way, that in his family his methods were of the most arbitrary kind,' says a not very friendly witness. Douglass, a most friendly one, observes that 'He fullfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family. His wife believed in him, and his children observed him with reverence.'

And when a great cause demanded it, both wife and children must be sacrificed without a moment's hesitation. He said it repeatedly, and, when necessary, he did it. The little sacrifices were demanded constantly and given freely. The supreme sacrifice was always held in readiness and accorded at the supreme moment. A son was killed in Kansas, two sons were killed at Harper's Ferry. Still he fought on, if not unmoved or without a tear, absolutely unaltered in his resolution to give what was far dearer than his own life to achieving the one great end of his and their existence on this earth. The strain of living so much apart from all he loved was terrible. It wrung his heart to think of their privation and sickness and sorrow. But even this grief was smothered in the thought of all that

greater grief. 'The anxiety I feel to see my *wife* and children once more I am unable to describe. . . . The *cries* of my poor, *sorrowstricken*, *despairing children*, whose *tears on their cheeks* are *ever* in my *eye* and whose *sighs* are *ever* in my ears, may however prevent my enjoying the happiness I so much desire.'

Truly the strain of this man's life in the grip of his overpowering prepossession illuminates Heine's passionate saying: 'You talk of our having ideas. We do not have ideas. The Idea has us, and martyrs us and scourges us and drives us into the arena to fight for it and die for it, whether we will or no.'

IV

And what good comes from this tyrannous mastery of an idea, to balance and compensate all the wide weight of privation and misery? Let us consider such good, first, as it affects the individual, then, as it affects the world. To clarify the consideration we must dig a little more deeply into the profound tangle of motives that lies at the base of moral and spiritual, as of all other, effort.

In such a case as Brown's, the persistent, all-excluding nature of the obsession, its constant intrusion in season and out of season, its cruel dominance over all other motives and all other passions, undeniably suggest insanity. This solution has been urged for Brown. It receives support from the man's singular and unfortunate inheritance. Insanity was rampant in his mother's family, and there were a dozen instances in relatives more or less close to him. An effort was made to plead this in court. Brown himself rejected it scornfully. At the same time, I think his frequent recurrence to it indicates that its shadow haunted him with some discomfort. 'I may be very insane,' he wrote, 'and I am so, if insane at all. But if that be so, insanity is like a very pleasant dream to me.' And again: 'If I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so.' Yet this is precisely what he did think, what every enthusiast and fanatic of his type thinks. In that overmastering, overwhelming assurance of knowing more than all the rest of the world, from whatever source, lies all their power — and all their weakness. In the greatest examples of the type, the assurance proves itself well founded. The whole wide world comes in time to think as they did, and so to justify their sacrifice and martyrdom. And it is here that more serious doubt arises in regard to Brown. Strong and vigorous as his intelligence was, it ran so much to the fantastic, and the conception, or misconception, of his final effort was so incoherently disastrous, that it is impossible to credit him with clear, commanding intellectual power. At the same time, it is equally impossible to describe him as technically insane. Close and shrewd observers, who watched him at critical moments, affirm his sanity. Men who reason as consistently and will as insistently and act as persistently as he did cannot be set apart as of diseased mind.

Yet to subordinate one's whole being so completely to an all-engrossing purpose is, beyond question, abnormal. It absorbs life, drinks up the soul, sweeps the man quite out of the common course of daily interests and cares. And precisely in this absorption, in this excitement, lifting you above all earth, lies one of its charms. Such a nature as Brown's is born to struggle and fight, with something, with anything. He thought he loved peace. So he did, in theory. But the peace he loved was the peace you have to fight for. He was eager, restless. To be quiet was death,

and to be comfortable and even to be happy was too like being quiet. '*I expect nothing* but to "endure *hardness*,"' he said. He wanted nothing but to endure hardness. When he was enduring and resisting, he knew he was alive. One of the most instructive sentences he ever wrote was, 'I felt for a number of years, *in earlier life*, a steady, strong desire *to die;* but since I saw any prospect of becoming a "reaper" in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to *live*, but have enjoyed life much.' He probably enjoyed it most of all in prison, when only a few days of it were left him.

And besides the exhilaration of living for an ideal, there is the element of personal ambition. It is quite unnecessary to assume with Mr. Wilson that Brown was actuated entirely by vulgar greed and narrow personal vanity. Who shall say that the greatest of teachers and prophets is wholly exempt from the delight of feeling, if not saying, 'I did this thing'? The man is worth little who has not the root of such ambition in him. Assuredly Brown had it. Did he not write of himself in youth, 'He very early in life became ambitious to excel in doing anything he undertook to perform'? Did he not write in age, when treading on the heels of performance, 'I have only had *this one* opportunity, in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively *a very small* part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards'?

Further, there is the delight of mastery, of controlling things and leading men, of feeling that your sole, petty, finite will is making at least a portion of the universe bow and bend before it. To some spirits the thought of this is hateful and the effort for it repulsive. To others it is the supreme joy of life. And such preëminently was Brown. He even carried the instinct so far as to find it difficult to obey when obedience is perhaps the deepest secret of final dominance. He could not work well with others. He must rule or be nothing. Both friends and enemies testify to this. 'Very superstitious, very selfish and very intolerant, with great self-esteem. . . . He could not brook a rival,' says one witness cited by Mr. Wilson. 'He doted on being the head of the heap, and he was,' says Brown's brother-in-law. And his son's comment is equally decided: 'The trouble is, you want your boys to be brave as tigers, and still afraid of you'; while the father, meditating soberly in his Virginia prison, recognized the same weakness as clearly as anyone. He writes of one of his sons, he 'always has underrated himself; is bashful and retiring in his habits; is not (like his father) too much inclined to assume and dictate.'

Thus, such a temper would like to control and dominate the world, but always for the world's good. In Brown, at least, there was not a trace of conscious desire to rule for evil or for the gratification of any personal motive of mischief or cruelty. In spite of all he had endured, and all the slights and injuries of men, he repeats over and over that no thought of revenge enters into any of his efforts. If the wicked must suffer through his action, it is because they are wicked, not because they have tormented him.

For, back of all the personal elements, back even of the abstract desire to do good, there was always God; and in the study of such temperaments as Brown's the obscure, vast mystery of God must always be given the largest place. It is here, I think, chiefly, that Mr. Wilson's shrewd analysis is at fault. In all the puzzles, in all the tangles, in all the inconsistencies of this strange man's

life, especially in elucidating his plan, or lack of plan, before the attack on Harper's Ferry, we must look to God as the solution. He was a child of destiny, like Napoleon or Cromwell; but with him the destiny was the obvious, constant direction of God. 'The Lord had directed him in visions what to do.' 'He scouted the idea of rest while he held a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery.' 'God had created him to be the deliverer to slaves, the same as Moses had delivered the children of Israel.' It is true that Brown several times spoke of himself as naturally skeptical. He was shrewd, hard-headed, far from ready to accept all the fantastic quips and quirks of credulous superstition. But his intense insistence on what he did believe was all the firmer; and he did believe that God had predestined him from eternity to root out the curse from these United States; he did believe that God bade him do fierce and bloody things, that that curse might be rooted out forever. In 1856 Mrs. Coleman asked him, 'Then, Captain, you think that God uses you as an instrument in his hands to kill men?' And he answered, 'I think he has used me as an instrument to kill men; and if I live, I think he will use me as an instrument to kill a good many more.'

And if this sense of immediate direction from God, of being in the hands of God as a mighty agent for his purposes, for everlasting good, even sometimes through apparent evil, is the greatest motive for human accomplishment, is it not also the greatest source of human rapture? The joy it brings is the most acute and exalted of all joy, and the peace it gives is the deepest and the most enduring of all peace. So at least Brown found it, in his prison days, with death awaiting him, having failed in his great undertaking according to the judgment of men, but with the growing consciousness that apparent failure covered God's intention in a mightier triumph, which could be made perfect only by his departure from this troubled world. He was 'fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose.' And in that persuasion his spirit found more contentment than it had known in all his restless sixty years. 'Tell your father that I am quite cheerful; that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul.' And when an effort was made to comfort him, he said, 'I sleep peacefully as an infant, or, if I am wakeful, glorious thoughts come to me, entertaining my mind.'

It is one of the characteristics of this spiritual rapture that it is impelled to extend itself to others. None who feels the ecstasy of God upon him can refrain from communicating it, from striving passionately to make the world over and urging others to make it over also. And none strove thus with more ardor than John Brown. Something magnetic in his obsession touched men of the most diverse temperaments and powers, roused them to think and feel and work as he did.

Take his immediate followers: take that group of boys, or little more than boys, who gathered about him with unquestioning loyalty in the last desperate venture. They were not especially religious. Even Brown's own sons did not adopt his orthodox interpretation of the Bible. But every man of the company had imbibed the spirit of sacrifice; every man was ready to give his life for the cause their leader had preached to them; every man believed that what he said should be done, must be done. 'They perfectly worshiped the ground the old fellow trod on,' said a Southern observer, who had no sym-

pathy with them except in the admiration of splendid courage.

Nor was it only over those who came under his immediate command that Brown exercised the magnetism of inspiration and stimulus. After his capture and during his imprisonment he was surrounded by bitter enemies. But they grew to respect him, and some apparently to have a personal regard for him. Even when they condemned his cause, they esteemed his spirit of sacrifice and his superb singleness of purpose. In the years before the crisis came, he met some of the keenest and most intelligent men in the United States, and they saw and felt in him a man of power, a man of will, a man of ideals above the common average and level of trivial earthliness. 'No matter how inconsistent, impossible, and desperate a thing might appear to others, if John Brown said he would do it, he was sure to be believed. His words were never taken for empty bravado,' wrote Frederick Douglass. That enthusiasts like Gerritt Smith should be carried away was, perhaps, natural. But Alcott was not an enthusiast, Emerson was not an enthusiast, Thoreau was not, Theodore Parker was not. All these men spoke of Brown as one gifted for some divine purpose beyond mortality. All of them thanked the humble farmer and shepherd for that thrill of exaltation which is one of the greatest forces that can touch the heart. No one would call John A. Andrew an enthusiast. He was a practical man of the world, versed in the hard conduct of everyday affairs. Yet Andrew said: 'Whatever might be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was right.'

And the influence of such a man and such a life and such a death flowed out and on, beyond the men who obeyed him, beyond the men who met him, to those who never knew him and had hardly even heard of him, to the whole country, to the wide world. The song that carried his name inspired millions throughout the great Civil War; it has inspired millions since; and John Brown's soul and sacrifice were back of the song.

That is what Brown meant when he said, 'I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose.' That is what men of his type achieve by their fierce struggle and their bitter self-denial and their ardent sacrifice. They make others, long years after, — others who know barely their names and nothing of their history, — achieve also some little or mighty sacrifice, accomplish some vast and far-reaching self-denial, that so the world, through all its doubts and complications and perplexities, may be lifted just a little toward ideal felicity. Whatever their limitations, their errors, their defects, or their excesses, it may justly be said, as was said of Brown and his followers, that 'these men, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live.'

TO REBECCA, GROWING UP

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

Light in your eyes says, 'Years! Years!'
There grows more reason in your tears;
There grows more pity in your smile;
Dreams beset you, and beguile.

The round clear baby-cheek seems thin,
Though still it holds the dimples in.
Your lashes droop. Sometimes you look
A changeling from a fairy-book.
Soon you will see as straight as I,
And need no more to tease and ply
My patience, asking. You will know
Without my clumsy 'This is so.'

Moods sweep you. Seasons sway you. Soon
You will turn fey beneath the moon,
And delicately mad with spring.
Bird-passage sets you on the wing;
Leaf-fall casts shadows on your heart;
Red sunrise makes you laugh and start.

Could I have loved you so, when you,
Wrapped in sweet blankets white and blue,
Round-eyed, damp-curled, dimpled and dazed,
Met the world's wonder — blank, amazed?

Then you were mine — all mine. Ah, yes!
But only mine from helplessness.
Now you outrun me. Dream for dream,
You match me. Challenges that gleam
Like little swords dance through our days.
— Oh, what am I to blame or praise?

To trust you is a thing more rare
Than that old speechless darling care.

And can you trust me — you, who run
So soon beyond my steadfast sun?
And can you trust me — you, who go
So soon a road I cannot know?

WOODS TREACHERIES

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

THERE can be no better place to watch marsh-hawks than Fenwick Castle in the Carolina Low Country. This is so partly because of the wide sweep of the wet meadows and marshes between the ruined mansion and the winding river, and partly because of the romance that invests the spot. The beautiful daughter of Lord Fenwick fell in love with a groom in her father's stables. She ran away and married him, but the old hawk, her father, owner of some of the finest race horses in the Province, pursued and overtook the fugitives. He made short work of the marriage.

Tradition provides the outlines for a tragic picture — the young man bound and seated on his horse, a noose around his neck, the rope slung over a limb of a gray-bearded live-oak whose huge arms spread far and wide in the gloom overhead; Fenwick sitting pale and implacable on his panting racer; the daughter hysterical with terror; the flaring torches of Fenwick's negro henchmen casting a lurid, flickering light upon the scene.

Just how the thing was done, the story does not make clear. Perhaps they forced her to it by main strength; perhaps she stood in such awful fear of her father that his word of command was enough. At any rate, the legend says that it was the girl herself who lashed the horse from under her lover.

From Fenwick Castle, where the negroes who live near by hear ghosts moaning and crying on windy nights, an old causeway, lined with shrubbery and trees, leads across the marshes to the river a mile or so to the east; and beneath this causeway, it is said, a secret passage ran underground from the house to the water's edge.

That this subterranean way once extended as far as the river, and was used by the master of Fenwick as a means of smuggling in forbidden goods, may be doubted. Only a short section of it remains — a bricked-in tunnel through which a man might crawl on hands and knees; and it may be that this is all there ever was — an outlet from the mansion, designed to permit the escape of a messenger in case of Indian attack.

But whether or not the tunnel once

went all the way to the river, and whether or not in the old days smugglers, who were pirates as well, passed through it under the ground, the legend has it so. It is an agreeable tale to think of; and thinking of it added something to the pleasure of even a matter-of-fact man, not a purveyor of romance, whose prime business on the causeway was the watching of marsh-hawks, and who had gone there because it was a good place from which to watch these birds.

Yet I found it hard to keep my mind on the marsh-hawks that afternoon. Though several of them were seen from time to time, flying low above the green grassy plains near the river, my thoughts wandered away from them, often returning to the old deserted house of brick behind me, from the high roof of which, when it was first built, one might have watched the canoes of red men passing up and down the Stono. But while my brain was busy with other things, my eyes followed the slow, graceful flight of the big harriers quartering the marsh meadows in their search for prey; and suddenly I saw one of them halt in the air, hang poised for a moment, then dart down. In a quarter of a minute he was up and away again, his talons empty; but in the intervening fraction of time something had happened.

Just above the tip of the marsh blades, the hawk had checked his descent with a frantic and desperate beating of his wings; then with powerful downward strokes he had shot swiftly upward. Evidently he had discovered in the nick of time that the object in the marsh grass, which had attracted his attention and brought him swooping down, was not what he had supposed it to be. Perhaps, instead of a mouse or a marsh-sparrow, a sly raccoon was crouching in the reeds, his paw raised for a fatal blow.

At any rate, it was laughable to see the sudden panic of the hawk; and, as I watched him sailing away from the spot where he had had a good scare, and perhaps a narrow escape, I was reminded of a true story of a hawk, which I had heard not long before — one of the strangest of many stories gathered from hunters and woodsmen of the Low Country.

It was a tale of a hawk and a deer hunter who fell asleep at his stand in the woods; and, more particularly, it was a tale of this deer hunter's flowing white beard. The dogs were far off. Their music came faint and thin from the other side of the swamp. There was little chance that the deer would come our old gentleman's way. So, keen hunter though he was, he sat down at the foot of a tree, holding his gun between his knees, the muzzle pointing upward, and in a few moments he was asleep.

How long he dozed, he never knew. Suddenly the gun was almost knocked from between his knees, and he opened his eyes to find that a large hawk, plunging downward from the air, had hurled itself against the end of the gun barrel and lay dead at his feet. Undoubtedly it was the white beard that had caught the hawk's eye and brought him dashing down to instant annihilation. Probably the hawk had no time to be surprised; but there was never a more astounded deer hunter than the venerable Captain W——, when he realized that, while he slept peacefully in the wood, a hawk had made a target of his beard.

It was not one of the long-winged, rather deliberate harriers of the Fenwick marshes that made this dramatic, ill-starred raid. The marsh-hawk, too, shows speed and dash at times, as when he falls suddenly upon a clapper-rail crouching on her nest among the reeds; but, with the exception of the rare

Peregrine falcon, the swiftest and boldest of all the feathered buccaneers of the Low Country are the blue darter hawks, as they are called hereabouts — the big blue darter, to which the scientists give the colorless name of Cooper's hawk, and the little blue darter, termed with equal inappropriateness the sharp-shinned hawk. These two are the heroes of most of the spectacular stories that are told of hawks in this region, which, because of its abundant wild life, great tracts of wooded country, and inaccessible marshlands, is a hunting-ground for many hawks; and it was almost certainly a big blue darter that committed assault and battery upon Captain W——'s beard.

Strange as that assault was, anyone who knows this bold falcon, and has observed his headlong recklessness in action, can understand readily enough how the thing occurred. The hawk, cruising silently through the long aisles of the woods, swerving swiftly in and out among the tree-trunks, and scanning the ground and thicket-tops for some bird or rabbit or other woods dweller which would satisfy his appetite, was suddenly aware of a white object beneath him. The blue darter is set on a hair-trigger. When he hunts on the wing in the woods, the moment his eye spots the prey, he plunges. Perhaps this hawk thought that the white thing beneath him was a hen, which had strayed from some farm or negro cabin. It is more likely that he did not pause to consider at all, but, responding instantly to instinct doubled his speed and shot down like an arrow to his death.

Death sets some queer ambuscades in the woods. Near the west bank of the South Santee, on an abandoned plantation which the Santee wilderness has reclaimed for its own, there is one of the oddest graves in the Low Country. Here, tradition says, was buried many years ago a beautiful young girl, the dearly beloved of her father, the master of the plantation; and the story runs that he, in order to make sure that she would be ready when the Last Trumpet sounded, buried her in an erect position so that she could step forth instantly from her tomb on the Day of the Resurrection. Hence the grave, standing by itself in a lonely, secluded spot, is taller than most graves, being some six or seven feet in height.

There is no stone, but from the top of the cone-shaped mound grows a handsome pine. The deer, which frequent these woods, come to the place sometimes at night; you can stand by the mound on an evening in May or June and hear the big alligators of the Santee bellowing like bulls in the river a half-mile or so away; and as you walk through the thickets around the grave, you must keep a sharp look-out, for this deserted plantation is a paradise for snakes.

I had gone to the spot hoping to find some snakes, especially one sort of snake in which I was interested at the time; and I was disappointed when none was discovered near the grave. But I had better luck amid the ruins of the old plantation house, whose tall chimneys and massive walls of brick have now been so hemmed in and engulfed by the forest that a man might pass twenty yards from the house and never see it at all.

For the most part the walls still stand, and the heavy stone steps at front and rear remain, though some of them have been heaved up from their places by the slow, irresistible strength of great roots that twine and twist like pythons amid the ruins. But there is now no vestige of a roof or of floors, and tall trees grow inside the house, some of them soaring high up above the jagged walls, while the trunks of others, which must have begun their

growth before the roof fell in, protrude through the high, wide windows.

It was a grotesque and melancholy sight, all the more tragical because this old house had once been the home of one of the great Low Country families, which had given many distinguished men to the colony and to the state. But the strangest thing about it to my mind was the wide, deep, bricked-in well, which we found within the walls of the house; and to me at that moment the most interesting thing about the well was what we saw at the bottom of it. For the water of the well, thirty feet or so below the surface of the ground, was alive with snakes, the copper-colored snakes for which I had been looking; and with them was another snake worth seeing — a huge diamond-back rattler.

The copper-colored serpents — red-bellied water-snakes, a vicious though not a venomous species — swam sinuously about in the water, or hung in long loops upon sticks and small branches that had fallen into the well; but the great rattlesnake lay in the water, with two thirds of its thick body submerged, and after a few moments we realized that it was dead. Then for the first time I suspected that the place was not a serpent den, but a serpent mausoleum, and the negro woodsman who had guided us to the spot confirmed the guess. Many snakes, he said, lived amid these ruins, and now and then one of them, crawling to the edge of the well or along the branches overhanging it, fell in. For these, he declared, there was no escape, for the brick walls of the well were sound and unbroken and there was no subterranean passageway through which the reptiles could leave their prison.

There they must stay until the end came, the water-snakes surviving for a long while, the land-snakes succumbing quickly. No one knew, the old woodsman said, how many dead serpents lay hidden under the waters of the well; and I wondered how many hundreds of them had perished in this ambuscade during the long years that had passed since the manor fell into decay, and the snakes of the surrounding woods had come to live in it, instead of the powdered gentlemen and brocaded ladies who had danced the stately old dances there in the palmy days of the Santee plantation country.

Year after year this yawning death-trap in this house of serpents has taken its toll of the scaly inhabitants of the place. Those that we saw — the writhing red water-snakes and the great dead rattler — were only a few of its many scores of victims, and they would not be the last. It is as strange a sepulchre as the tall grave in the woods, where, if we can trust the legend, the daughter of the old house stands upright in her shroud, awaiting the Judgment Day.

Sometimes, as if tiring of her accustomed methods, Nature beguiles her victims with novel stratagems. There is a long, narrow island, with the sea on one side and wide green marshlands on the other, which, if it were properly named, would be called the Isle of Pirate Ghosts.

Off this island, in the old buccaneer days, the black-flag fleet of Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet lay in ambush for unsuspecting merchantmen who came sailing out of Charles Town; and it is reasonable to suppose, even if there be no mention of it in the record, that more than once, on moonlight nights, the corsair chiefs came ashore here to stretch their legs and tap a cask of wine on the beach.

Like all the rest of the Low Country, the lonely barrier islands along the edge of the sea are crowded with old memories; and since most ghosts are nothing but old memories that have

taken human shape, as gray or white clouds in the sky sometimes assume the form of familiar things, it is safe to say that ghosts of pirates haunt this island. Once or twice, in the dusk, I have thought for an instant that I caught sight of them.

One morning I was fishing for channel bass in the surf on this Isle of Pirate Ghosts, when I saw something which brought back to my mind a story told to me years ago by an old negro fisherman. My attention was attracted by a shrill screaming behind me, and, turning, I saw an osprey circling high over the island woods, while just above him circled and swooped and swerved a bald eagle.

I watched the drama with interest, knowing what would happen; and presently the osprey dropped his fish, and the eagle, his body slanting sharply, slid downward through the air. Whether he overtook the fish and grasped it before it fell into the woods or the marsh behind the island, I do not know, for a tall dune behind me hid the plunging bird from view; but the incident recalled the fisherman's story — a story which, like many of the tales told by the negro boatmen of the coast, seems to me now less improbable than it appeared at the time when I heard it.

He was fishing in his small rowboat in one of the inlets between two barrier islands, when he saw an eagle overtake and attack an osprey which was flying across the inlet with a fish in its claws. The birds were not very high in the air, and the hawk, instead of holding on to his fish for some minutes and circling upward, as the osprey often does, apparently in an effort to get above the eagle, gave up the struggle quickly and dropped his prey.

The eagle plunged after it; but so short was the distance that the fish fell into the water before he could seize it. The big bird checked his descent and hung poised for a moment. Then, half closing his wings, he shot down again and struck the water in a shower of spray.

That was the last of him. Seen dimly through the spray for a fraction of a second, his dark wings had seemed to beat the air desperately; then the place where they had been was empty. Sharks were very abundant that morning, the fisherman said. He had caught a number of small ones, from a foot and a half to two feet in length, and had seen several large ones swimming close to the top of the water near his boat. It was his belief that the poised eagle, scanning the water for the fish that the osprey had dropped, saw a dark object just beneath the surface and, plunging instantly, struck his talons into the back of a large shark and was carried down.

A fitting death for the king of the air, cut off, in the prime of his splendid powers, in combat with the king of the sea. But I remember, that, when the old man told me the story, I hoped with all my heart it was not true.

WHAT ARE COLLEGE GAMES FOR?

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

THERE is one obvious and outstanding fact about the younger generation, viz., that the older generation made it. The marks of its makers are upon it. These young people who torment us, who baffle us, who seem so different from ourselves — these are our children. Whatever they are they owe to us. We gave them birth; we gave them training; we gave them the social order which shapes and fashions them. If they have virtues, the cause is in us; if they have vices, it is we who brought them into being. In every proper causal sense they are ours. If then we wish to understand our children we must examine ourselves. If we would prescribe for their diseases or cultivate their virtues, we must find the sources of these in ourselves and in our world. Just as the fathers, whom we approve, made us, so we made these who follow us, whom we often condemn. But the approval on the one hand and the disapproval on the other seem to clash when they meet together in us who stand between. Why so ill an effect from so good a cause?

The principle just stated holds good, I think, for many present situations. But more specifically, for our immediate purpose, it throws light upon what is known as 'The Athletic Situation in the Colleges.'

It may be worth while to discuss that situation in the light which the principle will give.

A few days ago, the postman brought us a letter of a type which is fairly familiar. It reads as follows: —

Sept. 5, 1922

DEAR SIR: I would like to enter Amhurst College, on behalf of my athletic ability. I have played football for the past five years. I played three years for —— High School, selected in —— all scholastic team in 1919. I have been a scrubb at —— College for the past two years. One varsity season under —— and the other in my freshman year. My weight at present is 165 lbs. and play the position of an end. I also participate in baseball.

My past record at —— is highly graded due to my boxing ability. I boxed the past two seasons for —— Varsity. I realize the fact that your College does not have this sport, but I do promise to make good on my football ability. I would like to hear from you at your earliest convenience, anytime before your registering days or the first day of school.

I would gladly except your must legitimate offer towards a scholarship in helping me get an education.

Very truly yours

—— ——

Now in the spirit of our principle we are bound to ask, 'What have we done to deserve this?' Here is a young man rejoicing in the fruits of two years of teaching in a well-known American college. Presumably he has been under the instruction of school and college for fourteen or fifteen years. Presumably his achievements have been accepted as sufficient basis for promotion by school and college throughout that period. And yet he is apparently untouched by what a school or college ought to give. And this appears at two points. First, he cannot write an English sentence. If his skill in ath-

letics were equal to his skill in English composition, what chance would he have of 'making the team'? With such equipment a football coach would look upon him as kindly as upon a man with wooden legs or bereft of both his arms. Upon the field men must have speed and strength and wits; and they must show that everything they have is forced up to its highest point by constant, faithful practice. But in the world of books, what are the standards? This case suggests that in the training of the mind standards are very low compared with those which dominate the training of the body. If so, who is at fault; what can be done to clear away the fault?

And second, the writer of this letter offers services for sale. 'What will you pay,' he asks, 'if I will come and play upon your teams?' There is a blunder in his mind when he asks such a question: what is it? No one can blame him for offering services for sale. We all do that who earn our livings. The blunder lies in thinking that any proper college would buy such services. He thinks of us as hiring teams, as paying men to 'represent' the college in its games. Who taught him things like that? Where did he get his notion of what a college is, and what a game, and what a football fight between two groups of undergraduates? Someone has led him astray, has robbed him of the meaning of college sport. Who is the guilty person? We need to fix the guilt because such robbery, such spoiling of our college games must stop. And we can stop them only by finding out just what they are and how they came about. Somewhere in what we are, in what we have done or left undone, in what we think and feel and teach, the cause of our vexation will be found. And we must search until we find it. Then having found it we must act accordingly.

I

I have said that the truth about our college games needs to be discovered and stated. May I add that it should be stated very carefully? The truth is, I think, that our athletic situation is fundamentally dishonest. But 'dishonest' is a dangerous term. It needs to be defined.

This charge of 'dishonesty' is very commonly made just now, especially by younger people, against our established institutions. And, in large measure, I think, the so-called revolt of youth is based upon this charge. Older people seem to say one thing when they mean another, to give one reason for an action when they are really moved by another. How much of truth is there in the charge? Is the management of the world just now unusually dishonest? Or is the resentment against dishonesty unusually keen? Both factors, I think, enter into the situation.

Men have always been moved by more than one motive at a time. And they have always been tempted to show one motive to one person and a second motive to another in order to secure the favor of each for a common cause. When men say that trade follows the flag, they hope to link together, sometimes in strange conjunctions, both patriots and moneymakers. When they add that trade follows the missionary, they are seeking to add religious people to the combination, or vice versa. And the creation of just such connections is sometimes called administration. Are we unusually clever in such duplicity or multiplicity just now? Many younger people think we are — and they hate it. My own observation is that we are at present unusually mixed up by a complicated world. We have more motives to correlate, more interests to manage than we are ready for. And I doubt very much whether

the younger generation in the same situation would have done any better with it than we have done. But, however that may be, the two elements in the situation seem to me to stand out with striking clearness. First, we have had in our world — and still have — perplexities and hesitations and concealments and devices. And second, out of these has come a hatred of them, a demand for straightforwardness in motive and action.

If that demand can be met without breaking the social machinery, the younger people will have a better world in which to live than had their elders. If they can get it they are welcome to it even though they state their discovery of it in terms of a condemnation of those who have made their achievement necessary but who also have made it possible. If they succeed they will record us as 'dishonest.' Perhaps a more sympathetic judgment would call us 'complicated.'

II

Now this general social situation is strikingly illustrated in the field of college games. College sport has been mixed up with other college interests, has been administered into connection with other college enterprises, has been used for other purposes. What it needs is just to be freed from this mixture. It must be made and kept pure sport, played for its own sake, and for nothing else.

The mixture of which I speak appears in the letter which is our text. The writer hopes for a chance to play. But he also hopes for payment in return for good playing. He thinks that, for some ulterior reason, we of the college want and need good playing, and are therefore willing to pay for it. Are we? If so, why?

I should like to try to separate the original and the secondary motives which together make our complicated situation.

There are two primary motives from which college games spring, out of which the essential spirit of the games is made. The first is a desire of the players and of the undergraduate community which they represent; it is the desire for fun, for the sheer joy of competition with another college and its team. Taken all in all, there is no 'outside' interest of the undergraduate years which is so compelling or, within proper limits, so worth while as this.

The second motive is the desire of players and communities for victory in the games. This too is essential. There can be no game without it. If one does not wish and strive for victory, then one does not play at all. To play is to play to win.

These two motives are, I think, the stuff of which college sport is made. They are not its only values, but they are, I think, its dominating intentions. Do they give us an explanation of our letter? Evidently not. Any undergraduate knows that to pay a man to play on his team is not good sport, to hire a man to be a member of the college in order that he may 'represent' it, is a contradiction in terms. I do not mean to suggest that undergraduates are immune to self-contradiction. But I do think that, if undergraduates were free from our complications, they would escape this sort of contradiction. The young American is a good sport if he gets a fair chance at being one. But the sting of this letter lies in the fact that it is addressed to the college authorities, that more specifically it asks for a scholarship from the college funds as payment for athletic service. Evidently it presumes that president and faculty are interested in winning teams. Are they? And if so, why? What are their motives in relation to college sport?

My own experience in such matters has been, I think, a very fortunate one. And yet experience as well as observation compels me to give to this question an answer which one would rather not give. 'We' are interested in winning teams, not only because we like to win, but also because life is easier for us, administration is more smooth, when teams are winning than when they lose. I have heard it said that the turn of a game would have much to do with the success of a drive for endowment. I have seen lists of figures eagerly compiled and scanned to show that under one administration the percentage of victories was quite as great as under another. What are the secondary motives at work here? Why does administration care for victories more than for defeats?

The answer is that victories are supposed to win for the college the favor of men who without them would be indifferent or antagonistic. To put it quite bluntly, the college needs the favor and support of men who are not sufficiently interested in its essential values to care for it because of these. It therefore makes appeal to them on other grounds. It hopes that in the fact that one football team has beaten another they will find reason for endowing the scholarship and teaching with which the first team is 'connected.' It offers an insult to their intelligence as an appeal to their favor.

There are two groups of men to whom this appeal is especially made, the 'public' and the 'athletic alumni.' In the first case, it is hoped that the news of the winning of games, if properly spread abroad, will make a good impression upon people who do not know the college in other ways. In this sense, winning teams are 'good advertising.' It is believed that, wherever the news of victory goes, 'boys' will be attracted to the college, their friends will be impressed by its strength, and so the numbers and the prestige of the institution will be increased. In the period of building-up since the early nineties, this notion has been widespread and sometimes very powerful.

The appeal to the 'athletic alumni' is very similar. These men are the graduates and nongraduates of the college who value athletic victories very highly. In some few exceedingly crude cases, they seem to care for victories and for nothing else. For these men a college is an athletic club with certain other very irritating appendages. But the greater number of the group are not so dull as this. They commonly believe first, that victories give 'good advertising,' and second, that victories indicate better than anything else the quality of the undergraduate life, and even of the college instruction and administration. For lack of other standards, they judge the college by this, with which they are familiar.

Now the essential feature of both these appeals is that the college is attempting by indirection to win the favor of men for one cause by meeting their interest in another. And this is simply one phase of the fact that those who are carrying on educational work in America must or do depend for support upon men who, in large measure, do not understand or do not care what education really is. In dealing with such men we use our games as a way of using them. It is a natural thing to do. But is it either wise or fair? My own conviction is that the procedure in all its forms is radically bad and unwise, that it defeats its own ends while seeming to gain them. In the remainder of this paper I should like to try to point out the harm which this administrative complication of motives has done to education and to the games. That it is harmful to both seems to me beyond question.

III

If anyone doubts that our double dealing is harmful to education, I would refer him to the letter with which this discussion began. The case is extreme but it is representative. Do we suppose that we can surround our students with a persistent and powerful misrepresentation of what they are doing in college and yet expect them to understand their task and to do it well? If we tell them that a college with good teams is a good college, what do we expect them to choose as their own college purposes? The business of 'advertising' a college needs very careful scrutiny. I have yet to see any college undertake to 'attract' boys by appeal to the lesser values of the college life without at the same time making it probable that the boys had better go elsewhere if they wish to get an education. We are under obligation to advertise our colleges in the sense of explaining what they are, what they have to give. But we are under even greater obligation to stop misrepresenting the college and its work in order to make it attractive to those who are not interested in it. At its best, this procedure is an attempt to catch young men unawares, to give them an education while they are thinking of something else. At its worst, it is crude and vulgar deception. But in either case it is essentially hostile to the work and the spirit of a place where learning is, where truth and knowledge are to be sought and found.

With respect to the alumni who have judged the college by its athletic victories we have, I think, genuine ground for encouragement. I say this not for administrative reasons, but because it seems to me true. Any alumnus who stops to think knows that a good team does not prove a good college. When all is said and done, it is clear that the surest and best way to get a good team is to buy it, to hire the players and to hire good coaches to train them. This has been shown very clearly in many striking cases. And in less striking cases it is equally true according to the measure of the dishonesty and lack of sportsmanship. In the face of facts like these, no one can continue to think that a college may be judged by its teams. And in general I believe that the graduates of our colleges are learning better standards, are judging not so much by petty and lesser values as by the essential things. It is at least to be sincerely hoped that this is true. Surely every president and every faculty should be busy in trying to make it true. We need from our friends, support and favor, but, far more than these, we need from our own graduates genuine and sympathetic understanding of what we are trying to do. Whatever hinders that, harms our work. Whatever increases it, makes good education more nearly possible. That athletic misrepresentation has done grievous harm to the American college, its students, its teachers, its graduates, its outside friends, no one can doubt. That it must be stopped is equally certain.

IV

But what harm has been done to the games themselves by the use of them for other purposes? What has administration double-mindedness done to sport and to sportsmanship? It has not wholly destroyed them. Young men in college are still young and still men; and hence games are still games. But it has allowed the games to be shockingly changed for the worse.

When, however, one examines the damage, it appears to be due not so much to positive offenses by presidents and faculties as to the failure of these guardians of the college to take oppor-

tunities, to meet obligations with clean and decisive action. The task of understanding and placing games in the general scheme of college life is not an easy one. We have many excuses for failure to accomplish it; and yet the fact remains that we have failed, that the collegiate administration of games is on the whole a rather pitiful failure.

The difficulty of the task has arisen chiefly from the coming-in of an external factor. We first thought of games as the play of students, as competition between colleges. But during the last thirty or forty years these contests have taken on very great interest for people outside the colleges. The general public, collegiate and noncollegiate, is so eager to see our contests that it is willing to pay well for the privilege. And so it has come about that more and more we have provided on our fields places for lookers-on; until now the largest 'crowds' are mounting to fifties or sixties of thousands, and the gate receipts of a team for a season may be counted by the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Here then are the elements of a rather difficult situation. Our primary purpose is that our students play games with the men of other colleges. But other people wish to see the play and are willing to pay for the privilege. What shall we do? Shall we refuse to admit outsiders? Shall we admit them without payment? If we take payment, on what scale shall it be and what use shall be made of the money taken? Now to each of these questions our practice has given the easiest answer, whether right or wrong. If people wish to see, then of course they must be admitted. If people offer money, of course we will take it — take as much as they are willing to pay. If the money is taken in as profit from athletic games, then of course the proper use of it is for athletic purposes. These are the easy natural answers; but within them lies the cause of our disaster.

The first answer is, I think, valid. It would not be wise or friendly for us to exclude the public from our contests. From our own immediate standpoint such exclusion is desirable. If the games were not public spectacles we could have better sport, more fun, better sportsmanship than is possible with our present publicity. And yet it would be socially wrong for us to seek such seclusion. The college is, in all essential features, a public institution. Here is a 'complication' from which we cannot generously or honorably escape. The public must come if they wish and we must make them welcome; and then make the best of our situation.

The second answer is not so clearly or so completely true. I think we have a right and even an obligation to make a charge for admission to the games. It would hardly seem proper to use the funds of the college to pay for the providing of accommodations for spectators. One cannot very well use scholarship or library funds for the building of 'Bowls' and 'Coliseums.' But why should the charge be anything more than that of the actual additional cost of providing space and seats for those who ask us to provide them? I can see no justification for anything more. Surely we are not in the business of making profits from the games of our students. Nor are we willing that they should be in that business either. But in some way or other we have gotten into that business, have built our fields and used them for extracting all the money which the traffic will bear. Here is a commercialism which must be stopped. Young men, as well as old, must see that it is not always necessary to take money when it is offered. Taking money usually implies a bargain. And in this case, the spirit of sportsmanship

stands in the way. We are playing, not for money, but for fun.

But it is the third answer which is most clearly and wickedly wrong. If we assume that gate receipts are to be charged and thereby large sums of money are to be made available, who shall take them? The answer given is, that if money is made by games, it should be used for games; if it is made by teams, it should be used for teams. Why? What is the connection?

As matter of fact, it is the exact opposite which is true. There can be no proper connection here. Everyone knows that in such sport as ours, the money earned should not be given to the individual players. But it is equally true that it should not be used for the teams. If this is done, then the winning of games and the making of money are linked together in ways which are inevitably destructive of the whole scheme of college play. If the team wins, it makes more money; if it has more money, it is more sure of winning.

And so the wheel goes spinning round and the games which we began to play for fun become great financial struggles between managers and supervisors and coaches, and scouts and other outsiders, while the players are more and more the puppets used by the machine in fashioning its successes.

Here is, I am sure, the radical blunder which has been made by our double-minded administration. We have put together play and money-making when every interest of play demanded that they be separated. When it appeared, thirty years ago, that our games were arousing public interest and could therefore be made sources of revenue, what did we say? More or less clearly two statements were made. First, this public interest, though bad for sport, is good for other reasons, and must be cultivated. And second, the amounts of money involved are too large to be managed by undergraduates; we must establish Boards of Control to see that proper management is given. And so we took from undergraduates the management of their own games — much to their delight as they saw our more 'efficient' administration. In their place we have established great systems of administration which have built Stadiums, Bowls, Coliseums, have increased gate receipts, have aroused public interest, have 'developed' teams, until the whole system has become an absurd travesty of the motive from which it sprang, the impulse of play which it was intended to serve.

Nothing seems to me clearer than that it is essential for us to cut the connection between players and teams on the one side and gate receipts and expenditures on the other. If undergraduates wish to have games, they should furnish the players from their own ranks, should arrange their own schedules, pay their own expenses, carry on their own play. If on the other hand, people wish to come to the college grounds to see the play, the college may charge for this such payment as it thinks best. My own opinion is that it should charge the expense of the field and nothing more.

But whether the income be large or small, it should be taken and used by the college and not by the team or its management. The interests of the sport demand that the money be kept apart from it.

When one suggests that such a change as this be made, the officers of the 'system' reply that under existing circumstances a change is impossible. But the officers of a system usually say that. There is no inherent difficulty in making such a change. The interests which the system is intended to serve demand that it be made.

V

The absurdity of our present administration of games reaches its climax in the institution of the coach, the armies of coaches. These are men who are brought in to develop the playing skill of the team to the highest possible pitch. They are given full and complete charge of the players and the play; far more than anyone else they are held responsible for victories or defeats. In return for this they are paid large, exceedingly large salaries, as judged by the standards of the college community. Now the growth of this institution is of course directly traceable to the administration of the gate receipts. If large sums of money are available, then many and good coaches can be secured by paying for them. If good coaching is provided, the level of play is raised, more victories are won, and the gate receipts are still further increased. The making of the money enters directly and essentially into the winning of the games. The sport is commercialized at its very centre. It is not too strong a statement to say that undergraduate responsibility for the winning or losing of games has very largely disappeared.

Now here again it seems to me imperative that we go back to first principles and escape from our double-mindedness. There is no real fun, no genuine sport in hiring a man to furnish the wits, the skill, the discipline, the control by which you attempt to win a game. If undergraduates are to have real games, they must do their own coaching, take charge of their own teams, develop their own strategy, work out their own discipline; the team must be theirs, and they must win or lose on their own efforts. I know nothing more depressing than the conversation in a college community at the end of a season, when, having won or lost our games, we speculate what the result would have been, had we hired these men rather than those to take charge of the chances of victory. I am not here attacking the character or personal quality of coaches. They range in this respect from crude and vulgar outsiders to men whose friendship is gladly welcomed in any academic community. What I am saying is that with the coming-in of coaching, real undergraduate competition has gone out. Students should play their own games. To see them turning to a coach who will tell them whether to hit or to wait, whether to circle the end or to plunge at the tackle — to see the giving-up of the very fun of the game itself, that is a sight to make one's heart weep. It is time that we should ask, 'How have we come to this?'

To the suggestion that coaches be abolished, objection has been made that 'since in our intellectual work we furnish the best teaching,' in the field of sports 'we should give the very best teaching that there is.' The objection rests, I think, on two misapprehensions. It fails to recognize the destruction of undergraduate responsibility which coaching has brought about. And, perhaps for this very reason, it hopelessly confuses 'coaching' and 'teaching.' We have departments of physical training which are teaching in the field of athletics. And it is our hope that through them every student in the college may be given some appreciation of the joys and advantages of athletic games. But the difference between 'teaching' and 'coaching' is one which no genuine teacher will allow to be obscured. The teacher develops the independence of his pupil; the coach takes away that independence. The teacher is preparing the pupil in general by trying to give him understanding of the field in which his activities may lie. The coach is preparing him for

specific tests, specific occasions, is getting him ready for a particular contest which is coming and coming soon. For the winning of that contest the coach takes responsibility, whether it be an entrance examination or a game of football. The coach studies the actual situation, finds out just what the factors are, determines what shall be done with respect to each, issues his orders as to what shall be done and what not done. It is the business of a teacher to develop a pupil into power and intelligence; it is the business of a coach to win a contest. I know few things more amusing than a college debate in which a 'coach' has told his automata what to say. But quite as tragic is the spectacle of a group of boys using their arms and backs and legs at the command of another man's wits, and supposing at the same time that they are playing a game.

As to the prospect of improvement here, there is some reason for encouragement. The suggestion that no one be allowed to coach unless he be a member of the faculty is being very favorably considered. It is perhaps somewhat invidious to suggest that the first step toward nonexistence is membership in a faculty. But at least the suggestion does mean that we are considering the problem. My own impression is that the days of double-mindedness are going by.

VI

I have dealt in this paper with the effects of administration upon college games. And one does this because, after all, the attitudes and actions of faculties and presidents are the most important factors in any matter of college activity whatever it may be. That there are other sources of difficulty need hardly be said. Especially is it true that small groups of undergraduates and, more often, of graduates, with no proper sense of what a game is, persist in hiring men to play upon our college teams. As to such men one can only say that, if a cad comes into your company, you cannot very well escape the effects of his caddishness; but you can wish that you were free from his company.

VII

If it were not for repeated experiences to the contrary, it would hardly seem necessary to say that this paper is not intended as an attack upon college games. I do not think that college students play too many intercollegiate games. I do not think that they have too much interest in athletic sports. I should like to see every student in a college playing some game and learning to play it well. And here it should in fairness be said that in some cases the income from intercollegiate games has been used wisely for the providing of fields and equipment for just such general enjoyment of athletic play. But, quite apart from this, I believe in the intercollegiate games of students both because of what they are and because of what they do for the communities which take part in them. Athletic sport is a fine and splendid thing in the life of any young man, of any community of young men. This paper is written in protest against the spoiling of that sport by using it for other purposes.

I believe in college education but I do not believe in furthering it by the abuse of the play of students. My observation is that when that attempt is made we spoil not only the play but also the education.

COMMUNISTS AND PLOUGHSHARES. I

BY LOUIS LEVINE

I

Among my many duties as foreign correspondent in Moscow, the one that gave me most entertainment was my daily call at the Anglo-American division of the Foreign Office. As the lift was out of order most of the time, I would climb hopefully to the sixth floor of Kuznetzki Most 5/15, — formerly the headquarters of the largest insurance company in Russia, and now the seat of the Foreign Office, — and, panting, get myself into the little office. The secretary was an amiable and expansive fellow, with a bias for doubtful witticisms. After exchanging greetings, I would ask for the news. And invariably I would get the reply that there was nothing new; everything was as usual — quiet and fine. Russia was, at least, happy in this — it had no current history.

But occasionally something would happen to me personally. Either my mail would go astray and come back marked with the comments of half a dozen bureaus where it had been opened by mistake and examined, or my foreign newspapers would not arrive. Usually the difficulty lay in the fact that some official, or his subordinate, failed to show the required energy, or to take a little trouble to attend to the matter. One could quite patiently bear with these trifles; but once in a while, one could not resist the temptation to point out that a little more effort at the right time and place — a little more efficiency — would prevent most of the troubles and inconveniences. Strangely enough, such an innocent remark would be like fire to fuel. The director of the Anglo-American department would invariably get excited, and in a shrill, high-pitched voice would shout: 'What do you expect? Everything cannot run smoothly. We are in the midst of revolution.'

The mental processes in Russia are still governed by the peculiar laws of revolutionary psychology, — or, if one prefers, pathology, — and any attempt to measure events and facts by the yardstick of normal times cannot but lead to complete failure of comprehension.

At the same time, the outsider who observes Russia to-day soon comes to the conclusion that this feeling of the Communists is the last smouldering spark of a dying blaze. Russia is not in the midst of revolution, but at the end of a revolution. The tempo of political, economic, and social life is slowing down to normal. The people are anxious to forget the past, and to discard the future for the possible enjoyments of the present. The feeling is asserting itself that an epoch has come to an end; that whatever it has brought in its trail is here to stay. To the outsider this feeling of the masses seems truer than the last spasms of Communist psychology. For it is clear that the unusual processes which began in March, 1917, came to an end in March, 1922, with the invitation to Genoa.

In these five years the fundamental purposes and the possibilities of the Russian Revolution have unfolded themselves to their logical end.

The next phase of Russian development is, therefore, predetermined. Russia is entering upon a period of slow reconstruction, in accordance with the principles, ideas, and interests for which the Revolution has cleared the ground. Destruction in Russia has been so thorough, that a political or economic restoration is out of the question. Whatever group or party comes into power in the near future will be able to maintain itself only by recognizing the tendencies of the Revolution and making room for their positive expression. The Communists realized this a year ago, and veered around at once, in order to keep themselves in the lead of the new development. It still remains to be seen whether the Communists are by temperament, tradition, and ideology capable of maintaining themselves in their new rôle.

As in the pre-war Russia, so in the new Russia, slowly and painfully rising out of the wreck of revolution, the tone of economic and social life will depend on the position of the peasant. Not only because the peasants still form, and will continue to form, the majority of the population, but also, and chiefly, because, regardless of the industrial bias of the Communists and of other parties, Russia is destined for a long time to come to centre her efforts on her agricultural resources. Not only the well-being of the people, but the international position of the country, will depend on the rapidity with which Russia again becomes the granary and source of raw materials for the rest of Europe. At the same time, the international policies of Russia will be largely determined by the interests of the agricultural population and the manner in which these interests are pursued. Even should the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat persist, it will have to derive its power and meaning from the consent and demands of the peasant. This has already gone far in the last few months, and is proceeding more rapidly every day. In other words, the reconstruction of Russia depends basically on the reconstruction of her agricultural industry and of the economic and social relationships in which this industry is to be carried on. An understanding of the Russia that is to be depends on a clear grasp of the agrarian changes which have already taken place, and of the direction in which these changes are likely to continue during the historically discernible period.

II

Five years of revolution have revealed the mind of the Russian peasant, at least negatively. Not even the ghost of Marx, which has been made to stalk the Russian villages, could stir the Russian peasant to Hamletian doubts. He wants 'to be,' and in his own way, which is not at all the communistic way. The Communist party has had to recognize this fact — hence the law concerning the use of the land, passed this summer.

The Communists to-day are inclined to deny that they had entertained the idea of an immediate reorganization of Russian agriculture on a communistic basis, or that they had hoped to introduce Communism in industry. Forced by the stress of circumstance to change their policy, they are now trying to reinterpret the past, to make the break seem less discouraging. In this light the communistic measures of the years from 1918 to 1921, they say, are to be regarded as phases of 'military Communism,' which was the result of

civil war and foreign intervention. These measures were intended, not as steps toward Socialism, but as means of defense and military protection.

The psychology of this interpretation is understandable, and there is considerable retrospective truth in it. But it is out of harmony with the mental state of the first period of the Revolution. The fact that they have had to abandon that programme proves, not that they had not tried it in all sincerity, but that the conditions necessary for its success were lacking.

The efforts of the Communists to carry out their ideas in the villages were modified by several facts. In the first place, the Bolsheviki did not make the October Revolution single-handed, but in coalition with the various anarchist groups, and with the party of the Left Social Revolutionists. The Communists, who were more familiar with the problems of industry, practically left the agrarian problem in the hands of the Socialist-Revolutionists, who became the leading element in all the local land committees, and in the central committee, which was intrusted with the task of preparing the new land laws. The law on the Socialization of Land, prepared by this committee under the chairmanship of Marie Spiridonova, is imbued with the ideas and conceptions which for two generations had been advocated only by Populists and Social Revolutionists, not by Social Democrats and Communists.

Secondly, the Bolsheviki felt that their success depended upon unloosening as much as possible all the revolutionary instincts of the masses in city and village, even though they themselves could not, for the time being, control the exploding forces. Their first act was to declare all land expropriated for the State, and to tell the local land committees to seize all the private lands in their districts. Throughout the winter of 1917–18, they directly and indirectly encouraged the peasants to take hold of the former landlords' estates and demesne lands. But they went one step further in the summer of 1918, after they had broken with the Left Social Revolutionists. They organized the so-called 'committees of the poor peasants,' and inaugurated a merciless class-war in the village. The poor peasants were allowed and encouraged to expropriate the richer peasants, to force distributions and redistributions of land, and to terrorize the village politically. Under these circumstances, it was out of the question to attempt a systematic programme of reorganization in the village.

Thirdly, the Communists soon became aware that, though the support of the poor peasants was valuable as a means of terrorizing the village, its economic value was doubtful. The poor peasants were not equipped for production, and whatever grain was produced came from the fields cultivated by the middle peasants. While the Communists did not hesitate to take from the middle peasants what they could, by force, — under the policy of requisition and state grain monopoly, — still they realized that such a policy was full of dangers, and that it was necessary for them to play for the favor of the large mass of middle peasants. That policy was recommended by the party at its eighth congress in March, 1919.

But, with all these limitations, the Communists made a decided effort, not only to preach Communism to the peasants, but to introduce as much of it as was possible in the country. Already, in the law on the Socialization of Land, which in its main features was not communistic, the Bolsheviki succeeded in putting through several articles creating a system of state farms and agricultural communes, and nation-

alizing the trade in agricultural implements and seeds. With the summer and fall of 1918, the Communists began a drive for the collective cultivation of the land. At the first All-Russian Congress of the Land Committees and Committees of Poor Peasants, held in December, 1918, Lenin said: 'We are now passing to the task of true socialistic construction. . . . An energetic fight for the common cultivation of the land is now before us. . . . The war has caused so much destruction, that we have not enough cattle or implements to reëstablish individual small-farm economics. . . . The chief task of this conference is to prepare measures for the gradual transition from private economy to collective economy. . . . I repeat, we must accomplish this transition gradually. . . . The peasants will not accept it at once. . . . The middle peasant will be with us when he is convinced of the superior usefulness of collectivism . . . when he sees how well and successfully the state farms and the collective farms are conducted.'

In accordance with these ideas, the Communists tried hard to organize state farms and agricultural communes. Between February, 1919, and October, 1921, the number of Soviet economies, or state farms, increased from 35, with 12,000 *dessiatins*[1] to 3100 farms, with 1,700,660 dessiatins; the number of collective farms increased to 11,000, with 760,000 dessiatins, of which about 2000 were agricultural communes. The Commissariat of Agriculture published leaflets and pamphlets — how to organize state farms, artels, and communes.

But the movement did not take root, and whatever development it had was artificially stimulated. The commune became an example, not of higher technical methods, but of inefficiency and mismanagement. The Communists themselves realized this after a while, and tried to explain the situation by the fact that they had been unable to attract the better peasants to the state farms, and also that the Government, harassed by civil war, had neither the time nor the means to put these farms on a model basis.

Whatever the cause, the wretched condition of these farms was brought home to me when, in August, 1921, I had occasion to visit one. It was an agricultural commune, organized according to the by-laws of the Commissariat of Agriculture. It consisted of several hundred acres of land about ten miles from Tsaritsin up the Volga. I was invited to see this commune by Kalinin, the President of the Soviet Republic, whom I was permitted to accompany on his tour of the famine districts. We landed at a point where the river was low, and after taking a swim in the Volga — it was a very hot day — we climbed uphill about a mile and a half toward the farm. The land had evidently belonged to some large estate, and had been used partly as a summer resort, partly as a truck farm. At the time we visited it, it was a communistic farm, where over two hundred men, women, and children lived in a common house, ate in common, and worked the land in common. The elected managers of the commune met us gladly, and proudly showed us around the lands, which were planted with melons, cabbages, potatoes, and the like. There were but a few acres of rye and wheat. Of the two hundred acres, only forty had been planted. As compared with the usual Russian field, the land looked fairly well kept, and the melons had grown to considerable size. Kalinin was especially pleased with the large cucumbers that he picked, and each one of us was presented with the largest cucumber he could see.

As we walked back toward the main

[1] A *dessiatin* is equivalent to 2.70 acres.

buildings, the women, some of whom were about to become mothers, complained that they had to work very hard all day long. A meal was served for all — cabbage soup, black bread, and *kasha:* there were the usual wooden and tin spoons and dishes.

After the meal, the children gathered in the large room of the main building, in which a piano was all that remained of the former glory, and sang the *Internationale.* The children were in ragged dresses and trousers, and looked sickly. Many of them seemed to have malaria, from bathing in the so-called 'pond,' which was really a stagnant mud-puddle. The water, hauled from a well, was also bad. There was no doctor in the commune, and the girl who was in charge of the education of the children seemed too underfed and too disheartened to do much teaching. There was the lack of harmony which comes of too close living together.

Kalinin and his associates were highly pleased with their visit, and were disappointed that their foreign guests did not share their enthusiasm for this model of communist life. However, the best that could have been said for this commune was that it was not much worse than the average peasant household in the poorer Russian villages. At that time it offered security to two hundred people, who might have swelled the ranks of the famine-stricken.

By the end of 1919, the Communists themselves realized that they were not on the road to winning the middle peasant, and since 1920, they have overhauled their entire agrarian programme. The idea of a communistic agriculture in Russia in the near future is no longer entertained.

III

Having failed in their own programme, the Communists are deriving consolation from the fact that the peasants, too, have not lived up to the hopes and expectations of the Populist-Socialists. 'Life has rejected as an empty shell the reactionary Utopias of the Socialist-Revolutionist' — writes Kuraev.

The land law, drafted mainly by the Socialist-Revolutionists, which went into effect in September, 1918, was based on the idea of socialization. Negatively, the law abolished all private rights in land and other natural resources, and expropriated, not only the land, but also the live stock and farm-equipment of the landlords and of all private nonpeasant landholders. Constructively, the law aimed at three things. First: to apportion the agricultural land equally among the peasants. The basis of division was both productive and consumptive, namely — each peasant family was to obtain as much land as it could itself till without hiring labor, and at the same time sufficient to secure the local standard of living. Second: to decentralize the administration of the land law. The local land departments were given the power to distribute the land, to create a land fund, to regulate migration, and so on. Third: the law was to establish the idea that the only right to the use of the land was derived from labor. He who worked the land under the conditions laid down by the state, which were necessary to ensure efficiency, had a right to its use. But this right was not transferable by sale or by bequest, or in any other way. The land thus was to remain under the continuous jurisdiction of the local and central land committees, which could always distribute and redistribute it in accordance with the law. Under such provisions, private property in land was abolished; every person willing to work the land was supposed to be guaranteed access to it; and yet the cen-

tralized and bureaucratic control of the land, which might result from nationalization, was supposed to have been forestalled.

In the mind of the Socialist-Revolutionists, this law was the culmination of the century-long efforts of the Russian peasant to regain the land, and to lay the foundations of a just system of life in the village, which would be a stepping-stone to a coöperative socialist agriculture. But, as the Communists correctly point out, these hopes have not been realized. From the very beginning of the revolution, the agrarian movement got out of the hands of the parties that wanted to direct it. The local land departments and committees stood helpless in the face of a general land-grab. The old peasants' saying, that 'the land is God's and not man's,' evidently had been a subconscious fighting-motto against the landlord. The peasant felt that he himself had a right to the land by the grace of God.

To the extent that the mist of chaos enveloping the movements of 1917–18 has been lifted, three main tendencies can be seen. In some places, the peasants threw all the lands of the village, or *volost* (county), — those formerly belonging to the landlords, or other private owners, as well as their own, — into a common lot, and redivided them all. The peasants gave full gratification to their century-old craving for a 'black redistribution,' and each family received an allotment of land according to its number of 'eaters.' This took place chiefly in the northern and central black-earth districts — those that had suffered most from over-population, and where the agrarian movement had for years been bitterest. In other parts of Russia, the movement was more limited. All that the peasants did was to try to equalize land-holdings by increasing the allotments of the landless and the small holders at the expense of those who had large holdings. In such cases, the middle peasants remained unaffected by the process, keeping their farm-holdings unaltered. But the more common procedure, followed over a wider area, was to seize all private and landlords' estates, and to divide them among the peasant families with as near an approach to equality as was possible under the circumstances.

The chief gainer from this general land-grab during its first phase was the middle peasant. Having a fair equipment and a sufficient number of farm animals, he was able to claim an additional allotment, on the plea of productive capacity, and thus to round out his holdings. The discontent of the poorer peasants aroused by this result was utilized by the Bolsheviki in the summer of 1918 to organize the 'committees of the poor,' which let loose a second agrarian movement. This lasted intermittently throughout 1919 and 1920. In the villages that I visited in the summer of 1921, I found lingering traces of these committees. But the policy of the Communists had changed, and the poor peasants were now out of favor. But while the movement lasted, it was effective in helping a number of poorer peasants to equip themselves with implements and working animals at the expense of the richer peasants. Though the poor peasants did not entirely disappear from the villages, the leveling had taken a wider sweep.

With the subsidence of the revolutionary wave, it became clear that the small and middle peasants were the prevailing element in the village. None the less, differences in land-holding have not disappeared. The so-called *kulak*, or rich peasant, can still be found everywhere. The poor also are still there. Besides, the leveling movement in land-holding is being counterbalanced by a process of differentiation,

which is breaking up the village into marked groups, and which is based on the ownership of working capital. Large numbers of peasants are finding that the allotment of additional land avails them little, because they are unable to obtain, or to hold, the means of working the land. As a result, there persists the time-old distinction of peasants without sowed land, without cows, and without working animals.

Although, in the general redistribution of 1918, it was everywhere said that the division of the land would be temporary until a more equalized disposition could be arranged, the peasants now regard with reluctance the idea of an early redistribution.

In my travels through the Russian countryside in the summer of 1921 and the spring of 1922, I came in contact with peasants from all parts of Russia. The predominant state of the peasant-mind seemed to me to be uncertainty. Everything had happened so quickly, and had swept over his head in such a tumult, that he could not feel certain of anything. But the undercurrent of feeling and thinking in the village was to hold fast to whatever one had got as a result of revolution. The more fortunate peasants of the southwest were not any too eager to share their good harvest with the starving peasants of the Volga. The peasants with larger allotments and more working animals no longer saw any reason for dividing up with their poorer neighbors.

The Revolution has thus disappointed, also, the Socialist-Revolutionists. It brought into being, not 'a just socialism,' but a class of small and medium landholders, who, under a nominal law of nationalization and socialization, regard the land as inalienably theirs, and who in every other way show a marked spirit of economic individualism.

IV

Summing up the results of the redistribution of land among the peasants, Scheffler, one of the leading Soviet agricultural experts, is forced to conclude that 'it has not solved the agrarian crisis.' One more of the century-old illusions, shared by all brands of revolutionists, shattered by the experience of the last three years!

Had the agrarian movement been less radical, it might have been said that the new situation was the result of half-measures. But, as a matter of fact, the peasants have appropriated, as a result of the seizures in 1917 and 1918, practically all the private lands and estates. In the thirty-six provinces as to which information is available, the peasants have divided among themselves 21,407,000 dessiatins out of a total of 22,848,000 which had belonged to noble landlords or nonpeasant private owners. In these thirty-six provinces, the peasants have increased the area of usable land in their possession from 80 to 96.8 per cent of the total available. In other words, the peasants have realized their long-cherished desire of driving the landlord from the land. At last they are in sole possession of practically all the available land under cultivation.

But the striking fact is that the amount of additional land per capita which the peasant population received as a result of the Revolution is very small indeed. In twenty-nine provinces for which figures are available, the per capita amount of land in the hands of the peasants has increased from 1.87 dessiatins before the Revolution to 2.26 dessiatins after. But this average conceals the variety in per capita distribution,—one of the characteristic features of the situation,—which varies from 125 square feet to nearly two acres.

As a result of the disintegration that has come in the wake of war and revolution, there is, at the present moment, enough idle land for anyone who has the means and the desire to work it. But as soon as agriculture is restored to a normal condition, the inadequacy of the quantitative gains will become evident.

In another respect, also, the agrarian movement has not led to any definite results. The violent seizures of land and the subsequent redistributions were made in accordance — not with any specific conception of the needs of a higher agricultural economy, but with local ideas and conditions.

As a result, the village has come out of the Revolution in a state of confusion as to forms of land-holdings. The tendencies inaugurated in the decade before the Revolution by the reforms of Stolypin continue in unregulated form. In some villages, the peasants are trying to get their strips of land allotted to them all in one place. In other villages, homesteads are in favor. Still elsewhere, the majority of the peasants hold tenaciously to the 'village commune,' with its accompanying features of periodic redistributions and compulsory three-field system. In addition to this, the division of the meadows and pastures has not been carried out, and there is much misunderstanding as to their use.

The strips of land held by the peasants have, as a result of the desire to equalize, become narrower than before. They are more widely scattered, making the distance between the peasant's home and his land greater. The land departments are swamped with complaints about the land, and the villages are in continuous excitement as a result of quarrels as to the proper delimitation of land-holdings and fields.

All these difficulties were admitted by Ossinski, the Commissar of Agriculture, in his report to the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, held in 1921. What Ossinski said then is now accepted generally. There are few who do not realize now that the old agrarian problems were not washed away, but have been carried by the tide of revolution to the shores of post-Revolutionary Russia.

The opinion prevailed in Russia for a while — and is held by some even today — that the Russian peasant gained in wealth and comforts as a result of the Revolution.

From Odessa, Cherson, Nikolaev, Kiev, and other famine-stricken places, people were carrying money, clothes, kitchen utensils, articles of luxury, — everything and anything that they had, — to the Volynian and Podolian villages, to exchange for bread. The peasants of those provinces were clearly enjoying prosperity and comforts they had never known before. In some of the other provinces also, where the harvests had been good, the peasants had improved their condition — eating more and better, acquiring things, and hoarding money. The peasants of the villages near Moscow, for instance, were better off than before, as the improved condition of their houses testified, and the many articles of comfort which they continually carried home from the city, after selling their milk or potatoes.

But these are mere islands in the vast sea of misery which has enveloped the Russian village. Without exaggeration, the present agricultural crisis has no parallel in modern history.

The most striking evidence of this crisis for the world to see is the terrible famine of 1921–22, the horrors of which have been sufficiently depicted. I visited the famine districts of the Volga in August and September, 1921, just when the bony hand of hunger was seen outstretched toward its victims. I spent two weeks in the famine-stricken

districts of the south — Odessa, Cherson — in February, 1922, when the grip of that bony hand had tightened fast on the miserable population, and was strewing the land with the dead. Nothing that can be said about it will ever convey the horrors of the scene. For the greatest horror of famine is the passive shrinking of human beings into lifeless strips of flesh and bone.

But the extent of the agricultural crisis in Russia is not fully measured, even by the famine. For, in addition to the eight millions of starving, who are fed by various relief organizations, many more millions are barely managing to keep body and soul together. The entire nation is underfed.

To measure this crisis more concretely, one must resort to comparative figures. Before the war, Russia had an average production of 4,500,000,000 poods of grain. In 1921, the whole country, including the Ukraine, Siberia, and Turkestan, gathered a total of 2,170,000,000 poods or less than 50 per cent of the pre-war amount. The drought which struck the Volga region, the northern Caucasus, and other parts of the country, was responsible for the loss of 400,000,000 poods. The far greater loss of two billion poods is due to the disintegration of the agricultural industry in Russia.

The immediate causes of this extraordinary fall in output are the decrease in the area of sowed land and the fall in the yield per dessiatin. Conservatively estimated, the area of sowed land in Russia between 1913 and 1921 decreased, on an average, about forty per cent, varying from seventeen per cent in the southwest to fifty per cent and more in the southeast.

The decrease in the area of sowed land has been accompanied by a steady fall in the yield per dessiatin. Russia has always stood low in productivity, but the war and revolution have aggravated the situation. Only in Siberia is the situation reversed, showing an increase. In 1921 the yield fell more strikingly, as a result of drought and locusts.

The decline in productivity has been determined by several conditions. Russia has suffered a terrible loss in working animals and farm animals. The loss is especially great in the famine-stricken regions, where the population slaughtered the farm animals for food. From many parts of Russia come reports that peasants had to harness themselves bodily to pull a plough; and the population in some districts is so exhausted by famine and continued underfeeding, that it takes a dozen and more to pull one plough.

The loss in animals resulted in a great decrease of manure, — from twenty-five to fifty per cent, — in no way compensated by increase in artificial fertilizers.

In addition, the exhaustion of the soil was aggravated by the lack or deterioration of seeds, by the destructive effects of locusts, grasshoppers, and other insects, and by the deterioration of, and reduction in, the supply of farm implements and machinery. Between 1917 and 1920, the loss in ploughs was eighteen per cent; in sowers, thirty-one per cent; in mowers, fifteen per cent; in threshers, twenty-one per cent. The implements used all over Russia are in a frightful condition. It is quite common to see primitive methods of sowing by hand, of using a stick instead of a plough, and so on.

In this picture of Russian agriculture, another feature must be noted: that is, the decline of specialized cultures and of the industries closely allied with agriculture and animal husbandry. For instance, areas planted to cotton in Turkestan fell from about 900,000 dessiatins before the war to 110,000 dessiatins in 1920, and the harvest from

12,000,000 poods to about 1,500,000 poods. A similar decline took place in the area planted, and in the yield per dessiatin of flax, hemp, sugar, beets, potatoes, clover, alfalfa, and other crops. In addition to this, the decline in animal husbandry has resulted in decreased production of hides and bristles, and in the deterioration of the dairy industry.

V

The heavy economic losses described above do not measure all the costs of war and revolution. One must add the social and cultural costs. I had occasion to observe some of these during my trip into the heart of Russia in the fall of 1921, when I visited the district between Moscow and Samara and then went down the Volga as far as Astrakhan. We were on a special train, which was in charge of Kalinin, the President of the Soviet Republic, who, in the company of some sixty experts and of as many Red Army men, armed with rifles and a machine-gun, was on an inspection tour of the famine region.

Our train was called 'The Train of the October Revolution.' It consisted of fourteen cars, specially fitted up with large and comfortable coupés, in which were desks, wardrobes, electric drop-lights, connecting telephones, and other conveniences for work and travel. One of the cars was equipped with printing-presses; another with an apparatus for receiving radiotelegrams. The outside of each car was painted, in somewhat futuristic style, with drawings which told the story of the October Revolution and what it aimed at. On one car was a picture of a large, fat, coarse village kulak, in the act of being kicked out of his privileged position by the rising and hard-working small peasants. On another was a picture of a future idyll — a tall, well-dressed peasant companioned in a neat and comfortable home by his wife and two little children (a boy and a girl), who were listening with delight to the telephone conversation carried on by the father. On still another there were scenes showing the village of to-morrow working in common in the fields, using electric ploughs and the latest mechanical appliances. On still another there was painted the scene of a model village school — neatly dressed children taught by an intelligent, friendly teacher.

At every station where our train stopped, old and young would crowd about the cars, to look at the pictures and to read the inscriptions which clinched their moral. But even greater crowds would form at the car which was fitted up as a combined library and bookstore. This car carried a large stock of newspapers. Besides, a special paper was set up, printed, and published on our train, in one of the cars fitted up for the purpose. The paper was called *Toward Victory*. It gave a summary of the news of the day received by radio; but its chief purpose was to relate what had been done by Kalinin and his expedition to relieve the famine situation. The editor and writers who were on the train tried to cheer the peasants, and to stir up hope of something better in the near future. This paper was also distributed in large numbers from the library car to the crowds standing in line, or was thrown out through the windows at the smaller stations, which our train passed without stopping. It was touching to see the hands outstretched for a newspaper, or the barefoot, barely covered youngsters at the wayside stations running after the car to catch the paper thrown to them.

'How these people must be starved for news, for some word from the outside world!' I remarked to the girls in charge of the library car.

They smiled, and one of them said:

'Yes, they are eager for the paper. They are so starved for something to roll their *machorka* in.' (Machorka is a cheap, bitter weed, which the peasants smoke instead of expensive tobacco.)

As I traveled through the country, I realized the full force of that somewhat cynical remark. The thousands of refugees who fled from famine and crowded the railway stations, the streets, the banks of the river, and any open space where they could congregate, had no thought for anything except finding food for the day and getting on a train which might take them to districts where bread, according to rumor, was more abundant. There could be still less interest in anything but food in the villages, where those who remained felt shut up and doomed to a slow death by starvation. But what struck me most, as I went through the villages, was the fact that the young generation — the boys and girls under sixteen and even up to eighteen — were mostly illiterate. I could not quite believe that the Revolution had not given the people what was their most elementary demand. But the more I questioned the people, the more I realized that it was so. As a result of revolution, civil war, famine, and all the other evils, a generation was growing up in those villages that had not seen the inside of a school. Throughout the entire country, — in the cities as well as in the villages, but especially in the latter, — the schools have perhaps suffered most from the turmoil. Millions of children of school age are without schooling.

A clear picture of the condition in which the Russian village finds itself to-day is given in the letters which are regularly published in the Soviet papers. As these papers are all published under the auspices of the Government, there can be no question as to bias.

A writer in the *Pravda* of January 27, 1922, whose style betrays a peasant, and who signs himself 'nonpartisan,' complains of the ignorance still prevailing in the villages. 'Is it not remarkable that, in the course of four years of revolution, you urban people could not realize that ninety-five per cent of the villages did not see a single newspaper in the course of the year? The paper *Poverty* has a circulation of 600,000 copies; but have these copies really reached the peasants? The editors of *Poverty* themselves sadly state that no more than five per cent of their papers reach the mass of the people. In my opinion, not even that proportion. At best, the paper is sent to the executive committees of the volosts, and there it is thrown, together with letters from Red Army men, on the window.'

The most frequent complaint in these letters is about the younger people, who, left without schooling, are abandoning themselves to rowdyism, thievery, drunkenness.

From the Province of Ivanovo-Voznesensk, a correspondent of *Poverty* writes, on February 23, 1922: 'Our province is considered one of the most revolutionary — a Red province. This is all true. . . . But it is also true that it is one of the most backward culturally, one of the poorest in spiritual life. In one of the largest factories, formerly Kuvaev, out of every hundred women, seventy-five can neither write nor read, and out of every hundred men, forty-three are illiterate. The union of leather-workers reports that sixty per cent of the members are illiterate; in the union of paper-workers, sixty per cent are illiterate; in the union of land and forest workers, fifty per cent; in the union of miners, forty per cent. This condition,' continues the writer, 'exists in the city, in the heart of the Red province. What then is the condition in the village? Profound, impenetrable, hopeless darkness.'

One of the staff correspondents of

the *Izvestia*, Neradov, complains that 'since the new economic policy, not a book or a newspaper finds its way into the village. People read nothing.'

VI

'Everything in the village is as before. Nothing changed.' Such is the pessimistic refrain of Communists and other revolutionists, who not only are discouraged by the conditions described above, but are especially disheartened by the trend which has set in since the inauguration of the new policy. But this pessimism, which to-day denies all gain from the revolution, is as unfounded as the optimism of yesterday.

The fact is that the Russian Revolution has achieved as much as any revolution ever can. It has let all the combustible and inflammable social material accumulated in the course of centuries burn itself out in a blinding blaze of fury and glory. Basically, the revolutionary fire swept the ground clear for future work.

Applying this idea more completely to what has happened in the Russian village, one of the most important results of the Revolution is the elimination of the last vestiges of feudalism. The great majority of Russian landlords had lost all economic raison d'être long before the Revolution. Not only immediately after the Act of 1861, but to the very last days the Russian noble landowners displayed no capacity for directing agricultural industry.

In sweeping away this condition, the Revolution transferred to the peasant class a considerable amount of actual and potential wealth. It has been estimated that five billion gold roubles would have been required to buy out the land which the peasants have seized in a revolutionary way. The peasants, as a class, have, as a result of the Revolution, wiped out the interest charges and the rents which the private ownership of this land imposed on them. For the time being, the actual value of the transfer to the peasants is counterbalanced by the losses which have been caused by revolution as described above. But the potentialities of the acquired wealth are there, and in time cannot but serve as a basis for a more prosperous peasant economy.

But the most important result is the change in psychology which all this implies. Having expelled the landlord, the peasant can no longer blame him for his own economic troubles. Having appropriated practically all the land, the peasant can no longer look longingly at the private estate of the landlord as the solution of all his difficulties. Having discovered that the division of the estates can add only a few dessiatins to his allotment, the peasant cannot but begin to reconsider the whole question of 'landlessness,' upon which his thoughts have run for centuries.

In other words, the Revolution has swept away the foundations on which rested the economic backwardness of Russian agriculture. A new line of thought and action must be sought by the peasant. Not more land, but better cultivation of land already his. Not extension, but intensification.

Of course, the meaning of this change is only beginning to dawn upon the peasant. But it must become the central point of his economic thinking, as the implications of the revolutionary change become explicit. Even though this generation may have to die in ignorance and squalor, the minds of the younger generation have been thoroughly shaken up. When the wave of rowdyism and unsettlement subsides, — as it must, — there will be found a new mental attitude, which will reap the fruits of the Revolution and will put to good use all that has been learned in pain and upheaval.

REVOLUTIONIZING RELIGION IN EUROPE

BY KENNETH D. MILLER

I

It is an interesting and significant fact that, in all the discussion which has taken place concerning the reconstruction of Europe, but little has been said concerning the part that religion might play in it. At Versailles new political boundaries were drawn, new States established. At Genoa, and again at The Hague, the economic reconstruction of Europe was under discussion. But there has been no conference concerning the religious reconstruction of Europe. Nor, apparently, has any great weight been attached by students of European affairs to the influence of organized religion. The natural inference is that such influence as the Church exercises upon the destinies of the nations of Europe to-day is insignificant and negligible.

If this be true, a momentous change has taken place, which, in itself, would be worthy of attention and study. For nowhere in the world has organized religion played such a dominant part in the making of history as in the British Isles and on the Continent of Europe. The Protestant churches of Germany and England, heirs of the Reformation, and the Greek Orthodox churches in Russia, Serbia, Rumania, and Bulgaria have, as well as the Vatican, exercised a very real 'temporal power,' in that their influence over temporal affairs has been in many cases determining. Is that power gone, and has that influence been dissipated, so that we can now afford to ignore religious questions in discussing European affairs?

Several instances occur immediately to the most superficial observer of European conditions, in which organized religion would seem to occupy a rôle of paramount importance. Certainly a settlement of the Irish question, for instance, cannot be reached without reference to the religious question involved. One wag has described this situation most aptly. 'The trouble in Ireland,' he said, 'is that the folks in the north of Ireland are Protestant, and those in the south are Catholic. Now if only they were all atheists, they might be able to live together like Christians.'

The Greek Orthodox Church of Russia is destined to play a much more important part in the settlement of that vexed question than is indicated in the reports of the confiscation for famine purposes of the gold and jewels of the cathedrals. Such really insignificant incidents are given wide publicity, but we hear nothing of the grip which the Russian Church still has upon the hearts of the moujiks. The Bolsheviki have called religion an opiate; they may find it to be a stimulant to the conscience of the Russian people, productive of effects most disagreeable to them.

The storm-centre in central Europe to-day is Hungary. The political events of the past year in that country have kept the neighboring states in almost constant process of mobilization, and have consequently considerably de-

layed a return to 'normalcy' in that part of the world. But the political future of Hungary will be determined by the forces of organized religion, voting en bloc, the general alignment being Roman Catholic (Hapsburg royalists) versus Protestants and Jews, who are working for a non-Hapsburg constitutional monarchy — preferably with Admiral Horthy, a Protestant, as king — or for a democratic form of government.

The political situation in Jugoslavia is most complicated, and not altogether reassuring; and here again one of the dominant factors is organized religion. The Serbs are Greek Orthodox to the core; but the Croatians and Slovenians, who are now included in the enlarged kingdom, are equally ardent Roman Catholics. Serbs and Croats speak the same language, only using different alphabets; they are of the same racial stock, but religion divides them. This is one of the reasons why the Croats are now playing the rôle of obstructionists, and threatening the unity of the new state. Again, Jugoslavia includes among its peoples thousands of Mohammedans from Bosnia and Herzegovina, who also form a political as well as a religious bloc.

Again, in Czechoslovakia, the religious question has to be taken into consideration in dealing with the mooted question of autonomy for Slovakia, where the Catholics are separatists, and the Protestants unionists, and with the disposition of Russinia, where the population is of the Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox persuasions.

The religious question in Europe would seem, therefore, to be of some importance; and a study of the religious life of new Europe should be not only interesting, but fruitful, for those who desire the new Europe to be better than the old.

One of the most marked changes in the position of the Church in Europe to-day has been effected by a modification, in a great many countries, of the relation of Church and State. This has been caused, on the one hand, by the downfall of the three governments in which the closest possible affiliation of Church and State has been a long-established tradition. These countries are Russia, Austro-Hungary, and Germany. It matters little that in these three countries the State Churches represented the three great branches of Christian faith — the Greek Orthodox Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church. All these churches were so closely affiliated with their respective governments that the fall of the government inevitably involved a loss of power and prestige for them. The Church had constituted one of the main bulwarks of the old régime; consequently, the new would have none of it.

In Russia we have a notable example of the fate that awaits any religious organization which too closely identifies itself with any political or economic order. The Tsar was not only the Tsar of all the Russias: he was the 'little Father,' and, as such, was almost deified. And yet his murder called forth no such expressions of horror as one would expect from a devout people who revered their ruler almost as a saint. The Church proved to be powerless to check, much less to guide, the forces of revolution. All it could do was to take the position of passive protest, which Gandhi in India has made famous. But even the huge parades of protestants against the Bolshevist crusade upon the Church proved quite ineffectual. The priests were denounced as parasites, and set to menial labor. The church buildings, which used to be crowded to the doors on Sundays by unusually devout congregations, were, in many places, confiscated by the Soviet and turned into barracks for the Red Army.

At the present time in Russia the Church has no status with the government. It is dealt with as is any other private organization. The 'religious freedom' granted by the Soviet government means about as much as the 'freedom of the press' which flourishes in the land. The people are 'free' to support the Bolshevist government, and to worship as they please, so long as the priests are loyal to the Communist régime. But even the Bolsheviki are unable to drive religion out of the hearts of the Russian people. With the great masses of the people it is the only remaining link with the past and the only guaranty for the future. The priests of the Orthodox Church have in their hands one of the most powerful instruments in Russia; and it may be that they will learn how to use it so as to bring better days to that unhappy land.

II

Then again, in the new states created by the peace treaties, the question of Church and State had, of course, to be taken up de novo. Nowhere in Europe is the religious situation more interesting or significant than in Czechoslovakia, the leader of the 'succession states.' Here the question of Church and State has taken a most acute form. Here also we may go for an illustration of other characteristics of religious life in Europe as a whole. Everywhere in Europe the old hard-and-fast lines which have kept people true to the faith of their fathers from time immemorial are being broken down, and fresh alignments are being sought. This is supremely true in Czechoslovakia. Then, the growth of extra-ecclesiastical religion in Europe as a whole has been especially noteworthy since the war, as may well be illustrated by the case of Czechoslovakia. Therefore a study in some detail of the religious situation in Czechoslovakia may reveal to us something of the status of religion in Europe as a whole.

The constitution of the Czechoslovak Republic calls for absolute separation of Church and State; but it was left to the Parliament to decide when and how this should be put into effect. Thus far, however, nothing has been done; and although the question is under debate at the present time, the outlook for an immediate and decisive solution is not bright. It is difficult for anyone to understand the present religious situation in Czechoslovakia without some reference to the history of the peoples who now find themselves, after three hundred years of alien rule, citizens of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Whenever central Europeans begin to talk of the present status of their country, they invariably go back at least five hundred years into their history. The columns of our daily papers nearly every day contain communications from nationalists of one or another of the succession states, in which the claims of that state in the present are advanced or defended by reference to the long-distant, and by most Americans forgotten, past. But my incursion into ancient history will at least have the virtue of brevity.

The dominant elements in the population of the Czechoslovak Republic are the Czechs (8,000,000), and the Slovaks (3,000,000). The minority nationalities — Germans (2,000,000) and Magyars (1,000,000) — have religious problems of their own, which, however, affect but indirectly the policy of the government.

The religious situation prevailing among the Czechs is quite different from that which obtains among the Slovaks, and that for reasons partly historical and partly temperamental. The Czechs were originally Christianized from the east by the Slavic mis-

sionaries, Cyril and Methodius, who were sent out from Saloniki by the Eastern (Orthodox) Church. Accordingly, even after the Czechs came into the fold of the Church of Rome, they continued to maintain a rather close association with the Eastern Church and the type of religion which it represents, and assumed an attitude toward Rome more independent than that of the nations of western Europe.

Thus the ground was prepared for the reform movement of Jan Hus and Jerome of Prague, and by them for that radically Protestant movement instituted by the Bohemian Brethren, which made Bohemia the first Protestant country in the world. The ensuing Hussite wars constitute the glorious period in the history of the Czechs; so that all good Czech patriots connect the Golden Age of their nation with that heroic stand of the Bohemian Protestants against the invading armies which were sent into the land for the express purpose of wiping out the 'Protestant heresy.' Similarly do the Czechs associate in their minds the dark age of their history with the assumption of political power by the Hapsburgs, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith. This was an era of political and religious persecution for the Czech nation, and continued with but little abatement down to the outbreak of the World War.

Students of Bohemian history foresaw that the fall of the Hapsburg power and the reëstablishment of political independence for the Czechs would involve a break with Rome. And such indeed has been the case. The official government census of 1921 indicates that no less than 1,100,000 Czechs have left the Church of Rome since the establishment of the Republic. Instead of 96 per cent, the Roman Catholics now represent but 76 per cent of the Czech population.

A large percentage of those who have left Rome have gathered around a group of ex-Roman Catholic priests, to form a new ecclesiastical body, called the Czechoslovak Church. The story of the origin and development of this church forms a unique chapter in modern church history. In 1920 a number of Roman Catholic priests banded together to demand from the Vatican certain reforms — principally, the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy, the right to administer the communion in both kinds, and the use of the native tongue in the Mass. When these demands were categorically denied by the Pope, a large number of these priests seceded from Rome, and proceeded to form their own church. Excommunication held no terrors for them, or apparently for their people; about 800,000 people flocked to the standard of the new Church. This great mass movement was at the outset something in the order of a political or patriotic demonstration; but the religious motive plays a much more prominent part in it than was the case with the German *Los von Rom* movement some decades ago. In some districts, the entire parish followed their priest. In others, all the people left the Catholic Church except the priest, his housekeeper, and the sexton, who have retained control of the church building, and constitute the entire congregation at Mass. Feeling runs high, and in some villages there have been regular pitched battles between the Roman Catholics and the seceders, over the possession of the church property.

The leaders of the new movement were astonished at the success of their efforts and overwhelmed by the problems involved. They have had to face and solve practical problems concerning the forms and ceremonies to be used in this non-Catholic church, the members of which have known no other

form of worship than the Catholic. A dogmatic basis for this new Church had to be established. They had to thresh out with the government the question of their legal status. They were compelled to decide whether they should align themselves with the Protestant Church, or with the Orthodox Church, or remain independent.

As it was manifestly impossible to solve all these knotty questions at once, during the initial period each congregation was pretty much a law unto itself. Most priests retained the Mass, with its attendant ceremony, but administered the cup as well as the wafer to the communicants. The adoration of the Virgin Mary was also continued, but given a subordinate place. National heroes, such as Jan Hus, were added to the calendar of the saints. But everywhere the mass and preaching were in the Czech language, and the Scriptures were given to the people to read and interpret for themselves. After wavering between Protestantism and the Eastern Church, affiliation was finally made with the Greek Orthodox Church of Serbia. Reverend Pavlik of Olomouc was consecrated as first bishop of the new Church by the patriarch at Belgrade, thus assuring the apostolic succession and the support of the national Church of a friendly State.

Nevertheless, the relations with the native Protestant Church have remained most cordial. In many places both churches use the same building; in some the Protestant minister serves both congregations, and gives religious instruction to the children of the new church as well as to those of his own. A proposal has even been made that the recently organized Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Prague admit to its courses candidates for the priesthood in the Czechoslovak Church, and join in the training of such candidates.

In matters of dogma, the Athanasian Creed and the decisions of the first six Œcumenical Councils were adopted as a creedal basis. But lest this should be too conservative for some, a declaration was made that these creeds were to be interpreted in the light of modern thought, and even of the results of Higher Criticism! So the church has been made all things to all men, that it might by all means save some!

But the new church has secured not only the recognition of the government, but even some measure of financial support, it being dealt with on the same basis as the other churches which, pending separation of Church and State, are partially supported by State funds. Undoubtedly the government will also grant to the Czechoslovak Church the right to use former Roman Catholic Church buildings for their services of worship in places where their numbers warrant it. Some of these buildings were originally Protestant, but as the Catholics have been using them for three hundred years, they will scarcely give them up.

The native Protestant churches and the mission churches established by the Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist churches of America have all profited largely by this movement away from Rome. The Evangelical Church of the Czech Brethren, the natural heir of the old Protestant traditions of the land, has nearly doubled its membership. New congregations are springing up all over the country, and the church authorities have been unable to provide pastors to care for them all. In fact any sort of religious meeting in Czechoslovakia is sure to be crowded to the doors; and instead of the ministers having to think up new ways of inducing the people to come to church, as is the case here, it is the people who are hunting for ministers to come and preach to them.

Naturally, the Roman Catholic Church is viewing all these developments with some alarm, and is marshaling all her forces to hold her position. Although the trend among the Czechs is against Rome, she is still very powerful and is well organized politically in what is known popularly as the Clerical Party.

The Roman Catholics have a valuable political ally in the Slovak People's Party, which is led by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hlinka, and largely composed of his coreligionists. Hlinka and his party are not only devout adherents of Roman Catholicism, but the most active protagonists of Slovak autonomy. Although the government is committed to autonomy for the Slovaks as a matter of principle, it does not feel that the time is yet ripe for it. Hlinka is, on this account, bitterly anti-Czech, and is conducting a very noisy and not altogether ineffectual campaign for autonomy for the Slovaks. The situation is not without some elements of danger to the integrity of the Republic, for the Magyar irridentists, who would restore Slovakia to Hungary, are aiding and abetting the Slovak autonomists to the best of their ability, and seeking to widen the breach between the Czechs and the Slovaks. Under these circumstances the government is obliged to deal most diplomatically with Hlinka and his followers, and diplomacy dictates that it is not wise to go too far or too fast in the separation of Church and State, which would operate more to the disadvantage of the Roman Catholics than of any other church, because of their large property holdings. Furthermore, the Slovaks, being conservative by nature, are adhering to their old religious affiliations. But while the government is seeking to conciliate all parties concerned, and to avoid any defection on the part of the Slovaks, the breakdown of the old religious affiliations among the Czechs goes on apace, and religion is a topic of vital interest and constant discussion.

But although the people of Czechoslovakia are ardently seeking a positive solution of their religious questions, many of them are as yet unaffiliated with any ecclesiastical organization, and are finding satisfaction of their religious needs and interests outside of the organized churches. Spiritualism is in great vogue, over two hundred séances being held each week in Prague alone. Theosophy and New Thought have thousands of adherents. The Salvation Army has made a place for itself. Volná Myšlenka, or the Free Thought movement, although anti-Church, is not nearly so anti-religious as the name implies. Many thoughtful men claim to be religious, but do not work with the churches. Among these is the great President of the Czechoslovak Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk. Although a nominal member of the Czech Brethren Church, Masaryk has never been a churchman, and seldom, if ever, attends church services. Nevertheless, he is a deeply religious man, and has often declared that a positive answer to the religious question is of paramount importance to the Czech nation. In one of his earliest addresses as President he declared that the Czechoslovak nation must choose between the ideals of Jesus of Nazareth and the ideals of Cæsar. Himself a total abstainer, President Masaryk and his able daughter, Dr. Alice G. Masaryk,[1] have been most active in the furtherance of the cause of total abstinence. Formerly a Professor of Sociology at the University of Prague, and for many years a close observer and careful student of both social and international problems, President Masaryk has become one of

[1] Author of 'From an Austrian Prison,' *Atlantic Monthly, Nov.* and *Dec.*, 1920.

the great statesmen of Europe. There is no one who has a firmer grasp of the problems which beset Central Europe. In the solution of these problems he believes that religion has a great part to play. His lack of coöperation with the existing churches may be attributed to his conviction that too many of their activities resemble an ecclesiastical goose-step on the parade-ground, instead of a march against the enemies of national and international welfare of a host which would enroll as brothers in arms men and women from all classes of society. To gain the interest and active allegiance of men like President Masaryk, the Church must prove itself to be socially effective. The new conditions now prevailing in Czechoslovakia give the Church an unprecedented opportunity to prove its worth.

The future of the churches in Czechoslovakia depends upon their ability to convince, not only the intellectuals, but the Socialist workingmen as well, that theirs is the organization best fitted to inculcate the spirit of the Nazarene in the life of the nation and in the life of Europe. For the first time in its history the ability of the Church to speak with authority and to lead with effectiveness in the moral and spiritual regeneration of the nations of Europe is being seriously challenged by large groups of people in each nation. If the Church can meet the challenge and prove its right to leadership, organized religion will have a momentous part in the construction of that better Europe of our dreams. And nowhere has the Church a better opportunity really to lead than in Czechoslovakia, for there religion is popular, and the people are clamoring for religious leadership.

IRISH BACKGROUNDS

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

I

It is the business of a contemporary historian to describe events as he sees them. He may also, if he wishes, analyze the contributing causes that gave rise to those events; but it is a dangerous business. Subsequent historians will discard his analysis, — for it is the proper business of an historian to disagree with every other historian, — and will end by discarding his data in favor of supposititious facts that support their own theories. Generally, the contemporary historian is dead by the time this occurs, so it does not matter one way or the other.

To marshal in their proper perspective the events which go to form an historic episode — a war, a political crisis, an industrial upheaval — is not a difficult task for the trained observer. To explain how and why it all happened is another matter. There are one thousand and one contributory causes for each event. Some will be apparent to the philosopher, others to the politician, others to the soldier. The biolo-

gist, the moralist, the financier, and the sentimentalist will take, each, a different view of the matter. The historian who combined all these and a good many other rôles would make an ideal chronicler — but his chronicle would never get written.

In the *Annals of the Four Masters* it is stated that, in the year of the world 3330 — that is, about 2000 B.C. — the Danaans arrived in Ireland and subjugated the Firbolg. Queen Taltiu, in whose honor the Tailteann games were founded by her foster-son, was the wife of Mac Erk, the last Firbolg king. The Danaans were the Kelts. They had the knowledge of working in metals and of the arts, and came to Ireland in search of gold. The Firbolg were a neolithic race — wielders of flint-axe and bone-needle — which found its way into Ireland from the Iberian Peninsula, and dispossessed the Formorians, or palæolithic aborigines.

At a much later date came a second invasion of Kelts, the Milesians, who arrived in Ireland via southwest Europe. The Kelt was an aristocrat and an adventurer. He became the 'upper crust' of the Irish people, much as the Normans became the 'upper crust' in Saxon England. The Normans, however, were absorbed by the native population, which was as civilized as themselves. The Kelts in Ireland were never absorbed by the Firbolg. The two races are as distinct to-day as they were in the time of Lugh of the Long Hand. The Kelt is still the aristocrat. The Firbolg is still the bagman, the slave. The Kelt was always an emigrant. If he could not be a boss at home, he went in search of a free-and-easy time elsewhere. The Irish Kelt provided useful mercenaries (the 'kerns and gallowglasses' of Macbeth) for both British and Scottish armies in the pre-Reformation days. In later days, he appeared as a brilliant soldier at all the courts of Europe (the 'wild swans' of contemporary sentimentalists). Finally, he emigrated in vast numbers to the United States, where he is to be found to-day following his accustomed rôle of boss in many walks of life. The educated Kelt had no need to emigrate to America. In the British army and the British administrative service, in India, China, Africa, British Guiana, wherever, in a word, there has been room for a determined administrator, the Irish Kelt, the world's most successful autocrat, has been, and is still to be, found.

But the Kelt was an individualist. Organized coöperation was beyond him. So the Anglo-Saxon, his inferior individually, but a dominant race, came to Ireland and conquered it. The Kelt either remained an aristocrat by siding with the conquerors, or continued to fight them as occasion offered. Sometimes he did first one and then the other. Occasionally he contrived to do both at the same time. But his numbers dwindled. Incoming settlers — Normans, Huguenots, Cromwellians, French Catholic refugees from the Revolution, Scotch planters — were absorbed, and eked out the Keltic population; but foreign service and emigration continued to deplete the stock.

While the Keltic aristocrat was dwindling, the Firbolg increased. It did not fight, and it did not emigrate to any extent. But it remained the 'masses' par excellence of the Irish population. It had no mass consciousness of being the under dog, and it retained that position simply because it was incapable of doing better for itself. Dreamy, idle, superstitious, kindly, but capable of appalling savagery, devoid alike of ambition and of civic morality, the Firbolg remained, and is to-day, a mixture of child and savage.

Immediately prior to the War, the predominantly Keltic strain in Ireland

was in the minority. But those who were left possessed everything worth possessing — the farms, the shops, the public houses, the Government jobs. Ireland outside Belfast was an Iberian pie, with an Anglo-Keltic crust. The latter rode to hounds, hunted, and fished, played politics and drank port wine. The former held the horses' heads, poached, voted as they were told, drank porter, and hoped for the best. When the Keltic bosses told them to rebel, they rebelled. When they were told to keep quiet, they kept quiet. Porter, the Catholic Church, and the R. I. C. kept them in order; but poor as was their state they never really rose and struck a blow for themselves. There were agrarian revolts and Home Rule agitations, but nothing in the nature of a proletarian movement, until James Connolly and James Larkin came upon the scene.

It was merely an accident of history that in Ireland there was a racial as well as a class division between the 'Have's' and the 'Have not's.' Very few, indeed, knew that there was such a division, much less reckoned on its effects. The aspirations and the passions, the ignorances and the grievances, of the Irish masses were exactly the same as those of the masses elsewhere.

Connolly, who was the Communist pur sang, wished to arouse the Irish masses against their masters, the Capitalists. The Irish masses unconsciously preferred to rise against their masters, the Anglo-Kelts. Connolly wanted an industrial revolution. But the very factor — the war — which, owing chiefly to the stupidity of the British, enabled the Iberian revolutionaries, with the help of the Catholic Church,[1] to snatch political power from the Anglo-Kelts (the Unionists and Nationalists), made a successful proletarian rising impossible by introducing high wages and universal employment.

In 1916, Connolly launched his rebellion, but, though Sinn Fein as an organization funked it, leaving the Citizens' Army and the bold spirits gathered together by Patrick Pearse and the Anglophobe McBride and such theatrical self-advertisers as De Valera and Madame Markiewicz to peter out miserably in the Dublin Post Office, the thing was no sooner over than Liberty Hall discovered, to its disgust, that Sinn Fein had seized all the credit for the performance. It is estimated that, since Easter, 1916, something like thirty-one thousand Sinn Feiners have claimed to have participated in the Rebellion, mostly as occupants of the Post Office.

II

But time brings its revenges. In 1919, a more successful rebellion began to be waged. Liberty Hall sided with the Republican movement, but made it clear that, although it was prepared to take advantage of any rebellion, it had no intention of being identified with what it regarded as a Capitalist rebellion. But Liberty Hall largely misjudged the condition of affairs. The Sinn Fein rebellion was a Firbolg, and, therefore, however unconscious all parties concerned might be of the fact, a Bolshevist, rebellion. (One uses the word 'Bolshevist,' of course, in its wider significance, that is, of the man who is prepared to overturn society in order to get something for himself out of the wreckage.) The leaders, outside of the foreign adventurers, belonged either to the petty bourgeoisie, or to the proletariat. And, as the thing progressed, more and more of the lowest elements of the community began to

[1] When the Nationalist Party decided to secularize Irish Education the Catholic Church definitely decided to smash the Nationalist Party by throwing its weight behind Sinn Fein. — *The Author.*

seep up toward the surface. These men were doubtless the pick of the stratum of society from which they came.

But it was the lowest stratum. The educated classes did not figure in the movement at all. Michael Collins was a postal sorter, Arthur Griffith a compositor. Daniel Breen was a track-walker, Harry Boland a bicycle repairer; Boland's brother Jerry was serving a sentence for robbery at the time of the truce. De Valera's father was a Maltese horse-boy and his mother in domestic service. Mulcahy was a medical student in the National University, Pierce Beasley a country reporter, Darrell Figgis a remittance man, Charles Burgess a drummer, McKeon a blacksmith. These provided the brains of the organization. The lesser leaders were farm laborers, grocers, curates, shop-boys, and the like.

A few half-educated national schoolteachers were active in the republican movement, and more would have been if the still less educated priests had been less energetic in the same direction. For in Ireland the national schoolteachers have been long struggling to throw off the domination of the parish priests, under whom they precariously and rather miserably held their jobs. Badly paid schoolteachers are a prime nursery of revolution the world over, and the Irish national schoolteachers were no exception. Those of them who joined the Sinn Fein movement joined as revolutionaries rather than as rebels; and now that the former rebels and the former revolutionaries have taken sides against each other, the schoolteachers will be found in the ranks of the latter.

There were always a few well-educated men, like Count Plunkett, Gavan Duffy, the MacNeills and others, in the republican movement, whose ability was respected by what one might call the moderate section, but who were always looked upon with some suspicion by the extremists. They, and not a few others of the lesser lights of Sinn Fein, — which, it must be remembered, was a literary and intellectual movement long before it became a political movement, — were the relicts of an attempt to revive Gaelic culture. But these men were for the most part pamphleteers rather than pistoleers, with the result that they bulked only moderately in the eyes of the real leaders of the rebellion, and not at all in the eyes of the rank and file.

In a different category from all other Sinn Fein leaders must be reckoned Erskine Childers. He has no Irish blood in his veins. He served with distinction and gallantry in South Africa and in the World War; indeed, he led the flying squadron that bombed Cuxhaven in the early days of the war. Childers was a clerk in the House of Commons. He wrote a first-rate yarn called *The Riddle of the Sands*, and also an excellent book on Home Rule. Starting as a doctrinaire Home Ruler, he ended a flaming Irish Republican.

To return to the Sinn Fein leaders as a whole, the striking thing about them is that those of them who have ever earned, or could now earn, two thousand dollars a year in any civil occupation can be counted on the fingers of the two hands. And perhaps the most striking feature of the whole republican movement is that the Sinn Feiner with the best-paid civilian job was the half-mad Rory O'Connor, who was, and still is, an engineer in the employment of the Dublin Corporation. O'Connor is just entering on his third six-months' leave of absence with full pay, and the Dublin Corporation have just reinstated, *with full arrears of pay covering the period of absence*, all their employees who joined O'Connor in the Four Courts, and are now — unless they have been secretly

released — prisoners in Mountjoy Jail. Is it surprising that revolution in Ireland is a popular pastime?

Sinn Fein, then, — that is to say, both the pro-Treatyite and the Republic factions, as they now are, — was recruited from a class entirely different from that which governed Ireland under the Union. To-day, the landowners, the professional men, the manufacturers, bankers, importers, the retired soldiers and administrators, the Church of Ireland and Trinity College, all, in fact, who have anything to lose except political jobs, are entirely unrepresented in the government of the country. And official Labor is equally unrepresented. Both are, however, represented in the Provisional Parliament, which has not yet been summoned to meet, for, standing as Independent and Labor candidates, they captured nearly a third of the seats from the Sinn Fein panel.

The panel was a desperate attempt, and, as is now apparent, a weak if not actually a discreditable attempt, on the part of the Provisional Government to keep the reins of power in the hands of the political adventurers and out of the hands of those better entitled — since they have everything to lose — and better able to use it. The attempt destroyed the Sinn Fein party, and severely shook public faith in the Provisional Government. But it did worse than that: it left the Provisional Government, that is, the pro-Treaty faction of Sinn Fein, to fight the Republicans single-handed, having, indeed, the moral support of the class that they tried to jockey out of political representation, but afraid or ashamed to call upon them for material or personal assistance in putting down the rebellion. They, who have nothing to lose and know nothing about either fighting or governing, get on with the job. The class whose property is being destroyed, and whose business is being ruined, that has had military and administrative experience and has political intelligence, looks on, unable — because uninvited — to lift a finger to protect itself, its business, or the country.

That this class, the loyal Anglo-Keltic aristocracy, should be looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the invincible republicans and their Firbolg following is natural. But the moment the Treaty was published, it became obvious that they would be, and must be, wholeheartedly on the side of the pro-Treatyites — in other words, of the Provisional Government. It was equally obvious that the pro-Treatyites, whatever their breed or class, having accepted a less than Republican status, were bound to draw further and further away from the extreme Sinn Fein left, — the Firbolg-Bolshevist-fanatic group, — and toward the non-Republican Anglo-Keltic possessing class. On the other hand, the last thing that the pro-Treatyites wanted to do was to appear to be falling on the necks of the belatedly converted Unionists, the Anti-Partitionists, and the Dominion Leaguers, and by so doing to give the anti-Treatyites the opportunity of declaring that the Provisional Government was simply the old Ascendancy gang with a new hat and a different kind of dog. And, in reality, the hostility to the Treaty of the semi-intellectual leaders of the Republican faction lies not so much in the fact that it keeps Ireland in the British Empire as in the fact that it retains Ireland irrevocably within the orbit of British civilization, which is simply the Mediterranean or Græco-Roman civilization, with Anglo-Saxon modifications.

Again we must plunge into the past for an explanation of the present. In a grave at Bray, in County Dublin, there were found in the year 1835 the

bodies of several Roman soldiers, the survivors of some shipwrecked galley. So far as is known, no other Roman ever set foot on Irish soil. Of all Western and Central Europe Ireland alone remained beyond the reach of Rome and of the great traditions of law and discipline and order and industry that the Roman left stamped for all time on the characters of the peoples that he conquered and on the fabric of the societies that succeeded his. To the scholar and the historian what Ireland has been in the past, what it is to-day, and what it may be for many days to come, are sufficiently explained by the fact that it was never Romanized. Even the Catholic Church in Ireland is Roman only in name. It remained under the Vatican in the days of Columba and his successors — instead of breaking away and becoming officially the Irish Catholic Church — largely by accident; and it has in fact remained the Irish Catholic Church ever since.

To those who believed in a Gaelic civilization, which, to their minds, surpassed — and would, if restored, again surpass — the British civilization forced upon Ireland by the Saxon oppressor, the Treaty read like a death warrant. With a stroke of the pen, it swept into the discard the bards and the prophets, the high priests and sibyls, the bearded vaticinators and the hirsute cymbalists of the great Gaelic cult, and left only a colluvies of fifth-rate litterateurs, dabblers in enamel work and stained glass, and sentimental historians, to warm their derelict limbs at the cold hearthstone of the United Arts Club and in the ox-bedeviled committee rooms of the Royal Dublin Society.

The opposition of these people to the Treaty was expected, but was regarded as of small importance, just as their adherence to the republican movement had been regarded as largely academic. It is to be noted, however, that this group produced Rory O'Connor, — a young man of education and some æsthetic culture, but coming of a family with much insanity in it, — who had sat as a disciple at the feet of Count Plunkett. How much Count Plunkett has had to do with the revolt against the Provisional Government is not known. He has always hovered more or less on the fringe of the republican movement, debarred by his education and refined tastes from intimacy with its bourgeois and rustic leaders, but having a strong pull with them by reason of his son having been shot for treason, — he went to Germany to get help for the Easter rising, — in 1916. Plunkett, senior, however, never managed quite to get himself taken seriously, and he is known in Provisional Government circles as 'the man who thinks he was shot in Easter Week.'

III

So vociferously had Sinn Fein proclaimed that it would never, never even look at anything less than a republic for the whole of Ireland, that only those who knew the Irish intimately, and also knew something of what had been going on behind the scenes during the months preceding the Truce, ever expected the Treaty to be signed. To everyone else it came as a vast surprise. Some had prophesied that the negotiations could not possibly come to anything; others that the British Government would ultimately concede the republican status, and leave Ulster to look out for herself. The two things at which the Catholic Irish were supposed to baulk were Partition and the King. By the Treaty they accepted both. Had they accepted them in 1914, they could then have had all the self-determination that they are now getting. In the narrow sense, therefore,

the anti-Treaty leaders were right when they declared that the Treaty represented, not victory, not compromise even, but complete defeat.

The ink was not dry on the paper before it became evident that there was trouble ahead. The Treaty dispersed the new Gaelic civilization into the thin air from which it came. It finally disposed of the republic of which the real Britain-hating Irishman, the heir of the Fenian tradition and the Invincible tradition and all the other traditions, dreamed — a republic envisaging nothing more practical than an endless and heavenly twisting of the British lion's cringing tail. Worse still, it definitely disposed of the Ireland of pistols and commandantships, of commandeered motor cars and hero-worship, of the easy workless life of the flying column, and the promise of advancement and after-shop-hours adventure of the city ambusher. It disposed of the Ireland of the Irish Workingman's Republic, of the rural Bolshevik and the landless man, the Ireland in which everybody had twenty acres of his own (selected from his employer's holding), a couple of nice milk cows (stolen from the local dairy-farm), a cottage provided by the National Land Bank, and a testimonial presented by Colonel Morris Moore: an Ireland in which the potatoes apparently planted themselves. Finally, it disposed of the Ireland of the young Firbolg-Maynooth priests: in which the cassock controlled Trinity College and the crozier conducted the Royal Dublin Society; in which cardinals unmade ministries, and bishops presided at Boards, and the parish priests controlled everything else; an Ireland strewed as thickly with convents and monasteries as a pumpernickel loaf with caraway seeds.

It was obvious from the start that there would be Treaty-breakers as well as Treaty-makers. Nevertheless, everybody in Ireland who had anything to lose, and eighty per cent of those who had votes, wanted the Treaty and wanted it badly. And there need never have been any serious trouble if Griffith and Collins had played their cards boldly. With the exception of Arthur Griffith, who never, in his enthusiasm for the organization, forgot his duty to the Irish people, the 'plenipotentiaries' left Ireland as the representatives of the Sinn Fein organization. As the result of some powerful but mysterious political alchemy, — whether Griffith's, or Winston Churchill's as some say, or someone else's, is not known, — they signed the Treaty as representatives of the Irish people. But, instead of coming back and inviting the Irish people to confirm their action at a general election, they crept back and invited Dàil Eireann, which represented Sinn Fein, and by no stretch of the imagination represented the Irish electorate, to confirm it. And Dàil Eireann reared up and screamed, while a bored but impatient universe begged them to desist.

Finally, even Miss MacSwiney ran down, and the Treaty was ratified by a majority of seven votes. It was not a working majority and did not represent the opinion of the people; but, instead of going at once to the country and asking the electors to confirm the Dàil vote, which they would have done by a thumping majority, Arthur Griffith carried on, while the De Valeristas seceded and started to stump the country against the Treaty.

The blame for this failure to act promptly does not lie wholly with the Provisional Government. Even the *Irish Times* solemnly assured its readers that, of course, the Provisional Government could not go to the country without something definite — that is, the Constitution — in its hands. As if the Treaty was not definite enough

for anybody! Instead of going to the people, however, the Provisional Government went to the Sinn Fein National Convention; and, to appease that anti-Treaty and non-representative body, agreed that there should be no general election until after the Constitution had been drafted, and that the draft Constitution and the Treaty should be submitted to the people together. It was also agreed that the I. R. A. should remain subject to Dàil Eireann and not to the Provisional Government; but as the Provisional Government also had a majority in the Dàil, and was, except for the President and Minister of Defense, synonymous with the Dàil Eireann Cabinet, this arrangement was a paper one only.

Moreover, the Republicans had, since the signing of the Treaty, commenced an intensive campaign to turn the I. R. A. against the Treaty and against the Provisional Government. In this they were highly successful, because the Provisional Government could find jobs for only a small percentage of those who thought they had earned them, and all the aggrieved lent a ready ear to the Republican propagandists. And when one remembers that all the gun-youth in the I. R. A., including thousands who had joined that organization only since the Truce, were firmly convinced, and had in many cases been expressly assured, that their future on the government pay roll was secured, it can be imagined that disappointment was widespread, and that disaffection was easy to propagate. Even those who got jobs were, in many cases, dissatisfied. Pay in the new I. R. A. was good, — a private got about fourteen dollars pay and separation allowance, his uniform and full board, — but some discipline had to be attempted, and the minute it was attempted the gun-youth began to get restive and took to turning Republican at a moment's notice. The entire Bray garrison, except five, turned Republican one day, because their pay did not arrive on the morning it should have come. The 'Irregulars,' as the Free State people insist on calling them, came to the barracks and jeered at the 'Regulars,' pointing out that they themselves did no drill, obeyed no orders, and commandeered all the food and motor cars they wanted.

By the time the Limerick crisis arrived, this sort of thing was going on all over the country, to a greater or lesser extent. Meanwhile, the Provisional Government, or, rather, the Dàil Eireann Cabinet, had to continue recruiting for the I. R. A., or, as it was called in communications to the British Government, the National Army; and it is no wonder that they went out of their way to avoid the politician gunman as far as possible, and to recruit the sort of lad who could be made into a real soldier, and who would obey his superior officers without political question. So far as the rank and file were concerned, this was not a difficult thing to do; but in the case of the officers, while a certain number of men who had served in the British and American armies were available, the bulk of the commissions had to be bestowed as the reward of services rendered during the fighting against the British. Many of these commissions fell to out-and-out Republicans, violent politicians with no military aptitude whatever. In some cases, such men were deliberately given commissions because the Provisional Government thought that they were less mischievous holding commissions in Dublin than holding political meetings in the country. In other cases, the young officers took no definite political stand, but subscribed to the doctrine now assiduously propagated by the republican politicians, that the I. R. A. alone had

the right to say what sort of government Ireland should have, and that the sooner it exercised its paramount authority and brought the Provisional Government to heel, the better.

Matters approached a climax. Both sides were holding political meetings at this time, and the anti-Treatyites not only adopted violent methods of breaking up and interfering with the pro-Treatyites' meetings, but announced that they would not allow the elections to be held. At the same time, the Republicans repeatedly charged the Provisional Government with trying to turn the I. R. A. into an army loyal to the Free State, while the Provisional Government replied that it was doing nothing of the kind, that it was keeping the I. R. A. faithful to the Irish people, and that the Republicans were trying to set up a military dictatorship.

IV

Matters came to a head at Limerick. A military barracks there was vacated by the British. Richard Mulcahy, the Minister of Defense, sent down troops from Dublin to take it over. The Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I. R. A. should have taken it over — or so the Republicans claimed; but they refused to take it over on behalf of the Provisional Government, and insisted that they should occupy it simply on behalf of the Irish Republican Army. Bands of 'Irregulars' — that is, revolting members of the I. R. A. — appeared suddenly in Limerick City, seized and fortified hotels and school-buildings, and sent a peremptory order to the 'Regular' I. R. A., who had occupied the vacated barracks, to clear out. The Irregulars were led by a man called Barry, and comprised units from various counties in the South and West of Ireland. They were a scrubby-looking lot of corner boys, utterly devoid of discipline or military behavior; but a good many had rifles, and the rest were festooned with revolvers of various patterns.[2] No fighting occurred, though a Regular officer was seized by the Irregulars, and subsequently released.

The Irregulars arrived at the beginning of the week. On the Friday, they sent a note to Commandant Brennan, in command of the Regular troops, to the effect that they would attack him next morning at eleven o'clock. He replied, 'Attack away!' On Saturday, another note arrived from the Irregulars, saying that, in view of the presence of the 'common enemy' in their midst (that is, a detachment of British troops that was on the point of vacating a second barracks), the attack would be deferred until Monday.

In the meantime, the usual clerics and lord mayors had rushed post-haste to Dublin, and the usual peace parleys had begun. Commandant Brennan sent word, urging the Provisional Government to allow him to settle Barry and his sans-culottes once and for all. General MacKeon took the same attitude, which Michael Collins also inclined to. But Mulcahy favored a compromise, on the ground that to down the Irregulars would be to turn Irish public sentiment in their favor. And a compromise was made, which was really a complete victory for the rebels and, as matters have since turned out, a most expensive defeat for the Provisional Government. The barracks, it was agreed, should not be occupied by either side. In other words, they should remain empty until the Irregulars were ready to take them over, and there should be no pro-Treaty troops at the strongest strategic point in the whole Southwest of Ireland.

When he arrived in Limerick, Barry

[2] One youth paraded with seven revolvers — five disposed about his person, and one in each hand. — *The Author.*

issued a proclamation, of which I have a copy before me — a most illuminating document. It professes to explain 'What the I. R. A. crux in Limerick means'; and begins by reciting that Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defense, solemnly guaranteed, at a meeting of Dàil Eireann, to 'keep the Irish Republican Army intact' until the elections; that he 'has not kept his word'; and the reasons alleged are, first, the aforesaid refusal to allow the Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I. R. A. to take over the military barracks at Limerick; secondly, that he 'drafted troops into *Republican areas* [italics mine] in the interest of the *Free State Party*'; and, thirdly, that 'He has officered these troops by men who will obey his instructions, without questioning whether such instructions are a subversion of the republic or not.'

Mulcahy certainly wanted to have Beggar's Bush troops on whose obedience he could rely at so important a strategic point as Limerick, instead of Republicans; but he wanted them there in the interests of the Irish people, whose vote on the Treaty (still to be registered) he had no intention of opposing. And he certainly was trying at the time to officer the troops in Dublin and elsewhere with officers who would likewise act as servants of the people, and not of the I. R. A. or any other body. And it is a great pity that he did not persist. But he had greatly weakened his position, very shortly before the Limerick episode, by a foolish and inexplicable move.

Barry's proclamation goes on to make this final charge against Mulcahy: 'He has not kept his word because he seeks to ensure that *no matter how the coming I. R. A. Convention decides*, the Government will hold all areas for the Free State Party.' Here we get the whole Republican intent and contention — that the I. R. A. must be the arbiters of Ireland's political destiny. What possessed Richard Mulcahy to agree to call the I. R. A. Convention demanded by the Republicans, the sole purpose of which was to give a concrete form to this assertion of military dictatorship, nobody knows. But he did so agree, though later, after the Limerick episode, he forbade the convention to be held, and declared that any officer attending it would automatically cease to be an officer of the I. R. A.

Nevertheless the Convention *was* held in Dublin, openly, a few days later, and the Provisional Government made no attempt to interfere with it. At that convention, which was attended by over two hundred officers (though these represented only about a third of the I. R. A. units), and the proceedings of which were held in private, an I. R. A. Executive Council was chosen, and a subsidiary Military Council. A resolution declaring that the I. R. A. forbade the forthcoming election to be held, and would prevent it by force if necessary, was withdrawn, upon its being pointed out that it might result in British military action.

The Provisional Government circulated a synopsis of the proceedings at this Convention to the Dublin newspapers, but only one of them, the *Freeman's Journal*, printed it. The *Journal* office was burned down a few nights after, by men from the Four Courts. Rory O' Connor issued a statement declaring that the burning had taken place at his direction, but the Provisional Government did nothing. They were presumably waiting for the election.

In the meantime they had made one more effort, and a very discreditable effort to avoid coming to grips with the Republicans. The date of the election was set; but long before it arrived, it became evident that it would be held only in the face of widespread terrorism

and intimidation throughout the country. Then a document appeared, signed by ten pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty I. R. A. officers, — an inspired document, obviously, — calling upon Dàil Eireann to arrive at some agreement over the election, on the basis that the people as a whole clearly favored the Treaty. After the usual wrangling, a Dàil Eireann committee was appointed to find a basis of discussion. As it comprised some of the most intransigeant members of Dàil Eireann, notably Liam Mellowes and Dr. Kathleen Lynn, it naturally could not agree on anything.

Finally, it was announced that Collins and De Valera had come to an agreement between themselves. This agreement was propounded to, and accepted by, Dàil Eireann without discussion, much to the surprise of the public, which was expecting Arthur Griffith, who had strongly opposed it, to resign. In effect, the agreement was to divide the seats at the forthcoming elections between the pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners in the existing proportions, that is to say, giving the Provisional Government a majority of seven, the existing members to retain their seats (except members who held more than one seat, who should retain only one). In other words, the existing Dàil Eireann was to continue to function, and the people were not to have a chance of passing on the Treaty or Constitution at all.

In actual fact, however, this agreement was a diplomatic victory for Collins. By reducing the pro-Treatyites' claim to two thirds of the seats in the Provisional Parliament (which was also to be the new Dàil Eireann) to the existing majority of sixty-seven to sixty, he managed to get embodied in the agreement the pro-Treaty proposal that any other interests outside Sinn Fein should be allowed to contest seats, and also to get omitted from it the anti-Treaty clause specifically stating that the election was not to be considered as deciding anything. Collins perhaps guessed that the public, incensed at the attempt of the Sinn Fein organization to prevent a free election with its panel of hand-picked candidates, would arise and set up Independent candidates, and that these would dislodge Republicans and not pro-Treatyites. And so it turned out. Nevertheless, Collins's acceptance of the Sinn Fein panel was discreditable, just as every failure of the Provisional Government to assert the sovereignty of the Irish electorate since the signing of the Treaty was discreditable; and it is stated by some who ought to know, that Collins accepted the panel agreement as a life-raft on which to escape from the treaty ship, which he believed to be definitely unseaworthy.

The panel agreement was no sooner signed than it became apparent that almost any candidate who chose to run was sure of election against a Republican, and reasonably sure of election even against a pro-Treaty Sinn Feiner. Sinn Fein's political stock, indeed, had never been so low. The Republicans, however, did not wait to enjoy their discomfiture at the polls before deciding on other measures. Indeed, the agreement was hardly signed when the I. R. A. Executive Committee formally decided to rely on its revolvers to beat the Treaty and the Constitution. For some time they had been openly maintaining themselves by armed force, seizing buildings and motor cars, raiding banks and shops, forcibly billeting themselves and their relatives (disguised as Belfast refugees) on Protestant Loyalists, and otherwise behaving as masters of all they surveyed.

Occasionally, they came into collision with the Provisional Government troops, but no real fighting ensued.

The sham battle of Kilkenny was the most important event of this kind. The Republicans had seized Ormonde Castle in Kilkenny City — an impregnable stronghold against any force lacking artillery. After three days of terrific battle as described in the Irish papers, in which storming parties advanced through a 'hail of bullets' and by means of 'terrific hand-to-hand fighting,' the Republicans were driven from their positions. The 'Regular' casualties were seven slightly wounded, five of them in the seat of the emotions. The Irregular wounded lay in heaps — one heap of three and another heap of one. For the most part, however, the Republicans were permitted to hold the buildings they seized, nor were their depredations in and about the Northern border, professedly in pursuance of the Ulster Boycott, — a purely Republican institution, — interfered with by the Provisional Government.

In Dublin, however, the performances of Rory O'Connor and his banditti in the Four Courts were becoming an intolerable nuisance, and included, in addition to the seizure of the Four Courts and the complete disruption of the legal business of Southern Ireland, — for the Four Courts included the Probate and Record offices, — the taking of the Port and Docks Board's office, which, however, was later vacated, and other buildings at which business, mostly that of Protestant Loyalists, was being carried on. Motor cars were being seized, also, and money from the banks and food from the shops and markets. The best was good enough for Rory O'Connor's following, whose personal habits were so filthy, that seven of them died of typhus after they had been in the Four Courts a few days. At one time O'Connor was joined by a detachment of Republicans from Tipperary under Daniel Breen; but they left the next morning

V

While this sort of thing was in progress, the election took place. Either because they had determined to ignore it in any event, or because they never dreamed that any but a Sinn Fein panel candidate could possibly be elected there was no organized intimidation or terrorism. One or two independent candidates in the country were frightened into retiring, but only one or two. There was personation — there is in every Irish election. Miss Mary MacSwiney polled fifteen hundred personated votes in Cork. One lot of ballot boxes, also in Cork, was opened by the Provisional Government's I. R. A. guards, the ballots removed, and all Michael Collins's first-preference votes bestowed upon Republican candidates. In the Dublin County election, a detachment of the Cuman na Mban, the Republican women's organization, marched up to one of the polling booths in fours, each Amazon clasping to her bosom a paper containing the names of seven absent Unionists, whose votes she had been instructed to cast. When told by a doubting election officer that they would all have to be sworn, they marched away again, saying that they had not come there to be insulted. At the National University polling which is done by mail, each voter signing his ballot, it was found that, in a large number of cases where the voters were members of religious orders, the Father Superior had taken the precaution to sign the members' names himself. As the result of all these ballots being thrown out, the count was over about two hours sooner than Rory O'Connor and his second in command at the Four Courts, Liam Mellowes, had been advised that it would be; and when these worthies arrived with their gunmen, and carried off the ballot boxes, the

count had already been announced.

The election was a crushing defeat for the anti-Treatyites and a severe blow to Sinn Fein. It may, indeed, be considered to have rung the curtain down on that organization, which had performed its task. The election displaced nearly one third of the Sinn Fein members, all but one of the displaced being anti-Treatyites, the Labor and Independent candidates capturing nearly four fifths of the contested seats. And it made clear the fact that, at the next election, the rest of the Sinn Fein candidates, pro-Treaty or otherwise, would, with one or two exceptions, pass into the discard. It was a notification to the Provisional Government that they must banish from their minds all ideas about the unity of the I. R. A. and the preservation of Sinn Fein's political domination, and act as representatives of the electorate, or they would quickly follow their intransigeant brethren into innocuous desuetude.

Both parties took the hint. The Republicans proceeded feverishly to organize their gun-youth for the fray. The Provisional Government prepared to deal drastically with Rory O'Connor. Doubtless they would have preferred to combine firmness with caution, and so save, if possible, a vast amount of material destruction; but three incidents forced their hand. The first was the murder in London, by two Irishmen — of whom nothing was ascertained except that they were or had been members of the I. R. A. — of Sir Henry Wilson. The second was the meeting in the Dublin Mansion House of the Republican I. R. A. officers, summoned by the Executive Council. At this meeting a resolution was passed by a vote of something like one hundred and twelve to one hundred and six, declaring 'immediate war on England,' and the next day Rory O'Connor's men in the Four Courts commenced sniping at British troops passing down the quays. The third incident was the arrest by the Provisional Government troops of a number of Irregulars while in the act of seizing a motor-garage in Baggot Street, Dublin, and the kidnapping and imprisonment in the Four Courts of Major-General 'Ginger' O'Connell, formerly of the United States Army, the most energetic and experienced of the Provisional Government's military leaders. When the news of this kidnapping reached the Provisional Government, it gave Rory O'Connor twenty-four hours to leave the Four Courts.

Such was the history, such were the dramatis personæ and the setting of the stage of the drama, whose opening lines were spoken by eighteen-pounder guns shelling the Four Courts in the small hours of a July morning, and whose last lines have still to be spoken. This semi-military rebellion represents many things, but it does not represent either patriotism or the pursuit of an ideal. The Republicans may claim to wear the jewel of consistency in their heads, but it is consistent egotism and consistent self-assertion which they exhibit.

But the significance of the rebellion is wider than the personalities of the rebel leaders. It represents, primarily, the revolt of the Firbolg, of the under dog, of a generation filled with divine discontent and a divine dislike for work, thrown up to a life of adventure, adulation, and comparative importance, by an eruption of society, and determined not to seek the depths from which it sprung unwept, unhonored, and unsung, without a struggle. If too many of the numerous contributory causes have been dealt with, or too few; if more potent causes have been ignored and insignificant events stressed, the writer can only plead that Ireland still is, as it always has been, a very difficult subject.

BRITAIN AND ISLAM

BY ARTHUR MOORE

I

It is a commonplace nowadays to say that Great Britain is the greatest Mohammedan country in the world. There are over one hundred million Musulmans in the British Empire, whereas Turkey and Persia between them probably cannot muster twenty millions.

For long the Musulman element in the Empire was a harmonious color in the wonderful mosaic of might, majesty, dominion, and glory that commerce, arms, and destiny contrived in the name of Britain and flung across earth's seven seas. The English carried respect for religion and custom with them, but, with this quality to lighten their hand, they ruled and the old Islam bowed to rule. Fortune also favored Britain in its foreign relations with Islam, for twice in the nineteenth century she stood forth as the armed champion of the Sultan of Turkey, himself greatest of Musulman rulers and reverenced by the great majority of Sunni Mohammedans everywhere as the Caliph of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet, the Protector of the Holy Places of pilgrimage — Mecca and Medina.

When the War came the bond held well. The Musulmans of the Empire everywhere regarded King George V as their lawful sovereign to whom they owed allegiance. That he was at war with the Kaiser was sufficient stimulus to their warlike patriotism. Their response in men and money was spontaneous and magnificent. The entry of Turkey on the German side was regretted, but made no difference. Turks and Germans suffered disillusionment when even the proclamation of a Holy War against Britain and the Allies failed to shake the loyalty of British Musulmans to the British throne and polity.

Four weary years of arduous war followed. The Indian Musulman saw the world. He went to France, to Saloniki, to Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Africa, and from these strange places he sent letters to the parched villages of the Indian plains and the green valleys folded in the hills. Many strange sights he saw, the telling of which he perforce put off till the longed-for day of his return. 'Arms and the man' were founding a new epic of East and West, of which only the stormy opening has yet been seen. The bond held. The War ended, leaving it strained but proven.

Four years of a peace that is no peace have followed, and have been more disastrous to the Islamic aspect of the Empire than the four years of war. The loyalty of the Musulmans of the Empire has been seriously shaken, and the Musulmans outside the Empire have come to regard Great Britain as a restless, scheming Power, whose word is not her bond and whose colonial ambitions are a menace to the weakness of Islam. In this situation lies grave danger. There is a danger for India and the British Empire, and there is also a danger for Europe and for America

and for the world. Americans feel in their bones the coming of a great struggle between East and West. Englishmen do not, for they have hitherto often played the rôle of mediators between East and West. But the East shares the feeling of America. Orientals everywhere are tuning their minds to a note of struggle. The East is awake. Actively and definitely it is resentful of the West. The Western business brain; Western 'push'; Western capital; Western military superiority and skill in invention; above all, Western patronage and unspoken assumption of an essential difference between European and Asiatic humanity — all these have at last turned Asia's blood to gall, and produced a solidarity of venom that can unite even Musulman and Hindu in a prayer of hate. Can this hate lead anywhere? Is the East strong enough to challenge the West?

II

This is not the place to ponder the future of China or the secret that she holds nor to speculate upon the aerial navies that may some day be launched into the central blue above the Pacific. But it is clear that, if ever the East challenges the West, the British Empire will be a central factor. And for the British Empire two issues of supreme importance are covered by the words India and Islam. India stands for over four hundred millions of Orientals, and for the vast permanence of Hinduism, a living and moving creed. Islam stands for a powerful and warlike minority in India, and for the heart of Central Asia. From China and from Bokhara and Samarkand the secret thread of the Prophet runs through many a restless tribe, across Afghanistan, the Persian plateau, and the Arabian sands, to Africa and Europe. In Africa it is probably the most vital creed, and its missionaries make black converts at a pace which turns some Christians green.

Before the War Turkey had long been a decaying Empire. Wide lands had been lost in the nineteenth century, and the West regarded the Ottoman Empire as a ramshackle and crumbling concern. Sympathy was stirred in 1908 when the Young Turk movement, long hidden underground, came out into the open and from Saloniki and Monastir successfully challenged the despotism of Abdul Hamid. But the Young Turks came too late, and their enemies were too numerous and too powerful. The dread of their success brought into the field against them those who had hoped to profit by Turkey's decay and disruption. First Italy and then the Balkan Confederacy engaged them in successive wars, and wrested from them Tripoli in Africa and all their lands in Europe, save a foothold in Thrace.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, six years of Young Turk effort appeared to have but diminished and impoverished the Empire. The great era of reforms promised in 1908 had been checked at its opening, and the stress of struggle against foreign foes had prevented the experiment of Parliamentary government from bringing popular liberty or greatly freeing the expression of public opinion. There is no doubt that Islam throughout the world was struck by the spectacle of the Young Turks battling against fearful odds at this period. During the Balkan War, in 1912 and 1913, collections for the Red Crescent became popular in India, and I well remember the expression of dismay on the face of an old peasant in a Persian village near Persepolis, when I told him that Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro had declared war on Turkey. 'Ai Khoda! Hamah rikhtand ru-yi-Rum?' (O God! Have they all fallen upon Turkey?) was his cry. And in the last stages of the second Balkan

War, Enver Pasha forever secured his fame throughout Islamic Asia, when, in defiance of European diplomacy, he marched a Turkish army back into Adrianople.

Then came the Great War, and Turkey, panting and buffeted, plunged within three months into a new struggle, compared with which all that had gone before scarce counted. Why did she abandon neutrality, and why did she side with Germany against her old allies, France and Britain?

The short answer lies in a word — Russia. There were contributory causes of which some shall be mentioned, but Russia's presence among the Allies was the main reason why Turkey ranged herself with Germany. That Imperial Russia desired Constantinople and meant some day to possess it, was not doubted by the Turks. Russia was the enemy. It was in vain that the Allies offered assurances that, if Turkey would but be neutral, the Ottoman Empire as it existed in 1914 would remain undisturbed. And in fact what were such assurances worth, though given in all good faith? The Young Turks felt that, if there were an Allied victory, Imperial Russia emerging victorious would bestride the East, a greater colossus than ever. France and Britain might restrain her Oriental appetite for a time. But the break-up of Central Europe could bring her little territory that she could profitably assimilate, and the promised liberties of Poland would leave the war without much obvious recompense for victory. Inevitably Russia would swing to the south and the east, seeking warm water and the less developed peoples whom her Emperor could reconcile to his sway more easily than the politically impassioned artisans and peasants of modern Christian Europe. When that day came, the guaranties of France and Britain would be worth little or nothing. Since the Balkan wars of 1913 the Serb and Bulgar had come striding forward. The Slav was already on the Ægean; his net was tightening round Stamboul.

It was in truth the fear of Russia that had driven the Young Turks slowly away from Russia's friends, France and England, whom in their revolutionary days they ardently admired, and forced them to the embrace of Germany, whom they had at first disliked and distrusted as the friend of Abdul Hamid and of the despotism they had overthrown. When the Young Turk Revolution broke out from Saloniki, in July, 1908, and won swift success, its leaders were all Germanophobe. Their enthusiasm for France as the mother of the Revolution and for England as the mother of Parliament was unbounded. Baron Marschall von Biberstein, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, fell overnight from the position of being the most powerful envoy at Abdul Hamid's court to the bottom of the diplomatic ladder. Izzet Pasha, a favorite instrument of the Sultan, and popularly supposed to have ill gotten a fortune from the German-Turk finance of the Hedjaz railway, fled from the wrath of the Young Turks to the shelter of the German embassy. Thence he was smuggled aboard a British boat conveniently sailing from the Golden Horn to a Western port.

'That is a German trick — to try to throw the odium on the British,' said Enver Bey, as he then was, to me in Saloniki. 'But we are not deceived. We recognize the parting kick.'

Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador, died and at the critical moment of the Revolution there was no British envoy. When Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Barclay arrived as chargé d'affaires this was the occasion of a great demonstration of enthusiasm for England. When the new Ambassador,

the late Sir Gerald Lowther, reached his post in the autumn, the Young Turks dragged his carriage from the station to the Embassy and crowds serenaded his windows. The opening of the Turkish Parliament brought Anglophile enthusiasm to its height.

Unfortunately for Britain, Baron Marschall von Biberstein was a far abler man than Sir Gerald Lowther. He had the advantage of understanding and liking the Turks, whereas Sir Gerald Lowther made no concealment of his dislike of political progress in the East and of Young Turks in particular. He was a fine type of English squire to whom a stationary, stagnant, and 'picturesque' East made a strong appeal, and he genuinely disbelieved that any good could come of democratic and revolutionary catchwords in the air of the Bosporus. To him the serenades and the enthusiasm of which he was the object as British Ambassador — he was, moreover, brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons and therefore doubly commended to Young Turk hearts — were but a bore, and he soon made it clear that he asked nothing better than to be left in peace.

In time his wishes were gratified. A succession of snubs convinced the Young Turks that the British Ambassador was not their friend. When the counter-revolution came, in March, 1909, he was misguided enough to show it open favor. He actually sent a member of his staff to San Stefano to meet the Young Turk Committee's troops, hurried from Saloniki, and to attempt to dissuade them from entering Constantinople. That act finished Sir Gerald Lowther's reputation in twentieth-century Turkey. Thereafter his usefulness had ceased, and he was a danger to his country. But the British Foreign Office, unfortunately, had never understood the Young Turk movement. It began by regarding Young Turks as sound Liberals, the local equivalent of the Eighty Club, and it ended by concluding that they were only a parcel of corrupt adventurers — a view which still prevails. So Sir Gerald Lowther was not recalled.

III

Since Turkey entered the War against the Allies, it has been a natural fashion to belittle Enver Pasha. He has been represented as a vain swashbuckler, a would-be Napoleon, and a greedy and corrupt adventurer. In his youthful revolutionary days I knew him well, and, though I have not heard from him since 1911, I find it hard to accept this harsh portrait of him. Ardent and disinterested he undoubtedly was in the great days at Saloniki, in 1908, when the Committee of Union and Progress came into its own and directed the fortunes of the Turkish Empire. Enver was the idol of the mob, the eponymous hero of street and square; but for all the adulation he received this *beau sabreur* remained a simple, modest soldier, content to do the spade work of the cause in a bare and cheerless committee-room up a back street of Saloniki. He might have been a candidate for any post in the Empire; but he was keen on his own profession and asked only to be sent to Berlin, retaining his rank of Major, as military attaché. I asked him why he selected Berlin, and he replied that it was not because he loved Germans but because he believed that their army would best repay his study. Turkish and French were the only languages he knew at this period, but in Berlin he at once set himself to study English, and in two years' time he was writing me admirably expressed letters in English.

When the counter-revolution broke out, at Abdul Hamid's instigation, in March, 1909, Enver Bey took the first

train from Berlin to Saloniki, put himself at the head of the troops there, marched to Constantinople, deposed Abdul Hamid, and quietly returned to his unostentatious post as military attaché in Germany. There he remained, remote from politics and working hard, till Italy plunged his country into war for Tripoli in 1911, when once again he answered the call. Since then he has known no rest. He has ever been a 'last ditcher,' to whom compromise is unknown and whose spirit cannot be broken. It was he who organized the final guerrilla of the Senussi and played hide-and-seek with the Italians in Africa. It was he again who shot Nazim Pasha with his own hand, in 1913, rather than accept the terms the Powers wished to impose on the vanquished in the Balkan War; and by his boldness he won back Adrianople and held it till the débâcle of October, 1918. And today, in far Bokhara, he plays a lone hand in the Eastern Highlands. He has broken even with Angora, apparently for its alliance with Soviet Russia, which has proved more than Enver could accommodate himself to; and now in the ancient home of his race in the heart of Central Asia, surrounded by dwindling bands of Turkomans who have never seen Stamboul, he flies the forlorn flag of the Crescent in the face of Communist Russia.

In the spring of 1910 Enver Bey came from Berlin to pay his first visit to London. It was clear to me that the orientation of the Young Turk policy was changing. Enver spoke with frankness of the coldness of the British Embassy, and of the clearness with which Marschall von Biberstein had pressed upon the Committee the view that though Abdul Hamid might have been a disastrous despot at home, he was a master of foreign policy. Even as Abdul Hamid had seen that Germany was his only real support and that Russia was always his enemy, so would the Young Turks be forced to see the truth. Enver spoke of this as a disagreeable necessity, declaring that all Turks would prefer a fast friendship with Britain.

At that time we had no substantial entente with Russia, and the Anglo-Russian agreement over the *corpus vile* of Persia was the subject of much hostile criticism in England. Enver Bey said roundly that in his view it was in the nature of things that Russia under the Tsars should be the enemy both of Turkey and of the Power that held India. These two should be in accord, and he emphatically affirmed that the Young Turks were prepared at any moment to conclude a defensive alliance, whereby Turkey would undertake to fight Russia in the Caucasus if Russia went to war with Britain.

Fear of Germany's aggressive designs, however, dominated the policy of Sir Edward Grey (such was then his title), and rightly so. He might have insisted on a totally different atmosphere at the Embassy in Constantinople, and he gained nothing but wonder and contempt for his country when he made the British National Bank of Turkey withdraw from an arranged loan to the Young Turk Government because the Bank was competing with his French friends, and thereby allowed the German bank to obtain the loan transaction. It is possible that with better fortune and greater sympathy Turkey might have been kept neutral in the War. But it cannot be said that it was open to Great Britain to accept Turkey instead of Russia as an insurance against Germany.

Good fortune was certainly not ours. When the War broke out one of the first acts of the British Government was to requisition the two dreadnoughts almost completed for Turkey in British yards, and to hand Turkey in exchange a huge check which could not be cashed.

In the light of the wisdom that comes too late we can see now that it would have been far simpler to keep the ships in dock till Turkey's attitude had been decided, and make the urgency of war a reason for not putting the finishing touches to vessels in building for a neutral country. It was more important to keep Turkey neutral than to gain a 'windfall' of two dreadnoughts for the Admiralty. But alas! there was no one to impress upon the Admiralty that these ships were a very special case, and not just a Turkish Government order, as they were paid for by public subscription in Turkey and were a subject of tremendous enthusiasm. An intensive Navy League campaign had been carried out to secure them. The country had been roused by the Italian and Balkan wars to a sense that its fleet was antiquated and unserviceable, and, as Treasury funds were not available, money was contributed to secure modern battleships. Their importance was greatly accentuated by the fact that Greece had purchased two cruisers from the United States, and with these she would outclass Turkey. As luck would have it the Greek ships were delivered at the very moment when war broke out. They got through the Straits of Gibraltar in the critical hours of the end of July. The eyes of Turkey were, therefore, turned eagerly toward the English shipyard where lay the great battleships that would enable her to speak with her rival in the Ægean.

The abrupt announcement that the British Admiralty had requisitioned the vessels was an unexpected blow, and a fierce storm of indignation followed. It was raging in Constantinople when news came that the Goeben and the Breslau, racing hard from the unhealthy waters of the Mediterranean, were making for the Dardanelles. In this passionate moment the decision was taken to let pass the German ships, and when they steamed into the Bosporus, leaving the baffled British Admiral in the Ægean, they were regarded as a miraculous compensation sent by Allah to console Turkey for the loss of its own dreadnoughts. The German ships definitely turned the balance against us. It was soon seen that if they were not to be friends, they might be dangerous enemies. The Sultan's palace and Constantinople's treasures lay at the mercy of the Goeben's guns.

In this wise Turkey entered the War against us. Opportunism there must always be in war, and it is inevitable that a certain cynicism should now be apparent in the Allied attitude toward her. We were prepared to guarantee her security in Constantinople as the price of her neutrality. When she went to war with us, our Allied diplomats divided the bear's skin and allotted Constantinople formally to Russia. In January, 1917, the Allies publicly pledged themselves to drive Turkey from Europe, and, without reference to the future ownership of Constantinople, declared Turkey unfit for human society in Europe. In January, 1918, the British Prime Minister threw a fly toward the Sweet Waters, and suggested that if Turkey would seek peace the Allies would treat her kindly and secure her adequate territories. Turkey, however, though bleeding and buffeted, stumbled along by Germany's side, till Bulgaria's defection at the end of September. This, combined with Allenby's new advance in Palestine and the German retreat in France, forced her to ask for terms. She found no mercy.

IV

Turkey's day in Europe is, of course, done; and the present writer has no sympathy with the suggestion weakly put forward as a sop to Indian Moslem opinion — which on this point much

exaggerates the sentimental value of Adrianople to the Turks — that Adrianople and a section of Thrace should be restored to her. Nor again need we attempt to palliate the inhuman crimes committed upon the Armenians. But we must recognize that the Allies made two glaring errors in their Armistice-period attitude toward Turkey. The first was that they cynically used Armenia's sufferings as a stick wherewith to beat the Turks, without themselves being able to do anything whatever to secure the Armenians better treatment. They talked much of creating an Armenia, but have done nothing save to exasperate the Turk still further against the Armenian. No one, in fact, has in a political sense stirred a finger for Armenia except Soviet Russia, which has saved a little Armenian Republic in the Caucasus, whither at least Armenians can betake themselves and feel that they have a country. The Allies left it to its fate, which would have been obliteration by the Turkish Nationalist Army in 1921 but for the determined intervention of Russia.

The second error was that they fundamentally misunderstood and underrated the Turkish Nationalist movement, which has its centre at Angora. For nearly three years they mistook the Kemalists for mere brigands, the desperadoes outstanding from defeat who must in time be tidied out of the way, but were meantime no more than a tiresome, half-laughable complication. The deep roots of despair and the hold of the Kemalists on the heart of Anatolia, the home of the best and bravest Turkish peasants whose military virtues we have ourselves so often recognized, escaped comprehension. For long Venizelos, a man too great for the Greek political stage, hypnotized the Allied statesmen. But he did his own country no service when he smiled away the permission of Clemenceau and Lloyd George to land Greek troops in Smyrna and make of Greece the Allied sword of punishment in Asia Minor. The laurels King Constantine sought to snatch from Venizelos have withered. Greece is faced with the bill for folly.

Up to this point Britain had acted only with her Allies and Islam had little opportunity of singling her out for reproach. Until the summer of 1919 France had taken up a sterner attitude in Constantinople than Britain, and the French in Northern Syria and Cilicia were vigorously championing the Armenians and punishing the Turks. But thenceforward the situation altered to Britain's disadvantage. The British Prime Minister became a pronounced champion of the Greek cause, the French disentangled themselves from Cilicia, and their difficulties in Syria with the Arabs and the English drove them more and more to seek an understanding with the Kemalists. When King Constantine returned to Greece the transformation was made definite. The French publicly advocated 'sanctions' for 'Tino' and his country. The British, though refusing to recognize the king, continued to find kind words for the Greeks, and the British Government did its best to enable Constantine's Cabinet to raise money in London. The City would not follow Mr. Lloyd George on this point, and the Greeks got nothing; but the French supplied munitions to Angora and both Italians and French gave practical recognition to the Angora Government. Italy has always been anti-Greek where Asia Minor is concerned.

Thus the Allies went their several ways in the Near East. Beyond question the Musulmans of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and — most important of all — India, are convinced that France and Italy have shown themselves more friendly to Islam than Great Britain, and that the London Cabinet has im-

peded the efforts of the Latin countries. In all these countries I have received the clearest testimony on this point, but so remote are Eastern questions from the more exciting clashes of domestic politics that the British public at home is as yet without realization of the alteration in Britain's position.

The handling of Arab questions has been equally disastrous to our popularity. There was nothing to choose between France's eagerness to obtain the exploitation of Syria and British determination to have the mandates for Palestine and Mesopotamia. Until 1920 Britain had the advantage of comparative popularity with the Arabs, whereas the French had no friends but the Maronites of the Lebanon and some Syrian Christians. The British movement to obtain a Pan-Arab leadership for Feisal, and the intrigues of the Sharifian family, forced the French to expel Feisal from Damascus, and when the British then shipped Feisal round to Mesopotamia, nothing was left for the French except to seek the friendship of Angora as a measure of insurance. The British have put in Feisal's brother, Abdulla, in the new principality of Trans-Jordania and have told him that from there he may one day move to Damascus if he can bury the hatchet with the French. That the French will be forced to recognize the impossibility of their Syrian mandate, and will finally rid themselves of an adventure in which there is neither honor nor profit but only loss, is highly probable. That when they leave they will hand over not to Abdulla but to the Angora Government — perhaps it will by that time be the Constantinople Government — is also probable.

The Sharifian family which has successfully enlisted British sympathy and support is almost universally hated throughout Islam. The Sharifs of Mecca have long been known to the pilgrim world as harpies who use the advantage of position to extort money from the devout thousands who annually visit Mecca. Three members of the family have been enthroned by England for war services. The Sharif of Mecca is now King Hussein of the Hedjaz, and the fact that he has unfortunately become intermittently insane has complicated the issue with a difficult question of regency and succession. Two of his sons, Feisal and Abdulla, have been set up in Irak (Mesopotamia) and Trans-Jordania respectively. This has stirred the resentment of Ibn Saud, the greatest chieftain of Central Arabia and head of the Wahabite sect, who finds his desert home now surrounded on all sides by his hereditary enemies, the Sharifian family. The heart of the Palestine and Jordan Arab has been turned cold by the discovery that there is some reality behind British support of Zionism, and that a Jewish High Commissioner rules in Jerusalem. Mesopotamia turned against us in 1920, and is now against both us and the alien ruler, Feisal, whom we have put over her. The High Commissioner of Irak, Sir Percy Cox, finds that Feisal is a *mauvais coucheur*. For a year negotiations have dragged on between Irak and Britain for the conclusion of a treaty, which should make a mandatory instrument unnecessary, but wherein Britain has vainly insisted that her mandatory position should be recognized. The negotiations have now broken down hopelessly: King Feisal has become ill. The Irak Cabinet has resigned. The British High Commissioner has been insulted, and has retorted by deporting one of the resigning Cabinet Ministers, and suppressing political parties and newspapers. When the smoke has cleared away it will be seen that all hope of concluding a treaty has been lost, and that a popular mandate cannot be

obtained. Great Britain has cut down her military force in Irak far below the safety point, yet at the present moment she can rely only on naked force. The moral position has frittered itself away, and no longer exists. Whether there is sufficient reality in the League of Nations for it to insist on a frank facing of the facts is now a most important question for the future. The average British citizen asks nothing better, as he lives in dread lest he find himself some day soon committed by his government to wading once more into a morass of expenditure, on the ground that the Mesopotamians and the Kurds have insulted him, or have attacked his provocatively weak military positions.

V

The Anglo-Persian agreement was another nail in the coffin of our popularity. It has been torn up with contumely by the Persians, who could not be got to see in it anything but a cover for British peaceful penetration into their diseased body politic.

The tragedy is that in the victorious flush of the Armistice period we were too intoxicated with success to grasp the import for the Near and Middle East of the disappearance of Tsarist Russia. Nations know in their bones the elements of their great dangers. The world of Islam has known, since Turkey began the long retreat that led her through centuries from the gates of Vienna to the Maritza, that the Cross was too strong for the Crescent. To Turkey, to Persia, and to Afghanistan the problem of self-preservation presented itself always in its crudest form as a balance between Russia and the Power that held India. If left to deal with one of these alone, or with the two united, they knew themselves lost. Germany was to the Turks a newcomer who might be a factor in the game, as of old the French had been; but in neither Persia nor Afghanistan had Germany obtained a single solid interest of any kind. Russia was the near danger. The English held India, the ultimate wonderful prize, and as *beati possidentes* were the more sated and contented and the less to be feared. To cultivate British friendship as an insurance against Russian aggression was simple sense, and if ever a despot in any of the three countries was so far beguiled by personal bribes and flattery as to show favor to Russia against Britain, the sentiment of the people made itself felt in hostility to its ruler. To the people, Russia was the friend only of despots — a ruthless advancing Power, inimical everywhere to popular liberty; Britain, on the other hand, was the champion of constitutions and the friend of progress.

Then almost overnight the terrible spectre disappeared. Russia was rent with civil war, and her formidable armies seemed to degenerate into mobs. Imperialism had no advocates, and the most powerful party in Russia publicly washed its hands of all privileges and prerogatives in the East.

Those who directed British policy unfortunately saw in this no more than a happy event in Eastern politics. Their rival and enemy had disappeared. Now, they argued, was the golden moment to consolidate their influence. Had not they always had the popular sympathy? Bolshevism was a new danger to replace Tsarism. England, armed and victorious, must make the Eastern mind see that Bolshevism, though not yet a military danger, was a social one. England must, in short, be extremely active.

Few people stopped to consider how the Oriental regarded the disappearance of Russia. Yet his point of view was quite different and would have repaid consideration. His affection and love for England had been entirely due to

his fear of Russia. With the disappearance of Tsarist Russia, he saw himself alone with England and knew himself utterly unable to cope with her if she should display activity. At this unpropitious moment England displayed prodigious activity. Not content with occupying Palestine and Mesopotamia and becoming the sole arbiter of Arab politics, she poured political officers into Kurdistan and Persia, and meddled actively in tribal affairs; aeroplanes and soldiers went with the politicals, and, until the English taxpayer rebelled, England had troops right through the Musulman Caucasus, by Batoum, Tiflis, and Baku, and across the Caspian in Russian Merv and Persian Meshed, and with them a web of secret-service men. Northwest Persia was likewise occupied, and considerable tracts of Turkish Kurdistan. There was much talk of protecting the East from Bolshevism, but, when the Bolsheviki came south, the British withdrew from contact, and they seemed solely concerned with the semicolonization of the tracts they occupied. For the Oriental the situation was completely reversed. To him, Russia now appeared the most advanced and liberal Power on earth, a country in fact ruined by a parcel of idealists whom Islam had no desire to imitate but through whom she might reap profit. Britain, on the other hand, was the greedy, grasping 'capitalist' colonial Power. And, as if to assure him that he was right, Great Britain transferred the affairs of Mesopotamia and Palestine to the Colonial Office!

All this post-Armistice madness is passing. Hard financial facts and our failure to obtain a popular vote will force us from Mesopotamia as they forced us from Persia. In Palestine, also, the Zionists will have to pay their own piper. In the British Empire we have a marvelous and mysterious garden and the possibility of one of the widest and most wonderful fraternities for which the world can yet hope. *Il faut le cultiver.* 'Back to the Empire' is the only possible motto for us in these troubled days. When Islam realizes that we have forsworn new adventures in Asia, and when the good fruit of the new high statesmanship at last displayed in India, Egypt, and Ireland has had time to grow, the old confidence in Britain may return. But above all we must withdraw our protecting hand from Arabia. What Islam does not forgive is that, at present, we have committed the folly of which the Kaiser vainly dreamed. It is idle for us to pay lip service to the Sultan and for Lord Curzon to call him Caliph. The Caliph is the Protector of the Holy Places, and Islam knows that the Sultan is no longer Caliph because we have abolished Turkish suzerainty over Mecca and Medina and made the mad Hussein a puppet-king of whom we ourselves are the overlords. We have given the Sharifian family its chance. It must now make good or fall without us. Britain must withdraw from the Arab lands, and leave Islam to settle the question of who shall be Caliph.

As for the oil of Mesopotamia, I hazard a prophecy that it will remain in the earth till Mesopotamia has hammered out or thrown up after our departure some indigenous or Eastern government. It will then be possible for an international combination to convince that native government that it has the means of enriching the government, the country, and the combination, if it be allowed to develop the oil. The present argument between England and America is a waste of breath. So long as Britain occupies Mesopotamia, it is impossible for her to obtain a constitutional mandate or concession for herself, or to allow it to another.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHALL I RUN FOR CONGRESS?

I HAVE been urged by a number of prominent leaders of the political party with which I have voted for the past two years to become the candidate of the party from my Congressional district. The district has been represented for the past twelve years by a gifted and popular man of the opposite party. Our politicians scent the possibility that a woman known in the district for disinterested work along civic lines might stand a better chance than a man of making a successful race.

At times, the idea of running for Congress has appealed to me strongly. When I last stood in the House of Representatives and listened to a debate, I decided that a woman used to managing women's clubs, missionary societies, classes in college English, and household expenditures for a family of seven, could introduce an element of coherence and unity into the *Congressional Record*, and see that needed legislation is expeditiously put through.

Again, to-day I am mightily minded to run for Congress, because the postman has just brought into our home the usual packet of seeds from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The packets this year are augmented by a number exactly equal to the newly qualified voters in the family, information as to the increased number of these voters having evidently been conveyed to Washington. I should like to stop forever the blighted hopes and family quarrels resulting from the efforts of congressmen to remain popular with their constituents by reason of an annual gift of seeds.

I speak thus bitterly of these seeds from an experience of three years, during which I have confidingly followed the directions on the backs of the packages and sowed Congressional seeds, only to reap a harvest of family bickerings and tough vegetables. When our radishes, beets, and lettuce have reached the table, I have been in the habit of blaming my husband for not having provided fertilizer and hoes in sufficient quantities to sweeten the vegetables. I am informed that in the families of my neighbors in this rural section of Virginia the joys of spring are lessened every year by heated discussions: whether to plant the Congressional seeds or destroy them. We are of Scotch-Irish stock and the strain on our consciences — having to put into the kitchen range seeds that cost money — throws us into a state of nervous tension almost as severe as the disappointment we experience if we put the seeds into the ground. Besides, it is impossible that family needs and gardening space should come out even with the little packets. We always have an annoying surplus of onion and lettuce seed. Does anyone ever really plant onion seeds, when onion sets can be 'swapped' with friends across the fence?

Too late I learned that no well-informed gardener, no matter how thrifty his heredity, plants Congressional seeds. Instead of being raised, as I had fondly supposed, under the eye of the Secretary of Agriculture, these seeds are bought by Congress from the lowest bidder, at an annual expense of about $300,000. The impressive caption — 'U. S. Department of Agriculture. Please report the result of your trial

to this Department'—means nothing, nothing whatever. Congress maintains no experiment station which utilizes the reports of gardeners who plant their seeds. No Secretary of Agriculture watches with paternal solicitude such horticultural efforts. Far from it. These seeds are sent out to obtain votes, and not to further the interests of the agricultural sections of the United States.

The sum of $300,000 spent for seeds — most of which will never be planted, and none of which ought to be allowed to usurp good soil that might be devoted to carefully selected seeds from reputable gardeners! I regard this annual expenditure with the same emotions that I should feel if our missionary societies should vote to cut salaries in the foreign field and buy Persian rugs and Jacobean chairs for the office of the General Secretary.

In addition to saving this $300,000, and enacting legislation for rural schools, and putting a few friends into post offices, I should like to be at the heart of our national life in order to measure my mental powers with those of the great statesmen of to-day. I should like to know once for all whether a middle-aged woman of mediocre ability, the mother of five children, a fairly successful teacher and housekeeper, may measure wits with the men who are running the government, and may get done the obvious things that the common people of the country want to see done.

These motives and others urge me to yield to the 'flattering importunities of my friends' and to run for Congress. What restrains me? Is it that organized system of emotional complexes which we call sentiment, or is it an instinct shared with the pig and the pigeon? Whichever it be, the simple truth is that I find that I cannot leave home — the old house where my children and my mother's children were born; the old barn made over into a garage; the small town, which is growing so fast that I no longer know half the people in it; the first call of my husband and children as they open our front door, 'Where 's mother?' The countless small tyrannies of the home, the habitual trivial duties have forged for me chains of triple brass. For so many Sunday mornings have I risen early and gone into the kitchen to get breakfast, while my husband read the Sunday School lesson to me; for so many nights have I watched the children roll back the music-room drugget for a little dancing (it was only yesterday that I mended the bust of Beethoven which had fallen into four pieces when 'nobody was anywhere near it'); for so many years the creative instinct, working blindly in me, has wrought a home; and now I find that I am going to give up the most dazzling opportunity of my life, because I cannot leave home —even though I am no longer greatly needed, as in the old days when I was obedient to the 'heavenly vision.'

A GUILT-EDGED CONSCIENCE

Is it because I am the miserable sinner I humbly confess (one day a week) to be, but who I frankly confess (on the other six) that I am not, or is it because I am a good New Englander, that my conscience gives me the same sort of irritating discomfort which is produced by the presence of a stone in the shoe? Are other good New Englanders afflicted in the same way? I use 'good,' not in any self-righteous sense, but rather as expressing the quality of being true to type—as representing that absence of viciousness which reduces the brotherhood of the innocuous to the colorlessness of water clouded by a few minims of the milk of human kindness.

If my conscience could, like a good little child, be seen rather than heard, it would resemble, I fancy, that unpleasant putty-like ectoplasmic substance which, we are told, melts into invisibility when exposed to light; but my mushy, dirty-gray conscience is protected from its own elusiveness by a guilt-edged rim, inexorable and indestructible.

A conviction of sin is much too metaphysical a term to describe the rasping sense of wrong-doing which accompanies my every action; and the complex of guilt is intensified by well-intentioned suggestions and criticisms from my family and friends, all of which I try to follow, thus making of my earthly pilgrimage an expedition as unsatisfactory as those restless travels with a donkey of Æsop's old and young man.

I should like to exhibit a few specimens of the metaphorical stones in my shoes, and see if others can produce equally pain-giving pebbles.

For example: I go to lunch with a friend who is a perfect housekeeper, and her domestic excellencies sting me with such a sense of remorse that I slink home, through the valley of humiliation, determined to lead a more methodical life. For a few days, existence is rendered intolerable for the family by my orgy of clearing-up, throwing-away, taking-down, and putting-back. The Salvation Army saves my reason, if not my soul, by removing all problems of bric-à-brac and domestic débris; but as I see Great-Aunt Deborah's haircloth trunk, full of yellowing papers, unrecognizable daguerreotypes, and family photograph-albums, being carried out by reformed criminals who are improving this shining opportunity to make good, my conscience aches so that I groan aloud. Then a soothing little voice (from inside the margin of guilt) whispers that they are not Soldiers of Destruction who are bearing away my dead past, but an Army of Salvation; and I am so uplifted by the thought, that I turn to a basket of very holy stockings, and try to fill, with lumpy yarn, the vacuums which — like nature — I abhor. Does this virtuous action meet with the reward of a quiescent conscience? By no means. Having got a stitch in my side for every two in the sock, I pause for a moment to have a chat with a neighbor, who, on seeing me at the window (like poor old Hannah binding shoes), runs across the street to drop the following bomb in my work-basket: —

'I should think that in these days of unemployment you would feel that it was not right for you to do your own mending. There are so many women who really need the work, that I think people like us ought not to do it ourselves. I should think you'd want to cultivate your mind a little. If you don't read books or magazine articles, you won't be a fit companion for your husband. You'll become a mere sewing-machine.'

I recognize the danger, and for the next week, in a panic of repentance, I give employment to the unemployed, while I rush to the circulating library and consecrate my days to mental improvement and enlightenment.

My next critic — a woman of the world, to whose wise words I always turn attentive ears — tells me that it is very narrowing to live only in books: first-hand experience is necessary. I should 'go out' more; and she offers, as a tonic for an atrophied intelligence, a mixture of social work and social play — a solution warranted to turn a grubbing bookworm into quite an agreeable butterfly. I recognize the truth of her criticism, close my books, send the magazines to the missionaries, take my cardcase out of moth-balls,

and feverishly issue and accept invitations. Then (to avoid being socially lop-sided) I tie myself to various uplifting Causes, so that, when I am not working at my play, I am playing at my work. But behold, it is all vanity, and guilt is eating into my conscience again.

'Don't you think it is a mistake to keep on the go so incessantly?' my gentle husband inquires. 'I believe the Eastern philosophers are right. A certain definite division of time should be set aside daily for meditation. Repose would quiet your nerves, and then I think we should all feel less irritable.'

A good idea! I decide to contemplate. I go into the Silence. I breathe deep, and invite my soul. Alas! my soul does not accept the invitation, but sends a substitute! — a frivolous little spirit, who whispers trivial comments into my ears while I am trying to concentrate on Nothingness.

'I wonder whether that old gray satin is worth turning,' a worldly minded imp ruminates; and while I push the idle question down into the depths of my subconscious mind, where it belongs, another inanity pops out of a neighboring hole, and has to be suppressed before it gets over the threshold of the mind I still endeavor to control. In fact, I am so busy slamming down lids on foolish notions, which stick their heads out of my subconscious wastebasket, that remorse again submerges me.

I cease trying to contemplate, and go out into the street. Perhaps in the world of men and women I can moralize more normally, and concentrate my thoughts better, than when I attempt it in my closet.

But I come upon a hurdy-gurdy playing a jazz-tune, and under cover of the passing of noisy vehicles I find myself humming the meaningless air, even when I have passed beyond the sound of the jingling stimulus to syncopated song. A strange lady whom I meet looks at me in shocked surprise, and says reprovingly, 'I think, madam, you cannot realize how loud you are singing.'

So home I go, humiliated and conscience-stricken, to take up again the trivial round, the common task, with no joy in the performance of either pleasure or duty.

'What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.'

With deep humiliation I have laid bare my weaknesses, distorted into sins by the magnifying lens of a New England conscience. This self-abasement is offered to other sufferers, in the hope that they may realize, before it is too late, that a conscience is not functioning normally when its possessor measures every deed and every feeling with the rule of duty. The person who feels guilty whatever he happens to be doing, because he is not doing something else, is permitting a delicate spiritual balance to degenerate into a morbid excrescence.

In the disease of *Consciencitis* the tender part of the conscience is inflamed with the poison of imagined sin; and unless a practical practitioner, with no New England blood, will remove the guilt-edge from the ecto-plasmic substance, and let the sun of reality shine upon it, the conscience will cease to be an Indicator, and will become a Dictator.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Is Heredity the most important item in one's character? By the laws of nature it takes two people to make one. What is your ancestry? From which ancestor do you get your special character?

Generation	*Number of ancestors in each generation*	*Total number of ancestors*
1	2	2
2	4	6
3	8	14
4	16	30
5	32	62
6	64	126
7	128	254
8	256	510
9	512	1,022
10	1,024	2,046
11	2,048	4,094
12	4,096	8,190
13	8,192	16,382
14	16,384	32,764
15	32,768	65,532
16	65,536	131,068
17	131,072	262,140
18	262,144	524,284
19	524,288	1,048,572
20	1,048,576	2,097,148

Which particular trait of yours do you ascribe to your two-millionth ancestor in the twentieth generation preceding yours?

Make it easier. Which do you ascribe to your two-thousandth ancestor in the tenth generation preceding yours, who might have come over in the Mayflower?

When you think that in the twenty generations preceding those already counted each of your ancestors in that last generation had another two million odd ancestors of his or her own, you begin to wonder just wherein your particular claim to special heredity differs from your neighbors.

These questions, with the very suggestive ancestral table, come to us from Mr. Edwin H. Brown, and in this number of the *Atlantic* **Vernon Kellogg** devotes a paper to answering them. *Atlantic* readers have known Mr. Kellogg not only as a distinguished biologist, but as a profound observer of life in many fields. Formerly professor of biology in Leland Stanford University, he became Herbert Hoover's right hand man in the Committee for Relief in Belgium. More recently he has returned from a mission to Poland under the A.R.A. to become executive secretary and chairman of the division of educational relations of the National Research Council at Washington.

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Seal Thompson, who is a member of the department of Bible study at Wellesley, is a Quaker. During a year spent as a teacher in Yen Cheng College, the women's college of Peking University, she wrote these letters to her friends. **Ferdinand Reyher** is a newspaper man who was a correspondent in Germany and in the Balkans prior to our entrance into the war. Poet, missionary, and essayist, **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** contributes to the *Atlantic* this month her first short story. **Alice Meynell,** the English poet, is widely known as the author of some of the most spiritual lyrics in the language.

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To analyze and to put into intelligent unity the many elements that are making American literature of to-day and to-morrow is the task that **Stuart P. Sherman** undertakes in his paper. He is a philosopher, a student of life, and professor of English at the University of Illinois. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer who has written many thoughtful essays upon education. He is the author of the volume, *Shackled Youth,* published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Lucy Furman of the Hindman School has already published several vivid chapters of life among the Kentucky mountains. A volume of these stories will be brought out soon by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Lovers of biography, who have seen the other 'American Portraits' need no introduction

to **Gamaliel Bradford.** We recommend to all parents the poem, 'To Rebecca, Growing Up,' which **Fannie Stearns Gifford** sends us. She is an old *Atlantic* contributor, the author of 'Soul! — Soul!' which appeared in the August *Atlantic*. **Herbert Ravenel Sass** knows the treacheries of the woods through his own experience, though by profession he is a journalist of South Carolina. The opinion of the President of Amherst College, **Alexander Meiklejohn,** carries weight in academic circles. At our invitation he sends us his paper on college games.

* * *

Whatever the Russian peasant ultimately decides, that shall be done in Russia. This is the theme of the most searching analysis of Russia we have yet read. Formerly professor of economics in Wellesley, **Louis Levine** has just returned from eight months' travel and observation in Russia, as correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. Ten years' study of religious conditions in Europe has given **Kenneth D. Miller** the material from which he writes 'Revolutionizing Religion in Europe.' At present he is preaching in the Czech language in the Jan Hus Church in New York City. **C. H. Bretherton** is a member of the staff of the *Irish Times*. He writes also for the *Morning Post*, 'not reports of events,' he tells us, 'but criticisms of them and forecasts, pessimistic, but, so far, painfully correct.' He knows Ireland possibly better than anyone who is not a native of it and perhaps better than most natives, although he never set foot in it until 1918. From the early part of that year until the close of 1919, he had charge of all the British Government contracts in Ireland and was constantly traveling through the country, supervising contracts and placing new ones. He writes, 'wherever there was a sewing-machine or a loom or a circular saw, there was I, trying to get stuff made for the British and American armies.' **Mr. Arthur Moore** has served as correspondent of the London *Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and author of *The Orient Express*, a brilliant book of Eastern travel. Mr. Moore, who has journeyed to Kabul from Peshawar by way of Jelalabad and Nimla, attended from the Khyber Pass by an escort provided by the Afghan Foreign Minister, is the first nonofficial British visitor to the Afghan capital.

* * *

We have seen pages in the *Atlantic*, telling of war and famine, that 'froze one's blood.' We have never known them before to warm one's toes.

Dear Atlantic, —

You may be amused to hear of a lowly use to which your pages were put this summer. On a point of rocks jutting out to sea we had a room with five windows and an outside door giving on the ocean. These stood wide, day and night, through tumult of wind and wave no less than through rippling quiet. We chose an open fire and many clothes rather than to shut anything. One night of fascinating aurora that held us late, gazing at the green streamers radiating from the lambent disc, it was really cold; so the August *Atlantic*, without apology, was heated through and through before the wood fire and tucked into bed against cold toes. It did the trick as well as ever it supplied the brain. Thank you anew.

Leonora B. Halsted.

* * *

Memphis, it seems, has something to live up to — or to live down. Here Jazz first was.

Dear Atlantic, —

The word 'Blues,' used to designate a certain type of song, seems to have excited a great deal of speculation as to its origin, and amateur philologists have advanced all sorts of explanations — all of them I believe incorrect.

'Blues' songs were originated in Memphis, Tennessee, by W. C. Handy, a negro musician. Handy is a typically southern negro musician, with a more than average education, and a decided flair for harmonization.

I remember a few years ago, when I was living in a small town near Memphis, we young men would bring out 'Handy's Band' for our big dances. We were very extravagant, for he used to charge us a hundred dollars and traveling expenses; but in youth — there is nothing too good for us.

The first of the 'Blues' was 'The Memphis Blues,' or 'Mr. Crump,' as Handy first named it. Mr. Crump was, and is, an important political personage in Memphis, and Handy probably thought to show his admiration by composing words and music to honor 'Papa Crump,' as he was called in the song. The name 'Memphis

Blues' was taken from that of a social-military organization of that name, for whose dances Handy probably played a great many times.

Handy then produced the 'Beale Street Blues' which were named after the Broadway of the negro capital of America, 'Beale Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.'

Certainly — positively, and most assuredly, the word 'Blues' did not originate from an attempt to portray a feeling of melancholy, and an attempt to connect it with the German word *Blau*, while ingenious enough, is also rather ingenuous.

The peculiar harmony of the 'Blues' is typically negro, and can be heard in their religious songs, their levee chants, and in all their spontaneous musical productions.

Perhaps their peculiar harmonies, the sliding of their voices up and down the scale, go back to a trait described some issues back in the *Atlantic*, by a writer from German East Africa who told how natives, singing, would throw their voices into a falsetto, which they described as singing in the small voice.

We of the South love the 'Blues.' Since childhood we have heard their harmonies and when we dance or dine their playing gives us the satisfaction that Bach gives to musicians — at least when they are writing about their musical reactions.

JOHN LYNCH.

* * *

We are glad to chronicle, in view of the *Atlantic's* recent papers on 'Opium,' that the International Opium Commission has met and that Great Britain formulated and presented a world-scheme for the control of traffic in the drug.

It is mortifying to add that America, like Turkey and Persia, did not see fit to be represented.

* * *

This comes from reading the *Atlantic* — and especially George Moore — in the middle of housework.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was immediately after breakfast this morning — I was washing the dishes — when — what *was* it that I intended to read last night — what *was* — oh *yes!*

As I am a totally irresponsible young person, I sideswiped my hands on a tea-towel and, putting a pot of hot coffee on Susan, the tea-wagon, I trundled her into the living-room where I plumped down into a comfortable chair. Then I picked up the *Atlantic* and flicked the pages open to 'A Conversation in Ebury Street.'

Such a conversation! Farewell, my poor wondering breakfast dishes, farewell housewifely virtues (too few at best!), au revoir Madame Grundy and Father Time! '. . . a living thing, that wheedles, cajoles, interests, charms, lures one's thoughts from daily concerns and projects. . . .'

Somewhere in America the clock is striking twelve — which means lunch-time, and a very young lawyer husband with an amazing appetite.

Oh well — where *was* I? Oh yes, *I* am dining out — in Ebury street! You were saying, Mr. Husband . . . ?

Very *sincerely* yours,

MARIAN RUSSELL LOGAN.

* * *

We think the memoir writers are right. Domestic details really tell us more of the evolution of Europe — or the revolution — than do statistics. We append the following true tales, as proofs. Only those who know from bitter experience the social gulf that lies between *vous* and the ceremonial third person can truly appraise the following: —

At dinner one evening this summer, in Paris, we were discussing some of the social changes wrought by the war. Madame Z—— contributed this.

'Arriving one morning this summer in the village where my family used to own a 'pretty property,' and where I now have a modest pied-à-terre, I ran into Germaine, my foster-sister, just descending also from my train. She, and her mother before her, had been for many years faithful servitors in my mother's household. Since the war she has married, and now she owns a 'pretty property' at St.-M. At the station there was but one conveyance, a handsome Panhard. Germaine came quickly over to me, to ask whether I would permit her to offer me a place in her car.

' "But willingly," I cried. "I should much prefer to ride. The walk is long and it is very hot."

'As we rolled along she said, "I have a great favor to ask of Madame. If I should call on Madame, would Madame return my visit?"

' "Certainly — I used to go to see you in your little house and I shall of course go to see you in your big house."

' "I have another even greater favor to ask of Madame. Might I say 'vous' to Madame?"

' "But, as much as you like! I don't mind at all."

' "There is just one more thing: might I say in the village that I say 'vous' to Madame?" '

A TRAVELER.

Shall woman abandon a career for marriage, reject marriage for a career, or try to combine them both? Mary Spencer Nimick contributes an interesting suggestion in a letter commenting on Mrs. Howes's article 'Accepting the Universe,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic*.

Dear Atlantic, —

Is it any wonder that women lack incentives when their attention and ambition are of necessity divided? Every girl has, sooner or later, unless she marries happily very early in life, to face an inward struggle with herself, a bitter struggle which asks why she was created and what is her purpose or her use in this world. She must reason out the veracity of ideas on which society has fed her ever since she can remember. Either she must renounce the idea of marriage and throw her whole soul into some chosen career, or refusing to give up the ideal of her girlhood, she must hopefully await its consummation.

You who have talent and joy in your work may deplore your waiting sister, but she exists, exists in large numbers too, and her incentive to work is meagre. She merely wants to mark time, not to march ahead to professional achievement.

Mrs. Howes suggests that 'a deliberate, purposeful making over of conditions of women's work' would permit married women to join the ranks of working women and that as women then entered 'the field as fully and as freely as men,' 'commensurate rewards and opportunities, incentives and achievements' could be expected. Granted that the enlistment of more married women would help conditions of work for all women, there is still that dissatisfied unit among us of women working half-heartedly, working with their souls longing for the fullfillment of life's ideal.

I, therefore, would appeal to the mothers of the rising generations to change the old order of things and thereby to win over the world's attitude toward women. In the upbringing of your sons, you lay stress on the ideal of choosing a career, and making a success of it. Why not place the emphasis similarly for your daughters? Why not inspire them to wish to achieve perfection in a profession? Why not teach them that the end-all and be-all of life is, not to be married, but to be honorable, useful citizens of the world, whether in the capacity of paid workers or of wives?

Then at last would society also think more of the importance of a woman's nobleness than of her finding a husband. In such a healthy atmosphere, the onus of social condemnation having been removed, every girl would be happier and her desire to benefit the working conditions of women and to enlarge their opportunities, would be whole-hearted and sincere. Marriage would still interrupt careers and would be just as welcome, but the unhappy period of struggling indecision between that 'persistent, vicious alternative, marriage or career,' would most surely have disappeared.

Perhaps it is unsympathetic to hope that implanting the idea of a career may be only a partial success lest, in this new world of feminine professionals, there be none to inherit and enjoy?

* * *

Here is a suggestion from Oriental India for those fathers who are blest or afflicted with large families.

Dear Atlantic, —

Out here in India our dusky Aryan brother looks upon the strange manners of the white man with courteous gravity, and affects to regard the atrocities committed upon his language (or languages) as quite inconsequential. We, for our part, would return him the civility at all times if we could. But sometimes the training of our comparatively recent civilization breaks down. We laugh.

Here is a letter received by an official in Madras.

'Honoured Sir, —

'Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving tenderness to us worms, I tell you my circumstances. By the grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babes and sucklings. Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cersed trials. As your Lordship is our Father and Mother, I would request that you take this worm, and wife, and suckles and relations both male and female and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of Rs. 20/ — a month.

'Your faithful worm and beast,

'Nima Lal

'Despicable brute and unwilling father of babes!!'

This might be termed, perhaps, a conspiracy of courtesy.

ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Snows and Books

The snows of yesteryear are one thing and the books of previous seasons are quite another. If with every autumn's first snowfall of books a Shop-Talker knew in his heart that they were mere creatures of a day, that heart would be heavy, and his discourse would reveal the fact. When he finds that the books of which he had something to say a year or two ago are still worth talking about, he feels no need to 'put a cheerful courage on,' for that feeling already warms him, and he talks with equal fervor of the present and of the past.

First let him speak of enthusiasms that have survived. He cannot do so without recalling the fact that two years ago the Atlantic Monthly Press was bringing out the *Letters of William James*, edited by his son, **Henry James.** It was our belief at the time that this was not a book for a single season, but a piece of biographical literature possessing a human and intellectual interest which would give it an enviable permanence. This confidence has been justified, and the accident that its date of publication was 1920 has not in the least affected its freshness for readers of 1922 — and this will be true for many subsequent years.

Only a year ago we were publishing **Professor Bliss Perry's** *Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson.* Since then there have been many tokens — of which only one need be cited — to indicate its vitality, of a kind peculiarly welcome to producers of books. An organization called the New England Federation of Harvard Clubs has for some years made a practice of distributing book-prizes to boys in New England schools, public and private. In the academic year that ended last June it awarded its prizes to boys in thirty-three of these schools. The prize in every instance was a copy of Mr. Perry's book, autographed by the author and bound in full crimson morocco, hand-tooled, stamped with the Harvard seal and the motto: *Pro insigni in studiis diligentia et in rebus virtute.* Doubtless many of the prize-winners have carried, or will carry, their books to Yale, Princeton, or Williams — Mr. Perry's college — instead of to Harvard — Major Higginson's. But the use of the book for this significant purpose was a gratifying endorsement of its enduring value.

Hooks and Eyes

To go even a little farther back into the short history of the Atlantic Monthly Press would be to encounter *An American Idyll*, by **Mrs. Carleton H. Parker,** and *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by **A. Edward Newton,** which have never ceased in their steady finding of new readers. More recent books, like *The Little Garden*, by **Mrs. Francis King,** *The Mutineers*, and *The Great Quest*, by **Charles Boardman Hawes,** books for boys which have delighted many older readers, just as *Wild Brother*, by **William Lyman Underwood,** a book addressed to adults, has caused multitudes of children to 'listen in' — these, and a score of others, might be named in evidence that Atlantic books do not quickly exhaust their newness. Fortunately the process of combining the eyes of all the right readers with the hooks of all the right books cannot be accomplished in any given six months.

New England and National History

A year ago last May *The Founding of New England*, by **James Truslow Adams** was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. A year later its winning of the Pulitzer Prize, awarded by a jury of scholars to the best book on the history of the United States published in 1921, brought it into a prominence which happily confirmed our belief in its unusual merits. Since then (partly — may it be? — because of the prize, and partly by reason of the establishment of a

chair of American history at Oxford) it has been receiving high praise in the English reviews of the first authority. Meanwhile more and more American readers are discovering it for themselves.

To these and to the earlier friends of the books, it will be good news that Mr. Adams has just completed a second volume, carrying the history of New England up to the War of the Revolution. We hope to publish it in 1923.

Another Jury Verdict

The Honorable Theodore Roosevelt has recently written to **Mr. Henry B. Beston,** author of *The Firelight Fairy Book*, expressing his admiration for that collection of imaginative tales. In the course of the letter he says: —

> What makes me even more willing to advance my opinion is that I do not stand alone. My conclusions are supported by a jury of my peers, for I have given the book as a Christmas gift, not only to my own children, but to other people's children, and to one of the prominent Senators of the United States. They have universally acclaimed it, and who can question the judgment of such a jury?

This letter is to be used as a 'Foreword' to a school edition of *The Firelight Fairy Book* now in preparation. The demand for it in a form which will widely extend its juvenile audience has been insistent.

The New Books

If so much is said this month about our books of former seasons, it is not at all because the Shop-Talker has nothing to say about the 1922 publications. He has been saying it for the past few months, and will doubtless revert to the topic a month hence. In this issue of the *Atlantic* it is enough to let the advertising pages speak for the new books. What these paragraphs are intended especially to emphasize is that the latest publications have merely joined hands with a number of older brothers on our list, and that the whole company is marching on together. For ourselves, we hope never to reach the point when our interest in the books we publish ceases with their first editions.

There was once, by the way, a publishing firm in Boston which won the gratitude of authors and of discriminating readers by bringing out a number of excellent books. The firm, however, won from a wag the appellation, or epitaph, 'Publishers of First Editions.' After a few years of existence it ceased, many years ago, to be. Mortuary inscriptions, even outside Spoon River, have their value as warnings.

Boswell at Home

Early in September *Young Boswell*, by **Professor Chauncey B. Tinker,** was published in England. As these words are written the first reviews in the English journals are beginning to reach us. Of course it is reassuring to find that the book makes the same impression of value and charm in England as here. It is pleasant also to observe the matter-of-fact way in which Professor Tinker is described as an 'American Boswellian' — just as one might say an American electrician or pugilist. Why not indeed? The American collector has been so busy for several decades in bringing across the Atlantic the material for specialists in every conceivable field of inquiry that the Americanization of *isms* and *anas* has no narrower a limit than — shall we say? — that of Mr. Bok himself.

Sparing the Rod

Mr. R. G. Jones, Superintendent of Schools in Cleveland, Ohio, is evidently a believer in the latest devices in education. The birch rod and the ferule have long disappeared from American pedagogics. The electric switch, as employed by Mr. Jones, suggests infinite possibilities. We might never have heard of this new punitive device had we not sent him a copy of our new educational text, *Famous Stories by Famous Authors*, which has called forth the following letter to the Atlantic Monthly Press: —

> Your new text, *Famous Stories by Famous Authors*, comprises a splendid selection of stories, and my thirteen-year-old boy had to have the electric switch turned on him every night to get him to bed until he had finished with them. Be it known he is given to play rather than reading, and I regarded the test put to the book a bit severe.
>
> I hope many, many boys may have the same joy in these stories.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1922

THE AMERICA THAT USED TO BE

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN DAVIS LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

FATHER IN HEAVEN, BLESS HIM: GRANT HIM LIFE AND HEALTH AND GUIDANCE BY THY SPIRIT; DO FOR HIM, I BESEECH THEE, INFINITELY MORE THAN AN EARTHLY FATHER CAN DO. SAVE HIM FROM THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF ANY EXAMPLE WHICH THOU DOST NOT APPROVE; LEAD HIM IN PATHS OF WISDOM, VIRTUE, USEFULNESS, PEACE, JOY, THAT HIS LIFE MAY BE SPENT IN HIGH AND NOBLE ACTS OF OBEDIENCE TO THEE, AND LOVE TO MAN. GRANT, O GOD, THIS MY HUMBLE FERVENT PETITION FOR THY GOODNESS' SAKE.

[*Written by* ZADOC LONG *in his son's boyhood Journal.*]

I, JOHN DAVIS LONG, son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the county of Oxford, and State of Maine, being nine years old, this day commence a journal of my life. I hope my life will be so, by the help of my Father in Heaven, that I shall have to record no important crimes or errors in my conduct. I like to keep a journal, and hope it will be useful to me. I shall keep account of the weather, and of family occurrences, and of matters and things which shall seem most interesting and worthy of the rememberance. The weather, this winter, has been very mild, and we have had but little snow. 'T is good sleighing now

These words were written by a small boy in a large book, on the morning of Sunday, February 13, 1848. In later years this small boy became successively Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy, and was for almost two generations a favorite figure in the life of New England. His father, Zadoc Long, was one of the leading men in the little town of Buckfield, and the family lived in a comfortable, two-and-a-half storied house, of the kind that is happily so common throughout the older settled parts of the northeastern states. Having kept a store in the village for a number of years, Zadoc Long had retired at an early age, in easy circumstances, but with uncertain health.

For a while thereafter he turned his attention to politics. In 1838 the Whigs in his district nominated him for Congress, but failed to elect him. Two years later, however, he was chosen a presidential elector, and cast his vote for 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.' The Democrats in Oxford County so greatly outnumbered the Whigs, that it is

doubtful if Mr. Long could ever have succeeded in politics there. He was interested in public affairs, but he was no politician. He was content to be a conservative, useful, upright citizen of Buckfield, recognized to be one of the most cultivated men in the State of Maine. He read thoughtfully, talked easily, and now and then wrote verses which appeared in the papers.

John's middle name came from his mother, who was Julia Temple Davis before her marriage. At the time when the diary begins, the household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Long, their younger daughter Persis Seaver, — aged nineteen, — and the two boys, Zadoc, Jr., and John Davis. An elder daughter, Julia Davis, had recently married, and now made her home in Winchendon, Massachusetts. This is, perhaps, sufficient introduction to Buckfield in general, and to the Long family in particular. How they lived and what they talked about will be revealed in the small boy's journal.

Not content with the impressive preamble which he composed that winter morning in 1848, John returned to his congenial task in the afternoon.

'I have been to church. Mr. Foster, universalist, preaches. I attend school, and study grammar, arithmetic, and geography. My sister Julia Davis was married last Dec. I have read the Bible almost through, in course. I read a chapter every day, and three every Sunday; and when I get through, mother is to give me a knife, a wallet, and a sack coat for next summer. Father is to give me a dollar.

Monday, February 14, 1848. — Very pleasant morning. Zadoc has gone after the washwoman, and wears father's buffalo sack. I am reading Esq. John Loring's library. Father is not willing I should read novels until I shall have read very many other books, and until I am older. I shall read Scott's *Ivanhoe* next summer. Old Mrs. Cole died yesterday. She has been sick with the consumption for several years; her funeral will be at 1 o'clock, at the meeting-house, this afternoon, and I am going with mother to the funeral.

Afternoon. — Aunt Persis Gross and cousin Newton Gross came here in a sleigh this afternoon. Aunt Persis will go to the funeral.

Monday Evening, February 14. — Have been to the funeral. Mr. Haze, Freewill Baptist, preached the funeral sermon. Mr. Butler took tea with Mr. Lincoln Cummings here. Persis Seaver and Mr. Cummings have gone to a dance at the hall.

Tuesday, February 15. — A clear and windy morning. Mr. Lincoln Cummings and Persis Seaver are playing Backgammon. Mr. Brown and his wife are gone to Bangor to see their daughter Mary Ann and her little boy. The folloing rhymes I sent to my sister Julia. Father helped me compose them.

Mother 's making me a jacket,
And first she has to baste and tack it;
Then fits it all about me tight,
And asks me if the length is right.
'T is made of Dad's old coat, you see,
That answers well enough for me.
Turned inside out, I must confess,
It makes a very tidy dress.
O, what a wardrobe I possess;
'T will beat the Governor's, I guess;
If sold by weight, I will be bound,
'T will bring at least 3 cents a pound.
My garments are of varied hue,
Of green, and red, and navy blue.
My pants are darn'd and mended neat
With air-proof patches on the seat;
And when I 've worn them all threadbare,
Till they are wholly past repair,
They 're washed and pack'd away in bags,
And barter'd off as paper rags,
For pins and needles, hooks and rings,
And various other little things.

Afternoon. — I did not go to school this afternoon. I have been sawing wood, and mother says I sawed her a nice parsel. Last night one of Luton

Farrar's horses got loose and Zadoc had to get up and hitch the horse again. Lincoln Cummings has gone home to Paris.

Wednesday, February 18. — A very pleasant morning. Father says, 'Fear not to have every action of your life open to inspection of mankind. A nicer observer than man sees all that you do.' Father says I must remember this. I think I shall go to Paris this afternoon.

Afternoon. I shall not go to Paris, for father says it is too cold for me. I was next to the foot this forenoon in my class at school and I got next to the head spelling the word despair.

Thursday, February 17. — A clear, cool, beautiful, healthy morning. Father is going into his woods, this morning, to see the loggers. This afternoon, he and mother will go down to Uncle Isaac Ellis's in Turner. It is good sleighing. It has been good sleighing, now, about 2 weeks. Before that, almost all the time, people traveled with wheels. Father has not got any wood this winter, but expects to get some next week off of his own lot. I saw wood sometimes for the cook-stove. Mr. Hesekiah Atwood keeps our school. Mr. Zury Robinson, who kept it the first part of the winter, was sick & went home. I liked him for a schoolmaster. I like Mr. Atwood, too.

Afternoon. . . . Zadoc has gone to school now, to recite his French lesson to Mr. Atwood, and has left the whole house to me, and I have built a fire, waiting for mother and father to come home and warm them. There is a cotillion school to-night. Mr. Eliot plays. The managers are Oscar Gardiner and Orvile Bridghum. The cotillion school was to keep twelve evenings, and now it is most done. I shall go into the cotillion school to-night.

Friday, February 18. — A morning like a number which we have had, most delightful. Mr. Benjamin Cummings called here last night, and we expect him here this morning to take a note to Persis, who is at Paris. It is good sleighing now, but I don't think it will be long unless we have another snowstorm pretty soon. The little school finished yesterday, and I think ours will to-day or to-morrow.

Saturday, February 19. — The good weather, and good sleighing are continued. Father is churning, and mother is clearing away the breakfast. Zadoc has gone to Mr. Jonathan Buck's, to get a tripe. Persis Seaver is at Mr. Stephen Emery's at Paris. Our school closed yesterday. . . .

The United States are at war with the Republic of Mexico. James H. Polk is President of the United States, Elected by the Democratic party, or the Loco-foco party, as it is reproachfully called. The whig, or federal party, as it is sometimes called by the Democratic party, are opposed to the war. Father is opposed to the war, and says it is unjust and wicked, and that it will prove a curse to this nation. John W. Dana is Governor of this State, chosen by the Loco-foco party. The whigs talk about Henry Clay for the next president.

Sunday, February 20. — A pleasant morning. It looks some like snow. We have had so many warm days, the sleighing is almost gone. I have written a letter to my sister Julia, who lives in Winchendon, Massachusetts. I have read in the Bible, and in the 19th Chapter of Acts it says that miracles were performed by Paul, by which diseases were healed and evil spirits cast out. Some of the bad Jews undertook to do the same things, calling over them possessed of evil spirits the name of Jesus. And the evil spirit said, Jesus I know, Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man that had the evil spirit leaped upon the vagabond Jews and

overcame them, and they fled naked and wounded. I love to read the Bible. It is the best book in the world, because it is the word of God our Lord.

Monday, February 21. — The snow fell last night, two inches deep, and will help the sleighing. The storm has cleared away, and the weather is very pleasant again. Zadoc has gone to the west part of the town to get some lard for mother, and James Jewett has gone with him, to hold the horse. There are 225 inhabitants in this village. There are 36 dwelling houses in this village, 1 church, 1 common schoolhouse, one High School house, six stores, 2 blacksmith's shops, 1 carpenter's shop, 2 wagon shops in which the machinery goes by water, 1 cabinet shop with water machinery, 1 Tin shop, a room for making powder kegs by water, 8 shoemaker's shops, 2 tailor's shops, 1 grist mill with four running stones, 1 starch factory, 1 Hoe factory in which the machinery goes by water, 1 tavern, 2 saw mills, 1 clothing shop, 1 carding shop, 3 lawyer's offices. The Portland stage comes here 3 times a week, and the stage from Augusta to Friburg passes through here four times a week. 400 dozen of hoes are made here this winter. Uncle and Aunt Ellis came here with a horse and sleigh. I have been splitting wood this forenoon, and Zadoc sawed some. I like to split wood.

Tuesday, February 22. — Cloudy and warm. Last night the Northern Lights shone out as if a house was on fire. There is a Temperance meeting.

Wednesday, February 23. — Cloudy and damp. It snows a little and is very warm. Father has bought a suit of clothes for Zadoc; broadcloth for a sack coat, kersemere for some pants, and a silk vest. Persis Seaver is still at Paris. We received a letter from Julia last night, and she has had a tooth out. Father has not got any wood out yet, but expects some to-morrow. Father cut my hair this morning.

Thursday, February 24. — A change in the weather; very pleasant, but colder. Father has borrowed me an little axe of my cousin Carrol Loring, and if it suits me, will buy it for me. Father expects some wood to-day, and I shall chop with my little axe then. Father says I am to chop with my little axe, but never split with it, but take the old axe to split with.

Sunday, February 27. — Cloudy and pleasant, but cold. I have been reading the 24 chapter of Acts, about Paul, who was brought before the governor and accused of being a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition, and a ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes, etc. And Paul answered to this accusation boldly and eloquently. Paul was a learned man and a fearless Christian, and could defend his faith as well as anybody. I love to read his speaches.

Monday, February 28. — Cold, clear and healthful. We rose early, and milked. Eat our breakfast — told our dreams. Zadoc dremped an Indian chased him with a bloody knife. I dreamed I milked the cow, — that her bag was between her fore legs.

Wednesday, March 1. — To-day is the first day of Spring, and it is one of the Most blustering days that we have had this winter. . . . There is a report in the paper of a treaty of peace with Mexico: and the United States are to give Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. I hope this report is true and that the treaty will be ratified. According to this treaty, Mexico is to be discharged from her debt to the people of the U. States. And then the U. States will have about half the territory of Mexico. The boundary line will begin at the mouth of the river Rio Grande, three leagues into the Gulf of Mexico; then up to the southern boundary of New Mexico: across to the first branch of the

river Gila; from thence to the river Colerado, & to the town of St. Diego, giving the U. States all Upper California and a port on the Pacific Ocean.

Friday, March 3. — A snowstorm. It seems more like winter than like Spring. John Quincy Adams, member of Congress, died at Washington on the twenty-third of last month, aged eighty-one — just as old as Grandmother Nelson was when she died. He fainted in his seat, and died in the Speaker's room, from old age. He has been president four years, and has been in public service more than any other man in the United States; he was a whig, and much respected by all parties. He was a Christian, and did all his public and private duties faithfully, and in fear of God. Father says he wishes all our public men were as good as he was. His last words were, 'This is the end of earth.'

Saturday, March 4. — A very blustering day and the wind blows the snow into great drifts. Uncle Lucius Loring will start for Boston to-day. Persis wants to know if I am done writing, for she wants to clean the room. Mr. Jordon will haul six more cords, and that will make twenty cords of wood. Father is to give him five shillings a cord for hauling it & cutting it in the woods.

Sunday, March 5. — Another snowstorm. Grandfather Long staid here last night. He told us all about the ships, for he was once a sailor.

Tuesday, March 7. — A pleasant morning. Our private school begins to-day. Mr. Hesikieh Atwood keeps it. Last night I came very near burning up the house. I went into a closit in Grandmother's room to get my shoes; and then father, mother, and I were sitting in the sitting-room, and we smelt a strange smell, and father got up and went into the closet and it was all on fire. He got water & put it out.

Wednesday, March 8. — A very pleasant springlike morning. . . . I asked father how to parse the following line, 'My native land, farewell!' Father says land is a noun in the nominative case, independent, & farewell, an interjection. Dr. Johnson calls farewell an adverb. Walker calls it an interjection, & father thinks Walker is right.

Saturday, March 11. — A clear cool but pleasant morning. Uncle Lucius Loring has got home and brought Persis Seaver some cloth to make her a dress. Father has been summoned to-day by the State, to attend as a witness the trial of Valorous Cooledge at Augusta for murder.

Sunday, March 12. — . . . Persis is preparing to go and see Julia. She has got her a new dress, but it don't suit her very well.

Monday, March 13. — A very pleasant morning. Father started for Augusta this morning. Olivia Records is here cutting a dress for Persis. She is deaf and dumb, and has been to the Asylum.

Wednesday, March 15. — A pleasant but windy morning. There is to be a party in the hall to-night: it is the last night of the cotillions. The players are Mr. Watterman, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Weeks.

Thursday, March 16. — A very cold day. I went to the dance last night, and had first-rate music.

Saturday, March 18. — A snowstorm. Father is still at Augusta, and we expect a letter from him to-day.

Afternoon. — I have had a letter from father in which he gives us a very interesting account of the trial. We see by the paper that a treaty of peace with Mexico is ratified. Father says the treaty is not just as he should have it — he would have less Mexican territory, and none of the population.

Monday, March 20. — A very pleasant, beautiful, delightful springlike morning. It is one of the pleasantest

days we have had this Spring, or winter. Grandfather came here to eat some dinner with mother and me. Zadoc saw Doctor Cooledge, who thought father would not be home from the trial till the last of this week, this morning; he is Uncle to Valorous.

Tuesday, March 21. — A pleasant springlike morning. We some expect father home to-day from Augusta. We shall all bee glad to see him. Mother and Persis are quilting. Mrs. Morrell has been here helping them a little.

Wednesday, March 22. — A very pleasant but windy morning. We were disappointed in not seeing father yesterday, but we shall expect him to-day. I hope he is well, and we shall be glad to see him. Mother and Zadoc have gone down to Grandfather Long's. We are all very anxious to hear the result of the trial. Many believe he is guilty, but will not be convicted.

Thursday, March 23. — Cloudy and colder. We were not disappointed this time at not seeing father, for he came home last night. Zadoc and I have been chopping wood, but the woodpile don't seem to diminish much. We have recieved news that there is a revolution in France and that Louis Philip, the king, has been driven from the throne, and the people have proclaimed a Republic.

Friday, March 24. — A pleasant, cool morning. Zadoc and I are chopping wood. This month has been as stormy and cold as any month we have had this winter, and as much snow has fallen as in all the rest of this winter. Now the snow is going off, and the hills are bare, and the traveling is bad. Father left his gold pencil at the Augusta house. Father and I are going down to Grandfather Long's today, I guess. V. Coolidge is convicted.

[At this point the diarist's recital of events, local, national, and foreign, is interrupted by an entry of a quite different nature, written in a mature, well-formed hand.]

My son, I have looked over what you wrote in your journal during my absence, and find the matter well enough, but the *penmanship is not good.* You must take more pains. Do not blot your book. Let the spaces between your words be as *equal* as possible; also, between your letters. Always so place your book upon the table or desk, that your marks will *all* slant in *one* direction, and that you can rest your arm. Never write with a hair in the point of your pen. Sit or stand *erect,* with your chest thrown out as much as possible, *in front,* to prevent injury to your *health.* Try to observe all these rules, my dear boy, never inserting anything in your journal that you will ever be ashamed to read (I omitted to add that your letters must be made exactly upon the ruled line, & that your long letters must all be as nearly as can be, of a length, & never extend but half-way between the lines, it being a sort of *trespass* to extend them any farther), and your Diary, which I value so much, will appear better. — Z. Long.

Friday, March 31. — A warm, pleasant morning, and the snow goes off very fast. To-day is the last day of March. The peaple in France have opened a Republic and it has been acknowledged by Great Britain.

Saturday, April 1. — A pleasant morning. To-day is April-fool-day. The snow has almost gone and the traveling is very bad, and the stage don't get up here till almost midnight. Mr. Webster has made a very eloquent speech against the war: he does not like the treaty very well. Dr. Coolidge has been handcuffed, and carried to State Prison at Thomastown.

Monday, April 3. — . . . I was *ferruled* for chewing boxberry leaves at school.

Thursday, April 6. — . . . Father is reading N. P. Willis's *Pencilings* during his travel in France, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Turkey and England.

Wednesday, April 12. — Cloudy. Mr. Arad Jordan is chopping wood for us. Mr. Lampson is here taking daguerreotype likenesses. Revolution is going on in Austria. Louis Philippe's property in France is confiscated. He was the richest man in the world. There is a civil war in Central America.

Thursday, April 13. — Cloudy and rainy. To-day is fast day. The people are blasting the ledge in the road opposite Mr. Allen's wagon-shop. They just have made a seam-blast that jarred the houses, and throwed off pieces of rock that would weigh 30 tons. I am going to have my daguerreotype likeness taken this morning. Father wants me to stand up when it is taken, in my green sack coat, buttoned up, with my right hand in the outside pocket, leaning my left elbow upon the light stand, holding in my left hand my ball. Grandmother Long is here, and father will have her likeness taken.

Saturday, April 15. — A very warm and pleasant morning. Grandfather and grandmother and Zadoc and I have had our daguerreotype likenesses taken. Father paid for them all. The nations of Europe seem to be in [a] state of revolution for Republics.

Sunday, April 16. — . . . I have been reading the Bible in the first Corinthians, where it says that God raised up the Lord. I suppose that the Lord means Jesus Christ.

Monday, April 17. — A very pleasant morning. Our school finished today, on account of having few scholars and his folks being sick. Mr. Giles Merrell is here chopping wood for us. Father has bought his horse; father says it is as black as ink, long tail, loose-ribbed, head and nose a little more like a horse's than a Birkshire bore's, neck protruding from his shoulders downward: a lean, lazy, slab-sided, flat-footed Rosanante.

Tuesday, April 18. — A very cold and windy morning. Mr. Giles Merrell of Hebron is here chopping wood for us. Zadoc has been riding our horse, and likes him very well. Mr. Lamson has as many daguerreotype likenesses as he can do.

Sunday, April 23. — A very pleasant morning. I have not written in my journal for a few days. Zadoc and Asa Atwood and I went a-fishing yesterday up to Basin Falls, and Zadoc catched one of the largest trouts that was ever catched in this town.

I have been reading in the first Corinthians about Paul's advice. Paul was an old bachelor, and he did not think that it was best to marry; and he said, if a man prayeth with his head covered he dishonored his head, and if a woman prayeth with her head uncovered, she dishonoreth the head.

Saturday, April 29. — A rain-storm. I went down last night to see the boys spear suckers, and I got one, and father had it for his supper. Father has bought a new stair carpet for the front stairs, and a sofa and some mahogony stuffed chairs and some curtains for the parlor.

Sunday, April 30. — A pleasant, but windy morning. The revolutionary movement is pervading in Europe. The Last Steamer brings news that in England and Ireland the spirit of popular liberty is breaking out. The Government is making arrangements for military defence. The Queen Victoria and her family have moved to the Isle of Wight, it not being deemed safe for her to stay in London. The Repealers of Ireland seem to be making common cause with the Chartists of

England, & it is probable that some blood will be shed before the disturbance is quelled.

Tuesday, May 2. — It rained all night and this morning and it rains now. Mr. Lamson was going away this morning, but it rained and he will not go unless it stops raining. General Scott, the commander-in-chief of our forces, has been recalled from the war with Mexico by President Polk, and the Loco-foco administration would like to put down General Scott and General Taylor because they are Whigs.

Wednesday, May 3. — A real rain-storm. Father is writing a letter to Julia Davis and Persis. There is a revolution for a Republic in Austria and England. The kings are giving up their power.

Thursday, May 11. — A real rain-storm. The grass begins to look green and the trees begin to leaf out. The Whigs talk some of nominating General Taylor, or Mr. Clay and others. The whigs in [the] Massachusetts legislature have recommended Mr. Webster to the national convention as a suitable candidate for President. Mr. Clay has been before the American people now almost a quarter of a century, or twenty-five years, and he is now seventy years old, and father thinks he had better not be candidate for President any more. The summer school will begin a week from next monday. Miss Maria Chase will keep the large school, and Miss Harriett Hawke will keep the small school.

Saturday, May 13. — . . . Our furniture came up last night for the parlor.

Wednesday, May 17. — A beautiful morning. Aunt Thankful Long is here: she staid here last night. I am reading Scott's *Ivanhoe* now, and father says, after I get it through, I must not read any more novels till I am older.

Sunday, May 21. — Cloudy and foggy. The apple trees are in blossom. Father bought the *Life of Henry Clay* yesterday, and gave it to Zadoc and me; and I am going to read it through. The Locos meet at Baltimore next monday to nominate a candidate for next President.

Monday, May 22. — . . . I went to school this forenoon, and waited an hour, and over, but the mistress did not come.

[In the middle of this page, and quite without warning, the handwriting of Zadoc Long reappears in one brief emphatic sentence.]

'John Davis, you *must* write better and plainer.' To this the small boy replies, 'I have no good pen.'

Friday, May 26. — A pleasant warm morning. Grandmother Long is here. Some men from Canton have joined with the men in this place and are going to view a railroad way from here to Farmington. They went right thro our field.

Sunday, May 28. — A warm pleasant morning. Father and mother and I have been up to Grandmother Nelson's grave to see the snowball bush that we set out there. The Democratic party have nominated General Cass of Michigan for the next President.

I am reading in the Bible in the first and second chapters of Gallations: there is not much of anything to write. Mr. Walker will deliver a Temperance Lecture to-night. There will be a Sunday school next Sunday, and Zadoc organised it. I shall go. We had one last fall, but it was broke up and we did not have a very long one. . . . The whig State convention of this state have chosen Taylor delegates to go to the National Convention, and Elijah Hamblin for candidate for next Governor.

Tuesday, May 30. — A rain-storm.

An engineer from New York is here to survey a route for a railway from here to Farmington. . . . General Scott was received with great display at N. Y., and says there will be peace with the Mexican Republic.

Saturday, June 10. — A warm pleasant morning. School is not kept all day. Some of the scholars declaimed, and I was one of the number; and some wrote compositions to-day. They wrote about scholars' duties to their teacher; next Thursday they will write about a teacher's duty to a scholar. Our snowball bush has blown and looks very handsome: it has become quite a large tree, and covers a good deal of ground.

Wednesday, June 14. — Windy morning. General Taylor has been Elected for next president by the National Convention.

Friday, June 16. — There is now a prospect of some kind of weather. I will not write any more till afternoon. This afternoon it is very dry and hot. It now begins to rain in a shower. There is a drawing-school here. Miss Olivia Record keeps it. I do not go. I should like to go; but Father will not let me go.

Saturday, June 17. — A very warm pleasant day. The treaty of peace has been ratified by both governments. I wrote a composition at school. It was the first one that I ever wrote at school.

Wednesday, June 21. — . . . I have begun to read Stephens's *Travels in Central America.*

Thursday, June 22. — A warm pleasant morning. I fell down at school and cut my tongue very bad with my teeth.

Monday, June 26. — . . . Father has sold his horse to Mr. William Creasy for about 90 dollars.

Friday, June 30. — A foggy warm day. To-day is the last day of June. Mr. J. Bennett is fixing his store. Henry and Howard Taylor, Wallis Atwood and myself went a-strawberrying yesterday, and the whole of us got twenty-three qts. Henry got six quarts, Howard five, Wallis six, and myself six.

Saturday, July 1. — Cloudy and foggy. There are four candidates for President now. The Liberty party have nominated Mr. Hale of New Hampshire. The Whig party have nominated General Taylor of Louis-[ian]a. The Democrats have nominated General Cass. A portion of the Democrats, called the Barn-Burner party, have nominated Martin Van Buren. The Liberal party are sometimes called the '*one idea*' party, because they want slavery abolished. The whig party are opposed to Slavery, and opposed to war for conquest, and to the annexation of more territory. They believe that Congress have the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all the territories. They are opposed to the Veto Power. They are in favor of a *protective* tariff. The Democrat party, except the Barn-Burners, are in favor of annexation of territory. They deny the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories. They are opposed to protection of Manufactures at home. The Barn-Burner party agree with the whigs on the subject of slavery, and the powers of Congress over [the] subject of Slavery.

Sunday, July 2. — Cloudy warm morning. Ambrose Buck got home from Canada last night with nine horses. Mr. Foster preaches at Union Chapel to-day. There is a Sunday School here now, and I have got my lesson for to-day. The Fourth of July is day after to-morrow. I expect to attend a Temperance Celebration at Turner on that day.

Monday, July 3. — A rain-storm to-day. It is a very rainy day, and I am afraid it will rain to-morrow. If it does not, I shall go to Turner; at Turner

there will be two hundred boys and girls march to the Temperance Celebration, & I shall march with them, if I go down to Turner. I shall not go to school this afternoon, but stay at home, and write and read. . . . I am reading Mr. Stephens's *Travels in Central America*, in Chipas and Yucatan and Yzabald.

Tuesday, July 4. — A cool, pleasant day. I got up at twelve o'clock this morning, and so did Zadoc, and we joined the boys who fired the Cannon and blowed the trumpets, and drummed on old tin pails, and made all the noise we could, so as to wake up the folks, every one of them. After breakfast father and Zadoc and I started for Turner. At Turner we saw two hundred and fifty boys and girls march. They had a bank of martial music and a choir of sacred music. They marched up to the grove, and there Reverend Mr. Butler delivered an oration on Temperence, which was first-rate. I then came home here to Buckfield, and staid here the rest of the day.

Thursday, July 24. — Very pleasant day. There is a great Political meeting off to Portland, composed of Locofocos who will not vote for Cass, and whigs who will not vote for Taylor, and the Abolitionist party, to nominate a new candidate for next President. This is one of my compositions. The subject is *Intemperance.* Intemperance is a great evil. It is a great evil because if we are made drunk by folks, we shall be led on to *gambling;* and then, perhaps, be led on to stealing, to get money to gamble with, and then lose that by gambling. After we lose that, we may *murder* someone for money; and then be found out and put into State's prison, and then hung; all of this comes from intemperance. I hope there is no one at our school who will be a rum drinker; or a rum seller except when it is nesessarry for people to put on wounds that are very bad.

Portland, Sunday, August 29. — Very beautiful morning. I have been to meeting to-day to Baptist meeting-house and heard Rev. Mr. Beacher preach the sermon. These are the words: 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it.' I sat in the Barrells' pew with George Barrell. Father and mother went to the third parish, and heard Rev. Mr. Dwight preach the sermon. We shall start away in the morning in the cars for Boston, and we shall stop at the Quincy House.

CONTINUITY FOR WOMEN

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

I

THE existence of a deep-lying antinomy, or intrinsic self-contradiction, in the life of the well-trained woman to-day, was an idea thrown forth not long ago in these pages. Urged by a natural and wholly laudable impulse into productive work, mental or material, she nevertheless soon finds herself — of her own volition, from her inmost self — drawn from this systematic activity to the paramount interest of her children and her home life. The paths do diverge, they are not parallel, I averred, fortifying my argument with a bill of particulars from child-psychology, the daily life of mothers, and the ironclad requirements of 'jobs.' The 'Career,' the 'full-time' or 'whole-self' job, and the mother-function, at least, are not compatible; their combination is not, then, as has in recent times been held, a principle of progress and counsel of perfection for women.

That this was not an obvious platitude appeared from the wave of concurrence, even of gratitude, that came back from my plummet. It seemed almost as if, like the enfant terrible of the Hans Andersen tale, I had, by blurting out the truth, brought some relief to overburdened feminists. 'But the king has nothing on!' — 'To be sure, that was what we were all thinking!'

When it came, however, to the solution of my antinomy, — reached in true philosophic fashion by pointing away from the accepted world of ambition and preferment to an ampler ether, a life beyond careers, — why, there, I thought, no one will follow me. Granted that Careers for Mothers (and so, in general, for women) are after all self-nullified, or at least self-limited — the old doctrine, of marriage as a quietus on the earlier vocation, will still prevail.

What I had ventured was this: Might it not have an epochal effect on the progress of science if one half of the able people in the world should consciously, explicitly, and proudly refuse to compete? My forecast of dissent was, however, wrong: supporters appeared. One from out of the least likely of groups — a practising woman lawyer and old-time suffragist — voiced a clear challenge to furnish the specifications for so seemingly utopian a régime. What, precisely, — it was asked, — was envisaged in this notion of women's refusing to compete? What could they *do?*

Now the negative is notoriously a ticklish proposition. I could not safely expound my view of noncompeting for trained women without marking out what they would have to do in order positively to compete, and without clearing away what seemed to me the mistaken interpretations of their refraining.

II

For the woman educated and specially trained, the professional worker,

in short, 'competing' must mean, at the very lowest, keeping up in the professional race. What does that involve?

An excellent answer is to be found in Miss E. K. Adams's authoritative work on *Women Professional Workers*. Although the specific reference of the passage is to medicine, law, and divinity, it evidently fits also such applications of science as engineering, education, social-welfare work, and the practice of the abstract sciences and the arts as well. After naming several distinguishing marks of a profession, Miss Adams lists, finally, 'practice of the profession as a permanent calling providing an adequate livelihood.'

This point is obviously the crux. Failing this relation of permanent calling and adequate livelihood, not only the highest professional achievements, but the ordinary attainment of place or rank, academic or other, is practically excluded.

But just this relation — it was my earlier effort to show — involves a kind of contract obligation and major responsibility with which real motherhood conflicts. That major responsibility to and for the adequate livelihood belongs to the father of the family; child nurture is the mother's. Two prime responsibilities for her — unthinkable!

Parenthetically, it may be noted, the whole current discussion of economic independence for women must depend on dissembling this difficulty — of a permanent calling providing an adequate livelihood — for mothers. Supposing economic independence to be, indeed, desirable, some form of the endowment of motherhood is clearly required. The political slogan of 'no discrimination,' issuing in the 'blanket' amendment sponsored by the so-called 'Woman's Party,' involves this same dissembling of a patent natural fact. The absurdity of ignoring the need, created by the mother-function, of the physical safeguarding of all women, and hence of fundamental legal adjustments to this differentiation, would seem to be obvious. As well have the 'no discrimination' principle invoked by the workers in a beehive, against the queen!

It would therefore seem more logical to speak merely of women's recognizing their noncompetitive status, than of their 'refusing to compete.' But the attitude of will is of the greatest importance for the form their noncompetition takes, and for their whole adjustment to life, as I hope to show.

III

The traditional view of the scope and destiny of women's talents is perfectly clear-cut and sentimentally acceptable. In the face of a hundred years of contravening actuality, it is still lèse majesté to question it. Like the doctrine of predestination, held side by side with free will by our elders, it is cherished by most persons simultaneously with precisely contradicting views — and actions. This is the doctrine that all talents may find their adequate expression in the uses of the home. Typical is this excerpt from the *Atlantic* letter-box: 'To create a *Home* requires the proper use of all of her [the trained woman's] abilities and "offers her opportunities and incentives for the highest achievements."'

Now, without question, the ultimate value of every human effort whatever is in the purposes of the home; just as the first concern of every woman is for its great issues. But O for some power to transfix once for all that persistent fallacy which confuses the *application* of knowledge to a single concrete use, with the normal *practice* of the science (or art) itself! It seems to be a sophism peculiar to the feminine topic; I have

not met it elsewhere. And, strangely enough, it is just those arts most prized in the home, which have come nearest to escaping from this misconception. Everyone understands that specific gifts in music, painting, sculpture, literature, do not find their 'proper' use or practice in the home, even though they greatly minister to it, or give way before it at need; but that they require an integral development and exercise of their own, in order to exist, in any true sense, at all.

Executive, scientific, or intellectual gifts, however, are not less specific, and are far more widespread among women; yet here we blur the distinction between the systematic thought or activity dealing with a whole field of particulars, and the unique act of the individual in her personal relations. The activity in which scientific ability is expressed does not even occur, much less attain to its 'proper use,' if its function is not thus systematic. One of the great uses of entomology, for example, is to guard society against noxious insects; but would an entomologist find the full expression of his science in keeping his household free from insect pests? Would he continue to be an entomologist at all if that were the extent of his activity? Would an engineer be justified of his profession in confining his bridge-building to his own estate? Is it to be supposed that the woman physician finds the proper fulfillment of her training in healing the members of her own family, even though her personal happiness be thereby assured? Suppose the case of a psychologist: is it assumed that she continues the psychological function in simply applying her existing fund of knowledge as a guide in her warm human relations with husband and children?

That, of course, is exactly what the quoted pronouncement does mean. But it shows a lamentable confusion of mind as to the nature of the great human disciplines.

Everyone who has achieved anything in one of these, whether it be a poem written, a star or a chemical compound isolated, a viewpoint of criticism established, a principle of mental function or of social welfare traced, knows that the character of that activity has absolutely nothing in common with the series of single will-acts by which the health, welfare, and moral harmony of a family are established. It may be — for the wife and mother undoubtedly is — a secondary activity; but at least it is an incommensurable one.

The Home is a unique creation, in which a thousand different elements of knowledge, power, and skill blend — and disappear, as flavors in ambrosia. For any one of these, 'nothing too much' must be the maxim. It can demand no separate existence within the home. Who wants to turn loving uses to material for science, or seek to find therein occasions for practising one's specialty? What mother will — or can, effectively — use her own children for psychological experiments? The home cannot be a laboratory; and as a field of application, its range is exceedingly narrow for any given subject.

When I imagine trained and able women I have known, or known about, seeking *within the home* the proper exercise of their abilities, — the auditor, the patent lawyer, the astronomical computer, the palæontologist, the insurance statistician, the specialist on the lymphatic system, the microscopist in electrometallurgy, the archæologist for prehistoric Greeks, the consulting entomologist attached to an agricultural experiment station, — well, 'the sense faints picturing them'!

This truth it is, I believe, dimly apprehended, which has held back many

women's colleges from founding those related courses, so long overdue, in education for parenthood. That training surely ought to be as much a part of every woman's equipment as the ability to use her native tongue. But many of its advocates[1] have fallen into this same confusion between the special uses and the scientific pursuit of the subjects covered. Educators subconsciously flinch at this. They retort simply that such subjects do not train the mind; whereas the fact is that the systematic disinterested pursuit of any subject whatever is antithetical in its intrinsic nature to the personal adjuster's, general contractor's, or, in fine, statesman's job of mother and homemaker.

If training for parenthood could be taken simply for what it is, women's supreme personal need, like training for health, and delimited from the pure and applied sciences alike, the colleges might abandon their protective inertia.

IV

One regrettable corollary or variation of the 'home-use' theory of training is to admit no other motive for the systematic pursuit of a subject than the desire on the part of women for an interesting occupation. How often have we heard from our elders, in homiletic tones, 'Even Miss So-and-so' — naming some able woman — 'says she 'd give it all up in a moment if the right man came along'! Well, indeed, that it should be so, if such is the alternative; yet the intended inference is all wrong. Probably the proportion among women of those who feel the single-hearted urge to use their skill is as great as among men. This truth, of the passionate hunger of certain minds for systematic disinterested activity, even Mr. H. G. Wells has at last reached as a truth for women's minds as well, after sapping up to it through twenty years of half-blocked-out psychology.

Let no one here throw in a scornful 'Oh, self-expression!' Alas, poor self-expression! How many precious uses have been stifled in thy name! The parable of the buried talents is far more applicable. That any human being should have a specific capacity, found, proved, trained, developed, and exercised, and then smother it, is to my thought no less than sinful. It is not poets only, or men, but women also, who can cry with Milton,—

> And that one talent which is death to hide,
> Lodged with me, useless!

The element of mental health itself is not to be ignored. I believe the victims of sex-suppression are no more in number than those of the frustration of capacity. 'Sublimation,' in current jargon, is as likely to be the setting free into action of some human endowment, hitherto repressed, as it is to be the transmuting of an original sex-impulse into a different expression. To talk with the authorities on mental disorders is to be confirmed in this view. Thrillingly moving are the record histories of women in whom an inhibited or only half-sensed talent, once called to life, has proved the rescuer of the whole personality. On the æsthetic and executive sides alone, the really exquisite weaving and tapestry-work, bookbinding, jewelry-work, and carving, of certain hospitals, have not only bridged the way to mental health, but, for some, have uncovered the sore spot itself — a suppressed faculty for artistic expression. True, it is not often that the 'complex' is simple, or the 'conflicts' confined to frustrated capacity alone; yet the way

[1] Not so Mrs. E. v. B. Hansl, whose valuable study, 'Parenthood and the Colleges,' in the *A. A. U. W. Journal* for January, 1922, is already bringing results.

out has been through the single path of this developed and exercised gift.

The conscious inhibition of proved ability is also definitely harmful. A physician in a great institution for mental healing said to me: 'A systematic effort in the direction of continuance of the individual vocation would cause a great improvement in the health and happiness of women.' For the trained woman, at least, real work in the field she has once made her own is a necessary vitamine.

V

Our outline figure of 'refusing to compete' has begun to fill in. In resisting the traditional 'home-use' theory of the destiny of talents; in showing that this, indeed, means their actual eclipse, we have come round, it seems, full circle, to a positive demand for some continuity in women's use of their powers and their training.

All considerations of social economy as to investments in time, energy, money, and educational facilities demand it, also. The present waste in labor turnover, and in the scrapping of costly mental equipment, among women, would not be tolerated for a moment were it not obscured by the casual optimism of the 'home-use' theory. As it is now, every young woman in the full tide of her effort is under sentence of death, professionally, with indefinite reprieve. The ever-imminent break ought to be enough to take much of the patience and forethought out of her work. As a matter of fact, women do seem to be far less inclined than men to enter on a project *à longue haleine*.

Much has been said of the woman's 'second leisure,' as affording the desired usefulness. But there are two obstacles hardly to be overcome.

First, the long interruption spells for most occupations a fatal weakening in knowledge, skill, and energy. Literary work is possibly one of the exceptions; we may think of others. But, in general, for women past their children's youth, the outlay of vitality required to recover lost ground is too great. The hand, the eye, the scientific flair have failed, as with Andrea del Sarto:—

> But all the play, the insight and the stretch —
> Out of me, out of me!

For the arts, this needs no argument. Paderewski declared that, if he failed to practise for a single day, he noticed it; if for three days, his public noticed it. In any science, and in most technical services, the fifteen years before any woman's 'second leisure' almost transform the scene. Certainly the last fifteen years have done so obviously for the automotive sciences, for telegraphy and telephony; for medicine, through the progress of endocrinology and the theory of vitamines; for physics and chemistry, through the new theories of matter and relativity; for psychology, education, and psychiatry through the mushroom growth of mental measurements of all kinds and their implications, and through Freudian interpretations and remouldings; for social work, through its penetration by psychology and psychiatry. I do believe it would be easier, for a lapsed psychologist, at least, to begin again at the beginning, than to try to make use, after fifteen years' interruption, of her out-moded wares.

Scientific flair is only another name for creative imagination. But creative imagination, as every psychologist knows, — or indeed any expert as regards his own field, — depends, first of all, on *fertility of hypotheses*, rich, freely flowing alternatives — 'accumulated experience which augments the chances of original association of ideas' (Ribot). The price of scientific flair is continued immersion in one's subject.

Last of all, the foothold of opportunity is lost. Chances for work of any kind depend for the most part on unbroken relations with the source of supply. These are not lightly to be renewed.

VI

Conceded, then, the well-trained woman's need of carrying on after marriage; conceded, the mother's inability for an output of a certain quantity, deliverable without interruption; problem, to establish means and methods to keep some thread of her original endeavor, integral in character if limited in scope.

What I am trying to get at might be illustrated by the modern case of the 'Contributing Editor.' Was it not Theodore Roosevelt for whom that institution was invented? The contribution is small in amount, but so notable in character, that its message enters into the policy of the magazine. Not full editorial duty, rank, or emoluments, is the contributing editor's, but editorial quality alone.

So the woman who has another, a primary, responsibility, must hold to the thought that granting the right of way does not mean being crowded off the path. She is not falling short of her professional ideals in contracting the scope, or modifying the type, of her work. That this conception of the 'contributing professional' means wide changes in public opinion, in the actual mechanics of the professions, and in women's education for the professions, is not denied.

First of all, the continuity of women's occupations, being foreseen, can be provided for from the beginning. Education of all women for wifehood and parenthood will be parallel to the specialized individual training. This professional education can be planned to allow a later concentration on certain phases, pursuable within the limits of marriage and motherhood. Any inventive lover of her vocation can multiply the possibilities in, say, intensive experiment, special fields, borderline subjects; consulting work, group work, text work (that is, comparative or historical research, criticism, and reviewing).

For every field of effort whatever there is, in fact, a fringe of specialized research, experiment, or invention, publicity, graphics, statistics, criticism, review, or bibliography, which may engage the woman professional, in case the physical conditions of work in the central field are prohibitive for her. Here it is that that admirable institution, the Bureau of Vocational Information, has an infinite field in the United States for study and counsel. The colleges and professional schools, both, can make, in coöperation, broad constructive changes in curriculum, in aid of the woman who seeks to 'carry on' in marriage.

The professions themselves, through their official arbiters, must point out the subdivisions where women can do independent work. Architecture and engineering, for example, are notoriously inhospitable to women members; yet in both there are scores of special fields which women might exploit.

Taking the engineers as quite the most unfavorable case, I computed, as an enheartening adventure, the varieties of work which might come within the purview of the woman 'contributing professional.' The interesting 'Report of Engineering Council on the Classification and Compensation of Engineers' gives twelve different kinds as in the service of the Federal Government, from aeronautical to ordnance, including civil, which has twenty-three varieties of its own, or thirty-four in all. In at least three of the five professional grades contemplated, inde-

pendent work is possible, including the preparation of reports, — I quote from the Report — studies, or computations necessary for these; cost estimates, valuations, designs; data for specific items of engineering studies; specific tests or investigations of apparatus, material, or processes; designing of details from sketches or specifications; also general consulting or independent research. To cut short a story already too long, I arrived at the figure of three hundred and fifty, as a conservative estimate of the number of engineering variations possible for the woman doing 'piece work.' Truly 'Atalanta, Limited,' was well chosen as a firm name by certain British women engineers!

The married partnerships, of which I have already written, point another way to circumvent intractable professions. Moreover, increasing specialization in every profession is opening the way to the woman aid, or free lance. In the field that I know best, psychology, new varieties of occupation are springing up thick on the borderlines between psychology, psychiatry, medicine, sociology, and social work. And this is true of all the other fields.

That academic institutions will only gain by making such place for able women as their personal situations let them fill, would seem to go without saying. Yet, incredible as it seems, there are still some whose policy forbids the 'faculty wife,' though equal in attainments to her husband, to take any part whatever in its work.

It is clear that a protracted period of ventilating the question and arguing it through, with institutions and professions alike, not on general grounds but in concrete details, must precede all these constructive changes. 'Explore, experiment, educate, agitate!' must be the war cry. Women have only themselves to blame, if, having once worked out to the end the possible and right course for them, they do not effectively promulgate it.

VII

The issue comes back, after all, to women's own attitude toward their own spade-work. Do women take objective values seriously enough? One who has long frequented the purlieus of academic life knows that, on the whole, the actual scientific *matter* bulks less to women's view than the 'achievement' of place. This natural enough feminist tendency has been reinforced by the extraordinary exploitation of everything which has publicity value, during these last strenuous years of 'college funds.' A case in point is the virtual submergence, not only from the public eye, but also from that of their academic fellows, of the work of the able women scientists in Government service. A college magazine in which I was interested maintained a popular department on alumnæ achievements. When, however, it was desired to illustrate their work in productive scholarship, we had the greatest difficulty in disinterring any information, even from the scholars themselves, when finally we had tracked them down.

It is on this count that the prevalent enthusiasm for federating college women internationally seems to me fraught with a certain danger. Emphasis on the formal and emotional aspects of federation, as such, beclouds the real excuse for it — creative scholarship. International scholars, on the other hand, have pushed their fraternizing only on the ground of common object-interest, and recognized contributions to it. Therefore, the international congresses of medicine, physics, political science, psychology, archæology, have a deep-rooted, solid, and realistic character, lacking to the women's groups.

Our project, on the contrary, requires an unlimited respect for the dull fact, and neglect of the honorific. It means labor with the eye on the object, pursued modestly, modestly paid, with negligible professional rank. Only the woman of keenest joy in her subject is going to be contented with such hard-won service. 'Not unless your longing for it burns a hole in you!' was the counsel of a woman of genius, who has sacrificed much to keep hold of her painter's brush. It is the acid test, of course. For those whose interest is less intrinsic, it may well be that marriage and motherhood indeed dissolve it.

What of the bearing of all this on the case of the unmarried woman, in full progress? In what sense, if any, shall she, too, 'not compete'? I know that this will be a hard saying, but it seems to me that she, too, must recognize that she is, as an actual fact, whatever her personal intentions or traits, in a class of extra-hazardous risk for any profession, and that she must pay insurance on that risk. Part of the payment will lie in a reduction of rate of promotion, and expectation of place.

To this extent she too undergoes a handicap, and cannot compete on even terms. Dignity, self-respect, and common sense will be served by her accepting, without apology to an unreasonable feminist ideal, whatever variety of non-competition she individually chooses to espouse.

It would appear that emphasis on the free-lance aspect, on the actual separate pieces of work carried through, would tend to link all women, married and unmarried alike, in the solidarity of a profession, and to redound to their common advantage. It is, perhaps, well that women, in work as in affection, should, by Margaret Fuller's precept, 'not calculate too closely.'

If this view prevails, life will open many doors to the woman of trained intelligence, who puts first, as I believe every woman must, the brooding love and care for the little souls she has helped create, yet who would not waste the other treasures she has gained through years of effort. It seems to me that only some such early and far-seeing adjustment as I have proposed can economically justify the wider and higher education of women, or suffice their sense of values. The consciousness of stability, of an increasing purpose capable of unbroken, ever-renewed fulfillment, is all that can give happiness to any life.

Of the drastic household reorganization which alone will enable women to accomplish this, I wrote at length in an earlier paper. Many women's groups are awake to this need, and the next few years ought to see an evolution from the present household-factory into a simpler form, community- or group-administered.

A new code of ethics, then, is what is wanted — a code of ethics both on the part of, and toward, women, in the professions and in the home. A code of ethics for husbands is also indicated. If confidences are to be believed, there still exist loving husbands who truly prefer a wifely personality partly benumbed in its potential activities. Others would further the activity did it not touch their pride of purse — the wife must not be known to earn. But to make every occupation whatever a sweated trade, it needs only that women engage in it unpaid. That, of course, all professional ethics so clearly negatives that I have not thought it needful to enlarge on it. No — women must not, and will not, undersell their fellow workers; better that they be held in idleness. But, indeed, the only hope of banishing such refined mental cruelties as these, and of establishing

the code of noble human beings in a partnership of their complete selves, is education of public opinion, through concerted systematic agitation on the part of individuals, and even of institutions. Architects and engineers, physicians and lawyers, spend years in council on their codes of professional behavior, and make many sacrifices to uphold them with the public. Shall women hope to enter the promised land of individual work, hedged about as it is with prior loves and loyalties and duties, without devoting at least as much effort to their own code of action as wives and mothers?

A noble task for the women of this generation is to evaluate their own conscious purposes. I believe their ideal will take shape somewhat thus: First: to order their lives for the loving companionship and nurture of children. Second: to find and establish in public esteem the right ways to continue their trained vocations in harmony with home ties. Third: to make all these things practically possible by reducing, through inventions and organization in mutual aid, the present feudal proportions and absurd over-stressing of the household mechanism.

A DAY IN A JUNGLE LABORATORY

BY RUTH ROSE

I

'Oh, heavens! whose tongue is this?'

'It 's Gilbert's.'

'Well, it 's covered with ants. Come and chloroform it.'

'Be there in a minute. Wait till I catch this louse.'

'And when you come, bring over that leg of yours, and I 'll do it.'

'All right. Has anyone written to thank the major for the quart of queens he sent us?'

'Yes, I did, and I asked him to send us some soldiers next time.'

(Sudden voice from a far corner) 'Now, little dear, frog out your eye!'

No, reader, these are not remarks overheard in a lunatic asylum. Their proper and official title would be 'Conversation in a Jungle Laboratory.'

Picture a long, narrow, raftered room, — half room, half verandah, — open on three sides to a view of broad waters and clumps of bamboo. Walking straight down this room, I pass through the laboratory into the library; two paces to the right, and I am in the dining-room, all without the exertion of opening and closing doors; for the partitions that divide working-, reading-, and dining-rooms are like the equator, in that they are purely imaginary lines, but their limits are strictly observed. There is an intricate system of closely packed shelves and tables, each one heaped high with a strange assortment of objects, and heads bending over them, absorbed in contemplation of many weird and marvelous things.

This laboratory is that of the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society, and the heads are those of the Lucky Seven who are at present established in this picturesque workshop in the interior of British Guiana. The outward and visible signs of its inward and scientific grace are a low, weather-beaten bungalow and a row of tents, in a triangular clearing bounded on two sides by broad rivers, and on the third by some hundreds or thousands of miles of practically unexplored South American jungle. We, tiny atoms clinging to the edge of this great wilderness, dip what we can from its inexhaustible supplies of wonder and mystery, and lament because the days are so short, and we so inadequately furnished with hands and strength and time.

Much has been said of the languor and peace of the tropics, and I had expected to have many long and sleepy hours in which to read and meditate and invite my soul. But from the moment when we spring more or less eagerly from our army cots, for a sunrise swim, till the hour, some time before midnight, when these cots squeakingly receive our exhausted frames again, our days are an unceasing and unsuccessful battle with the demon, Time; and here the unexpected happens with positively monotonous regularity.

We do not even wake in an ordinary manner. Lying half asleep in my tent the other morning, looking out over the misty river, and wondering if the gray light were dawn or moon, I was suddenly conscious of a deep, rumbling vibration, everywhere and nowhere; my cot swayed a little, then more and more, till it was shaking heartily from side to side. Instantly the sleeping jungle was as wide-awake as myself. With a sudden roar, a chorus of howling monkeys broke into concerted protest. Everywhere birds fluttered and cried out. For perhaps a minute came the vocal and physical response of animal life to the sound and movement of the earth; then the vibration diminished and ceased, and the rumble died away in a long, muttering roll like distant thunder. And I thought how pleasant it was, after humdrum New York wakenings to the sound of alarm clock or telephone bell, to be roused by a friendly earthquake giving one a gentle shake, as if to say, 'Come, get up! There 's a lot to see to-day!'

While dressing, I heard some little commotion in the abode of the Budding Ornithologist, two tents away. Presently, when the black house-boy summoned us to breakfast by earnest bangings on a big iron triangle, I stopped in neighborly fashion on my way to the bungalow, to inquire the cause of the disturbance. A gory spectacle confronted me. Little pools of blood dotted the tent-floor, while the cot looked like the scene of a recent murder. Instead of a corpse stretched there, however, a very much alive youth was sitting on the edge, bandaging both feet, and rather pleasantly excited by his first encounter with vampire bats. It did not for a moment delay his response to the breakfast call.

As I said before, we are seven: the Director, the Camera-Man, — no, this is not a moving-picture company; let us call him the Photographer, — the Artist, the Other Artist, the Grasshopterist, and the Budding Ornithologist. I am the Supercargo: I don't know what it means, but it has an unnecessary sound that seems, amid the competence with which I am surrounded, to fit me very well. The enumeration of the things the Photographer has at his finger-ends would read like an index to a work on entomology; while the Director can shoot a bird on

the wing, make a new discovery in some form of microscopic life, chin himself twenty times running, catch an anaconda, and write a charming essay, all in the course of a casual morning.

Breakfast was enlivened by a hot argument over vampires and their methods of operation. This bat had behaved in a most unconventional manner. Not only had he failed to seal antiseptically the wounds he made, but the wounds themselves were all wrong, speaking impartially and not from the point of view of the victim. Instead of being neat punctures, hardly perceptible once the vampire had finished his grisly meal, these were long, oval gouges. There was much speculation as to whether this was an indication of a new species of bat, and interested plans were made to capture one the following night. A practically unanimous opinion prevailed that the first victim should expose himself again as bait, the one dissenting voice being that of the prospective bait. He painted a heart-rending picture of his enfeebled condition after being martyred to Science; and this led to an argument as to the probable amount of harm that could be caused to the human frame by vampires and their tricky little ways. The Director put an extinguisher on this discussion by remarking coldly that one session with a vampire bat would probably cause as much harm as one cigarette; whereat the cigarette smokers present were abashed and subsided.

II

Directly after breakfast each morning I go out to feed the menagerie. This duty has two aspects, for, besides caring for the live specimens in cages, I also plan and order meals for the human members of our small colony. I take the latter task lightly and hardheartedly; and when the Budding Ornithologist regards the chief dish mournfully and remarks that he *never* eats onions, I can answer coldly and without a pang, 'No one will compel you.' But it is a very different story when attempting to cater to the big iguanas, those brilliant green lizards with throat-pouches mottled in gorgeous shades of pink and yellow and blue, and with serrated ridges down their spines, which make them look like miniatures of some antediluvian epoch. No one can tell me definitely what they eat. The Director, appealed to for information, says lightly, 'Iguanas? Oh, they 're vegetarian'; and appears to think the matter is settled. The vegetable kingdom is a large one. Day after day passes while I anxiously proffer samples of every sort of leaf, berry, or fruit that grows within half a mile of us. The iguanas steadfastly refuse all forms of nourishment, while I age visibly. I am found at odd hours leaning over their cage, adjuring them to indicate some preference. They respond only by steady, baleful glares, and occasional vicious lashes of long, powerful tails. At last, one of them, broken in spirit by captivity and his long fast, gives up the hunger-strike and eats a bit of banana; I detect him in the very act and much rejoicing ensues. From then on, both iguanas eat largely of all sorts of things hitherto refused.

The monkey's cage represents motion at its nearest approach to perpetuity, and the turtles' pen is the opposite extreme. We have only one monkey at present — a slim-bodied little gray chap, with big eyes in a melancholy face, and an effect of elbow-length chamois gloves given by the yellow hair that covers half his legs. He is a timid beast, but is gradually becoming tame enough to leap upon my hand for a moment to snatch some proffered deli-

cacy. This morning he held his saucer of oatmeal firmly between both hands, and then, in sudden fear lest I repent of my generosity and prove 'Indian giver,' he made doubly sure of his breakfast by grasping the saucer with one hind foot as well. Thus deprived of his balance, he sat down abruptly, but continued his meal, pausing after every mouthful of the luscious mass to look at me anxiously over the edge of the dish.

The turtles' pen is called the Officers' Mess. There are in it the captain, major, colonel, general, and field marshal, graded according to size. As is usually the case in life, the extremes of the social scale are more amusing than the middle strata. The captain has a way with him, partly on account of his tiny proportions; the field marshal is most intelligent, as befits his rank; and when I open the cage and call to him, he comes forth with the impressive quavering deliberation of the Benevolent Old Man of melodrama, and, standing high on his crooked legs, totters majestically toward the crust of bread that he knows will be the reward of his pilgrimage.

As I went the rounds of the cages, distributing all manner of strange provender to a variety of reptiles, amphibians, birds, fish, and insects, I glanced into the glass case where a row of chrysalids hung from a stick, and others lay half buried in the earth, each one with a metal tag bearing its identification number. One look and I ran shrieking into the laboratory.

'Quick! the biggest Sphinx is hatching!'

The Photographer dropped his dissection of a fish, the Director sprang up from his writing, the Budding Ornithologist deserted the bird's tongue he was drawing under the microscope, the Grasshopterist desisted from the preparation of a formalin bath for one of his little pets, the Artist abandoned her tree-frog, and the Other Artist her baby bird. There was a hubbub of dragging out the motion-picture camera, arranging the black-velvet background, adjusting and focusing; while over all, the voice of the Director rang out in anguish, 'The matches! Who has the MATCHES?'

The stage prepared, the principal actor was brought on; magnesium ribbon, lighted and paid out as it burned, cast a dazzling white light over the miracle of a moth's emergence from the chrysalid. There was an Egyptian suggestion about this strangely decorated chrysalid of orange and black; and the appearance of its gorgeous inhabitant was as startling as it would be to watch a mummy-case open, and to see an archangel step out. When the moth was at last spread out in his full glory of bronze and yellow and black, broad wings still trembling as the last of the moisture of his long entombment dried, a drop of chloroform made of him a perfect specimen, with not one of his minute scales marred by wind or weather. The concluding notes of his life history were set down beside the description of his previous caterpillar incarnation, and once more calm descended on the laboratory as we returned to our various tasks.

I created a momentary diversion by announcing in discouraged tones, 'MacDuff is at it again!' which elicited only a few bored groans. MacDuff is a weirdly camouflaged mantis, so named because through storm and stress, through rainy season and dry, she lays on, and on, and on. Rows of yellow, cornucopia-like egg-cases bear witness to her incurably maternal nature.

Scraps of conversation came to me as I sat making alcoholic specimens of various parts of a bird's anatomy — sentences which, lacking context and background, sounded as wild as those

of my introduction. Hear now their interpretation: the Budding Ornithologist had temporarily left his drawing of a bird's tongue, and had gone out to investigate a bird's nest; and the dissection, of which he was making a diagram, had been scented afar off by a horde of minute red ants. The Other Artist, working over the next microscope, announced the fact and called the Director to the rescue. His answer, so reminiscent of trench anecdotes, meant only that he was busily burrowing through the thick feathers of a tinamou, searching for parasites, of which he is making a study. The Other Artist requested him, when he had finished stalking his prey, to bring her a leg of this same tinamou, so that she might make the diagram of it for which he had been clamoring. As for the quart of queens, which next made their apparently inexplicable appearance in the conversation, they were a royal gift from a friendly English planter, who lives four miles down-river. He privately regards us as a collection of pleasant lunatics; but, entertaining only kindly feelings toward our harmlessness, he contributes now and then something ensnared on his plantation, which he thinks might be interesting to our peculiar minds. A large jar, almost filled with a seething mass of winged queen ants, had been the latest gift from this source, and I had written to thank him and to ask for some soldier ants from the same nest, in order to complete the identification of the species.

Behind me, in the corner from which came the sudden voice last quoted, sits the Artist, struggling to paint the portrait of a gigantic bright-green tree-frog. I use the word struggling, not in disparagement of her artistic ability, but because of the cruel and unusual difficulties with which she must contend. The most temperamental prima donna could not prove a more trying subject, though this Artist has a choice of only two moods from her model. He sits on her palm, with strange, long, vacuum-cupped fingers wrapped round her hand in a clutch that suggests determined affection. She is trying to paint his eyes, wonderfully and intricately patterned with brown and gold; and here enter the unusual difficulties. Let us say that the mood in which freedom seems to him a good thing, worth fighting for, comes upon him; while he turns the project of escape over in his mind, his eyes protrude further and further, as if he were more and more astonished by the cleverness of his idea. The phrase 'to frog out the eyes' has become a popular one in our select jungle circle. Now the Artist paints with despairing speed, for she knows all too well what his next move will be — a violent and sudden plunge at an incalculable angle, and the soft, unresisting slip of a flabby body through her fingers. When his ambition is thwarted, his other mood overtakes him, and he becomes a sulky cynic. Then he is motionless, and withdraws his consciousness to some inner haven, where artists do not break through and paint — but he also withdraws his eyes to some mysterious recess of his anatomy! Then is the Artist heard, with imploring voice, adjuring him to frog out his eye, that it may be immortalized.

III

It was still early morning when from down-river was heard the regular beat of many paddles keeping time to a chorus of men's voices. Without looking up, some one remarked, 'More convicts,' and the Director commented briefly, 'Good. More trail.' From His Majesty's penal settlement the boat-load of more-or-less-black prisoners, in more-or-less-white garb, was approach-

ing, loaned to us for the day by the head of the prison. This was the third or fourth time that gangs had been sent up; and beautifully wide, clear trails, slashed through the jungle behind us, are the results of their work. There is considerable competition among them to be included in such 'bush parties,' for they have rather the character of a picnic as a change from prison routine. Also, the free show that we and our strange ways afford them must be attractive, and they are fairly sure of a gift of cigarettes after the day's work.

With a ringing shout at the end of a verse of their chanty, the boat grounded on the sandy beach before the laboratory, and ten burly convicts stepped out into the shallow water. They were in charge of one black warder, who perspired in the uncomfortable glory of dark-blue uniform, sun-helmet, and boots. To preserve these symbols of authority, he was tenderly lifted ashore in the arms of two of his charges. Leading the file of cheerful criminals up the steep bank, he presented himself for instructions.

The last man balanced on his head a square wooden box; he caught my eye over the warder's shoulder, and with a preternaturally solemn face, significantly made with two fingers the gesture of one who removes a cigarette from his lips. Two of the others carried kettles and packages, so that presently they might have some mysterious mess cooking over a fire in the compound, for their eleven-o'clock breakfast.

With some care, my would-be smoker deposited his burden on the ground, and the warder ceremoniously announced 'a gift brought to de Professor.' The Director-Professor took one look under the cautiously lifted lid, and again there was agitation and scurrying. The motion-picture camera was hastily dragged out into the compound, to record the looks and manners of a rainbow boa — a huge red constrictor — which gleamed in the sunlight with unbelievable prismatic hues. Alas, that the movies cannot show the sheen of color that plays over those shifting coils! The big snake was carefully placed on the bare ground of the compound, and with leaps and shouts and gestures the Director endeavored to make him register some reptilian emotion. Surely never before was there an actor so anxious to give up the centre of the stage! His one idea was to seek the decent obscurity of private life; and it required the earnest efforts of four people, armed with brooms, sticks, and butterfly-nets, to keep him in the camera's focus.

All this was watched from a respectful distance by a circle of stupefied convicts, watching our wild antics with uncomprehending wonder. When the pictures were taken, the next problem was to return the boa to confinement: watching for a favorable opportunity, the Director pounced upon the snake, seizing it with one hand just behind the head, to avoid its nonvenomous, but extremely vigorous bite, and grasping it with the other hand two-thirds of the way down the body, to prevent it from coiling. The head-hold was successful, but the body slipped from his left hand, and like a flash the boa whipped two coils round the man's arm, lashed the rest of its body and tail upward, diagonally binding those coils, and began to squeeze.

'Great!' shouted the Photographer; 'Hold it!'

So the Director held it, though whether he was holding it, or it was holding him, was a question open to argument. The veins on the hand grasping the snake's head swelled and darkened, while the arm above the living tourniquet turned to a lovely pallor, and the camera ground on. When the hand had reached a satisfac-

tory shade of livid purple, the grinding stopped without the formality of calling, 'Cut,' and the Photographer helped to pry off the bands of muscle — a task which took more force than seemed possible. Half an hour later the Director's arm had lost some of its morgue-like hue, but two stripes across his forearm showed where the scaly folds had bruised the flesh. It is easy to imagine the collapse of a small animal's flesh and bone under the merciless, unhurried squeeze of such a snake, on dinner bent.

The Artist had danced round this proceeding, gleeful at the prospect of painting the reptile's portrait. To paraphrase the side-show barker's inducement to step up and pay your dime, 'She paints 'em alive'; and she was actually looking forward to the day when she would hold this prismatically scaled head in her hand, and, with the rest of the writhing body more or less firmly tied into a cloth bag, lovingly reproduce its features.

Mentally quoting the remark of the old lady who kissed the cow, I left the enthusiastic one leaning over the cage in which the boa had been placed, and went through the bungalow to the servants' quarters, to find Bertie. Bertie is the dependable, the indispensable, the inimitable. Every time I look at his enormous black hands, I think of one of O. Henry's characters, who is described as having hands that Armour and Company would have been wild about. But with those great hands Bertie can skin a hummingbird and scarcely ruffle one of its minute feathers.

At Kartabo we have no silken bell-rope at which to tug, nor silver bell to tinkle; when we want service, we shout, or even shriek, for servitors. So I stood at the back door of the laboratory and lifted up my voice for Bertie. Presently he came across the compound, from the crazy shack where the servants sleep.

Having told Bertie to go out with the convicts and show the warder where we wanted the new trail cut, I noticed that he was limping as he turned away. He looked very serious as he replied to my question, 'Dr. Blair, he operate on me last night, ma'am.' The love of 'stringing the tenderfoot' knows no geographical limits. I was hearing for the first time the Creole nickname for the vampire bat, named after a Demerara doctor of years ago. Dr. Blair was of the good old school that believed in blood-letting as treatment for chilblains, smallpox, and all diseases between; and as 'Colony Dr. Blair,' the thirsty little bat will keep his name in the mouths of men for many years to come. Surely a quaint route by which to arrive at fame — perhaps even immortality!

IV

By the time I returned to the laboratory, two dugouts had come down-river, bringing the Indian hunters who are subsidized to keep our table supplied with fresh meat, and to bring in specimens. Their wobbly craft are quite the unsteadiest things afloat, even to one accustomed to a keelless canvas canoe; but the Indians stand up, change places, and walk the length of one of the sliding, tipping affairs, with cheerful unconcern.

They are a short people, these Guiana Indians, stockily built, with tiny hands and feet, and a curiously Oriental cast of countenance. Their almost daily arrival is as thrilling as Christmas morning, for there is no prophesying what they may bring of interest and excitement. We crowd around to see what will be produced from bags or bottles, and a varying chorus of exclamations greets each surprise pack-

age. The whole transaction must — to the Indians — partake of the nature of a fantastic dream. Shooting for food is the only comprehensible part of the business. Why a lot of grown men and women should go into ecstasies of excitement over an insect or a bird's egg is a mystery; and when the Director, with a cry of joy, pounces upon a tiny parasite lurking in the thick plumage of some jungle bird, the expressions on the faces of our aboriginal Nimrods are really worth seeing.

Little is known of the history of these Akawai Indians. Supposed to be an offshoot of the Caribs, that fierce and cannabalistic tribe whose name recalls tales of buccaneers on the Spanish Main, these modern descendants seem placid and friendly. But friendliness is not a good word to describe their passive attitude toward friendly advances. Nonresistant amiability expresses it better. They are rapidly disappearing, fading away in the mysterious fashion of aboriginal peoples when brought in contact with the ruthless, dominant strains of stronger races. Tuberculosis, that companion spirit of the white man, has fastened on the scattered Indian population, and is thinning it with great rapidity. There are deserted *benabs* and abandoned cassava clearings, where the vigilant wilderness has lost no time in laying reclaiming fingers on walls and furrows, and the progress of 'letting in the jungle' is discernible almost hour by hour.

To-day my housekeeping eye glittered at the sight of a big peccary carried to the kitchen on a bare brown back, and a brace of delicious game birds hung round the peccary's neck with the same ingenious fastenings of rope-like bark that were used to lash together the feet of the wild pig. But my sordid satisfaction at seeing so many good meals in the raw was quite eclipsed by the scientific excitement over a tiny reptile that was among the specimens presently produced. This was a lizard, utterly snake-like in appearance until his four minute feet were discovered, on legs so rudimentary as to be almost invisible. So rare a thing as this — apparently a link between lizard and serpent — must be recorded in pictures; so once more the movie camera was set up.

There were many birds, too, in the Indians' bags, and these had to be identified, described, measured, skinned, dissected, and catalogued. Before this task was finished, it was time for luncheon; and directly after the meal there was an expedition into the jungle for bats. Not that we need go that far afield if we desire merely bats, generically speaking. They patter and squeak overhead in the laboratory day and night, and at dusk they toboggan down the slope between ceiling-paper and roof, and shoot out into the twilight with a smooth rush. These are only ordinary house-bats, however, and there are many rare species to be captured and classified.

A few days before, I had chanced to find a miniature cave under an overhanging bank, where two bats seemed to have established themselves; but as I am not over proficient with either rifle or net, I had been unable to bring one back, dead or alive. This time, accompanied by one skilled in the use of both implements, we returned with the quick and the dead, having thoroughly devastated the happy home under the embankment. Mr. was neatly shot, while Mrs. flopped and struggled in the enveloping folds of the net. If her disposition in the home had been as bad as it was in the net, Mr. was surely better dead, for she raged and snarled, and when she could not reach us she bit and tore at her own wings in a perfect frenzy.

The pair proved to be an entirely new species, hitherto unknown to us, with extraordinarily long, thin tongues, apparently designed for the same purpose and on the same plan as the tongue of a hummingbird, which probes deep-calyxed flowers in search of insects. This discovery alone would have made the day noteworthy; but we also brought back a huge whip-scorpion, which measured a foot across its sprawling legs, and an enormous blind burrowing snake, very pale buff in color, and the largest of its kind that has ever been seen here. In addition, we had started a red deer, and had observed, and been observed by, two red howlers, the big monkeys of this jungle, whose deep-toned booming snarls are likely to be heard in thrilling chorus at any hour of the day or night.

The rest of the day was spent in feverish activity, squeezing every possible drop of information from the day's specimens, before they should die, or dry, or decay. At high tide we all stopped long enough for a swim in the smooth water that was now reflecting sunset colors from tumbled cloud-banks. Our river is far from being the sluggish tropical stream of one's imagination. Under the lash of the trade winds, it often gets up a quite respectable surf; and any person subject to mal de mer has a very poor time if caught out in a small boat in a storm.

When we came back into the compound, we discovered that, during our brief absence, the premises had been invaded by army ants. Hordes of them had appeared from nowhere, and were spreading in an ever-widening fan, from the river bank almost to the bungalow. We hurried to move our live creatures to places of safety, as otherwise, caged and helpless, they would have been killed by these merciless little carnivores. The lengthening sticks of their fan seemed to be creeping forward toward our tents, and the divergence of the lines was bringing the outermost ones perilously close to the laboratory. On the whole, it looked like a bad night, for there is no combating the army ant. It would be as wise to argue the right of way with a cyclone or a tidal wave. If the army ants discovered our abode, we should step courteously aside while they swept through it; and after the ravening swarms had passed on to fresh fields, we should humbly return, to find, as a reward for our discretion, that the premises had been cleaned of tarantulas, roaches, and every other creeping thing. So we meekly waited for the ants' decision, in the meantime walking softly like Agag, stepping high, and taking care not to stand still long in one spot. Like policemen at an open-air Socialist meeting, 'Keep moving' was our motto for the evening. However, in an hour the hurrying swarms had disappeared as suddenly, as completely, as they had come, all impelled by a simultaneous instinct or obeying a mysterious command; and we gratefully decided that we might sleep in peace.

At dusk I went out to feed some of the nocturnal creatures, and was somewhat startled when two figures rose up before me, muttering something quite unintelligible in mellow negro voices. At last I made out that they wanted to see 'de Chief.' The Director also answers to calls for 'de Professor' or 'de Doctor.' The men were gold-diggers on their way to the back country above us. There is at present a tropical Klondike rush into the interior some eighty or a hundred miles away, where gold and diamonds have been discovered. Fortunately for our peace, we are on the opposite side of the river from most of the diggings, and the traffic up to them is chiefly by water. There is one trail, however, that runs back from the

laboratory seventy miles into the jungle, in the general direction of the gold fields, and occasional parties of prospectors, too poor to pay for boat-hire, choose this route for their hopeful tramp toward possible wealth; or a disappointed fortune-hunter, whose money and supplies have been exhausted, wanders down the trail to seek employment — but only till he can save enough for another outfit. As soon as he can buy a few pints of rice and some powder and shot, he is off to Golconda again.

Such was the brief tale of these two negroes. They were both middle-aged men, in ragged cotton shirts, which they wore as a Chinaman wears his blouse, hanging outside the remains of tattered cotton trousers. One had a long, dejected moustache, which drooped down almost to his chest, giving him a look of utter misery. The other had a short, grizzled beard, which grew under his chin, but left his lips bare — a sort of decoration that I have heard referred to as 'Galway sluggers.' This, combined with a very long upper lip, made him look like a vaudeville Irishman in burnt cork. They had been 'top-side Mazaruni' some weeks before, but had returned to Bartica, the nearest settlement, to work for more supplies; and now they were starting back on their long tramp to the gold fields. I asked the depressed-looking one if they had found gold the last time. With an optimism that belied his moustache he replied, 'No, ma'am, last time we find nothing, but next time surely we find gold, perhaps precious stones also.' That will-o'-the-wisp, Next-Time — the only beacon for prospector, gambler, or speculator!

They wanted to see 'de Chief' because they had heard that he had remedies for all sorts of bush perils — particularly fever and snake-bite. He was generous with quinine; but an antidote for snake-bite was another matter. He has a powerful serum for such emergencies, but it would be quite impossible to make its complicated use intelligible to men like these, even if the quantity were not limited. So, heartless as it seemed, the snake-bite remedy was refused them. As a matter of fact, their chances of being bitten by a venomous snake were about as great as those of being struck by lightning.

When they had been supplied with pills and directions for taking them, which they doubtless ignored, what was probably the real object of their visit was forthcoming. Bartica, the boom town of the gold-rush, had been bought out of everything in the way of ammunition, and these two wanted shells, so that they might have fresh meat on their journey. They did not offer to buy them. They merely stated their needs and waited to see what the Director proposed to do about it.

This was to him an old game. He began by being utterly confounded at their dreaming that we had any shells to spare. He explained how difficult it was to get powder and shot. He pictured our distress if, being no longer able to provide the Indian hunters with the means of getting game for us, we should be compelled to subsist on canned corned beef. They regarded him patiently and waited for the climax which they knew was coming. When at last he reached the point, 'Well, if I give you shells, what are you going to do for me?' they grinned and wriggled, and in so doing somehow managed to convey the answer, 'Whatever you want.' The bargain, when finally completed, was that, in return for half-a-dozen shells, they should keep their eyes open for frogs and snakes while in the bush, and bring back, on their next trip down-river, any that

they might capture. They were supplied with a bottle of alcohol and formalin, for the preservation of these possible specimens, and given a parting injunction not to drink its contents either before or after using for this scientific purpose. Then permission was asked and granted for them to sling their hammocks for this one night under the alleged shelter of the servants' quarters, and to cook their rice over the rekindled embers of the convicts' fire. The next morning, as we sat at breakfast, they passed round the bungalow and struck into the Puruni trail, saluting us gravely from beneath the packs balanced on their heads.

The convicts had finished their trail-cutting and returned to the penal settlement long ago; and now the tenor voice of our irrepressible cook was lifted up in song as he prepared our dinner. His singing is far from bad, and his cooking is better. We presently sat down to a meal that could not be bettered at the Ritz. In fact, you could not get it at the Ritz. Imagine saying to the purse-proud waiter, 'Monkey cutlets and boiled papaws'! Let no sensitive soul shudder at the idea of such food. Monkey is delicious meat; and though we are all convinced of the truth of the doctrine of evolution, we feel no anticannibalistic scruples.

Later, we watched, through the arching bamboos, the moon rise above the jungle across the mile-wide river; and when it had risen so high that its silver track no longer trembled on the waves, I went back into the jungle a little way, alone. The flooding white light accentuated the beauty of every foot of the way. The night was so lovely and so breathlessly quiet that it seemed sacrilege to break the stillness by a crunching footstep.

I moved along very slowly, and as quietly as my clumsy human ways would permit, pausing after every few steps to listen and gaze and feel the perfection of it all. Occasionally a 'who-are-you,' that persistently curious cousin to the whippoorwill, would utter his challenging call and, swooping noiselessly past my head, would alight in the trail, keeping an even distance between us by springing along in a series of short, sidewise flights, and murmuring 'What! What!' in low, earnest tones.

Now and then a rustling scamper showed that I had disturbed some little creature of the night; and once there came a sudden loud grunt and a frantic galloping through the thickets. As I stood quietly, there was a movement close beside me, which had a sound different from the others. I crouched to peer under the low bushes that masked the sides of the cleared trail, and there, only a few feet away, was an ocelot, also crouching, also peering. He remained quite motionless, and so did I. I wish I could flatter myself that he felt one half of my excited interest and admiration; but I fear that his only sensation was that of curiosity.

We gazed thoughtfully at each other for some moments, and at last I cautiously rose and retreated in good order, feeling this the perfect climax to a thrilling day.

UNFAMILIAR CHINA

BY SEAL THOMPSON

FUKIEN PROVINCE, FOOCHOW, CHINA

MY DEAR ——,

The last time I wrote you I was looking from my window *across* the city to the wonderful hills of this province of Fukien — such an unscrupulous province as it is, like Mr. James's heroine, 'awfully nice but somewhat wicked,' with its opium traffic, which brought in last year over a million dollars in taxes alone. When I last wrote, I found it hard to express the magic: I am glad I caught the beauty then: it is rather hard to recapture, now that daily visits in the city show a reality that did not emerge at a distance. When Mr. Andrews was here, he said that 'no matter how long one stops in China, one remains in a state of mental suspense, unable to decide which is the filthiest city of the Republic.' I think the title might be granted Foochow.

When I ride home in the afternoon, I see, in front of the narrow entrances, dainty trays furnished forth with pigs' heads, crabs, beans, cabbage, tea, rice, and wine — sustenance for those wandering spirits, who, having left this world unfostered, return with sinister design. The households who care for them in this way escape their wrath — a feast at the threshold placates them. Great boatloads of 'idol paper' come into port every fortnight. Few families are too poor to have a goodly supply, and my road home in the early dusk is illumined all the way by these tiny bonfires. When 'idol paper' is too costly, joss sticks are lighted and stuck, cross-fashion, before the gate. Every door has a twelve-inch board standing upright, over which one must step in order to enter. This to hinder the spirits in that assault which is always imminent! To-night sounds of a barbaric tom-tom greeted me: when I came up with the noise, I found a high altar covered with red cloth embroidered with gold griffins, all brilliantly lighted with candles; in front, a priest, in gorgeous red robes, chanting a Buddhist ritual. Beside him was the individual who was being 'treated' for obsession, beating a drum, and waving his hands in frantic protest at the imaginary demons.

Yesterday, apparently, the Fukienese were having a provincial shampoo. Up and down the street, on both sides, were the barbers, with their little tubs of hot water; I saw no soap, but no matter. When I commented on suddenly seeing so many, I learned that shampoos must be given only on 'favorable days': otherwise, after death, the mother of the family must drink all the water used. Rather a severe penalty, is n't it?

What passes for cruelty — though I am sure it is not — accompanies all this superstition. Monday, as I came across the bridge that connects with the city outside the gates, I saw a dead coolie exposed, face upward, to the sun. He had lain there, poor lad, at least a day or so. Throngs were crossing the bridge: there was no protest or outcry or investigation — just a little side-step to pass by. This is not because of callousness, but a dead body is an area on

which spirits are having a frenzied orgy, and even to notice them may call down disaster. To meddle is to expose yourself to a bad attack of IT, which is contagious.

I have among my students a very charming young Chinese girl; she and her brother were on the river recently; the brother was jostled off the little deck; the river was full of craft, as it always is — one of the busiest highways. A hundred poles could have been reached to him, but no one would take the hazard of giving offense to the river god, and the boy was drowned.

My roommate, Miss L—— of Huanang College, has just returned, eight or nine hours late. Her boatman lost his balance and slipped into the river, with the same fate. It was with great difficulty that she could get the men in the river to tow her sampan back to shore, where she hunted out the little widow and the many, many children, who fortunately were left to burn the joss sticks and put out the chow for that wounded spirit. None of this is cruelty — those who have been here long deny that: it is an attempt to shield the group from the wrath of a defeated god.

If thee wants to study comparative religion, do not buy a book, buy a *ticket*. The laboratory is right here on the open street, with no charge for equipment.

China New Year

My dear ——,

The great season is here — this year on the eighth of February. The celebration is to last a fortnight — from the first to the fifteenth of the new moon. And oh, we are gay! The boulevards have nothing on us. Such scrubbing, such scraping, such sweeping, you have never seen. And faith, they need it! On this day, and this day only, dares one scrape all that soot from the bottom of the rice-pot. Everyone is gay. The babies on the street all cry, 'Bing on! Bing on!' No 'foreign devil' now: it's China New Year! And oh, the girls look winsome in their embroidered silks — this year the fashion is for bright colors and small designs.

It 's great fun in The Street to-night. Everybody must gather in enough shekels to pay his debts — or he will 'lose face.' No move in China but brings back that dread echo. There are shrill cries of lowered prices, and a low, alluring voice at my elbow says proudly, 'Missy, come talkee price.' It *is* pretty — 'A Ming,' he says.

'No, Chen Lung,' say I.

'Well, then, Chen Lung,' he admits grudgingly.

'How much?' I can now say in Chinese.

'You offer,' he replies in English, and bows low. And I know it would all be very simple if he and I could serve on the Committee on International Relationships.

The morning of the Odyssey

My dear ——,

Yesterday my good hostess said, 'Tomorrow be ready to go up-river. We will take the houseboat. Be ready to start at five.' She called back, 'Better not wear your fur coat — and no money in your purse — and the little wrist watch, better leave that behind!'

All this I took rather as a joke, until I heard the Chinese 'boy' asking very earnestly for ''Melican flag,' without which we dare not go.

In the hall stands a row of large baskets, just the shape of the Ali Baba jars, only done in wicker. Into them are going crockery, canned goods, eggs, marmalade, bread, a plentiful supply of tea and coffee and cocoa, a little fresh meat — and other things. In three of the largest are rugs and blankets and mattresses. The 'dang-boys' (burden-bearers) are here bright and early. Every one has across his shoulder a

bamboo pole, from each end of which is suspended one of the Ali Baba jars; for all our stuff must be transported to the river by men, such a thing as a truck or wagon being unknown.

But do not think we are off yet. Of course, some Ali Baba jars are heavier than other Ali Baba jars; hence, mutiny. Such clatter, such expletives, such anathema — all accompanied by threatening gestures. Our hostess knows what to do. The burdens *are* too heavy for five men: three more must be requisitioned and she will pay the extra fee. I assure thee those three conspirators came right straight up out of the ground. Also they disappeared mysteriously before we reached the bottom of the hill; but we paid to the original five the fee for eight.

Off they go, good-naturedly, carrying our burdens for miles, without a murmur, over muddy roads, along the stepping-stones that cross the rice paddies; sometimes wading the cold streams, which are a bit turbulent now.

Later

We are now three days on the river, — the little Ing-Tai (River of Eternal Happiness). I dare say that

> In whole or in part
> It is on no chart
>
> . . . . .
>
> So it's sail by a star, or stay!

I know it leads right into Paradise, this little river. Does n't thee want me to take a whole letter for it — the bandit and all? it's worth it.

INK HOK, CHINA
May Day

MY DEAR ——,

'There is a river, the streams whereof . . . make glad the city of' — Foochow; and this moment I am on it, cuddled under the wicker hood of my little sampan, glad for a while to be part of this strange river life. Men, women, and children live and die on the river, never having set foot on land. The river is as busy as Broadway, with sampans for motors, bamboo poles for horns, and brown, half-nude boatmen, each of whom must be his own accelerator.

We have pushed upstream into a quiet spot, and hoped to pass the rapids before sundown; but that is given over until to-morrow — like most enterprises in China. But never mind! The ubiquitous 'boy,' with easy Chinese ingenuity, has set up a little charcoal stove on our tiny deck: there is rice and there is bacon in the skillet. We purchase, for a 'little dime' (two coppers less than 'big dime'), a bagful of honey-sweet Amoy oranges, and there you are! Life is incredibly simple on a little river — a Little River of Eternal Happiness. The little river so christened itself a few æons ago — and it 's no misnomer! It 's quite dusk now, and I'm writing with my little burglar light, there being no fireflies (I wonder why).

Later

Very unexpectedly and suddenly I got a bit of illumination. I, too, like the people in the prophecy, 'have seen a great light' — a bunch of burning faggots. They are tied to a narrow punt, just a few poles' length from my deck, and they serve as footlights for this bit of drama. In one end of the punt stands a tall, brown human figure, motionless, and in the soft light of the burning rushes looking like a Tibetan god. In front of him I see clearly a little tub. Perched along the side of the punt are large birds, each with rather a close metal ring about his fair neck. Just as I am wondering if I have happened upon a Chinese circus, one of the birds rises with the faintest flutter, and silently drops into the water. The others follow as noiselessly. One by one they come back, each with a gleaming fish in its mouth. They

waddle up the floor of the punt, in solemn lock step; each, in turn, deposits his fish in the wooden tub and receives as *cumsha* (pourboire) a tiny minnow, a delicacy which he *can* swallow, despite the hard necklace. Down they go for further prey, and I realize with glee that I am watching the famous old cormorant fishing. Presently the miniature tub is full, the faggots are extinguished, and the punt moves shoreward with its load. Izaak Walton died too soon. This is fishing de luxe. Nothing could be easier, surer, less expensive. The cormorants are cheap, easily trained, are exquisite divers, and there is no bother for tackle or rod or bait. This is another illustration of the Chinaman's philosophy, Why do the barking when you have a yellow dog?

Shall I bring back a flock and introduce them on the Penobscot?

Still on the river

MY DEAR ——,

It 's an odd experience living with only human motors. We came this morning to the rapids. The boatman and his wife are partners, and they have reluctantly been making preparation for this event for over half an hour. The little woman boatman is seventy-four, she tells us, by Chinese count, which is seventy-three by ours. (Thee knows the Chinese count the day of birth as the second birthday, making thee a present of that prenatal year.) She is as lithe as a panther and can make her body, which is of almost unbelievable slenderness, do anything, in any way, at any time. She has children and children's children. Of her progeny, like her agility, apparently there is no end. But she is not thinking of the little sons, now: she is thinking only of the rapids, with the concentration which all the Chinese — high and low — have to wondrous degree. While her husband fastens a crossbar to our little prow, she has rolled her trousers high above her knees and made them taut with a few skillful twists, girding her loins, literally, for what we perceive is to be a great physical effort. They both splash lightly, bare-limbed, into the water, making not the slightest sign, though the water is icy cold. A cable is tied to the crossbar, and the man wades ashore, giving one end of it to the shore puller.

We are keen to know the purpose of the crossbar, and presently we find out. The man returns, and both he and the bronze lady, with *foreheads* and hands pressed hard against the crossbar, wade upstream, thus augmenting with their pushing the pulling of the shoreman. They put up a good fight against the current, but it is too strong for them. They lose their footing. The little sampan skids perceptibly, then, to their great mortification, fatally, and we find ourselves slipping rapidly downstream, though the shoreman has dropped on his knees, pulling for dear life on the cable. There is much billingsgate from the shore. They are thoroughly angry, but persistent. They *must* make the rapids, or they will 'lose face' on the river; so patiently they turn and begin again. The little old lady has wrapped some bamboo around her forehead, so that she can stand the pressure of the crossbar, but otherwise she shows no sign of exhaustion.

Oh, but you should see us this time! Up we go, steadily, bravely, firmly, right up through the foaming water.

The little old lady scrambles back into the boat, agile as a cat, and drops on deck, where she lies for an hour thoroughly relaxed. Not a sign of triumph! 'How old are *you?*' she asks. 'How many children?'

Along the river

MY DEAR ——,

We have stopped at one of the toy villages along the way, and such excite-

ment as we have caused! 'Hi, the flat feet! The flat feet! Come see the flat feet!' was the cry that preceded us; and long before we reached the bottom of the street, every man, woman, and child was out. The Chinaman gambles on everything under high heaven; and as we went over the hill, we heard them betting on whether C—— N——, who is extremely tall and well-built, was man or woman. 'The little one,' they said, 'she is a woman, we know. But the other one, the big one, with the large flat feet — no.' Surely 'big money' was lost and won that day, for when we returned to fill our baskets with oranges, we revealed our identity.

These little villages seem to be pure democracies. There is a headman, chosen because of power for leadership, but control is informal and coöperative. There are, I fancy, few problems, which means, not ideal conditions, but low standards. Rice and bamboo and oranges are easily come by; clothing is reduced to a minimum; the alfresco life is a healthy one; and, except for the temporary torture inflicted upon the girls in binding the feet, life, I should judge by their happy faces, is rather a painless affair. Demons are of course the bête noire; but, after all, the monastery is just over the hill, and if worse comes to worst, the lama will 'know how.'

Also, there are effective taboos. One provident villager has painted on his outside wall a valiant steed, solid blue and life-size. A tiger also is a good taboo-breaker: a phœnix will serve; best of all, a bat, which practically renders you immune. Then always there is the lama, who, in return for a bit of chow, will insert a sacred formula in the prayer-cylinder for you; the wind and a touch of the hand do the rest.

Buddhism came to China with a powerful equipment of deities, charms, and methods of exorcism, an equipment which completely coalesced with a people who had no knowledge of secondary causes. It is not always easy for a religion which is amulet-less, and whose genius is suffering, to make headway. Of course, Christianity has the eternal advantage of a Personality.

When we came back to the little landing-place, we found our 'boy' looking uneasy, and a Chinese soldier was ensconced cosily in the sampan. We know only too well that soldiery and brigandage are synonyms here, and we share the boy's very evident discomfort. The soldier is told courteously that we are sorry, but we must be going. He smiles and says he will go with us. We again are sorry, but we have no room. No matter — he requires none. A hint from the 'boy,' and we display the flag. Reluctantly he goes, while we wonder how many more of him there are.

DEAR ——,

Our little amah has drooped a bit lately. On Second Day morning, when she came to look out the 'broken stockings' for mending, there was the same gracious solicitude, but something was wrong. It was much more wrong than we knew. The doctor said at once, 'Hospital' — possibly an operation. The Chinese have an ancient, and in some respects a very good, medical system, but they know nothing of surgery; so perforce we took her to the foreign hospital. She hated it, with all its swept-up foreign ways. 'No can chow,' she said pitifully. 'No can sleep. No can see two dear little boys. Want to go home.' So they brought her home. Such a mean little place from our standpoint, with No. 1 wife in absolute control, low rooms, with no windows, and the messiest courtyard in China. The two little boys *were* the redeeming feature. She had barely greeted them when she slipped away. We are heartbroken.

That was three days back, and ever since, day and night, without a moment's intermission, the tom-toms have been going. To look over there is to behold a 'tumult, and many weeping and wailing greatly.' I quite understand why, when Jesus 'saw the flute-players and the crowd' in the home of his little friend, he said: 'Give place.' Yesterday and to-day there were processions of white-robed men and women to a spot about a quarter of a mile from the courtyard, where great piles of spirit money have been expended for use in the other world, delivery being by fire.

To-day was the day of burial, which, in this part of China, means that the casket is placed in an open field, near by, where it stays — a constant reminder. That is sacred ground. The exact spot is dictated by the magician. All day cymbals, flutes, and tambourines have gone on with endless repetition of the same weird melody. The service was held in the open courtyard. I could not understand the amorphous mutterings of the Buddhist priest. But, even to my untrained ears, it sounded like strange Chinese. I am told that, when Buddhism moved over into China, the ritual was translated *phonetically*, with the result that it now consists of a perfectly meaningless string of incantations, a kind of sacred *ene*, *mene*, *mine*, *mo*. While the priest chanted, each relative came forward and kow-towed eight times to him and eight times to the little body in the casket, now covered with a brilliant red winding-sheet, with a hole cut for the face.

We were glad when it was over, and the little cavalcade passed through the gate, followed by the same white-robed procession, only now they were waving great bunches of burning rushes. I loitered a moment: the silence was so welcome after three days' noise. A priest returned and carefully swept, with burning faggots, every inch of the floor and the corners and walls — smoking out the evil spirits which love to haunt the places where the dead have lain.

As Chinese ceremonies go, these were very simple obsequies; but, even so, a *mou* of precious land had to be mortgaged to pay the bills. The priests certainly earn their fee if time and lung-power have market value. They chant constantly. The Buddhist and Taoist priests have rather a good thing of it financially, as the Confucianists have no burial rites, and the former are requisitioned by all, no matter what their faith.

Immortality is not in the realm of speculation here: it is an established fact, and most elaborate arrangements are made for the material comfort of those who have finished their course. I loitered to-day to see a funeral procession go by. Apparently the deceased was a man of means. The spirit chair, which preceded that in which the dead man lay, was of the most gorgeous old embroideries. Then came a sedan chair, a ricksha, horses, trays of food — *all made of paper* and life size. There were piles and piles of paper money, and, last of all, attendants carrying cleverly devised paper ladies, also life-size. These are milord's concubines.

A bit crass, it seems to us. But there is an infinitely lovely side to it all. The Chinaman has his 'cloud of witnesses.' 'Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,' can separate him from his kin. Whether here or there, they are an integral and formative part of his life.

MY DEAR ——,

I marvel constantly at how near the spirit world is to them, and am wondering why that nearness could not be utilized by Christianity. Is it a thought-

form which could be utilized instead of eradicated? The missionaries say not, and I presume they know. But I've been thinking of the pagan customs which Paul requisitioned for the service of Christianity. I dined recently with a very interesting Chinese family. The girls are students at Yen Cheng College; the father is a mining engineer who had his training abroad. They are all perfectly familiar with the New Testament and other Christian literature, and are lured by the personality of the Master, and frankly say they are trying to rearrange their lives in accordance with his principles. They say as frankly that they will not accept Christianity — ancestor-worship is the barrier. The mother says rather archly, with pride in her English idiom, 'We think best to take no chance.'

FOOCHOW, CHINA
China New Year

MY DEAR ——,

Perhaps thee thinks the dragon on thy sumptuous silk panel is a national fiction. But no! He 's a reality. *I 've seen him.* He 's a gorgeous creature — fifty feet of lithe brilliancy, two great jaws that snap, two ironic red lips, and one big tongue that spits fire. I miss the ten great horns and the one little horn, but never mind. One must miss something — even in Cathay! I assure thee prophecy has been fulfilled. I have seen the 'fourth beast,' and he is 'dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly' and 'diverse from all the beasts that were before it.' I have a feeling now that anything may happen. When I next write, the sun may be darkened and the moon may drip blood and the stars may be falling.

It was on this fashion. One of my young friends here chances to be from an old, conservative 'front' family. She 's a true daughter of the gentry and the granddaughter of the head of the Confucian worship of this province. She stopped me after class. Would I care to come, she asked modestly, 'to the courtyard to-night for one of the old family festivals, the Manœuvring of the Dragon? The dragon comes seldom now,' she says wistfully; 'grandfather says it does not belong to the Republic.'

'I will indeed come,' say I; and at nine I am there. At once there is tea and the inevitable watermelon seeds. Then the family come to greet 'the foreign lady.' I knew they were living in the old style, but fancy my surprise to find a little family of ninety — the eldest seventy-six, the youngest two. Think of birthdays every day in the year! I suddenly *know* the power of China. It 's this ancient unit, the family. Only it 's more than a family: it 's a fortress! And it 's majestic; it 's impregnable; it 's the only thing left in my little world for which I really save the word *immutable.*

I see only the feminine members of the family and the children. And oh, such children! I wish thee could see them — well-groomed, grave, reserved, and as the sands of the sea for multitude. The elder women are appareled in silks of wondrous texture and color. From the spotless rim of their skirts peep out the 'golden lilies,' encased in tiny, flowered-satin envelopes (it were blasphemy to call them shoes). I quite get the old emperor's point of view as to their loveliness: there 's something extremely fetching about them.

Presently, in response to a summons of firecrackers, we go into the dim ancestral courtyard, and take our places primly on tall benches, our backs against the high wall. The courtyard is lovely under the silent stars. Everywhere there is the dignity, the courtesy, the poetry of an elder time. Never did I feel so shockingly new! But also I feel important. It 's as if I were summoned to assist at the Last Great Assize. For

all this while there is writhing in the air above me a dreadful creature, more than fifty feet long, in hot pursuit of a rose-colored pearl. Our friend of the *Atlantic* is right, 'The devil has his miracles as well as the saints.' I shrink in terror when the convolutions of the beast bring his great head in my direction. He gets frantically involved, chiefly with his own tail, and there is a great struggle; but I early perceive that the victory is not to be to the strong. Always the rose-colored pearl escapes, and finally it drifts out over the door of the big gate. A long swift sweep of the head brings the dragon within reach of one of the children, who feeds him generous mouthfuls of firecrackers, whereupon he spits fire and venom for a bad quarter of an hour. When his rage is utterly spent, he drops ignominiously into the courtyard.

As we crawl down from our perches C—— N—— whispers, 'We've one on Alice.' Yes, I think, and on Daniel and Ezekiel. And then the amah brought us all jasmine tea and spaghetti (such spaghetti!) and Eight Precious Pudding (a Chinese ambrosia), and the Day of Judgment seemed less imminent.

I 'll tell thee more of this wondrous night when I see thee: it is not easy to write, — 'as easy as to turn a somersault in an oyster-shell,' which is a Chinese proverb.

The student conference for Fukien Province begins to-morrow, and that means a busy fortnight. Please say to B—— M—— that I want more of the beautifully embroidered linen, but I 've hardly the conscience to get it. It is done in dark corners of the world, by children who expend on it, in a few short years, the vision that should last a lifetime. Where the missions have started industries, the situation is different: there beautiful work is done under better conditions. I have talked with an energetic New England woman whose ideal for her own missionary activity is—*A Model Industry in China;* and I think she is in the way of realizing it.

P.S. One feels the lure of the Orient here, where there are 'roses, roses, all the way,' like Pæstum. I acquired another tiny piece of lacquer to-day. It is concentrated sunshine. 'The subtle gods of Babylon' are all here. I keep saying

> Forget me, Lord, if I forget
> Jerusalem for Babylon.

I do quite see how Westerners come 'to live blindly and upon the hour' in the midst of all this age-old beauty.

THE VOCATION OF GRIEF

BY SIDNEY LOVETT

THE following pages owe their title to a conversation engaged in almost five years ago with one of the professors of the Union Theological Seminary. They owe their being to a feeling that much of the literature concerned with the fact of grief is largely meaningless, just as the verbal expression of grief either has become merely conventional or has lost that element of insight which conditions true sympathy. They come to rest, as they take their rise, in the soil of experience.

I

God has a way of preparing the human soul for the initial shock of grief. He induces, together with the impact of grief, a temporary numbness of mind, in order that human judgment may be held in suspense until a clear perspective of life again becomes possible. In fact, one is quite conscious of everything else save what has actually happened. This is one of the merciful provisions of God. He limits, for the moment, the range of human comprehension. Just as Nature provides that it shall take time for one to become aware of the loss of a limb, so God means that it shall take time for the mind to discover the full implications of an amputated life.

Very often irreparable harm is done by well-meaning men and women, who interfere with God in this most critical moment of all his delicate contacts with the human soul. Sometimes, this interruption takes the form of an ingenious attempt to explain the situation. Despite the kindliness of intention, the effect upon the mind of the bereaved person is akin to the effect upon a blind man of telling him that, by the mere closing of the eyes, one may understand just what it means to be bereft of sight. Sometimes, there accompanies the explanation an impulsive laying-on of the hands. Again, however well-meaning the touch or the caress may be, the effect upon the sensibilities of the sorrowing is, for all the world, as if one should set about healing a fresh wound by a localized process of massage. At other times, there is an attempt at consolation in the vain repetition of certain pious phrases that are about as full of solace as is an axiom in geometry. Texts of scripture are rudely lifted out of their context, and quoted with great unction. Sorrow is hailed as one of God's choicest punitive measures which He visits upon the human soul. Or there is oftentimes loose talk about the privilege of bearing life's crosses, as if God were a kind of celestial huckster of roods, and no life was complete without one.

Such utterances generally bespeak either personal inexperience of the fact of bereavement, or a purely official connection with grief. They are recorded, not with any desire to make light of some of the customary ministrations of well-meaning comforters, but only to make it clear that all such expressions of sympathy are impotent, not so much because the form in which

they are cast is abjectly conventional, as because the occasion of their utterance is so ill-chosen. It is the hour when, at all costs, God must be unhindered in his remedial contact with the life, shocked by the impact of grief. God must be free to prepare the way for his own self-vindication, over against the inevitable moment of complete awakening wherein the human soul cries, 'clinging Heaven by the hems,' 'O God, what is this You have done to me?'

Fraught with immeasurable significance to the human soul as is this moment of disillusionment, it is of greater consequence still to God. Upon his answer to that query, and its reception or rejection, hangs something of his very life. Small wonder, then, in view of all this, that we had best be at great pains so to comport ourselves in speech and in action that by our silence strongly maintained, by our presence unoppressively near, by the anticipation of immediate needs before they are spoken, by the disposal of obvious details before they are become anxieties, we may make it easier for the fresh-broken heart of man and the oft-bruised heart of God to approach the crucial moment of expostulation and reply.

When the bereaved soul, in the first stark moment of complete disillusionment cries out to God, 'What is this You have done to me?' God makes invariable reply: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' God would not, even if He could, get out of earshot when this passionate query is raised from out the fresh-broken heart of man. Rather than attempt to evade the suggestion of responsibility implied in this cry, God is forever coming forward, as it were, to assume it. But in his proffered acceptance of responsibility for the blow that has fallen, God makes one request of the human soul. God asks for time in which to make the whole situation clear. We may flatter ourselves by thinking that we have some conception of the element of time, some idea of its value and importance. But a day is a day with us, while with God 'one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' So that, when God asks us for time in which to make things plain, He is asking us to believe with Him, that the part of existence which we can see and touch and experience here and now is but a slender time-point, in comparison with the vast totality of life.

It is here that there open before the grief-stricken soul two possible lines of action. God has been charged with being in some way responsible for the fact of bereavement. God has accepted the charge, with the single proviso that time be given Him in which to account for the full implications of his responsibility. Now, either God's request for time is rejected, and grief becomes a bitter rebellion of the soul against God, or God's boon is granted, and grief becomes a vocation, wherein the soul, 'with painful steps and slow,' follows on, to know just what it is that has happened, and why. In the fullness of time, knowledge that is human in its partiality will come to be knowledge that is godlike in its entirety. Upon the premise that God be taken at his word, when He declares, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' whereby the fact of grief becomes not a rebellion but a vocation, the pages that follow are founded. They venture to suggest in brief some of the practical and positive steps by which the stricken soul may move, if not swiftly, at least surely, toward that day wherein shall be clearly manifest the deep and hidden ways of God.

II

The religion of Jesus Christ offers to its adherents no cheap and easy solvent of the fact of grief. Rather, there is a sense in which a genuine faith in God enhances the poignancy of sorrow and suffering. To the person whose life never held any brief for God, or who thinks to have politely or impolitely bowed God out of his universe, the fact of grief, while it may induce an acute sensation of individual loss, presents no insoluble moral difficulties. Such an one can simply say: 'This is just what I have anticipated. There is no such being as a Father-God, who really loves and cares infinitely for all human kind. There is no such thing as an Omnipotent and Omniscient Mind, that has the power to compass a world-view and to consummate a world-plan. Here is proof final and positive.'

The fact of grief should be welcomed in some quarters as a perfect vindication of a God-less estimate of life. It should give some people the chance to say with genuine fervor, 'I told you so.' To the person who has become content with an emaciated conception of God and thinks of God as a 'good fellow,' possessed of fine intentions and trying honestly enough to make things better, but having on the whole a pretty hard time of it, the fact of grief, while it may occasion momentary suffering and sorrow, offers no baffling mental perplexities. Such an one can honestly say: 'Here is an instance when God was either not strong enough to contend successfully in the unequal struggle of life, or else He made a serious misjudgment. Nature, after all, is supremely indifferent, and her ways are ever retributive in their character. God tried hard, but somehow lost out.'

The fact of grief might well be hailed by some people as evidence of their primary contention that, while God in the dawn-mists of Time fashioned the universe, and devised its mechanism, in these latter days He has allowed it to get out of hand.

But, to the man or woman who has come to see in the person and work of Jesus Christ the full manifestation of the person and work of God, who has accepted Jesus' characterization of God as a Father, caring infinitely for every soul of his own fashioning, dealing differently with his different children, and yet with all in love — to such an one the fact of grief, with its consequent suffering and pain, presents what appears at first sight to be a hopelessly insoluble problem. Between the spirit of the prayer wherein Our Lord enjoins us to address God as 'Our Father'; between the ascription contained in such a hymn as 'Love divine, all love excelling'; between the quiet confidence and peace of the Twenty-third Psalm, and the impact of the fact of grief, there seems to have opened a vast gulf of moral and mental embarrassments. There is nothing to be gained by seeking to minimize this situation, or by trying to evade its reality. For it is in the inevitable reality and hardness of the fact of grief that an initial foothold of hope is to be discovered in the abyss of grief.

There is a provision in life whereby bodily exhaustion seems in some way to create the capacity for sustained physical endurance. It is this that men experience who go to explore the poles of the earth and to scale its highest peaks. It is this that makes tired armies to win battles, and teams apparently beaten to emerge from contests victorious, and men and women, hard pressed in the strife of life, to

> welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
> but go.

How to account for this provision in life is impossible, save on the score of the spirit of man momentarily burning through the bodily shell of man, and pressing its flaming point in irresistible contact against the material exigencies of life, so that nothing is so welcome as the hard. This is just what may happen to anyone who, in the dread impact of grief, refuses to minimize the harshness of the blow, or to evade its reality, either by affecting a pallid piety that would substitute feelings for facts, or by striking some bold attitude of fatalism. The soul that enters upon the midnight of sorrow, fully aware of its hardness and clad with the spirit of him who said of old, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,' will be sure to discover, with the inevitable day-dawn, that the arms that gripped him about were not those of some gaunt spectre of despair, but the everlasting arms of God.

Quite the first step, then, in the vocation of grief, is to realize its hardness. In the very moment of this recognition there are sure to be released in the human soul powers of endurance that are unsuspected.

> The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

So the poet tells us, but it is a fair question whether there be many who hold with him. If so be, there is little indication of the fact in human life. Jesus had his wilderness experience oft repeated in nights of vigil upon lonely uplands. St. Paul had his sojourn in Arabia, an experience reinduced, we may be sure, in hours of studied withdrawal from the rush and press of missionary labors. But it cannot be said of many people, as of Francis Thompson, that 'he made of silence his familiar.' For few have sedulously cultivated those resources of mind and spirit that make solitude endurable, or have trained themselves to keep silence before God; to feast the inner eye of the heart upon Him; and to bend the inner ear of the soul in the secret places of the Most High. Without in any way discounting the beneficent mechanisms which have come to make the vast world a neighborhood, or making light of the gregarious instincts that are in a fair way to make the world a fellowship; without having in mind an ascetic withdrawal from life, or the tolerance of a morbid introspection of soul, it may be greatly affirmed that there is an instinctive need in every human life for that solitude which is heightened by the Presence of God, for that silence which is broken by voices not of this world.

The vocation of grief, beginning with a sense of irretrievable loss, seems all too likely to spend itself in an impasse of loneliness. Desolation of body, together with a consequent isolation of soul, appear to empty the spirit of all recuperative power. No further evidence than this is needed to demonstrate the hardness of grief. But we have maintained already that in this very fact of its hardness there are to be found unguessed energies for enduring grief. The bereaved soul makes, for itself, this momentous discovery, when it comes to realize that solitude, far from being an aching void in which settlement is obligatory upon the soul, is rather a voluntary and 'fiery brooding' of the spirit upon the facts of life. It is the discovery of the range of

> that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,

and within whose vision the totality of life is encompassed, and seen to be all of one piece, a perfect whole, with none of the rough edges that present themselves to our immediate touch. It is this sight that fills the apparent emptiness of life with a wonderful sense of 'presence.' Rooms that one

dreaded to enter are found to be populous with life. Roads that one held to be forever solitary are come to echo with the familiar beat of soundless feet. Objects poignantly suggestive of tender associations past are become symbols of holier trysts to be. In due time, the human heart comes to welcome solitude as the immediate way of escape from the world of sense to that eternal city of God, whose spires break many a dull sky-line of life.

III

It is time to deal, at this point, with another foothold by which one rises from the abyss of grief to unsuspected levels of endurance. One cannot phrase the matter better than in the words of Richard Roberts, wherein he asserts 'that the greater and the better part of life is out of sight.'

To declare that 'the greater part of life is out of sight' is to state a truth by which we consciously or unconsciously live every day of our lives. We cannot see the air from which our lives draw sustenance with every breath. We cannot explain the nature of the agency that more and more is serving to turn the wheels of industry and commerce. Nor can we wholly chart the content of the subconscious self, which we know to play so genuine a part in the totality of life. Nor can we press with our hands the motives or the ideas by which we know ourselves to be ever led. Invisible are the highways that lead from out the centre of our thought, thronged with the soundless traffic of the mind. Beyond a peradventure, our daily experience is forever bearing witness to the fact that the greater part of life is out of sight.

To assert that the *better* as well as the greater part of life is out of sight, is to reinforce the practical considerations already touched upon with a moral conviction of surpassing grandeur. To the authority of daily experience there is added the postulate of a timeless faith, that life, so far from being a blind alley of existence, is a vast channel of development, great with the possibility of endless growth and progress. In this faith a man studiously refuses to allow any other than God to have the final word in his universe. Though his ears be vexed by a jargon of imperious queries, though his vision be harrowed by the wraiths of fleeting doubts, though it be an eternity in coming, man waits for the 'everlasting yea' of God, which shall satisfy his every query with its answer, and confirm his faith in understanding.

The conviction that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight' is a strength-bearing thought, and the more quickly it is planted in the hard soil of bereavement, the richer is the increase of comfort assured. It comes to the grief-stricken soul with a refreshing suggestion of space, in which movement is forever possible without the jar and pain of the material contacts that irritate. It carries with it a sense of utter timelessness, which breaks the inexorable fall of the days, with a fine disregard for the temporal limitations of life. Best of all, it opens upon the soul a new world, and that not remote, but close at hand; not to be gained at some distant day, but to be enjoyed here and now; not to be spoken of with awesome tones, but to be lived in with immediate enthusiasm and ardor. From so simple a beginning as the faithful reiteration of the thought that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight,' there may come the growing assurance that there is in God the completion of all that is fragmentary and broken in life, and that our human life is but a troubled moment in the calm hour of God.

Of 'this greater and better part of life' which 'is out of sight,' no mortal has written with more feeling than the poet Francis Thompson: —

> O world invisible, we view thee,
> O world intangible, we touch thee,
> O world unknowable, we know thee,
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!
>
> . . . . .
>
> Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars! —
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.
>
> The angels keep their ancient places; —
> Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
> 'T is ye, 't is your estrangèd faces
> That miss the many-splendored thing.

And Jesus, living as He did in two worlds at the same time, was able to say of the one, from the vantage ground of the other, 'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.'

Ever the 'valley of the shadow of death' opens upon the land of the spirit, where it is given to the grief-stricken soul to mark out here and now its little claim, and to go apart at will to improve its tenure. When at last the day of God breaks, and the shadows of the present hour are forever dissipated, and the old forms of life are become eternally new, it is the broken heart which shall find itself strangely rich in the treasures that are hid in heaven, and possessing already that 'inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

IV

In the office appointed for the burial of the dead, there occur the words: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' It does not in the least impair the power and splendor of such a profession of faith on the part of Job, to observe that, for some people, its introduction at the initial shock of grief is sometimes calculated to intensify rather than to allay the pain of grief. There will always be those who find, in the converse of the words of Job, that source of solace and strength whereby grief is held to be not a chastisement to be endured, but a vocation to be mastered. Therefore it may be well in this instance to place the primary emphasis, not upon that aspect of the fact of grief which seems to impoverish the human heart, but rather upon that element of compensation which will not be denied expression in this as in so many of life's occasions.

There is to be found in the life of John Bright an imperishable example of this quality of positive enrichment that tints the gloom of life with a kind of glory. He says: —

> In the year 1841 I was at Leamington, and spent several months there. It was near the middle of September there fell upon me one of the heaviest blows that can visit any man. I found myself left there with none living of my house but a motherless child. Mr. Cobden called upon me the day after that event so terrible to me, and so prostrating. He said after some conversation, 'Don't allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much: there are at this moment, in thousands of homes in this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger. If you will come along with me, we will never rest till we have got rid of the Corn Law.'

Blessed indeed is the soul which, in the first passage with grief, has a Cobden to point out the way of immediate self-identification with some form of distress, of instant self-investment in the infinite sorrow of the race. There are those hinterlands of human experience, into which entrance is impossible

save to those who have come into possession of the talisman of personal sorrow and grief. There are those exigencies in human affairs, the understanding of which calls, not so much for the wisdom of the scholar or the persuasion of the preacher, as for the comforting presence of someone who is known to be of the true fane and fellowship of bereavement. There are ever in life those events that are inscrutable mysteries, and remain so to all save the initiate, who have been given to look upon death and live.

This fact it is which warrants the conviction that there is about so devastating a fact as grief an acquisitive quality, whereby the soul makes a certain holy gain out of what seems, at first sight, irreparable loss. So it is that, far from being impoverished by the incidence of personal sorrow, there is that indubitable sense in which the grief-stricken soul is made rich in a new and positive capacity to assuage with its own the world's sufferings. For the first time, it may be, a life finds itself, by reason of its own need, to be in possession of a power to discover for others where flow the hidden streams of solace. It may be that a life, erstwhile obscure and isolated, suddenly finds itself to be sought out by an increasing tide of human kind, who seek a sympathy that is compounded of experience and insight. Gradually life comes to be lived, not so much as a chalice of pain to be drained to the last bitter dregs, but as a vast measure of opportunity, to be filled with those healing ingredients that shall staunch the many and bitter wounds of the world, and make the burdens of human sorrow less grievous to be borne.

To think of grief as a vocation to be learned is to admit of grief as a teacher to be trusted. There is a blending here of the impersonal with the personal, which is altogether salutary. Not the least of the positive aids that may accrue to the human soul from grief undertaken as a vocation, and from bereavement regarded as a tutor, is the realization that grief is able to bring to fruitage, in a moment, as it were, many a rare virtue, into the cultivating of which under other auspices there may go years of unrequited effort.

There is no more favorable ground for the growing of humility than the soil of grief. Herein are latent properties, which somehow seem to lend themselves to the production of a state of mind that is remarkably free from the stain of self-sufficiency and the dross of pride. It may be by reason of the soul's voluntary acceptance of God's proffered assumption of responsibility for the incidence of grief, and a consequent willingness to give God time in which to make his inscrutable mysteries plain. Or, it may be that the glimpse of that greater and better part of life which is out of sight makes the soul supremely indifferent to the lure of all worldly preferments, and to love only in response to the invisible leadings of the spirit. Certain it is, however, that there may come to pass within a life, in the compass of a single hour, and under the tutelage of grief, such a breaking-up of the hard crust of self as may induce the culture of true humility, which years of conscious effort cannot avail to produce.

There is a rare sense of human fellowship that springs full-grown from the soil of grief. The very universality of sorrow seems to promote a corresponding community of understanding. The bitterly divisive power of such elements in life as nationality and creed and color cannot forever front the mighty fellowship of grief. They who are become initiates in the vocation of bereavement find themselves bound together in a comradeship that will admit of no surface distinctions of race

or rank. Companions in a great venture, they move onward toward a common hope, which is not revealed to other eyes, ever attended by tolerance and good-will. The mothers of the world, whom war has made childless; the lovers of the race, who await no earthly consummation of their love; the children of all lands, who must needs age into a happy childhood, keep step together to the eternal music of God's promises, which only they who sorrow may hear. This is that mighty crusade of compassion, which shall yet possess the citadel of human life for Christ and his love, and raise there the Cross of his eternal mercy.

The soul that grieves is ever the soul in flight. Like a bird startled from its covert by some rude alarm, the soul seems to take wing at the first shock of grief. It is this restless fugitive quality inherent in grief that oftentimes bears hardest upon the sensitive soul. Yet even here the bane is not without its blessing. For so it becomes possible for the storm-driven heart to envisage all life in terms of its own motion and flight, in the pursuit of goals rather than in the preservation of bounds and limits. Thus the very blow that desolates the soul is become as well the touch of deliverance upon the mind and the spirit, whereby it finds itself at once consorting with all souls of all ages who have worshiped a living God, who have cherished a growing religion, and who have dared to keep their minds mobile and open, in the face of driftings of doubt.

It is not to be gathered that grief is any fleckless Eden, where virtues grow in untrammeled loveliness. There are coarse growths and rank which issue from its soil, and which require a single eye for their detection and a firm hand for their uprooting. Yet, for all this, should there be overlooked those tender blooms of meekness and love and aspiration, which grow most readily in the soil of bereavement?

Jesus Christ is often spoken of as 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' This does not mean that He was devoid of the capacity to enjoy life, or that He was lacking in that resiliency of spirit which makes human life tolerable. He was no pallid ascetic, who drooped and languished under the lash of untoward circumstances. Rather, from childhood, Jesus looked at life clear-eyed, and it took shape, before his eyes, as a vocation to be learned and mastered. In such a spirit, and with an enthusiasm that was contagious, He set Himself about his Father's business. Sorrow and grief were his; but instead of being mastered by these twain, He laid them under the tribute of his belief in life as a divine calling, whereby the soul might grow to infinite stature and grace.

There are three events in Jesus' earthly ministry which, though separated in point of time, are bound together by a single moral purpose. The Wilderness experience, with which his public ministry opened, the Cross upon which it was held by some to have ended, and the Open Tomb, whereby his life was completely and forever vindicated — these three facts in Jesus' life are large with moral and spiritual import. There was the initial struggle for self-possession; and herein is to be seen the real meaning of the temptation experience. One cannot give away what one does not possess, and the fact of the Cross, with its self-denial, is inexplicable apart from Jesus' self-possession, sternly won and steadily maintained. By the same token, without self-denial, there can come to pass no real self-fulfillment. 'Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The Cross made inevitable the Open Tomb, with

its eternal guaranty to all men, not merely of immortality, but of a complete self-expression, which is, after all, that for which men hunger and thirst.

It is with the assurance, which is ours, through Jesus Christ, that life can not and will not stop short of a complete fulfillment of itself in God, that we may conclude these pages. Once more we find ourselves seeking refuge and strength in the thought that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight.' For it is this conviction that has within its possession the power to break down all barriers of time and space, to merge the future and the present in a blessed sense of timelessness, and to fill every mood and posture of the soul with a holy suggestion of Presence. When the heart that is weighed down by its grief once sees for itself where gleam the spires of that eternal city, not made with hands, then is possible a new sense of direction to life. While many of the old landmarks may have been swept away by the sudden incursion of sorrow, there shines, more than ever lucent in the moral firmament, the star-promise of God. It is bright with the assurance that the exile march of human life, with all its weariness of body and heaviness of heart, shall not long be halted or ever concluded in the desert of despair and futility, but must move with irresistible purpose to the consummation of all that is partial, to the completion of all that is fragmentary, to the revelation of all that is hid, in Him from whom all life is come forth, and to Whom all life is set to return.

BEREAVEMENT

BY JEANNETTE TOMKINS

I DO not want my body white to lie
In the dark earth when I have gone away;
The hands, that will both work for me and play,
The feet, that have gone always far and nigh
As I have wanted, the soft hair that I
Have loved to let fall down at close of day
And feel it warm about me; yet they say
I must to these forever say good-bye.

My soul, that is no part of me at all,
That I have never learned to understand,
Will go with me into that far-off land;
Yet when, unwillingly, I hear it call —
How shall I this endure, from life to sever,
To leave the lips that kissed my love, forever?

THE QUARE WOMEN. VI.

MOONSHINE

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

THE night of the women's return from the funeral occasion, there was again some shooting down in the village, as there had been the night previous; and the women feared that Billy Lee was one of the culprits, as Lethie came up in his place to milk their cow next morning.

They were much troubled, and as Uncle Ephraim Kent, on account of rheumatism, was unable to come to his reading lesson Monday morning, Amy and Virginia, accompanied by Isabel, went across Troublesome after dinner, to consult with him on the subject. The Kent lands extended for a mile or two along the far side of the creek, and Uncle Ephraim's home was in a hollow opposite the village. They crossed on a long footlog, which was chained to a great water-elm on Uncle Ephraim's bank, so that it should not be entirely carried away by 'tides.'

The old man was sitting just inside the doorway of his ancient log house, trousers rolled up, and his legs from the knee down bound in red flannel. His wife placed chairs. It was Isabel's first visit to his home, and her eyes flew at once to the long old musket and the strange musical instrument that hung over his 'fireboard'; and as soon as possible she asked him about them.

The musket, it appeared, had been the one used by his 'grandsir,' the old Cap'n, when he 'fit under Washington'; the dulcimer he himself had made when a young man courting his first wife (the present one was his second).

'Dulcimores,' he said, 'used to be the onliest music in this country — the knowledge how to make 'em and pick on 'em was fotched in by our forbears. But banjos and fiddles has nigh run 'em out now.'

At Isabel's urging, he picked a tune on the old dulcimer, laying it across his knees and using two quills, one to 'note' with, and one to pick with. The music was like the droning of a million mosquitoes.

He said that the old musket was still in use in his young days — that he had killed many a deer with it. 'Allus in them days I follered wearing red, because hit makes the deer stand at gaze. And' — pointing to the crimson linsey hunting-jacket that hung on a peg by the door — 'I'm still a-wearing hit, though there hain't been a deer seed in these parts for allus. In them early days I never bothered with no shoes, or even moccasins — the soles of my feet was so thick I could easy crush chestnut-burrs with 'em. And many's the time I have laid out all night in the pouring rain and never kotched ary cold. Present-day young folks hain't

no account — they have tendered theirselves too much.'

He also had his wife get out from a chest his greatest treasure — his grandsir's old yellow, crumbling Bible, 'fotched out in his saddlebags when he come acrost from Old Virginny. And which now,' he said triumphantly, 'I can read myself, nigh as good as him.' So saying, he opened the faded pages at the Twenty-third Psalm, and, with some prompting from Amy at the hard words, read it through proudly.

The women then broached the subject of their visit — the shooting in the village the past two nights.

'I heard hit all,' said the old man. 'Hit hain't Fult and his crowd, or Darcy and his'n, thank God! but just some of the sprouting-age boys that has got hold of liquor some way, and tuck too much.'

'But where do they get the liquor?'

Uncle Ephraim shook his head. 'No deeficulty about that,' he said. 'Stilling most gen'ally starts up pretty prompt atter the crap is laid by. You see, the folks in this country mostly feels they have got a fair right to do what pleases 'em with their corn they have raised, law or no law, and that the Gover'ment hain't got no business meddling. And I don't know but what they got right and jestice on their side, so fur as right and jestice goes. But what I look at is, the devilish harm the liquor does. Casting an eye back over a long lifetime, and the awful wickedness of men, and the general meanness of their manœuvres, I can't hardly ricollect a wrong that did n't have whiskey behind hit or mixed up in hit. The infamious stuff!' he cried, leaning forward in his chair with clenched hands, 'hit ought to be buried face downward, unfathomed deep, and writ over the grave, "No reesurrection"!'

Settling back in his chair after a moment, he continued in a different voice, 'Folks is allus a-counseling me, "Take a leetle corn-liquor for your rheumatiz', hit's the holpingest medicine ever was made." And so hit may be. But I'd sooner stand the pain as to pour that devil's potion down my neck. Now don't you get tore up in your minds over them boys, women — I'll ax around and try to get on the track of where they're getting that liquor.'

In the evening, just before the 'sing,' the women spoke to Fult.

'Them boys need to have their necks broke for drinking too much and disturbing your peace that way,' he said; 'they ought to know when to stop. If I'd a-been in town, I'd a learnt 'em. Hit won't happen no more; I'll put fear in 'em before I leave.'

Sure enough, it did not happen again that week, and the women's fears were laid to rest.

So, also, were Isabel's. Fult's behavior toward her during the weeks was perfect. When he and his crowd rode in from the farm for the late afternoon play-parties, he was friendly and pleasant, chose Lethie and herself impartially for his partners, made no effort whatever to see her alone, either then or after the evening 'sings,' and did not permit himself so much as a glance that would trouble her. Occasionally he and his friends would be absent at one or the other time; but usually they were on hand, as were also Darcy and his crowd, and the women congratulated themselves that the young men, the dangerous element, were keeping entirely out of trouble.

Every afternoon the heads of the work, Virginia and Amy, continued their walks, visiting the homes up all the creeks and branches within a radius of five or six miles, often not returning until nearly dark. On account of helping with the play-parties in the afternoon and conducting the sings in the evening, Isabel could not join these

expeditions, much as she longed to. But when she learned that they proposed going up Noah's Run Saturday afternoon, she declared she would for once desert duty and go along. The previous Saturday a woman from the head of that branch had visited the hill, with a tiny, withered baby in a black-calico dress with white polka dots; and the appearance of the poor little creature had so wrought upon Isabel that she decided to follow it up.

Saturday morning she hastily made a little dress and cap from one of her own pretty petticoats, bought the remainder of a very primitive baby outfit down in the village, and was ready to start with the others after dinner.

II

They followed Troublesome for a couple of miles, then turned up the winding branch that bore the name Noah's Run. Less than a mile from its mouth was a small store, with nags tied to limbs outside, and men sitting on the puncheon benches in front. The storekeeper's home, a neat, weather-boarded house, was the first visited. The wife welcomed the women as old friends, having visited them on the hill, and her nine children also having attended the classes pretty regularly. They asked her, among other things, if typhoid had as yet appeared up her branch; there were already two or three cases of it in the village, where it seemed to be expected as confidently as the coming of summer. She said it had not yet begun on Noah's Run, though everybody was looking for it.

'Everybody on the branch is a-trying to stave hit off by dosting up on corn-liquor. A dram all around is what me and my man and all our young-uns takes of a morning and of a night.'

To their suggestions that drinking-water be boiled and flies be kept away from food, she was impervious. 'Corn-liquor's the shorest way,' she said.

Hers was the last and only house on the branch which had a window, the others being all windowless log cabins.

At the first of these, the mother, fat, flabby, and dirty, claimed to have been unable to visit the hill because of poor health. 'I got the breast complaint — some calls hit the galloping consumpt',' she informed them, proudly. She sat complacently on the small, rotting porch, fanning herself with a turkey-wing, while a dozen tow-headed children (boys wearing a single garment, — a cotton shirt, — girls in ragged cotton dresses) gathered around to stare with steady, unblinking eyes at the strangers, and numerous chickens and ducks, and a large litter of pigs, wandered through porch and house.

'I have heared a sight about you quare women, and have longed to lay eyes on you,' the invalid said. 'The quarest thing I heared was that not nary one of you had a man.'

They admitted the truth of this rumor, and she gave them another searching inspection, remarking afterward, —

'Don't none of you appear to be pining, though — I allow you have got past hit. I've heared old maids has a mighty happy time when they git through strugglin'.'

What did she do for her 'breast complaint'? Well, a nip of corn-liquor was the 'clearingest' thing known for breast and neck. Was it hard to get? Oh, not now, since the crap was laid by.

Were her children in school? No, indeed; there was n't any school to go to on Noah's Run — never had been. She would like to see her boys get larning — hit holped a man along; but as for gals, she herself had gotten on without any, and she allowed women

were in general better off without it. 'Not meaning no disrespect to you that have got hit,' she hastened to add. 'But you see yourself how hit is — a woman that sets out to ketch larning is mighty apt not to ketch her a man.'

On the porch of the next cabin stood a great loom and two spinning wheels. The woman of the house was out in the middle of the branch, washing wool by treading it in a loose basket. She let down her skirts, dried her hands on her apron, and hurried toward the guests, taking them through a clean-swept yard into a clean-swept cabin. Everything was clean — the floor, the chairs, the three fat beds in the room, the broad hearth, her own gnarled hands and striped homespun dress and apron, the shirts of her boys, the faded dresses of her girls. She said she had only seven children at home now, her 'main oldest' boy having died a few years back, and her three oldest girls having married. She said this oldest boy had been a 'pure scholar'; that although he had never 'sot in a schoolhouse' a day in his life, he had in some way got hold of a speller, and taught himself his letters, and before he got through could spell every word in the book, backwards or forwards, and knew all the reading the same way. If he had lived, it was 'ontelling' what heights he would have climbed to.

'Davy there, my thirteen-year-old, he has the like ambition,' she said, pointing at a boy whose fine, intelligent face flushed under their gaze. 'He'll larn, someway or nother, though I don't know how; for, though there's a big mess of young-uns on this branch, there hain't a sign of a school, nor likely to be, 'pears like.'

One of the younger boys lay across the foot of one of the beds, with his throat tied up. 'He follers having the quinzy,' said his mother. To the question, What do you do for him? she replied, 'We make him set and rest frequent at corn-hoeing time, and I give him a little corn-liquor to kindly holp him up when hit's handy. He's a smart-turned child, too — all my young-uns is, if they could jest get a chanst.'

The next cabin was that of a young pair only three years married, but in this time they had done their utmost in the way of replenishing the earth, as three 'least ones' attested. The home following was that of a pair of grandparents, who, having raised one large family, had now started again with eight orphan grandchildren. They, and the mother of thirteen in the next cabin, expressed fervent wishes that their young should have a chance at 'larning'; and in reply to the question as to what they were doing to prevent typhoid, responded, as others had done, that a little grain of corn-liquor was the best preventive known.

So far, the women had counted fifty-two children in the branch. In the next house there were eleven; and the home of the black-calico baby, at the head of the branch, four miles from its mouth, remained to be visited.

Arriving there, they saw the mother beside the branch, 'battling' the clothes she had just washed and boiled in a big iron kettle. She would lift them out of the kettle, lay them on a smooth stump, and then beat, or 'battle,' them with a flat stick. Evidently washboards were an unknown luxury up Noah's Run.

She came forward with joy when she saw the visitors. The wizened baby, still in the black-calico dress and a very dirty cap, lay on a pallet beneath a big apple tree, with a swarm of flies hovering over it, which an old, old woman who sat by, smoking a pipe, dispersed every now and then with a leafy switch. She took the pipe from her mouth to gaze at the strangers.

'Is them the quare women, Phronie?' she asked.

'Hit is,' replied Phronie.

'That hain't got ary man amongst 'em?'

'The same,' replied Phronie; then, to the visitors, 'This here is my maw's old granny that lives with me; she's terrible old — I allow nigh a hunderd. She don't like to live with none of her grands but me.'

'Stop talking and set cheers for 'em, Phronie,' commanded the old lady, sharply.

Whereupon Phronie went into the house and fetched out two chairs, which, with the one the grandmother sat upon, appeared to be the entire stock. When the other two visitors were seated, Isabel, picking up the poor little baby, from whose eyes the experience and suffering of ages looked out, took her seat on a convenient tree-root, whither the other children, who had scattered like rabbits on the appearance of the women, slowly gathered — nine besides the baby.

Here the old lady, with the remark, 'I was about to forgit my manners,' made a sudden dive into her pocket and brought forth a cob pipe similar to the one she was smoking, and a twist of tobacco, handing them to Virginia, with the invitation, 'Take a smoke.'

'Thank you,' said Virginia, 'but I don't smoke.'

'Don't you now? Well, that's quare — I'd larn hit if I was you. My ole granny used to look so pretty a-smoking. I kotched hit from her, same as I ketched my trade.'

'She follers doctoring women when their time comes,' explained Phronie.

'Me and my ole granny together has brung very nigh all the babes that come to this country for a hunderd year,' boasted the old woman. 'But, women, if you don't smoke, take a chaw.'

'No, thanks, I believe not.'

The old soul looked crestfallen. 'I allow you foller chawing manufact', and this here hain't nothing but home-made,' she apologized.

'No, I should prefer this to manufactured if I took it at all,' Virginia assured her, and to Phronie she said, 'Tell us more about your baby. How old is it?'

'Well, women,' said Phronie, in a surprised tone, 'I don't rightly know. Hit were borned quite a spell before corn-crapping time — about three or four week', were n't hit, Granny?'

'Nigher five,' Granny replied. 'I ricollect hit by the dark of the moon.'

'Then it's around four months old?'

'I reckon. But hit hain't growed none sence the day hit come.'

'Has it been sick?'

'No, hit don't appear to be — never hollers or cries none; I never seed a civiler baby. Hit jest lays and pines and pindles.'

'Do you nurse it yourself?'

'Give hit suck, you mean? Yes, I allus have a plenty for two young-uns. And hit'll mostly take the teat all right, but will jest kindly mouth hit, and not suck hearty like t' other young-uns.'

'What do you do for it?'

'Nary thing on earth but give hit good corn-liquor reg'lar. I seed from the start hit was puny-like, and commenced right off dosting hit generous, four or five times a day, to holp up its stren'th and wake up hit's appetite.'

'To holp up hit's stren'th and wake up hit's appetite,' echoed the old granny, in her high, cracked voice; 'hain't nothing like good corn-liquor, for young or old.'

'And hit was hard to get, too, at corn-crapping time,' complained Phronie; 'but,' virtuously, 'I allus managed.'

'If I were you, I would not give it any more,' said Amy. 'Doctors nowadays say it is very bad for babies, and

stunts their growth and poisons them badly. Suppose you try for a couple of weeks not giving it any.'

Phronie and Granny looked at her in open-mouthed amazement.

'Phronie,' said the old lady at last, 'these here quare women has got a sight of book-larning, and if they was to spend their opinions on books, I'd listen at 'em. But what does a passel of old maids, that hain't got a baby to their names, know about babies?'

Phronie's objection was on a different ground. 'Hit would look too mean,' she said, 'for me to drink hit myself and not give none to my child.'

'Try leaving it off yourself, and see if your milk won't agree better with the baby,' suggested Virginia.

But the old lady spoke authoritatively: 'Hain't nothing like liquor for nursing mothers.'

The women were silenced. But Isabel opened her bundle and exhibited the things she had brought for the baby, and asked if she might give it a warm bath and dress it up.

Phronie immediately set things going. Two of the boys were ordered to chop wood and make up again the fire under the big kettle, another to draw water from the well, one of the little girls ran for the family towel, another for the soft soap, another for the dish-pan. And there, under the apple tree, in the dish-pan, Isabel gave the poor little skeleton baby the first comfortable bath it had ever had in its life, drying it afterward, not with the soiled, stiff family towel, but with one of the soft rags she had brought. She bathed it — all but its head; for on this point Granny and Phronie were adamant. To wash a babe's head, or leave off its cap, under a year, was certain death. 'And I love my child too good to run ary risk,' said Phronie. The best Isabel could do was to put the clean cap on the dirty little head.

The small creature looked up at her out of its age-old eyes, and rewarded her by going to sleep in her arms.

Phronie insisted that the women should stay to supper, the afternoon being about gone. They had brought sandwiches with them in case of a late return, but accepted her invitation.

Four or five of the children then ran down a chicken, which Phronie killed and fried. She also warmed up a pot of string beans, and made biscuit and coffee, and the visitors sat down to a plentiful supper, occupying the three chairs, while Ben, Phronie's husband, sat on the churn, and the nine children, not greedy and grabbing as most would have been, but always quiet and 'civil,' stood and ate. The women felt it to be a shame that such well-behaved, and apparently bright children, should be six miles away from a schoolhouse, and entirely cut off from opportunity.

III

When the guests were ready to start home, Phronie said there was a 'nigher' way for them to return by than the one they had taken coming — that the walk might be shortened two miles by going along the ridge-tops. This idea appealed — they knew it could not get very dark, because the full moon would be rising too soon. So Ben took them up the mountain in the rear, and a short way along the ridge, leaving them with the directions, 'All you got to do is to keep to the main ridge, whichever way hit winds, and not turn off on no spur; and hit'll fetch you right out over them cloth houses of your'n. And there hain't no varmints to bother you, less'n hit is a few rattlesnakes, which, if you don't step on 'em, won't do you no harm.'

The sun had long since set, but they went along in the clear evening light with an exhilarating view of other

ridges stretching off on every side. Along the ridge-top was a narrow, hard-rock formation, which had resisted the wear and tear of ages, and which made a good, clear path, and lifted them pretty well above the timber save where a great yellow poplar thrust its giant head up here and there. In the narrow valleys below, mist was already gathering. Pale stars came out and steadily brightened; but the women walked on in the dusk unafraid.

At last, after they had gone on for an hour, Virginia exclaimed, 'I think I know where we are now. To the right is the valley of Troublesome, and the land below us must be Fallon's, where Fult and his friends are getting out timber. And oh, there's the flush in the east where the moon is rising.'

An instant later Isabel exclaimed, 'Is n't that a light down in the timber just ahead of us?'

'Yes, it certainly is; probably Fult and the boys are having a 'possum hunt.'

'It seems to be a steady glow, not a moving lantern.'

'Well, a 'possum supper, then.'

They went on in silence, keeping an eye on the light, which was now just below them, apparently at the base of the rock, or cliff, they were on. Then they heard the murmur of voices. A thick curtain of grapevine here hung in and between the trees, so that in the daytime vision could never have penetrated to what was beneath. But now, through the interstices, they could plainly see, about thirty feet below them, the steady glow of a large fire, which appeared to be under a sort of furnace of rock; a number of planks and barrels; several rifles leaning against a tree; and some of Fult's crowd of young men. Four were engaged in a game of cards, by the light of the furnace; another was watching the game and feeding the furnace with an occasional chunk of wood; still another was working at the barrels; while the last — Charlie Lee — was sampling the tiny stream that trickled from a pipe in the barrel nearest the furnace and fell into a bucket. Fult himself was nowhere to be seen.

'These boys are not having any 'possum supper,' said Virginia, in a shocked voice; 'they are running a still.'

'Oh, they could n't,' exclaimed Amy, 'after all Fult's promises to us.'

'I've been wild to see a still all my life,' said Isabel.

The three stood rooted, gazing with all their eyes. As they looked, Fult himself, rifle on arm (evidently he had been on guard below), stepped into the circle of light.

'Mend up the fire, boys,' he ordered; 'we want to finish this last run-off. Hit ought to be nigh done now. Charlie, quit tasting them strong shots — you hain't able to stand hit.'

Stooping over, he tasted a 'shot' himself, to tell about the stage of the liquor. At the same moment Isabel, in her consuming desire to see the fuller workings of the still, stepped nearer to the cliff-edge, and with her foot struck a small rock, scarcely more than a pebble, which bounded off the cliff. It could not have made much noise in falling; but instantly the furnace light was completely muffled, every voice was stilled. Then, before any of the women could stir, a bullet whizzed just over Isabel's head, and a sharp command of 'Halt!' rang out. There was a sound as of someone scrambling up through trees and vines, and in another instant Fult, rifle in hand, stepped on the cliff before them, into the moonlight.

He looked, and stood as if turned to stone.

For a long moment nobody spoke. Then Amy found her voice.

'We were spending the afternoon on Noah's Run,' she said, 'and the people kept us to supper and sent us back the near way, over the ridges. We saw the light, and wondered what it could be, and stopped to see.'

'I allow you found out,' laughed Fult, unpleasantly.

'We did; but with no intention of spying. We did not dream you would do such a thing as run a still.'

'I never drempt either hit could be you women, or I would n't have shot when I heard the rock fall, and seed a head again' the sky-line.'

'I suppose you have forgotten all your promises to us,' said Virginia sadly.

'I hain't broke a single promise to you,' replied Fult, indignantly. 'I don't break my word. Nary one of my crowd hain't done a bit of drinking or shooting or broke the peace in any way.'

'But the liquor you are making?'

'Hit ain't for this country. I aim to take hit to the Virginny line and sell hit there at the mines, where I can get a good price.'

'But you did let some of the younger boys get hold of some, did n't you?'

'I give a jug unthoughted to Bob Ainslee for going an arrand, never thinking of him and t' other young boys getting drunk on hit.'

'Oh, why do you do these things which distress us so, and which are directly against the law?' implored Amy.

'Laws hain't nothing to me if they're onjust,' he declared, defiantly; 'I don't think hit's wrong to use the corn I have raised in stilling liquor, or I would n't do hit. But,' in a changed and troubled voice, 'I would n't have had you women see this still for a thousand dollars.'

'Why?'

'Oh, because you look at things different from me. You have got strange notions. You don't understand our ways up here.'

He cast a desperate, searching glance into Isabel's face, as if in the wild hope of finding some understanding and sympathy there. But her eyes were dropped.

There seemed nothing more to be said on either side. The women turned away and began their homeward walk.

'Won't — won't you let me — or Charlie — see you safe home?' Fult asked, in a choked voice.

'No, we feel safer alone, thank you,' replied Virginia.

And they walked on, leaving Fult standing like a statue.

Three hours later, the six women on the hill were awakened from slumber by the most frightful sounds — rapid shooting, hard galloping, blood-curdling whoops and yells — down in the village street, and knew only too well that Fult and his crowd had drunk deeply and ridden in to 'shoot up' the town. Compared with this, the scattering shots of the previous Saturday and Sunday nights had been but feeble child's play. For an hour, death and destruction seemed to be let loose. The women lay trembling in their tents, hoping against hope that no one would be killed, feeling that their summer's work had been utterly in vain; while down in the village mothers crawled under beds with their children and lay flattened against the floor, to dodge the flying bullets.

Every person in the village sought safety but one — that one was Lethie. Directly over the street where the frenzied boys dashed back and forth, she knelt by her window, following Fult's figure in wild apprehension and terror, and sending up incoherent prayers for his safety. It was nights such as this which had saddened and aged the child beyond her years.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PLANTS

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

THE subject of this paper is chosen with the full realization that it savors of heresy at the outset. The answer to the question, Are plants conscious? seems so self-evident, that this question would scarcely be chosen for use in an intelligence test for college freshmen. It perhaps might find a better place among the conundrums which the psychiatrist holds in store for his patients.

It was none other than Aristotle who stated clearly and conclusively: Animals have souls, plants do not. And then, as if to make it doubly sure, the renowned Linneus began his great work by writing: —

> Lapides crescunt;
> Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt;
> Animalia crescunt et vivunt et sentiunt.'

(Stones grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live, and are sensitive.) Indeed, the very word 'animal' comes from the Latin *anima*, meaning soul, spirit, mind. And therefore, by derivation itself, plants are found to be devoid of consciousness.

Charles Bonnet, nearly two hundred years ago, arranged natural beings in a single series, varying all the way from complete soullessness to complete soulfulness. The series is as follows: rocks — corals — truffles — plants — mimosa — sea-nettles — polyps — worms — crustaceans — snails — snakes — eels — fish — flying fish — birds — bats — quadrupeds — man — angels — archangels — seraphim.

It will be observed that, in this list of twenty-one forms, the fourth from the soulless end is the plant, and the fourth from the other extreme is man. Charles Bonnet would say, then, in modern language, that the question as to whether or not the plant has a soul is a matter of relativity. As compared with rocks, plants do have souls; as compared with man, they do not. A similar situation would obtain with respect to man. As compared with plants, he has a soul; but in relation to archangels and seraphim, he has none.

Professor Titchener writes: 'The plant mind, if there is such a thing, must be so extraordinarily rudimentary and so totally different from our own, that it is hopeless to try to form an idea of it.' And so I hereupon apologize to my readers for inviting their attention to a hopeless proposition.

However, I have the conviction that, had Dr. Titchener devoted as much time to the study of plant psychology as he did to human psychology, using the same methods, he would have arrived at the conclusion that the mind of the plant, far from being 'extraordinarily rudimentary,' is really extraordinarily well-developed.

In the first place, we must agree to expect nothing of plant-consciousness which we do not expect of human consciousness. The domain of human consciousness is limited; and no small part of our hesitancy about plant-consciousness, is, I believe, due to the fact that

we look for feats of psychic behavior in plants which really transcend the limits of human consciousness, and, not finding such, we turn away disappointed, or, shall I say, happy in the feeling of 'I told you so.'

We must realize that human consciousness has nothing at all to do with the fundamental processes of life. Consciousness may step in and control for a short period of time the rate at which we breathe; but it can have no effect in the long run upon the amount of oxygen which passes into our bodies, or the amount of carbon dioxide exhaled. Much less can it have any effect upon the intimate intracellular processes of respiration and assimilation. Neither does consciousness enter into the process of digestion (though perhaps the same cannot be said of indigestion). Not only are growth and development entirely free from conscious control, but, I presume, growing pains are the only instance of their ever pushing up into the conscious realm at all. The human being is not ordinarily conscious of the clotting of blood or of the healing of wounds, to say nothing of exercising any psychic control over them. The most we can do is to make conditions favorable for such processes.

It is not reasonable, therefore, for us to expect that the fundamental life-processes of plants should prove to be conscious acts. If we find that synthesis, assimilation, respiration, conduction, digestion, transpiration, growth, and regeneration are not conscious processes in plants, we shall not be at all surprised. In fact, if the reverse should prove to be true, we should indeed be very much amazed.

II

There appear to be three chief aspects of the domain of conscious human behavior. First among these is protection in an emergency; that is, enabling the organism to avoid danger. This includes mechanical injury, danger from extremes of temperature, from unfavorable gas-relations, from animal enemies, and from injurious substances in our foods. And so the sense-organs of taste, smell, contact, temperature, sound, and sight set up processes in our minds, enabling us to adjust ourselves with respect to our environment.

The second phase of human consciousness consists in enabling the organism to get food. As evolution has gone on, the animal has found it necessary to devote less and less conscious effort to protection, and more and more conscious effort to getting food. Even the physician, who is devoting all of his superior intelligence to protecting the community, and the policeman, who is devoting all of his superior physique to the same end, must confess to themselves that they are only earning their daily bread.

And the third phase of human conscious effort is in procreation. While the developmental processes which that act initiates are entirely beyond intelligent control, yet the reproduction of the species is in its inception a conscious act. And with it are bound up many of the feelings and emotions which play such a large part in art and music and the movies, and which make for so much of weal and woe.

It would be the logical thing, then, in looking for the existence of consciousness in plants, to investigate the possibility of its expression in protection, food-getting, and reproduction.

But, the skeptic will say, plants cannot move anyway, and therefore they cannot protect themselves; plants make their own food, and therefore they have no need to go out and look for it, or dig for it, or fight for it; furthermore, insects carry the pollen from one flower to another, and so

plants have no need of love or hatred in relation to their sexual life. But to this logic let us not yield too readily.

The most valuable method of the psychologist is introspection. In fact, it is the only method which gives conclusive results. I know that I have a mind; but I do not know positively that anyone else in the world is conscious. Someone has written: 'Mental processes are those which form part of the experience of one person only.' How consoling this thought must be to the psychopathic individual, to know that, however hard the psychiatrist may try, he cannot find what is in his patient's mind. And who knows but that plants laugh in like manner at our hopeless efforts to understand them?

All study of minds other than my own, then, rests upon analogy entirely. You behave in a similar way to me, and therefore I conclude that you must have a mind. You have the same structure of sense-organs, brain, and motor-mechanism that I have, and therefore I conclude that your psychic life is like mine. My contention, therefore, in this paper, is that I can demonstrate just as well that the plant has a mind as that you have a mind. Both are matters of analogy of structure and behavior.

The monkey and the parrot have sense-organs and brains; their behavior is quite similar to mine; and therefore I conclude that they too have minds and are conscious. And so on down the animal kingdom: I find no place where I can draw a line and say the animals on this side are conscious and those on the other side are not. Jennings, Mast, and others have shown such wonderful feats of behavior in the lowest group of animals, the Protozoa, that I find it impossible to separate them psychologically from the higher forms.

But the lowest forms of animal life are indistinguishable from the lowest forms of plant life. Let me challenge anyone to tell whether the flagellate, Euglena, is an animal or a plant. If the Protozoa have minds, then Euglena must have a mind. And if Euglena has consciousness, then must also Chlamydomonas, which behaves almost exactly like it. And before we know it, we have climbed down out of the animal tree and are starting up the plant tree, without having touched terra firma at all. In fact, we find that the two trees have a common root-system, and that the latex of human kindness permeates the veins of all their branches alike.

As for structure, plants are composed of cells as are animals. The living part of the plant cell is like that of the animal cell, with the exception that the former in some instances contains plastids. These are the centres of food formation. It is very difficult to imagine how the possession of such structures in relatively few cells would result in a lack of consciousness.

Unlike the animal cell, however, every plant cell is enveloped by a more or less rigid cell-wall. This wall prevents the plant cell from readily changing its shape or size, and hence the development of motor tissue in plants is all but entirely prevented. The plant is thus structurally almost totally deprived of the ability to express internal experiences, either physical or psychical, by movements of its body. We must take this into account when we attempt to determine whether or not plants display mental traits. They may be just as sensitive as are animals; they may feel just as keenly, and think and associate just as well; but they rarely have the opportunity of expressing their sensations or feelings by motor-activity. Do we think the mourner who bears his grief in silence less sensitive than the one who weeps? If we should place an animal in a plaster-of-paris cast and, after stimulating it,

find that it is unable to react, should we conclude that it does not experience sensations or feelings?

But, despite the general inability of plants to express their psychic life by motor-responses, the plant nevertheless has sense-organs, tracts for the transmission of impulses, and some motor-organs for response.

The sense-organ of equilibrium of the plant is constructed upon the same general plan as are the semi-circular canals within the human ear; but it is much more delicate and efficient in its response. In the very tip of the root there are very small grains inside of cells. If these grains are brought into contact with any side of the cell-membrane except the normally lower side, as they would be in case the root were placed horizontal, a stimulus is initiated in these cells, which is carried up the root several millimetres to a motor-organ, and the root gradually bends down until the tip becomes exactly vertical again.

The human mechanism for equilibrium is not very delicate when compared with these plant organs. The human body must be moved several degrees from the vertical before any impression is made upon consciousness; but the plant responds to the slightest departure from the vertical. Aviators tell us that they do not know whether they are right-side-up or upside-down after they have been in the air for a time. Thus, when put to a severe test, the human mechanism for equilibrium becomes entirely inadequate for the situation. Not so with the plant. I can rotate a plant on a clinostat for hours, or even days, and it will respond to the stimulus of gravity at the close of this interval just as readily as a plant that has been standing upright.

There are sense-organs for contact in plants, especially prominent in the case of tendrils, of leaves of certain insectivorous plants, and of the stamens of the barberry. If the hairs on a leaf of Dionea are touched, a stimulus will be transmitted to a motor-organ in the mid-vein. This will result in the leaf closing, as does a book.

There are sense-organs for the reception of light in leaves, and motor-organs which respond. In most leaves these motor-organs are microscopic in size, and hence the ordinary observer does not see the movement of a part of the plant in response to light. However, in the sensitive plant, Mimosa, the movement is of such magnitude that it is plainly visible to everyone. This plant has its leaflets folded when in the dark. If light is thrown upon them, they open. The light stimulus is received by the sense-organs, transmitted by conductive tracts to motor-organs, and we see the response, in just the same way you rise to draw the shade when the sun beams in upon the book you are reading.

The special tracts along which the impulses are transmitted are known as sieve tubes. These very much elongated cells are arranged end to end, and form a continuous line of communication from the tip of the leaf to the tip of the root. Furthermore, they extend into every vein of every leaf, forming here a wonderful network of paths of transmission of stimuli. Miss Lewis has recently discovered that in practically all ordinary leaves every cell is within one tenth of a millimetre, which is one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch, of the nearest vein. In the human hand there are some cells as much as one half a millimetre from the nearest nerve. This close proximity of the sieve tubes to every part of the plant indicates the readiness with which stimuli may be caught up and carried to other centres.

That these sieve tubes do transmit impulses is shown by the fact that, if

they are severed in the leaf-stalk of a sensitive plant, the leaf will not move when one strikes it; whereas any other tissue may be cut without affecting the ability of the leaf to react. Evidence still more conclusive has been published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London* for March of this year. A glance at the data which Dr. Bose here presents shows that the tissue marked *phloem*, in which the sieve tubes are located, transmits impulses with from six to sixty times the speed with which they travel in other tissues of the leaf-stalk.

In the higher animals there are sense-organs and tracts for the transmission of impulses, association centres, and motor-organs. We have shown that all these are to be found in plants as well, with the exception of the association centres, which must now be considered. Are there any structures in plants which resemble the ganglia and neurones of the nerve-tract of animals? In the sclerenchyma tissue of plants we have cells with many elongated projections, which make contact with other cells at their tips. Of the exact nature of these contacts we know as little as of the nature of synapses in nerves. But it seems that there are just as good possibilities of make and break in one case as in the other.

III

We will now turn to behavior. The simplest psychic process is sensation. I can cause the leaflets of a sensitive plant to close by using several different stimuli: by placing it in the dark, by contact, by shock (jarring), by ammonia gas, by altering the temperature or the moisture relations. But, in each case, one would notice the ability of the plant to distinguish different intensities of the stimulus. If I stroke it gently, the leaflets close; if I strike it sharply, the whole leaf bends downward.

The tendril of the wild cucumber is far more sensitive to pressure than is a human being. It will respond to as small a pressure as 0.00025 of one milligram. The roots of all plants are far more sensitive to electrical stimuli than are we. The weakest current that can be felt by a human being is about 10 milliamperes. A root exposed to 0.025 of one milliampere will curve in the direction of the cathode. At 0.2 of a milliampere it will turn toward the cathode first, and then toward the anode. And at 0.5 of a milliampere it will curve at once toward the anode.

The tendrils of the passion flower will curve downward if the under surface of the tendril is stroked gently. It is, therefore, evident that the lower side is sensitive to contact, and a stimulus there received is transmitted to a motor-organ which accomplishes the curvature. Now, if we stroke the upper side, the tendril will not curve at all, and we might therefore conclude that the upper side is not sensitive. But we should be wrong in such a conclusion. The upper side is just as sensitive as the lower side, but there is no positive motor-organ which will enable the tendril to curve up. I can demonstrate that this is the case, if simultaneously I stroke both sides with equal intensity. In this case the tendril will not curve in either direction. Sensations have been received on both surfaces; they have been transmitted to motor-organs respectively, and the responses of the two motor-organs have counteracted each other, so that there is no resulting movement of the tendril. We have then shown the existence of a negative motor-organ on the upper side of the tendril — an organ which is unable to act independently, but which is able to counteract the operation of other motor-organs. I know of

no better evidence that plants do receive sensations, and that these impulses are transmitted to motor-organs; but that, because of the existence of cellulose cell-walls, the plant is unable to make a visible response, although it is able to counteract other reactions.

Now, the responses to sensations in plants may become fixed into habits, just as they may be in our kind. If a plant of Oxalis Bowei is left in the greenhouse, under normal conditions of illumination during the daytime and of darkness at night, and then is placed in a bright light at night, the leaflets will remain folded. Leaflets of these plants have been opening in the daytime and closing at night for generations; and so firmly has the habit become fixed, that this plant folds its leaflets during this night as usual, though it is in strong light. If this plant remain in a dark room, illuminated at night, and be left in the dark during the day for a period of one week, it will change its habit, so that it now will open at night and close during the day. It does not acquire this new habit during the first twenty-four hours, nor during the second; but gradually, within a week, it completely changes its daily periodicity. In this change of habit, the plant has shown the same reluctance and obstinacy as the man working at the factory in changing from the day to the night shift. It is to be noted further, that this plant will resume its old habit upon return to normal conditions more rapidly than it acquired the new one, displaying what our grandmothers would have called backsliding

The flowers of the common marigold are very interesting in this connection. The day and night periodicity in the opening and closing of these flowers can be reversed in the same way as for the leaves of Oxalis. But in this case the lengths of the intervals can also be varied. If I illuminate for eight hours in place of twelve, and then leave them in the dark for eight hours, the flowers will, in time, learn to open and close alternately for eight-hour periods. Or I can establish a six-six periodicity in them. But if I try it for four hours of light and four of darkness, the plant apparently becomes disgusted and reverts to the normal twelve-twelve periodicity. We thus have a display of temper, which is, I take it, a very highly developed psychological trait.

Now, many responses of plants — and this is true also of human beings — may be regarded as reflex acts, but not so these of Oxalis and Calendula. The psychologist holds that consciousness emerges when reflex acts will not meet the needs of the situation. When we reverse the illumination, therefore, we have an instance of a reflex act which is not meeting the situation. During the first night of illumination the leaflets remain closed. The plant has encountered a new situation which it has never met before; neither have its ancestors, in all probability, ever experienced strong light at night. Whatever benefit the plant derives by opening in the light is vitiated under these new conditions. The reflex act is not equal to the task. Does it not seem reasonable then to assume that consciousness here steps in and aids the plant in meeting a problem by the formation of new habits?

Not only do plants experience sensations, and form habits and break them; they also exhibit memory. If I expose a pot of oat seedlings, the sheaths of which have not yet broken, for twelve seconds to one-sided illumination, and then cover them from the light, they will curve over in the course of about forty minutes, so that the tips will come to point in the direction from which the light had been received.

One evening last summer a rabbit wandered into my yard, and found an

apple lying under one of the trees. The next evening the rabbit returned and nosed about under the same tree. He had remembered the place where he had found the apple, and had returned to the exact spot. And just so the oats remember the direction from which came the light needed in their food-making processes, and turn in that direction, even though the light has disappeared, and is no longer present to their senses.

IV

Passing now from the simple psychological processes of sensation, habits, and memory, to the more complex ones, let us first inquire whether or not plants display reason. Mathematics constitutes the most extensive and ideal system of logic. Let us see if the plant mind is mathematically inclined.

The basis of mathematics is addition and subtraction, and it can readily be shown that plants perform both these operations. If, in place of exposing these oats for twelve seconds continuously, I had exposed them for six seconds, then waited a short time and exposed them six seconds more, they would have reacted in exactly the same way as in the case noted above. Or, if I expose them for four three-second periods, or twelve one-second periods, they will add up the individual periods and, if the sum is twelve, they will react. Or they will add periods of unequal lengths, such as a three-second period, a four-second period, a two-second period, a one-second period and another two-second period, and if that makes twelve, they will react. If it is less than twelve, they will refuse.

Furthermore, if I expose them for fifteen seconds on one side and four seconds on the other, they will subtract and, finding the answer to be eleven seconds, will not respond. But if I expose them for seventeen and one-half seconds on one side and five and one-half on the other, they will respond, because the answer to that problem is twelve. Finally, I can change the minimum presentation time from twelve to almost any other interval by varying the intensity of the light. So that I can cause these plants to add and subtract almost any intervals of time, and they will give me the answer with a precision which seems almost uncanny.

Do plants exhibit feeling? Feeling is defined by one psychologist as a mental process which accompanies an approach to, or a departure from, a condition of equilibrium. The approach toward equilibrium is pleasurable and the departure from equilibrium is unpleasant or painful. Now the condition in which one finds a Mimosa plant in the dark may be taken as a condition of equilibrium for that plant. In this condition the leaf-stalk is raised and the leaflets folded. The appearance of light causes the leaflets to unfold; this must therefore be an unpleasant experience, because it involves a departure from equilibrium. If, however, I now stroke the leaflets gently, they will fold again. They must be pleased over this, because it is returning them to a condition of equilibrium again. But, if I strike the leaf sharply, the leaf-stalk drops. This is a departure from equilibrium and hence must be painful. So that, when I stroke the leaf gently, it is pleased, and when I strike it sharply, it experiences pain; just as my dog is pleased when I pat his head, and pained when I kick him.

Most people, however, will not be satisfied with habits or memory, or even with reason and feeling, as evidence of a psychic life in plants. They must be shown an instance of volition on the part of the plant before they will be convinced. Now, it must be remembered that there is still some

question as to whether or not any living thing really has a will-power which it can assert; or whether, on the other hand, our actions are not simply determined in a mechanical way, while our consciousness sits by, like the purchaser of a Liberty bond, watching the war going on, with a sort of egotistical feeling that he has a good deal to do with the outcome.

I presume that the average person exercises will-power most commonly in connection with the things he wears and the things he eats. Inasmuch as plants wear no garments, they are deprived of one of these opportunities to show their volition. In regard to selecting materials which are taken into their bodies, the plant displays the same ability of choice that the animal does. The human being exhibits two successive selective processes. The first is a conscious act of selection, and we make a great deal of our ability to decide whether we wish malted milk or hot fudge sundae. And then, later, after the concoction has passed into our alimentary canal, the cells which line that tract further select materials, rejecting the indigestible and, to an extent, the undesirable and harmful.

But both these processes are far from efficient. We choose for eating many things which are not good for us; and after we eat them, the cells lining the alimentary tract do not successfully protect us by refusing to absorb injurious materials. The many internal poisons are such because they are not rejected when they get into our alimentary tract. The body of the diabetic continues to take up sugar, though that substance may cause serious results.

The plant, on the other hand, finds itself in a soil of which the constituents are highly variable in kind and in quantity. From this soil it selects, by a single operation, the substances which it uses in metabolism. The clover plant absorbs just five and two thirds times as much calcium as does the barley plant growing beside it; and the barley takes up just eighteen times as much silicon as does the clover. The result is highly more efficient than the selection of materials by the human being. We know of very few substances which are poisonous to plants. The plant prefers to reject the injurious compounds rather than to absorb them and thus avoids suffering the consequences as does the animal.

In the reaction of roots to temperature and light, we have further evidence of volition in plants. The optimum temperature for the growth of corn roots is 34 degrees Centigrade. If they are grown at a lower temperature, say at 28 degrees, and a hot plate is brought near them, they will curve in the direction of the plate, that is, they will grow in the direction of the temperature at which they grow fastest. If they are being grown, however, in a temperature above 34 degrees, say at 40 degrees, and a hot plate is brought near them, they will curve away from it, that is, they will again grow in the direction of the temperature at which they will grow fastest. Does it not seem proper, then, to conclude that these roots show intelligence with respect to temperature and to assume that they are happiest in the temperature at which they will grow best, inasmuch as they display a choice of that temperature, as opposed to any other temperature above or below the optimum? Human beings do not always choose the food which is best for their bodies; but the plant invariably chooses from the soil those salts which are best for it, and also chooses the temperature at which it will grow best. Does not the plant, then, display greater will-power; does it not yield less to temptation than does mankind?

Now, a similar phenomenon can be

shown with respect to light. The function of the root of the plant is to absorb water and salts, and to anchor the plant. It is, therefore, to its interest to grow away from the light; and this characteristic of roots is one of the things which causes them to grow downward into the ground. The stem of the plant, on the other hand, bears leaves, which must have light in order to manufacture the food of the plant. It is, therefore, necessary that the stem shall grow in the direction of light, in order to carry the leaves to a position of maximum illumination. If I place a tumbler of white-mustard seedlings in one-sided illumination, the stems will bend toward the light and the roots away from the light. The plant has thus exhibited will-power in controlling the direction of these organs so that they will operate to the best interests of the entire organism.

But while we marvel at the intelligence of this plant, let us not lose sight of the mechanism by which the movement is accomplished. In fact, we can in this case follow the whole chain of events on purely physical grounds. Light retards the rate of growth of all parts of all plants. The reason, therefore, that the stem turns toward the light is not that the will-power of the plant has directed it so to do, but that the side of the stem nearest the light is retarded in its growth by the rays of light themselves, and therefore the opposite side, growing faster, causes the stem to bend toward the light.

But then, why does not the root also bend toward the light? The reason is not difficult to find. The root is a slender translucent organ. The curved surface of the root on the side toward the light focuses the rays of light through the root and upon the opposite side, so that, as a matter of fact, as Blauuw has shown, the side of the root away from the light is really the most highly illuminated. This side will then grow more slowly, and the root will curve away from the light.

The question is, then, Is the plant conscious of its reactions to light? Before we had arrived at a physical explanation of this behavior, we were perhaps ready to ascribe to it an intelligence. Once we have found a physical explanation we rapidly seek to abandon the idea of a psychical experience in the plant. But is that necessary? When we find the physical basis for a certain behavior of an animal, shall we then abandon the idea of a concurrent consciousness in that animal? Perhaps we may some day find the physical basis for the fact that I prefer to go to the Pagoda for luncheon rather than to Whetstone's. Will that prove that I have no will-power, no intelligence?

Driesch challenges the mechanist to conceive a machine which will accomplish results such as those performed by the animal. Indeed, may not the plant be such a machine? May we not hope to explain some day all its reactions on purely physical grounds; and yet is there not some evidence of a psychic life as well? My plea is this: let him who would explain nature from the vitalistic standpoint, study the plant as evidence of the vitalistic nature of physical phenomena; and let him who would explain nature on purely mechanistic grounds, study the plant as evidence of the mechanistic basis of psychic phenomena. In this way shall we all come nearer to grasping the true conception of the unity of the universe.

HUMOR WITH A GENDER

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

THE attempt to draw a distinction between the humor of men and of women no longer precipitates an outburst of satirical masculine discussion. It is true that occasional flashes of wit in conversation have always been conceded to the credit of women. These have been generously recorded through the ages by men, but usually in the form of verbal duets with themselves. And a complacent idea has been more or less apparent, I fear, that the bass notes have inspired the treble responses! It fell at last to the lot of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, at a time when the burden of proof weighed heavily against them, to give a demonstration to the world of the ability of women to maintain a humorous point of view in extended writing — proving it thereby to be something more than incidental to masculine inspiration.

Theretofore, neither education nor humor had been an essential part of a woman's equipment; undoubtedly, it had been conducive to matrimonial harmony that she should echo her husband's ideas — so why not his jokes as well? And probably it was as difficult then as now to discover (although, of course, no one tried) which was the author and which the echo.

But, fortunately, during the last fifty years it has gradually ceased to be incumbent upon a woman to suppress either her thoughts or her jests. So both have flourished and grown apace! And both, I insist, are distinctive in quality.

In order to establish our distinction, we have only to group the forms of humor natural to each sex. In fact, they fall into place almost of themselves. To men belong of right the more obvious sorts: the witty speech, full of ridicule, irony and satire; the rollicking joke; the jest which has become an institution — like the mother-in-law or the inter-city joke; and last, the 'funny story,' with which men gravely 'tag' each other! For there is an absurd sort of etiquette among jokers, which demands that to a certain man belongs a certain story, on the principle of 'every dog his bone!' And, strange as it seems, they will endure countless repetitions of anecdotes and songs under this pressure of prior — and proprietary — claims.

Which of us does not attend ceremonial gatherings and feasts, where brave men laugh unceasingly (and patient women sigh) at that which they have heard before and must hear yet again — if they, in turn, are to be listened to!

Who has not heard it said reproachfully, to some brigand or free-lance of wit, 'That's Jim's story,' or 'That's Mac's song'! Two thousand years had to intervene before Mark Twain could, with impunity, annex the tale of the Athenian and the frog. So that raconteurs of jaded 'song and story' have only to invoke the joker's law of primo-seizure, to prevent trespass or to get a hearing.

In the gentler sex, the mirth-awakening sense finds expression in more subtle ways. Women have a quick

perception of absurdity, the ability to talk diverting nonsense, to accord a narrative its due of imaginative embellishment, and to carry on the give-and-take of conversation with amusing raillery.

Let a man prove unable to meet his partner at dinner (or for life) on these delicate and elusive grounds, and she either turns to serious talk or resigns herself to listening. And at this art she is an adept, in spite of that double-headed slapstick: 'Women never listen and have no sense of humor.' It is true that women are not amused by mockery; and they detest ridicule and deplore its effect upon both the user and the object, believing that it blunts the sensibilities of both. Feminine witticisms, even when not entirely guileless, are seldom wholly at the expense of others, and cheer oftener than they wound. The gift of mimicry is often bestowed upon women, but they rarely give it full play; whereas men value it as one of their best assets, and use it to full advantage.

These classifications cannot, of course, apply to those uncommon men who, by the accident of constant association with women, absorb (not always to their ultimate disadvantage) something of their traits and speech; nor to those women who deliberately imitate the facetiousness of men — often in its coarsest form — for purposes of their own.

These are the Lady Mary Wortley Montagus of to-day. They are to be found in many circles, but predominate in the fastest of the 'Smart Sets' of our American cities, and on the stage. They pander to the same kind of audiences in private and in public, and find their short-lived reward for the prostitution of their wit in the noisy applause of buffoons of both sexes. With them our differentiation has nothing further to do.

As to the subtlety of true feminine humor, the international controversy of Mark Twain and Paul Bourget is enlightening. Bourget, after a superficial tour of the United States, told his fellow Frenchmen that 'Americans hardly ever know who their grandfathers were'! Mark Twain, in retaliation, lost no time in informing the world that 'Frenchmen seldom know who their fathers are'! Now, so far as men are concerned, the story is quite complete. They love it just as it is. They do not want, and rarely listen to, the delightful sequel. Put it to the test by telling the story, and you will find that, from this point on, your audience is feminine.

To resume — Mark Twain and his readers soon found that his retort had gone straight home. Bourget and the whole French people rose as one man and accused Clemens of insulting them. Mark Twain at once apologized, 'to avoid war.'

He then offered to make the amende honorable by swapping jokes with them. He would begin all over by saying that 'Frenchmen hardly ever know who their grandfathers were.' Bourget must rejoin with 'Americans seldom know who their fathers are.' The laugh that went up from the world when it perceived *why* the shoe, which before had been so unbearably galling, now had no pinch, left France bewildered and discomfited.

Clemens had fearlessly bared his country's breast to receive the barb which had so grievously wounded another, and behold, there was not even a mark! For the merciless but witty revenge of his 'tit' for Bourget's foolish and unprovoked 'tat,' Mark Twain is joyfully acclaimed Prince of Humorists by his country*men;* his country-*women* care most for his subtle turning of the tables upon his unrepentant antagonist.

It is the initial sarcasm of which the woman is, I am glad to say, incapable. The English comedian, Foote, asked a man why he was always humming a certain tune. Being told, 'Because it haunts me,' Foote remarked, 'No wonder, when you're always murdering it.' One does not readily imagine a woman saying this, or even making the milder, though kindred response of Douglas Jerrold, when a friend announced that 'A certain air always carries me away.'

'Can no one whistle it?' asked Jerrold innocently.

Thackeray once reproached this same Jerrold for having said that his last novel was the worst he ever wrote.

'I did n't,' the critic replied. 'I said it was the worst novel anybody ever wrote!'

This Johnsonian way of knocking a man down with the butt end of a joke always draws an immediate laugh from men; but women are far more apt to wince secretly with the victim, or go to his rescue if he is unable to take care of himself. (Dr. Johnson's fling at second marriages, as 'the triumph of hope over experience,' shines in feminine eyes as a candle in the naughty, brutal world of his other jokes. His constant implication that men laugh to forget and women forget to laugh, carries no real dismay to the latter, for they are often silent when most amused.)

Women cheerfully sacrifice straightforwardness on the altar of kindness. They temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Thus, the question to a Frenchwoman, 'Which brother do you prefer?' and the answer, 'When I am with one I prefer the other,' would never have been uttered in the hearing of either.

Madame de Cornuel said gently to a friend, a man who constantly appealed to her for advice and help with his family affairs but was never satisfied with the results, 'If I find a teacher for your son who answers all your requirements, I shall marry him.'

Madame de Sablière admonished a man who bored her, thus: 'Mon cher, you would be terribly stupid if you were n't so witty.' A rebuke of this kind possesses the best quality of discipline: it stimulates far more than it hurts.

Against unprovoked satire, however, a woman's brain and tongue are instantaneous in her service. It is not surprising that her swift attack often seems feline, especially to a more sluggish intelligence, which perhaps has missed the casus belli altogether. When aroused, her power of speech is a two-edged darting sword, the equivalent of a man's instinctive display of his fists. Therefore she gleefully joins men in instant approval of Sheridan's famous retort, 'I believe, on my faith, I am between the two!' — placing himself actually between two royal dukes, who had rudely told him they were discussing whether he was a greater knave or fool. And the remark, 'If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson,' — made by a peevish man to that witty clergyman, Sydney Smith, — and the latter's quick rejoinder: 'Your father was of a different opinion,' exactly illustrate a woman's idea of an unwarranted affront and its fitting punishment.

The rock that irretrievably separates the humor of men and of women, then, is ridicule. 'To tell a person lies and laugh at him for believing them' is someone's definition of a modern sense of humor. Women — and children — often quiver under the humiliation of this and ruder 'pleasantries' — so-called.

The most blighting of all derisive jests was perpetrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he christened 'young

females,' 'spring chickens.' One hardly knows which term is the more offensive of the two!

Surely the little that men say lives after them with extraordinary tenacity. This distasteful bit of facetiousness, with which he sullied the pages of his 'Autocrat,' still poisons the mouths of men as gentle as he. And they remain entirely unaware of its dampening effect upon the volatile gayety of women.

It has often occurred to me that the line, 'Her humorous ladyship is by to teach thee safety,' might be punningly (in humble reverence of Shakespeare's English) applied to mortals as well as goddesses.

Favored, indeed, is the child whose training is in the hands of a woman with a whimsical point of view that is an integral part of herself, and who has quaint ways of thought and speech. No influence could better equip youth to meet the slings and arrows of fortune. A blithe form of admonition never devitalizes, never weakens the self-confidence of young or old.

It has remained for Somerville and Ross — two Celts — to phrase the ideal of a woman of humor in the larger sense: 'Inherently romantic, but the least sentimental; the most conversational and the most reserved; silent about the things that affect us most deeply (which is perhaps the reason we are considered good company) — light-hearted, cheerful, and quite convinced that nothing will succeed!' Dryden proclaimed that 'her wit was more than man.' Hardly so chivalrous is the avowal of a modern Englishman, who declares of the stories of Somerville and Ross: 'It was not until I had read them three times, thank heaven, that I was told they were written by two *women!*'

The title of 'Humorist' is one that all men openly aspire to. It should be equally honorable when borne by a woman. Yet it is a fact that no woman covets it at its present value, or could have it bestowed upon her without being shamefaced about it. How shall men explain the disrepute into which it has fallen at their hands? Is it that they have betrayed their heritage — they who have been the self-appointed guardians of Humor's sovereignty for so many centuries? If so, do they not deserve that her humorous ladyship shall be taken from them and given over to the care of women? Who will lift her up tenderly, cleanse and make her sound, and finally deck her out with quips and quirks of fancy in gay and blithesome habit, so that, dressed like women themselves, — to advantage! — she may travel and illumine the highways of life?

POEMS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE EMPTY HOUSE

All day the board was spread for you, all day the fire burned,
All day I waited for you more and more;
But my heart turned with the shadows when the evening shadows turned,
And a little wind of change has clapped the door.

I leave the bread and wine for you, the ember on the stone,
The key beneath the threshold wet with dew —
I'm off and down the road again I used to walk alone,
Before I ever built a house for you.

THE TRODDEN WAYS

Like little wandering trails that stray
From off the road and make away
Beneath green leaves, and never say
What they are meaning — where they go —
But tempt me ever till I know —

So in yourself I am aware
Of trodden ways that vanish where
Yourself is secret — O beware!
My feet pursue you — I must go
Forever deeper till I know.

THE NAME

They say a thousand words,
And then they speak your name.
A flight of passing birds
Are all their thousand words,
And they are all the same
But one — that is your name.

I startle when they say
Your name; when that is said,
I watch it fly away
With all the words they say,
And wish a net were spread
To catch the name they said.

THE WHITE MAN'S DREAMS

By his clay-daubed wall, that is silver-bright
In the wash of the white moonbeams,
Where the dark of his door is wide to the night,
The lonely white man dreams.

Where the moon is broad on the forest way
And the black men go and come,
The tribes that trouble the white man's day
Dance to the beaten drum.

To the ceaseless drum, and the broken call,
And the shout, and the storm of sound,
They dance and are dark, and they trample all
Their shadows, dark on the ground.

The dream that the white man waits, — alas! —
It is a thing so slight;
If these are the ways by which it must pass,
How may it pass to-night?

THE DAWN

THIS year I love you and I cannot sleep;
I weep at night who am too proud to weep;
I hope good things a little while, and then
Those sadder thoughts come darkly back again.

Only last night I lay and thought of you —
I could not help it — till the morning dew
Smelled strangely sweet; and then I seemed to know
I might forget if I could let you go.

A LYRIC AND A LAUNDRY

BY EDITH KENNEDY

THE most insignificant employee of the White Laundry was Jenny Inello. Jenny had come from Naples three years before and had begun to work on the mangle as soon as she was fifteen. Her working-papers read sixteen. She was plain in spite of a pair of luminous brown eyes. Her personality was curiously remote and her coworkers found her dull. Her mother, who also worked at the laundry, resembled a bandit, including the gold ear-hoops and the red neckerchief. Her piercing black eyes followed Jenny always and everywhere.

Jenny was, presumably, as artless as on the day she left Italy. Gradually, however, a new quality had asserted itself in her being. The longing to be prominent among her laundry mates, though a little-guessed passion, had become an obsession. Jenny, after infinite pondering, conceived an idea.

When the 'stamp lady' made her weekly visit to the laundry, Jenny saved ten cents regularly, per order of her mother, who confiscated the remainder of her earnings. By means of persistent coaxing, Jenny succeeded in capturing five cents more 'to spend.' She secretly started another savings-book. For her little brother, she explained to the stamp lady, who was loud in commendation. Jenny had no brothers.

Her plan to impress the other members of the laundry was simple. It was merely to save enough to purchase three superb roses, which she would wear at work; for to have a 'steady' with cash enough to buy roses was a frankly envied state. She saved fervently, wearing the book around her neck, next her skin, day and night. Finally, the morning dawned when she had one

dollar. She planned to draw it out at noon and buy the flowers on her way to work next day, telling her mother that she was asked to purchase them by one of the girls. During lunch, which she ate with her mother at the further end of the laundry, she planned to leave them under her mangle.

The stamp lady appeared in due season, and Jenny produced from the toe of her boot her usual dime. 'Are n't you saving for your little brother to-day?' asked the stamp lady hopefully.

'No'm,' said Jenny remotely, 'I'm going to cash his book.'

She groped down her neck, and handed it over. His name she had registered on the cover as Edgardo.

'I have n't a dollar bill just now, Jenny,' said the stamp lady; 'but I'll give it to you before I leave the laundry.'

The noon hour wore away — and no stamp lady. Jenny's anxiety rose to a pitch, and remained there through the afternoon. At five, she met her mother for their homeward walk.

'What is this?' hissed her parent in raging Italian, holding up an envelope marked Edgardo. 'The stamp lady was hurried, and left it with me; and after all my watching, you got a feller and you save money for him.'

Jenny's anguish was such that she failed to notice a listening group of girls just behind her.

Upon reaching home, her mother took Jenny by the ear.

'You tell me,' she rasped.

Jenny tried to explain, but the fictitious Edgardo proved her undoing. The dollar bill passed into her father's pocket, and Jenny fell asleep that night a confirmed man-hater.

The next morning at work she gradually became aware that she was the object of mysterious attention. Whispering, furtive pointing, a newspaper going the rounds. She could not fathom it. She went on nervously feeding napkins into her mangle.

At noon her mother lay on the shaking-table, pillowed her head on a mound of damp linen, and ate her lunch with Jenny near by. Presently approached one Felice, long the admiration and envy of Jenny.

'I know something,' she remarked. Jenny's color mounted. 'Ha, ha!' laughed Felice and chorus.

'What do you know?'

'I guess Mr. Hunt works on the papers, don't he?' went on Felice.

Jenny froze with horror. They knew her tragedy, and were wickedly furnishing her mother with false evidence. But no, Jenny noted respect in Felice's tone, as she continued.

'Don't tell me you don't know your feller wrote you a piece of poetry in this morning's *Post!*' Producing the sheet, she turned to the 'Personals,' and read to the electrified Jenny, in her liquid Italian voice, the following stray from the 'Selected Gems' column: —

To Jenny

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me.

Leigh Hunt.

'What do you know about that?' asked Felice.

Jenny saw her chance and took it.

'Something, maybe,' she gave out to her profoundly impressed listeners.

Then she turned, palpitating. Her mother slumbered deeply.

Fate had paid her debt to Jenny.

THE AMERICAN JAIL

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PRISON INSPECTOR

BY JOSEPH F. FISHMAN

[Some criticisms of the articles which have appeared in the *Atlantic* on prison conditions have brought the charge of over-generalization. If terrible and inexcusable conditions have existed, why have the faulty institutions not been mentioned by name? It should be said at once that it has been through no lack of available data that the *Atlantic* has refrained from the specific, but in order that the discussion might be upon the plane of general principles applicable to a well-nigh universal condition, and not fall to a running fight over individual jails and particular wardens. But when this paper by a Federal inspector of prisons of sixteen years' service came to our attention, it seemed proper to add to general criticism the convincing quality of specific citation.

The institutions mentioned, however, are not peculiar, but merely typical. With a few notable exceptions, the jails of this country are in an inexcusable condition. Of course the inspection of all the jails cited could not be performed simultaneously; and in some instances conditions have been improved since the author last visited them. But for every one so improved there are hundreds deteriorating daily. Despite a good jail here and there, the conditions portrayed in the following pages are well-nigh universal. — THE EDITOR.]

I

ALTHOUGH there is a clean-cut difference between a jail and a prison or penitentiary, as institutions, it is true that the word *prison* has come to be used in a general sense, denoting any place where people are confined for punishment, or while awaiting trial. Penitentiaries and penitentiary inmates will be touched on in this paper as circumstances warrant, but I intend to deal mainly with the jails of the country, because every person charged with misdemeanors or crimes, whether man, woman, or child, goes to jail before he is sent to any other institution, be it a reform school, reformatory, house of correction, or penitentiary. It is, so to speak, the preparatory school of crime. Here it is that the more or less raw material is first moulded into shape. If you want to decrease the numbers of criminals and crimes the jails of the country must be altered. At present they are initial breeding-places of corruption. There are nine chances out of ten, that, when a prisoner leaves the jail for the reformatory or prison, the 'job' is done.

If in reading this paper you should be inclined to say that, after all, men and women should not get into jail and then they would not be compelled to undergo such treatment, it is well not to lose sight of the fact that many of them are innocent and are eventually legally declared so, while the guilty are guilty in widely varying degrees. All persons awaiting trial receive, in ninety-five per cent of the jails of the country, exactly the same treatment.

The percentage of innocent persons is not negligible. Take a typical year in New York City. Of 3148 cases disposed of by the District Attorney's office, in which the guilt or innocence of the defendant was directly in question, 332 were acquitted. In other words, one out of every ten persons was found to be innocent.

During the past sixteen years, I have visited approximately 1500 jails in the United States, — many of them over and over again, — from Boston to San Francisco, and from Brownsville, Texas, to Seattle, Washington, as well as in Porto Rico and Alaska, in addition to a very large number of prisons, reformatories, reform schools, houses of correction, and asylums for the criminal insane. I have, I suppose, talked to forty or fifty thousand prisoners of every age and description, and of every degree of criminality, degradation, and viciousness; listened to their stories; investigated every phase of the conditions under which they live; and employed them in various capacities.

I do not think convicted men and women are mistreated angels in disguise. On the contrary, I believe that fully sixty per cent of those convicted are confirmed criminals, who, when their criminal tendencies are definitely ascertained, should be kept in confinement during the rest of their lives. Nor do I believe that many of those convicted are in reality innocent. Under the law every presumption is in favor of those charged with crime, and it is only in exceptionally rare cases that the innocent are convicted, although of course thousands are charged with crime who are subsequently acquitted. However, I decidedly believe that even those convicted, to say nothing of the unconvicted, should be treated at least as well as the ordinary animals.

What the public does not know is that when the judge says, 'Thirty days in jail,' he is sentencing the prisoner to many more things than mere confinement in an institution. If the facts were known, in most instances the sentence would actually read: 'I not only sentence you to confinement for thirty days in a bare, narrow cell in a gloomy building, during which time you will be deprived of your family, friends, occupation, earning power, and all other human liberties and privileges, but in addition, I sentence you to a putrid mire, demoralizing to body, mind, and soul, where every rule of civilization is violated, where you are given every opportunity to deteriorate, but none to improve, and where your tendency to wrong-doing cannot be corrected, but only aggravated.'

II

I will begin my examples with the capital of New York State. At Albany are two institutions, the Albany County Penitentiary and the Albany County Jail, housed in one building and administered by one set of officials. Though named differently, they can both be properly considered as jails. In the so-called penitentiary are confined men and women who have been sentenced for from three months to a year; in the jail, persons awaiting trial and persons sentenced for from five to fifteen days.

The institution was built in 1847, — seventy-five years ago, — and while progress has been made in many matters, the antiquated design is still retained.

The cells are without light, natural or artificial. They are exactly alike — eight feet long, four feet wide, and seven feet high, with a barred door two feet in width. Each contains a cot two feet wide, allowing a two-foot space for the prisoner to move in. They contain buckets for toilet purposes, not always emptied daily.

Each Saturday, at noon, the prisoners are locked in their cells, where they remain till Monday; and during the remainder of the week they are similarly confined about twelve hours out of each twenty-four. In the 103 hours spent in this fashion each week, a prisoner can do no reading, and engage in no occupation whatever.

The odor throughout the entire jail is nauseating; the bedding dirty beyond belief. As vermin are everywhere, the deputy cautioned me not to brush against walls or pipes. There are no 'delousing' facilities for newly arrived prisoners, and he frankly admitted his helplessness in combatting this plague.

How does the 'long-term' man in the so-called penitentiary spend the remaining 65 hours in the week when he is not locked in his cell? There is work enough for only half the men; the remainder, leaving their cells at 7.30 for breakfast, spend the rest of the day in a large room, under the eyes of a guard on an elevated platform. They sit in utter and complete idleness, or, if they so desire, play cards and other games of chance. There are no books or magazines for these prisoners, the 'library' — consisting of agricultural reports, sermons, and a few other volumes — being used by the hospital prisoners only.

If a man is serving a sentence of a year, he spends 5356 hours in the dark cell previously described, and 3380 hours sitting on a bench doing nothing, or playing cards and listening to stories of crime. He gets no fresh air, no exercise, no recreation.

The sure proof of the efficacy of this system of correction is that, as I was informed by the deputy, a number of the men have come back eight and ten times.

There is a hospital provided for sick prisoners; but even here the sheets are black with all kinds of grime, and liberally sprinkled with bread crumbs and other particles of food. If anything, the odor is worse than in the rest of the institution.

From Albany, the capital of New York State, let us jump to Cleveland, on the Great Lakes. Here, in the very heart of the city, near the square, and almost directly opposite the new and beautiful Cleveland Hotel, stands the jail. The place is so old and so saturated with the effluvia of foulness, so poorly lighted, and so frightfully ventilated, that it is a practical impossibility to keep it clean. One of the officials informed me that $1200 a year is spent for insecticides, to give the tormented prisoners some relief from the burden of vermin.

For many long years this unbelievably vile place has been complacently used by the authorities to house men and women, many of whom, after spending weeks there, were never even convicted of crime. And though the money for a new jail was appropriated several years since, not a stone had yet been laid toward its construction, when I last made inquiry, a few months ago.

Here too are illustrated some of the difficulties under which the Federal Government works in the effort to secure suitable quarters to accommodate its thousands of prisoners. The Federal Government has no jails of its own. Instead, it boards its prisoners at so much per day in the various city and county jails throughout the country. Where conditions are objectionable, the Government sometimes transfers its prisoners to other jails; but in the larger cities it must use the jails, be they good, bad, or indifferent, at least during the terms of the Federal Court, when prisoners awaiting trial must be immediately available.

The last investigation which I made of the Cleveland jail was at the suggestion of United States District Judge Westerhaver, at Cleveland. I reported

the conditions to him. But, much as he and the Department of Justice would have liked to improve them, nothing could be done for the Federal prisoners, since it was impracticable to remove them to a greater distance.

In the great majority of jails throughout the United States, no effort whatever is made to separate the sick from the well. A very large percentage of prisoners suffer from venereal disease, and many of the cases are in an infectious stage. They drink from common drinking-cups; sleep on unwashed bedding used, possibly, by a hundred other prisoners, both sick and well; have common toilet facilities; lack the proper amount of cubic feet of air-space necessary to insure health; and are, by virtue of overcrowding, thrown into the closest possible contact. A considerable percentage of those in jail suffer with tuberculosis. But, as with other diseased prisoners, no attempt is made to segregate them from the healthy; and here, living in filth, with little fresh air and much overcrowding, they exist amid conditions which are ideal, not only for the quick progress of the disease in themselves, but also, for spreading it to others who have until then escaped it.

I have always regarded the county jail at Wichita, Kansas, as one of the worst three I have ever seen, the two others being in Charleston, South Carolina, and Grafton, West Virginia. The jail at Wichita is extremely old, and of a design which was obsolete twenty years ago. So far as I can recall at the moment, there are only two or three other jails of similar design in the United States. Each cell is practically triangular in shape; the cells are placed in a revolving cylinder, which is turned with a lever. When a prisoner is admitted, he goes up a runway into the cell. By revolving the entire cylinder, nearly all the cells are turned toward a wall, apparently in order to increase the difficulty of escape. A prisoner may go to bed at night with his cell door facing the east, and wake up with it facing the west, if the cylinder was turned during the night to admit a new prisoner. The human refuse was carried into a trough at the base of the cylinder, where it was sometimes allowed to remain as long as a week at a time. Protests of the prisoners became so bitter and insistent, that the jailers were forced to take cognizance of it; so they finally abandoned the use of these triangular horrors, and permitted the prisoners to occupy cots in every nook and corner of the jail where there was sufficient room to place one.

The jail accommodated about twelve prisoners; but there were thirty-one Federal prisoners in confinement there on my last visit to this institution, — twenty-eight of them being 'wobblies,' and the other three 'bootleggers,' — to say nothing of several state prisoners. These thirty-one men, crowded into a room designed to hold twelve, had for shelter a roof which leaked in a dozen places and supplied the floor with unhealthy little pools of water. The jail was inadequately heated, and the prisoners suffered frightfully when the weather was cold. The bedding was never washed. Some of the blankets were so black that it was impossible to tell what their original color had been.

In addition, the place swarmed with rats of the large sewer variety, which ran across the prisoners' faces as they slept and generally tormented them almost beyond endurance. The floor was littered with filth and rubbish, with papers, remnants of decaying food, and every imaginable kind of trash, and from it all arose a nauseating stench. The bathtub was covered with a crust of dirt and filth a quarter of an inch thick. Both the sheriff and the jailer freely admitted that the jail was filthy

from top to bottom, but made this statement in the same tone in which they would have commented upon the weather.

This 'no-business-of-mine' attitude on the part of jailers is often carried to an amusing length, and my mind goes back to an hilarious day that I spent in Jackson, Kentucky. Jackson is the county seat of 'Bloody Breathitt,' the darkest and bloodiest of all the dark and bloody feud counties of this State. It is in one of the most inaccessible parts of Kentucky, and the neighborhood is so hilly that I do not believe there is a single automobile in the entire county, the chief methods of locomotion being by mule or on horseback. The jailer at this place was called 'Smoky' by the prisoners. Smoky was so good-hearted and indifferent that he not only did not care what the prisoners did inside the jail, but had no concern whatever with what they did on the outside. Any man who wanted to get out for three or four days to visit his family was cheerfully granted that permission. If some of them failed to come back, as several did, why it was simply considered too bad that some men had such poor memories. If a prisoner wanted to cross the river, half a mile away, to get whiskey which had been shipped in to him, he was allowed to go. It actually happened that prisoners, who were supposed to be serving sentence, got full of liquor and irascibility, and were placed under arrest by the town police. So, technically speaking at least, they were placed in jail while they were still in jail.

I protested to Smoky about allowing the prisoners outside. He replied that there was a deputy with a gun, who watched them. Upon being asked where this deputy was, Smoky said that he was *on the other side of the jail.*

While we were talking, a 'prisoner' walked up to us and said, 'Lemme have the key, Smoky'; which Smoky obligingly did. In a very matter-of-fact way the prisoner walked over to the jail, unlocked the door, let himself in, locked it after him, and in a few minutes appeared at the window and threw the key down to Smoky, who unconcernedly picked it up as if nothing unusual had happened.

A notable feature of Kentucky jails is the prevalence of 'Kangaroo courts,' an organization for maintaining discipline which some jailers permit the prisoners to form among themselves. They make the rules and enforce them, and it must be said that in the majority of cases they do not temper justice with mercy. It is one way which some of the more indolent jailers have of relieving themselves of all responsibility for discipline.

Where there is a fairly high class of prisoners in the jail, and the jailer is indifferent, a Kangaroo court may be a very distinct benefit, as the prisoners will make and enforce rules concerning cleanliness and sanitation, preventing the throwing of food on the floor, spitting, and other unclean habits. But in most cases the Kangaroo court itself is composed of prisoners of an unusually brutal type.

In such jails the life of anyone who is not himself a member of the court is one of misery and persecution. The court levies ridiculous fines for imaginary offenses, and carries out its edicts with cruelty and callous indifference.

III

Let us continue our random flight.

The jails of Pennsylvania, with few exceptions, are very old; and while perhaps a little better on the average than in many states, are still far from being suitable for habitation by human beings. They are dungeons almost without exception, with cages for cells.

Nearly all have little if any work for the prisoners, and the majority give no fresh air whatsoever, and little, if any, exercise.

The jail at Philadelphia, known as the Moyamensing Prison, although very old, is well kept. The jail at Pittsburgh is exceptionally good, so far as its physical features are concerned; but both here and at Philadelphia there is the same idleness that prevails generally throughout the country. The warden at Pittsburgh is very competent. He understands his duties thoroughly, and personally sees to it that his orders are obeyed. He has been there over twenty years, which fact no doubt accounts in a measure for the efficient administration, since the institution reaps the benefit of his experience. Conditions are, as a rule, less satisfactory in cities where the jailer is changed with every change of administration.

But a very bad feature in Pennsylvania is the fee system of compensating jailers, which still exists in many counties in that state. Instead of being paid a salary, the jailer is given a certain sum a day to feed the prisoners in his charge, retaining, as part of his compensation, such portion of his allowance as is not paid out in food for the prisoners. For instance, if a jailer receives fifty cents per day per prisoner and has a daily average of fifty prisoners in his jail, he will get $25 to pay for food. Every cent that he does not pay out for food goes into his own pocket. A more vicious system it would be impossible to conceive — that of one man lining his own pockets in the same degree in which he withholds food from another.

Pennsylvania is not the only state in the Union which has the fee system of compensating jailers. There are many others, including Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Rhode Island, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Tennessee, Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, and Florida. It is uniformly vicious wherever it is in vogue. I know of some places in the country where jailers or sheriffs have made as much as fifteen and twenty thousand dollars in a year from the feeding of prisoners — or the non-feeding of them.

But the climax of criminal indifference is reached in Indiana's care of insane persons who become state charges. Of course, only an extremely small percentage of such persons is even charged with crime. Under the Indiana law insane persons must first be committed to the county jails, until the necessary legal steps can be taken for commitment to a hospital, and room made for them there. The Indiana State Board of Charities declares: —

> Some states have made such provision for their insane that they can be admitted at once to a state hospital. Indiana has not done this. Necessary legal steps for commitment (to a hospital) are often a slow and tedious process, *and all the time the patient's chances of ultimate recovery lessen.* Usually there are from fifty to seventy insane persons in the county jails at a time. *In the last ten years the whole number admitted has averaged 935 annually. This year (1920) 892 insane were admitted.* [The italics are mine.]

It says, further: —

> Attention is again called [note the 'again'] to the deplorable practice of caring for the insane in county jails. In several jails one or more insane were found. Seven insane men were found in the Madison County Jail. *Several of them had been there for many months, and one for two years.* These men were confined on the second floor, *without supervision or special care. There was no provision for locking up any who become violent.*

In other words, during ten years there have been 9350 insane persons confined in the county jails of Indiana, as the Board itself says, many of them

for months and even years at a time, with no attempt whatever to treat them, and no adequate facilities even for restraining them. During this time 'the patient's chances of ultimate recovery lessen.' And if an insane person should die under such treatment? Under the law every man is held responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his acts. Is a state then permitted to engage freely in the very same acts for which it so vigorously prosecutes the individuals composing it?

Let us jump to Missouri. From St. Louis on the east, to Kansas City on the west, I doubt if there are five county jails that could be described as being even in fairly decent condition. There are approximately 115 county jails in the state, and of these at least a hundred reek with the odors of leaky plumbing, or, what is far worse, with odors that result from having almost no plumbing. Almost without exception, from one end of the state to the other, they are unspeakably dirty and unsanitary, swarming with vermin, frightfully overcrowded, and generally so atrocious that it is hard to believe that they are meant to house human beings. Classification of any kind, except of the sexes and the negro and white races, is an unheard-of thing.

Cells are dark, unsanitary, and unfit for anyone to live in. Therefore, it is the rule to permit all prisoners to mingle freely in the open spaces between cells. Not long ago I visited a jail in one of the wealthiest counties of the state, where eighteen prisoners were occupying three cells; and near these, in a corner of the cell, was an insane prisoner who had been confined five days. Of the eighteen prisoners, six were boys under the age of eighteen. Black and white, sick and well, the prisoners awaiting trial were all crowded together. The cells were so dark that I stumbled over two boys lying on the floor. They were in the same cell with a sick man; and but a few days before a man had died there with pneumonia, presumably contracted in the jail. Under such conditions these prisoners had lived for weeks, with an air-space of 67 cubic feet that should have been 500.

This is from a report of their own State Board of Charities and Corrections, made in the early part of 1914. 1914, you say! Yes, and the same conditions still exist in the vast majority of the jails of the state — the same conditions, with the further deterioration of eight years' use.

On one occasion, the bills that the Government was receiving for medical attendance on Federal prisoners at Kansas City became so high that I was sent on to investigate. The physician employed to treat Federal prisoners told me he was having particular trouble in the treatment of morphine addicts. According to his own statement, 'the jail was a sieve through which narcotics poured.' Just a few days before, the friend of a prisoner brought him a box of ice cream. The jailer stuck a spoon in it and discovered a large package of morphine.

The narcotic addicts are known among the prisoners as 'hopheads' and 'snowbirds,' while the use of drugs is rather tersely described by them as 'doing your bit on a pill.' Their methods of obtaining narcotics while confined are as ingenious as they are surprising. One of the more common practices is to endeavor to have their friends or relatives hand the drug to them concealed in some article of food, on visiting day. I have on many occasions seen apples, oranges, and bananas loaded with morphine. They had been so cleverly hollowed out and put together again that it was well-nigh impossible to detect it. There is no question that the less experienced officials very often have these tricks 'put over' on them.

Of course, many articles which prisoners are allowed to receive are sent to them through the mail. These packages are supposed to be examined by the officials; but here, too, new tricks are tried, which very often succeed. Large quantities of cocaine have been discovered in the heels of slippers, which had been removed, hollowed out, and replaced. It is just as necessary to examine closely the envelope or wrapper as it is to examine the contents of a package. A small quantity of cocaine is often placed by a prisoner's friend under the postage stamp of the letter which he sends him, or in a paper pocket made inside the envelope. 'Trusties,' too, whose duties take them outside the institution, must be watched. Every penitentiary has some of these 'outside trusties.' Frequent 'fanning' or 'frisking' (as the prisoner designates searching) of the trusties themselves is necessary if they are to be kept from bringing in narcotics. Very often prisoners obtain them through teamsters and other civilians, whose duties take them inside the institution. And I am sorry to say that it is even necessary, in a greater number of cases than one would think, to watch some of the guards as much as the prisoners. Frequently I have had to cause the dismissal of officers who had permitted themselves to be used as a channel between the prisoners and the outside world. This method of introducing contraband is, of course, the most difficult to detect. The foregoing, and other similarly secret channels, constitute the prison 'underground.'

The lengths to which the drug addicts go to get some of their favorite 'dope' are not difficult to understand, when one has seen the heart-breaking condition in which some of them are received. I have seen men whose normal weight was 150 or 160 pounds weigh 85 or 90 when they were received in jail. When the drug is taken away, without any compensatory treatment, the torture the victims go through is indescribable; and even with treatment they suffer considerably. I have on many occasions seen them lying on the floor of their cells screaming in agony.

To take drugs suddenly and entirely away from such creatures without giving them some compensatory treatment is to plunge them into hell; yet in a great many institutions the drug is taken away immediately, and nothing whatever, except possibly some mild sedative, is given. This is because in many jails, particularly the smaller ones, the local physician has no knowledge whatever concerning the treatment of these unfortunates. Fully seventy-five per cent of them have never even heard of the Towne-Lambert or of other well-known treatments, the base of which is hyoscin. A prisoner placed under this drug for forty-eight hours or so loses his taste for narcotics entirely, and undergoes almost no suffering. I am very much in favor of taking the drug away absolutely, but of giving some treatment to relieve the intense suffering that follows.

Conditions in the jails of the larger towns and cities in West Virginia are disgraceful. To make the round of them is to go through a monotonous repetition of filthy pest holes and breeding places of crime and disease. From Wheeling to Welch, and from Martinsburg to Huntington, there is little if any choice.

The jail at Welch, West Virginia, I visited late at night, as I had a comparatively short time to stay. The prisoners were all asleep, and it was with a lantern that the jailer took me along the row of cells. In one into which he flashed his light I saw a prisoner about forty-five years of age, whose face indicated that he had run the gamut of dissipation, actually occu-

pying the same bunk, or hammock, with a boy who was not over sixteen years of age. What can one expect of prisoner possibilities when conditions such as this are allowed to exist?

As compared with the jails, the penitentiaries of the country have made tremendous strides during the past fifteen years. There are some of them, it is true, which are so old that it is well-nigh impossible to use the modern and more advanced methods of administration. But even in most of these an honest effort is being made to keep them in as good condition as their age will permit, and to apply such modern methods as are possible, in spite of the handicaps.

Occasionally something occurs which shows that here and there one is still being conducted as most of them were some fifty or seventy-five years ago. Such an one I found the Maryland Penitentiary of Baltimore, when I made an investigation of that institution during the fall of 1920.

Among very many other things I discovered that assault and battery, such as would have brought long terms to offenders on the outside, was being practised daily on the prisoners. It was most often done by a former deputy warden, — a pacific weakling of some two hundred and twenty-five pounds, — and a guard sometimes called by the prisoners the 'Blackjack King.' [1]

[1] In the case of one prisoner, the deputy warden, feeling the need of exercise one day, and the prisoner being in a punishment cell at the time, decided he would punch him a little instead of a bag. He therefore went to the cell, bravely accompanied by three other men, and told the prisoner to come out. While the other three held him, the deputy warden pummeled him to his heart's content. It should be added that the prisoner weighed 125 pounds, and the deputy 225. As might have been anticipated, the bout ended for the prisoner in a badly bruised nose, several knocked-out teeth, and a head split open behind the left ear.

IV

One of the chief causes of the conditions existing in our jails and prisons to-day is that in so many cases the men selected to conduct the institutions, as well as their subordinates, are entirely untrained for their positions.

The heads of such institutions must be men of some education and understanding, and it is absolutely necessary that not only they, but also the rank and file, should be trained for their positions.

On the one hand, the new warden is surrounded by young persons just starting on the downward path, and in the formative stage of their career, to whom a little sympathetic understanding and kindly advice from those in authority may mean the beginning of an honest life. On the other hand, he has to deal with the most vicious, resourceful, and determined criminals, quick to take advantage of the slightest opportunity to 'beat the game.' Of the latter class many are abnormal or subnormal, and it includes every shade of degeneracy and vice.

Besides the better-known forms of crime and criminal temperaments, he has to contend with the whole tribe of sexual perverts, who constitute one of the real problems of every penal institution. Here the new guard or warden, even though sophisticated and worldly wise in the ordinary acceptation of those terms, is confronted with a class concerning the existence of which he usually had only the slightest previous knowledge, if indeed he had any at all. Besides the various types of sexual pervert, there is the moron, high, low, and intermediate, the cretin, the mattoid, and, in fact, every conceivable variety of abnormality or subnormality. Added to these, of course, there are the plain dyed-in-the-wool criminals and scoundrels, who would rather go

crooked than straight, and would kill their own mothers if it would redound in any way to their own advantage.

It is into this seething cauldron that the new warden is projected, and any new official is legitimate prey for every scheme and artifice, every deception and trick, which may have been old to the criminal classes for countless years, but which are always new to him. The inevitable reaction takes place. At the end of a year or two, after he has found that this vicious class has deceived and imposed upon him, has taken advantage of every trust reposed in it, has construed every privilege as a right and every liberty as license, the bewildered and disillusioned official entirely loses sight of the human element and looks upon every man or woman in his charge, whether young or old, convicted or unconvicted, as an utterly hopeless scoundrel, who is not entitled to any more consideration than a beast. He entirely loses sight of the other class — the smaller class it is true, but nevertheless sufficient in numbers many times over to justify efforts at reclamation. It follows, then, as a matter of course, that every rule of discipline and every method of administration are designed, not to help the smaller class, of whom something might possibly be made, but to hold in check, for the time being, the more vicious class. By slow evolution the new official comes to feel that his only duty is to see that prisoners do not escape.

The State of Michigan is an encouraging illustration of what a state can do toward remedying conditions in its penal institutions. Michigan, like a very few other states in the Union, has a law under which the State Board of Charities and Corrections can condemn and close institutions which are unfit, after first giving the offending county an opportunity to make necessary improvements. This Board can even institute mandamus proceedings to compel the county to take action. Michigan also makes a particular effort to separate the juveniles from the older offenders. It is instructive to note that community indifference is such that the Board has more than once been compelled to resort to the courts to force certain counties to remedy conditions which had been repeatedly brought to the attention of the county authorities.

This Board is doing a splendid work, and the law empowering it is a step in the right direction. But, even so, do not think that the jails of Michigan are all models, because, notwithstanding the fact that the Board has been in existence many years, many jails are still dirty, out of date, and unsanitary, with no proper facilities for the temporary detention of the insane. The jail at Detroit, for instance, because of the city's phenomenal growth, has been greatly over-crowded for a long time. Several years ago it was condemned by the Michigan Board, but no new jail has as yet been built.[2]

Idleness is still the prevailing condition, both in Michigan jails, and in others that are well kept. The Cook County jail at Chicago, a very large jail, accommodating several hundred prisoners, is a striking illustration. During the day the prisoners are turned out in the corridors between the rows of cells. The jail is not clean, although it is considerably better kept than most of the jails in the country. But one look at these corridors during the daytime, when all the prisoners are out, will bring home to you with great force just what the idleness in our jails means.

[2] In spite of these variations, Michigan is indeed to be congratulated. So far so good. But, as will be explained later on, decent physical conditions are only ten per cent of the jail problem. The great curse is idleness, and this curse Michigan has not lifted, so far. There is a great chance here for national leadership, for such idleness in the jails is country-wide.

With the exception of a few who work in the kitchen and around the jail, no prisoner does any work, from the day he is received until he leaves. At a conservative estimate, the value of the labor here wasted is, perhaps, between a half million and a million dollars a year. But economic loss through the mental, moral, and physical stagnation of the prisoners cannot be counted in dollars. It is incalculable. To look into these corridors and see the hundreds of well-set-up and able-bodied men lolling around, doing nothing except exchanging stimulating tales of criminal adventures and becoming more proficient in crime, is enough to make one despair of any solution of the criminal problem while idleness continues.

All that has been said concerning jails here and there, in Louisiana, Arizona, and Illinois, in Indiana, Missouri, and Pennsylvania, and in Maryland and West Virginia and Kansas, may be said with slight variations concerning those in the great majority of the other states in the Union.

As they stand at present, the jails in the United States are melting-pots. Into them are thrown helter-skelter the old, the young, the guilty, the innocent, the diseased, and the healthy, there to be mixed with the further ingredients of filth, cold, stagnant air, and bad plumbing, and all brought to a boil by the fires of complete idleness. Only the strongest material can resist the fusion.

Less than ten per cent of the jails in the United States employ matrons to care for the female prisoners. In the remaining ninety per cent the male jailers have at all times free and unrestricted access to the women's quarters; and I have, not once, nor a dozen times, but actually upon hundreds of occasions, seen jailers walk through the women's quarters without even the formality of announcing their presence, taking it quite as a matter of course, whether the women were fully dressed, half dressed, or scarcely dressed at all.

Girls of twelve and fourteen years of age are confined in the same room with abandoned prostitutes, and with older women who have fallen into degradation. Some of the younger girls are by no means hardened or cursed with an incurable criminal propensity, but there are among them many who would be easily amenable to suggestion and discipline. Their minds are still in a formative state, and they listen, of course, to stories of crimes, related with all the embellishments with which typical criminals, the vainest class on earth, love to surround their anecdotes. They emerge mentally polluted and beyond redemption, firmly convinced that everyone is 'crooked,' and that those in jail are merely the few unfortunates who have been caught.

V

It seems to me very clear that, if we are to reduce danger to the community and check the tremendous social and economic loss due to crime, we must first reform the jails.

First of all, they should be kept clean. If there is any excuse for other existing evils, there cannot be a shadow of justification for filth and vermin. Every jail should have a sufficient number of shower-baths — not tubs — and a sufficient amount of hot water at all times. It is unjust to compel a large number of prisoners to use one tub both for washing clothes and for bathing purposes. It is equally unjust to expect them to use cold water for bathing purposes in the middle of winter. Many persons are physically unable to take a cold bath at any time. And the use of one tub is exceedingly bad, even if there is plenty of hot water, and if it is not used for laundry purposes.

Every prisoner should be compelled

to take a bath immediately on his arrival, and at regular intervals of at least once a week thereafter. Not five per cent of the jails of the country have compulsory-bathing rules. If the prisoner is found to have vermin, he should be at once separated from the others. His clothes should be fumigated and, if in good condition, again given him to wear. If not, he should be furnished with an outfit.

Of course, it goes without saying that the overcrowding prevalent in so many jails should be immediately discontinued, and every prisoner allowed the amount of cubic space which physicians hold necessary to health. This is now the exception instead of the rule. And that the heating should be sufficient, and the plumbing modern and in good repair, is too obvious to require comment. Leaky plumbing and the foul odors which accompany it are certainly not conducive to health under the best circumstances; but when you couple these with improper ventilation, you provide indeed a good foothold for all kinds of disease.

The most elementary considerations of humanity seem to call for the complete segregation of all prisoners suffering with infectious and contagious diseases. Each prisoner, on arrival, should be thoroughly examined by a competent physician. If found to be suffering with a communicable disease, he should be kept away from the other prisoners until he is well, meanwhile being given proper treatment. Every jail should have a hospital room for this purpose. Not one in fifty has it now.

It is inexcusable to confine with others those who are suffering with communicable diseases. At a conservative estimate, I should say that in three thousand of the 3500 county jails in this country, no effort whatever is made to ascertain if a prisoner is diseased on his arrival, or to segregate him if it should be known that he is suffering with a contagious ailment.

Physicians who attend jail prisoners should make a study of the ailments usual among them. As I have heretofore stated, very few such physicians have even an elementary knowledge of the treatment of narcotic addicts. Their bungling causes an appalling amount of the most frightful torture, and torture, too, that is easily preventable. A large percentage of the men confined in jail are narcotic addicts.

Segregation, however, should not be confined to the sick. Juveniles of both sexes should be separated entirely from the older prisoners. It is not enough to confine them in separate cells. They should be in a separate section, or wing, entirely out of sight and hearing of the older prisoners. What is virtuously called segregation of juveniles in some jails is not segregation at all, but merely physical separation.

Every jail should have a matron to care for its women prisoners, and should, of course, have entire separation of the sexes. The male jailer should be admitted into the women's quarters only in the presence and with the permission of the matron, after the latter has assured herself that the women are all fully dressed. It goes without saying that the younger girls should be segregated from the women, as the younger boys are from the men.

While an attempt is made occasionally, here and there, at one or more of the forms of segregation mentioned above, one whole important phase of the matter is entirely overlooked nearly everywhere. This is the segregation of the convicted from those awaiting trial. The gross injustice, to those subsequently proven innocent, of herding them in with the guilty is one of the outrages which the state perpetrates upon those of whom it expects at all times the most upright conduct.

Another unnecessary injury inflicted upon the untried is the practice of compelling them to remain in jail for a long period of time, awaiting trial. It is not at all unusual to allow them to remain in jail for one, two, three, or four months, and sometimes much longer. During the war, I came across several cases in which the prisoner had been in jail for more than one year awaiting trial.

The prisoners should be given some exercise daily, and some kind of recreation at least once a week. These are not luxuries: they are necessities, and provide a safety valve for animal spirits which everyone requires.

Do not think this is 'pampering' prisoners. Confinement in a penal institution — that is, deprivation of liberty — is sufficient punishment in itself. Neither the community nor the prisoner is helped by the addition of mental torpor and physical inertia, which cannot do other than undermine health and character.

At least, reading matter could be supplied. This would be a very good way to give the prisoner something to think about other than the vainglorious tales of criminal adventure related by his associates. The American Library Association would find a worth while field if they would turn their attention toward the jails of the country.

I have personally known Federal judges to be swept off their feet with astonishment when told of the conditions existing in jails to which for many years they had been sentencing prisoners. Every judge should visit, at least once a year, each institution to which he sends prisoners, and should make these visits at unexpected times, so that the officials will not have an opportunity to 'set the stage.'

By all means abolish the fee system of feeding prisoners. Prisoners should be fed at actual cost, and no official should be allowed to receive one cent of profit from such feeding.

But far more disastrous to the prisoners and to society than all the evils discussed above, is the curse of idleness. There are at all times anywhere from two hundred to three hundred thousand persons confined in the jails of the United States. Whether confined for a day, a month, a year, or fifteen years, they are kept in utter and complete idleness.

The economic loss to the individual and to the state, the mental and physical stagnation, and the moral pollution which inevitably follow in the wake of the man who has nothing to do, daily take their relentless toll in the jails.

Work of any kind should naturally carry with it a system of reasonable compensation for the prisoners. It can scarcely be expected that this compensation would be as much as that paid to workers in similar occupations on the outside; but it should certainly be sufficient to permit the prisoner to accumulate in two or three months a sufficient amount of money to float himself when he gets out, until he is able to obtain some work to do. It is not sane to make work of any kind an unknown thing for months and even years; to take away entirely the habit of wage-earning; to make it impossible to be accumulating a little fund against the day of release for continuing the broken thread of normal life; and then expect a man or woman, all lax and unaccustomed, to capture immediately an honest livelihood in the great struggle of economic competition. Such policy has as much sense as employing an incendiary in a powder-mill.

Determined though a man may be to lead a straight life, it takes but a day or two of hunger to bring him to a mental state of self-justification which is the first step to crime. To turn a man out in summer is bad enough; in winter, it is criminal.

Not the least of the just criticisms of our penal system is that the dependents of a prisoner suffer during his confinement more than he does himself. I believe some of this distress caused the innocent could be relieved, in a measure at least, by turning over to such dependents a portion, if not all, of the money which the prisoner earns, whether the prisoner himself is willing or unwilling. And unquestionably a prisoner who is subsequently acquitted should receive a greater compensation than one who is convicted. Certainly it is but a small recompense for the deprivation of liberty, and for the trouble, expense, inconvenience, and humiliation which his imprisonment has caused him. As the law stands at present, a man held in jail for months and then acquitted gets no compensation of any kind, although his imprisonment may have cost him many hundreds of dollars through unemployment.

One of the basic necessities for maintaining the jails in proper condition is their regular inspection by some competent authority, empowered either to make necessary changes, or to recommend such changes and have them acted on by an authoritative board.

Not only competence is essential, but also the legal power to make necessary changes. This power should be vested in the inspection authority itself, or in some body to which such inspecting authority makes its report. The Michigan Board not only has authority to inspect jails, but is empowered also to institute mandamus proceedings to compel the offending county to carry out its recommendations, even to the extent of building a new institution. Such a law as this should be enacted in every state.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PALIMPSEST

BY CAROL WIGHT

Centuries ago, there was a piece of parchment in a little booth in a blind alley at Rome, kept by a Carthaginian named Mythymbal. A Roman knight passing by bought the parchment, because he was a poet and thought it would be just the right size for an elegy. Renowned rather as an artist than as a shopkeeper, Mythymbal took real pleasure in painting the name of the knight, Cornelius Gallus, at the top of the parchment. On completing his task, he handed the parchment to the knight, saying, —

'This parchment is under the spell of a Thessalian. Before you use it, sacrifice a cock, but do not sacrifice yourself.'

The knight laughed genially, for his own name signified the 'Cock,' and to him the joke was no new one; but — he forgot the warning; and far away from Rome, and under the black cloud of the Emperor's displeasure, he wrote an elegy on the parchment, lamenting in sad and solemn words the disgrace that had befallen him, and the death that was to vindicate his memory. He

sealed the parchment with his seal, and sent it by his trusted freedman to his dearest friend at Rome. Then he fell on his sword and, as the blood gushed forth, he passed from one dream to another, till his life and his disgrace were ended.

His friend, Vergil, wept as he read the parchment, but even his tears were of no avail. He had to destroy the verses he had written on his fellow poet; for the word went forth that Cornelius Gallus was to be blotted out from the memory of mankind. So the parchment was laid aside sadly and secretly, and passed into other hands, when a young historian, whose initials were the same as those of Gallus, — for the Carthaginian made his C and his G alike, — possessed himself of the parchment. His soul revolted within him as he read the wonderful words that lamented the loss of liberty which had once been the glory of Rome. So it was that this young historian, Cremutius Cordus, dared to praise the Romans of the Republic. And then another Emperor sent forth another edict; and by order of the Senate the historian's life-work was burned with fire.

The poem on the parchment, which had lured him on to his own ruin, now pointed out the only path of escape. He shunned the public gaze, refused all food, and died, clutching the parchment, whereon, as if to emphasize their kindred fates, he had inscribed his own name over that of the poet, so that the two initials served for both, and one might read indifferently

CREMUTIUS CORDUS
CORNELIUS CALLUS

Now the parchment was alive, for the curse of the Thessalian witch was still over it; and, moreover, the poem written on it was immortal; and then, death is only a change from one state to another, and the parchment had not changed as yet. It could not but feel, however, the potency of the spell. It recalled the words of Mythymbal and shuddered at their ominous power, when the friends of the dead man, after reading the parchment, one by one, dropped it, one by one, on the marble floor as if they were handling death itself — and such was the fact. So it was with a feeling of relief that the parchment felt itself picked up and secreted in the cover of a vase, by the last man who lingered there; and he too looked around fearfully, lest someone see the deed and accuse him of treason to the Emperor.

A soft light filtered through the vase, — for it was of alabaster, — lighting up the parchment but telling no tale of what was going on in the world outside. There it reposed peacefully for over a thousand years, when Pope Innocent, into whose hands the vase had passed, bestowed it on the man who had placed him on the throne of St. Peter. So our parchment had now come to live in the Monastery of Clairvaux. When the Abbot Bernard removed the cover of the vase, he found the parchment, for it had been shaken down from its long concealment by the journey. He placed it in the monastic library; and some days later a novice craved permission to read it, scratching his ear like a dog as he did so — for was it not a profane manuscript?

Once again, the parchment felt itself in the hands of a young man to whom it might make instant appeal. It sang to him of the love of woman, of the breath of battle, of the thrill of glory, of the littleness of death. So that very night he fled the monastery, doffed his cowl, donned his armor, and fell fighting for Louis of France against Thomas de Marl of Couci. His body was brought back to Clairvaux, and over his heart was bound the fatal parch-

ment, which longed to renew those peaceful centuries in the alabaster vase, for it regretted that its silent words could lure men on to destruction.

The Abbot bowed his head in pity over the backsliding novice, and breathed a prayer for the welfare of his soul. Taking the fatal parchment, he bade the librarian erase the profane song and inscribe thereon the hymn of Peter Abelard on the joys of Heaven. Accordingly a scribe scraped the parchment to a palimpsest. He spared the two beautiful initials painted by the Carthaginian; but so deeply had the firm hand of Gallus etched the lines of his verses, and so crisply had the pen of Cordus cut his own name and reinforced that of the poet, that, for all the scribe's scraping, there they remained, eloquent to the discerning touch though the eye no longer descried them.

It was a soul-sickening experience for the parchment, but it sought comfort in reflecting on the mortifications of the monks and the glory and peace of the new life. The scribe, who had scraped away the words, read them as he scraped, and shed tears of regret at his deed. Then he illuminated the beautiful initials with crimson and azure, and expanded them into the words 'Concilium Cælestium,' which means an assembly of the Inhabitants of Heaven. He wrote the hymn of Peter Abelard in letters of gold, and on either side he painted an angel pointing a finger at the place where the erased lines stood. Each angel had a silver trumpet, and blew a blast thereon that seemed rather to glorify the battles of earth than the joyful peace of Heaven.

The parchment had undergone a change and had now become a palimpsest which, in spite of its grand sound, merely means scraped again; and yet it means more than that: it means something that always lies hidden in the human heart — the hope of resurrection. So it forgot the past, and having put on the new man, indulged in a sort of ecstasy as monk after monk chanted its sacred words over and over, and prayers and tears fell fast upon its golden letters.

At last, it was flung into a dark corner, and slumbered on another hundred years or so, till once again the waves of war arose and rolled over the peaceful valley. Then the palimpsest disappeared for a season, and was next seen in the steel cap of a foot-soldier in the streets of Louvain. Down he went, and round he spun in the mud and blood of an inglorious street brawl. The tavern-keeper picked up the palimpsest and, to keep peace with the authorities, presented it to the University library. It was good to rest once more in the company of manuscripts and books, and to listen to the talk, not of monks, but of scholars. They, however, paid scant respect to the hymn of Peter Abelard, for the palimpsest was now catalogued as 'a late forgery of the sixteenth century,' though it was fairly curling to tell them all how it had witnessed the murder of Julius Cæsar and gazed at the galley of Cleopatra.

So there it reposed in dignified silence, till once again the world shook with the thunders of war, and a German soldier looted the palimpsest from the Louvain library, and sang the hymn of Peter Abelard to a wonderful profane tune, as he marched off with his companions. Such a thrill went through the palimpsest at the ring of his voice, that it felt once more as if marching with the Roman legions to battle.

Then, one bright morning, there came a low humming whistle and — the German soldier dropped like a slaughtered steer in the mud and water, and he lay there far into the night.

'Kamerad!' Whose was the voice?

The German, who was lying on his back singing as he gazed at the stars, tried to look around, but he could only move his arm.

'Sing,' he said in good English, 'and I'll tell you who you are.'

The American, who had studied under the German soldier at the conservatory at Berlin, answered, —

'I have not my voice with me; my voice is a violin; but I knew yours.'

'You are my pupil,' cried the German; 'I hope *you* pull through this accursed war. *You* must not die; *you* have a future before you.'

Men do not dwell on their differences when they meet in the valley of the shadow.

'Those were glad days,' said the American, drawing nearer.

'Yes, those were glad days,' repeated the German mechanically; 'here 's a souvenir of them.' And he handed the American the palimpsest, which had a hole in it now. Then he sang the opening line of the hymn of Peter Abelard, not to the first wild tune, but to a sad solemn air — sang the opening line, but no more; and the American knelt over him till the glazed eyes had ceased to reflect the stars.

Rising to his feet, he tucked the palimpsest into his pocket, when, *snip* — and he went down, to wake in the hospital back of the lines. Before he returned to the front, he sent the palimpsest back to America, to his old Latin teacher, who was a professor in a great university. It journeyed across the ocean in the custody of a friend, who showed the bullet-hole and the blood-spots that had blotted out the library number and the words, 'A late forgery of the sixteenth century.' This was some consolation; for it is better to have no character than a bad character, when one goes on a journey.

The professor was writing an article on Cornelius Gallus, and had formulated a theory about his falling into disgrace with fortune and in the eyes of the Emperor — a theory that was confirmed minutely by the elegy, which, of course, he did not see. So, when the palimpsest stood on his table against his Latin lexicon, it certainly had some precious knowledge to impart — and the angels pointed with their fingers and blew their silver trumpets, to tell him that here, at last, was an elegy of the long-lost poet about whom he was writing. The unhappy man did not heed them, as often happens when our good angels do their best for us; and so for the moment he missed immortality.

Next, a young girl picked up the palimpsest and sat looking at it, pale as ashes, waiting for the professor. She was a pupil of his, and held a letter in her hand that told of an exploded mine and how someone she knew was led back to the lines with a handkerchief over what had once been his eyes. She glanced at the hymn of Peter Abelard and dropped the palimpsest, for she would not be comforted. When the professor read the letter, he almost broke down; for he was an old man and loved his pupils exceedingly. The girl had come to him for a position. She was to be the bread-winner now.

Months passed, and there came to the home of the professor a soldier from overseas, whose face wore the blank resigned look habitual with the blind. Nervously he fingered the objects on the table, when, suddenly, the tips of his fingers began to run over the palimpsest and his white face flushed. He had learned braille in the hospital, and he was reading the palimpsest, reading the lines etched in its surface by the Roman poet two thousand years before. He was waiting for the woman who was to marry him, and waiting for his violin, with which he was to support her if she would marry

him. He was listening for her so intently, that he did not realize what he was doing, though he was stirred to his very soul by the silent melody of the verse. Yes, the palimpsest with its song of death was still alive, after twenty silent centuries. Again and again he went over the lines mechanically; and, fumbling with a pencil, he wrote the last distich on the desk-blotter; and all the time he was listening, listening — would she never come?

There was a step in the hall, a click at the latch, and they met. For weeks she had planned to be natural, just as if nothing had happened, forgetting that he could not see if she were natural or not. And he — he, poor fellow, had planned to set her free, and then go his own way: the way the fatal palimpsest had pointed out, the way his own heart had pointed out in the first desperate days of his darkness. But love ordered otherwise. So there they sat and whispered together, till the deepening twilight made her darkness one with his.

Then she brought him his violin, and he stood there playing in the night, and the music filled the room, swelling and floating out into the city street. The air was filled with dreams — dreams of the cold night-watches when the icy stars looked down on the motionless dead and the thin moon fled from the dawn; dreams of the thundering of the guns and the wailing of the spirits passing from pain to peace. Next, a soft rippling melody reëchoed the elegy of Gallus. Rome, exile, victory, swept across the strings. Then he thrust the violin under his arm and, taking the girl's hand, went forth into the street.

The old professor watched them through his window. He had failed to get his pupil a position, and he realized that it would not be needed now. Later, he discovered the lines written on his blotter and, dear honest-hearted soul that he was, he thought that he had written them himself; so he ventured to print them in his article, to suggest what Gallus might have done! But his associates demonstrated in innumerable articles that the beautiful lines were ugly, and that Cornelius Gallus could never have written what Cornelius Gallus wrote. The time will come when the old professor will be vindicated; but, of course, that will be when he is dead and knows nothing about it.

Neither did he know, as he sat there busily plying his pen, that some day the parchment on his desk would disclose a great secret, and that rival scholars would contend as to whether Cornelius Gallus or Cremutius Cordus wrote the elegy found under their joined names; or whether both wrote it — or neither; and, finally, whether he, the professor, had not himself forged it! Yes, the spell of the Thessalian witch is still potent; for nearly everybody who touches the parchment becomes blind in one way or another — even the old professor in his simple truthfulness is not proof against the spell; even he is fated to be caught in the web of an insoluble literary problem; and so he will not miss the bauble called immortality, in the end.

And in the meantime? Yes, in the meantime, the angels blow on their silver trumpets with might and main, to announce their secret to the world, and point with telltale finger to the wonderful words that lurk unseen in the palimpsest, until a sightless soldier shall hush his violin for a moment and run over the syllables again; for, after all, as the old professor writes in his article, men do not read with the eyes alone, but with the heart; and if only that be true, our lives may be fraught with music and our spiritual eyes grow bright, even though our mortal eyes be stricken blind.

THE GULLIBLE GULLS

BY WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY

I

We were standing on the shore, and tossing out some scraps of bread. We were trying to feed a gull with a lame foot; but the competition among the birds was so sharp that the food always went to the quickest. However, by tossing the bits just right, the bird with the injured member got his share. He stayed on the ground. The others were so expert that they caught the chunks of bread in mid-air almost as soon as they left the hand.

In the midst of the feast, a bystander stepped up and slipped in the stump of a cigar. It was grabbed before it hit the ground, and the glib onlooker haw-hawed at the joke. It was a good deal like the April-fool joke of coating a piece of soap with chocolate and handing it to a friend. The gull, however, was not so badly fooled, for he dropped to the sand and laid the cigar-stub on the beach, with a side cock of his head to take a look at it. Many a bite may be taken, or even swallowed, before one knows whether it is good for his physical make-up; but this in itself is not always an indication of stupidity. The point is whether the individual discovers his mistake quickly enough to react. Here is where the gull is more discreet than other birds.

An ostrich, for instance, has little idea of taste. He eats chopped alfalfa, grain, and pebbles. He takes a liking to oranges, and swallows them whole because they are bright-colored. Eating is merely a habit of swallowing with him, and anything of reasonable size is gulped down, whether it is bread, a nail, or a doorknob. When it starts the journey down his long neck, it does n't come back. Here are two vital differences between the ostrich and the gull. The one is foolish and swallows from curiosity; the other is wise and has a decided taste. Again, when the ostrich makes a mistake by swallowing something that is n't good for his make-up, he seems to have no alternative; but the gull has the ability to order it up and reconsider.

I discovered this one day when standing on the beach at Netarts on the Oregon coast. The gulls had gathered around with expectant expressions. I tossed the nearest one a piece of salt salmon. As it was slipping down his neck, it occurred to him that it did n't have exactly the right taste. He ordered it out, and holding it in his bill, walked over to the edge of the water and laid it down. He looked at the fish with a side turn of his head, and then at me, with an expression that plainly said a man must be a fool to spoil such a good piece of fish. He shook it and soused it in the water, and started it on the downward journey again. Still, the morsel did not suit his palate. He ordered it out a second time, and laundered it thoroughly for ten minutes, until the salty flavor was gone.

Again, I find a gull shows more than blind instinct when it comes to hunting his meals. He has a bill that is not

strong enough to handle some kinds of shellfish. He eats a small crab by tearing it to pieces and swallowing it, shell and all. The juices of his stomach dissolve the meaty portions, and later he regurgitates the shell.

One day we were digging clams. I laid two or three out in the open, to see if the gulls would know the difference between these and the rocks. A gull picked up one of the bivalves and made off. I was satisfied that it was too hard a nut for him to crack. I was watching him with my field glass. He flew to a height of thirty feet and dropped the clam on the beach. Instantly, with a turn of the wing, he shot to the ground after it. Picking it up again, he spread his wings and swung upward, like a kite, against the wind. He did not let it fall by accident, for he did the same trick fifteen times, until it evidently struck a rock and cracked; then he planted one foot on the mollusk and tore out the meat. How did he learn the trick?

When a bird can crack a hard nut by using his wings and wits, he is hardly to be put in the class of the foolish and the stupid.

To go back to an earlier day—When the Jutes and Angles and Saxons moved from the north of Germany over to the coast of Britain, during the primitive years of hunting and fishing together, their various languages were gradually moulded into the Anglo-Saxon. One might easily picture several fur-wrapped, bare-legged fishermen bringing in their catch and cutting up their fish. A flock of gulls hovered around, to pick up the bits that were thrown away. The village wag may have noticed that the birds gobbled every piece that was dropped, and he may have jumped to the conclusion that these birds were simple-minded, easily fooled, and would swallow a rock as quickly as a chunk of fish. One of the slang-users of the tribe may have called a slower-minded companion a 'gull.' At least, it seems the word was bandied about; and when the wise ones were gathering the scattered words into a vocabulary, they perhaps included this word in order to be up-to-date.

Along came William Shakespeare, and other writers who were in need of words, and 'gull' came to be another word for 'dupe,' and 'gullible' came to be a synonym of 'stupid' and 'foolish.' In order to be complete, when Noah Webster was making his dictionary, he took in these words; yet he may never have known how close he came to nature-faking.

I have watched with notebook and camera, and have studied the home habits of many varieties of birds, but I have never seen any species that shows more indication of gray matter, or is more versatile, than the gull.

II

During the summer of 1903, we spent five days and nights on the ledges of one of the sea rocks a mile off the Oregon coast. Here was a great pile of basalt jutting three hundred feet out of the water, like a huge haystack—one of those ancient centres of bird-population which still exist as they were before Columbus thought of sailing west. In the niches far up the side of the rock, and on top, the western gulls make their nests and rear their young. Black cormorants stand at rigid attention all along the top of the rock, and the colonies of California murres, in white waistcoats, crowd every available sticking-place, clear to the top of this sea-bird skyscraper.

A murre is a penguin-looking bird, with the legs clear at the end of the body, which, like the propellers of a boat, are valuable in the water, but not good for walking on the land. His

wings are better developed than the penguin's. He is a fast flyer and a rapid diver. He flies under water, using both wings and webbed feet in the pursuit of fish. When he returns from fishing, he sweeps in on swift wings, curving upward toward the twelfth story. When about twenty feet from home, he drops his legs and back-paddles as awkwardly as a man who has slipped on a banana peel. He lands sprawled out on the rock.

The murre is a tenement-dweller, crowding every shelf, and literally living between breathing walls. All he asks in the way of a home is a standing-spot on a ledge. There is no sign of a nest, not even a blade of grass or a stick to keep the eggs from rolling away. There is never more than one egg to a family. One is all a murre can care for. It is all she can tuck under her leg. It is larger than a turkey's egg, although a murre is only about one fourth the size of the big game bird. The shape of the egg is like a top; so, if it starts rolling toward the sea, it goes about six or eight inches, swings around on its own axis, and comes to a standstill. Where a hundred murres live on a narrow, sloping rock-ledge, about two by twelve feet, the coming and going in the murre village might have rolled all the eggs into the sea, if the future of murre children had not been safeguarded in this way.

In a colony of a thousand murre eggs, I saw no two colored exactly alike. The combined effect was like a whole spring flower-garden of tints. They varied from pure white to washes of gray and brown and different shades of blue. On this background were elaborate patterns of all sizes and shapes, spots and lines of brown, gray, and velvety-black; sometimes thicker on the large end, sometimes on the small end. Some were daubed as with a brush, others scratched from end to end as with a pen, and finished off with wild flourishes and scrawls. The variety in color really served like the number on the door of a house, so that one murre could tell her own eggs from her neighbor's.

While the murre has a slow way of populating the rocks, Mother Nature did her best for this bird. She made the shell of a murre's egg so tough that a gull cannot poke his nose into it. A murre is no match for a gull, who occasionally sees a murre's egg roll over the edge and drop to the rocks below. This means dinner to the gull. I sat on the ledge one day watching some murres fifteen feet away. They were scared by the falling of a rock loosed by the movements of some birds on the ledge above. As several murres left, I saw a gull light and deliberately give one of the top-shaped eggs a shove with his bill. It rolled about nine inches, but stopped. The gull followed, nosing it along until it cleared the edge and fell to the rocks below. He feasted on scrambled egg. As I looked at him, it occurred to me that he was not made of the stuff that was easily taken in, but was able to collect his experiences in terms of bread and butter. He could live by his wits.

Mother Nature may have figured on giving a murre protection in rearing his progeny, but she did not count on the mental aptitude of this other web-footed bird, with the blue-gray coat and snow-white head. A gull knows well enough that he cannot penetrate a murre's egg with a peck; but several times I saw one pick up a murre's egg, which was a very large mouthful, fly off to a quiet place just above the rocks, and let the tough-shelled nut drop.

The life of the murre is always on the fighting line. He has a long, sharp bill, and can give a powerful thrust which the gull has respect for. So, if undisturbed, a murre can hold his own,

because the egg, or newly hatched young, is never left without a guard: either the male or the female is always at home, night or day. Occasionally, if gulls are hard-put for a meal, two or more will join together in bluffing a murre by simultaneous attacks from front and rear, and thus get a meal.

If there is anything a gull likes better than a fresh murre egg, it is one that is just ready to hatch, or a tender murre chick. Once, when an old murre was a little negligent, I saw a gull grab a baby murre by the wing and swing out over the sea. The youngster kicked with such vigor that the captor let him drop. When he hit the water with a splash, the gull was there about a second later. Although but a few days out of the egg, the little murre knew his danger, for he dove. The gull calmly floated on the surface till the little fellow came up; then he was after him. The murre's diving endurance played out, and the gull grabbed him, and like a terrier after a rat, gave a few vigorous shakes and swallowed him.

Some birds profiteer at the expense of others. I once saw a gull get a meal in dealing with a half-grown cormorant, the menu being choice 'seconds.' The young cormorant had just finished a good fish-dinner, when the gull swooped down upon him, pecking and bullying, until he was mighty glad to deliver up the mess of pottage to his tormentor. The murres and cormorants are both good steady-going, hard-working fishermen. They are experts in their line.

When it comes right down to business, the gull always has an eye single to the getting of an easy living — as single as some people have. He does not necessarily have to trade with murres and cormorants. Along the southern California coast the gulls, that migrate south to enjoy the winter with the rest of the tourist population, move cheerily along the lines of least resistance. If you will notice, you will see that there are generally one or more gulls following along with the brown pelicans, to watch them fish. A pelican is a big heavy bird, clumsy in shape, with a bill twelve inches long, with a pendulous elastic pouch attached to the under part. When not in motion, the pelican sits with his chin resting on his chest, as solemn as an old judge. All of which would lead you to believe that the concentrated bird-wisdom of the ages was centred in his brain.

Here again, appearances are deceptive. The pelican is as expert as the kingfisher at diving. From a height of thirty feet, he drops like a plummet into a school of small fish, and he backs up to the surface with his pouch full of fish and water. At this stage, he is in a helpless condition, because of the weight of water in his elastic pouch. As he stretches his neck and draws his bill up for the water to run out, the nimble gulls poke their noses into his fish-bag and get a meal before the slow pelican can retaliate. Thus, when a pelican deals with a gull, he belongs to the same old class of those who hold the sack while someone else enjoys the contents.

III

I do not want to be led off into a discussion as to whether it is right for one who has wits to live at the expense of one who is slow and industrious. Mother Nature equipped each of her birds for a special work. She gave the hummingbird a long bill, to suck honey from the flower-cups. She gave the woodpecker a chisel-shaped beak, to bore into the bark for insects. She gave the wise-looking pelican a dip-net, to do business with a school of sardines. But when she sent the gull out, he soon learned by experience, as he flew over the sea and looked down at a school of fish, that, no matter how quickly he

dropped to the surface, the members of the finny tribe were always about one one-hundredth of a second quicker, and had turned tail to deep water. A gull has n't the weight to reach more than a few inches below the surface. Lacking the physical equipment, and unable to go on the principle that might makes right, he used his wits; and the bird-world, like the human world, learned to pay tribute to brains.

It seems to me that a gull is more nearly at the head of the class than any other bird, when it comes to intelligence. Consider how versatile he is. Most people think of a gull as a sea-bird. Some species do live along the seashore, nesting on the off-shore rocks. Others nest entirely on the inland lakes through the northern part of our country. Although a gull has webbed feet, and can hunt his living like other water-fowl, yet he can compete with a robin or flycatcher and skirmish about the fields, or he can gather in a harvest of insects on the sagebrush desert.

Some people think these qualities, which tend to show a larger amount of intelligence in the gull than in some other birds, may be the result of racial characteristics. Gulls are gregarious in nature, nesting in colonies and living in flocks the year around.

Birds — like people — that live solitary lives do not develop their wits, however much they develop physically. The kingfisher, for instance, is a sort of hermit and, reptile-like, he still makes his nest in a hole in a bank. He is decidedly a specialist. Everything is forfeited to furnish him a big head, a spear-pointed bill, and a pair of strong wings to give his arrow-shaped body a good start when he dives for fish. He is top-heavy in appearance. His tiny feet are deformed and hardly large enough to support him. He knows nothing except how to dive for fish, and he never will know anything more. He lives a solitary life, while a gull lives in a colony. Perhaps life among his fellows and among other birds has had something to do with developing a gull's wits, and putting him on a higher plane of intelligence.

The training that a gull chick has, from the time he emerges from the egg till he flies with his own wings, leads me to believe that he is started out in life with a discipline which lasts all through his varied career.

While hiding in the blind with my camera, in a gull colony on Malheur Lake in southeastern Oregon, there were hundreds of old gulls nesting two or three feet apart. Life was not communal. In a group of barnyard fowls, an old hen does n't care a whit whether she sits on one nest or the other. Often she will mother a neighbor's chicks as quickly as her own. Here each gull had its own nest-spot and eggs, and there was no overlapping with the neighbors. Several times I saw a young gull, either from wanderlust or because he was afraid of the blind, scamper away from his own nest. He was pounced upon by his parents, and driven back; or he was severely beaten by the neighbors, whose yards he invaded. I have at times seen a young gull with its head bleeding, almost pecked to death, because it strayed from home or got lost in a mix-up. I have often seen an old gull beat her nestlings unmercifully, for the unpardonable crime of straying from the family hearth. The youngster soon learns the lesson of obedience. If he does n't learn from his beating, he is starved until he returns to the home spot where the meals are passed out by the parents.

IV

While two species of gulls — like the California and ring-billed, which nest in the same colony on the inland lakes, or the glaucous-winged and western

gulls, which live together on the sea rocks — are alike in size and color, much as an Englishman would resemble a Frenchman, yet they do not interbreed. There is a steadfastness of character and trueness to species. If this were not so, we should have chaos, not only in bird character, but in the world of natural history.

There are nearly fifty known species of gulls, and every fall about a dozen different kinds gather along our coastlines. Coming from the inland lakes and from the stormbound sea rocks, this white-winged fleet sails into the rivers and bays, to winter about the wharf-lined waterfront. These are the birds of various color that some of our unthinking people call 'gulls.'

When food becomes scarce in one place, it does n't take the gull long to find new fields. It is a time-honored custom of the blackbirds to follow the farmer's plough in the springtime, and pick up a living in angleworms. From southern California to Washington, I have often seen the gulls fly inland, many miles away from water, and gather in a line behind the plough; for they have learned that a menu of angleworms is as palatable as a meal of fish. They can beat the blackbirds at their own game.

In Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle, I have seen them in and about the cities, hunting for scraps of bread and meat in the back yards of residences. When it comes to a rub, a gull can even compete with an English sparrow, who, in the matter of holding his own, has been called a 'rat of the air.' It is not an uncommon sight to see a gull perched on the top of a flagpole, impersonating our picture of the American eagle, or sitting on the cornice of a modern skyscraper. However, toward nighttime, true to their webbed toes, the scattered members of the white-winged fleet always sail back to the river or ocean.

From an economic standpoint, the gull might have been adopted as our national emblem, instead of the wide-winged and fierce-looking eagle. There is nothing that will kill a person or a bird in the public eye like ridicule. If it had not been for the old town wag who started the idea that this bird was simple-minded and easily taken in, who knows but he might be our national bird representative on sea and land? Perhaps he was robbed of his birthright.

I do not mention these things because I expect the American eagle to be replaced. I have great respect for him. If I did advocate this, someone would say that the gull has not a fierce countenance like an eagle; yet he is just like an eagle in one way: he will fight when cornered. He knows a great deal more than an eagle about the business of hunting his living. He lives a simple, easy life, working his wits instead of going entirely on his physical make-up — which might look as if he really represented the American people better than the eagle.

There is another very important fact that must not be overlooked. In Alaska, where the American eagles have been most abundant, the salmon-canners, after years of unrestricted fishing, saw their business decreasing. So the blame was put on the eagle, because, occasionally, one of these big birds was seen with a dead salmon. The Alaska lawmakers put a bounty of fifty cents on each eagle. Ten or twelve thousand of these great birds have been killed, and the slaughter is still on. At this rate, the renowned American bird of freedom will be extinct in a few years. Who wants to be represented by a defunct species?

The more I think of it, the more I am led to believe that the gull may yet come into his own as the emblem of America. Of course, he will have to live

down the slander and ignominy thrust upon him by gossip-mongers.

In fear that Alaska lawmakers may introduce a bill to replace the American eagle with the gull, I might suggest that they first pass a resolution to investigate who is destroying the salmon crop of Alaska. This may clear the American eagle, and save him before he reaches the point of final disappearance.

On the other hand, if our people in idle indifference see the last American eagle brought to earth, they will raise little objection to the lowly gull perched above the Stars and Stripes. He is already a bird sacred in the history of Utah. On October 1, 1913, a tall marble shaft was dedicated to the memory of this bird, which saved the early Mormon settlers from famine. On the top of a granite column more than fifteen feet high is a great ball, upon which two gulls of gilded bronze are just alighting. On the sides of the square-base pedestal are four historical bronze plaques in high relief. The north tablet contains the dedication: 'Seagull Monument, erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon pioneers.' The east tablet shows the arrival of the pioneers; the south indicates despair, hope and the arrival of the gulls; and the west, the harvest.

The incident so strikingly commemorated happened in the summer of 1848, during a great plague of 'crickets' (locusts or grasshoppers), when the gulls came in great flocks to the settlers' fields and successfully checked the insect pests that were destroying the crops. The birds not only ate what they needed for food, but they gorged themselves again and again, as if possessed with the idea of ridding the fields of their scourge.

President Smith of the Mormon Church said, among other things, at the dedication: —

'I am only relating what I saw. Whenever the gulls had been filled to capacity, they would fly to the banks of the creek and there disgorge the dead pests, which lay along the stream in piles, many of which were as large as my fist. These piles literally covered the banks of the creek. After the crickets had been so nearly destroyed that they began to shelter themselves wherever they could from the attacks of the gulls, the birds became so tame that they followed under our wagons as we drove along, into our yards, and under every shelter where the crickets sought protection from them. With the help of the Lord, we were able to reap, that fall, a fairly good harvest.'

Around Malheur, Lower Klamath, and other lakes in Oregon and California, I have often seen the gulls sailing out over the fields and sagebrush plains. They hunt like little falcons, hovering over and dropping down to pick up grasshoppers. During the breeding season, this is the food-supply carried to their chicks, which live out on the floating tule-islands.

When the farmers began storing water, and leading it out in ditches to irrigate their alfalfa and beet fields, the gulls were interested spectators. As the water seeped into the soil, it drove out field mice, they were so abundant. The gulls soon learned to follow the course of the water, and became a most important economic factor by pouncing down and making their meals on these pests of the field, which eat the profits of the farm.

These are land-loving habits of the gull, which have been acquired. A gull really looks more at home following the steamers that ply the coast waters. He will sail along the stern of a steamer for days, because he knows that at least three times, between sun-up and sun-down, he will get a choice dish of seconds from the cook. There seem to

be reliable records of gulls following the same vessel from the Irish coast to New York, a distance of 2560 miles.

Did you ever watch a gull sail at the side of a ship, and apparently make headway straight in the teeth of the wind without moving his wings? He is an expert in the art of aerial navigation. He just seems to float along on outstretched pinions. It is a difficult feat. A small bird cannot do it. A sparrow-hawk does it with rapid beating of wings. A gull seems to hang perfectly still; yet a close observer can see that there is hardly an instant when the wings and tail are not adjusted to meet the different air-currents, which are never the same at two different moments. He is a master of the air. A sailboat can only tack against the wind. Yet, by the perfect adjustment of his body, a gull, without a single flap of the wing, makes headway in the teeth of the gale. I saw one retain perfect poise, and at the same time reach forward with his foot and scratch his ear.

While gulls are abundant in every section of our coast line, when an amateur starts out to make the acquaintance of different members of the family, he takes on a problem that he can master only in a partial way, after long study and observation. At first sight, he recognizes the bird of snow-white breast and head, and delicate pearl-gray back. At the same time, he also sees the motley array of gulls of the same size, which are partly gray and partly white, and others of mottled gray plumage without a touch of white. These he might take to be entirely different gulls, yet they may all be of the same species, but of different ages.

When a gull chick passes out of his mottled downy stage, he is a plain gray color all over. This coat lasts him the first year. The second year, as he grows older, the white feathers begin to appear on his head, body, and tail. He is passing out of his childhood. During the third and fourth years, he attains the white head of maturity, the white on the breast and tail, with a touch of black on the wings, and the delicate beautiful coat of gullhood. This applies to the herring gull of the Atlantic, the western, California, and ring-billed gulls of the Pacific. The laughing gull of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the Franklin gull of the interior, and the Bonaparte and Sabine gulls of the far north, all have the jet-black head instead of the white. Their white breasts are flushed with pink, and their bodies mantled with delicate gray.

In our world of feathered beings, no other family of birds can take the place of the gull. He is a tireless hunter, patrolling our rivers, bays, and shorelines for scraps of waste food. He adds the right touch of wild life to the landscape. His association with other birds has made him a shrewd provider. His companionship with people has made him a keen observer, always at hand for a crust of bread, but quick to forget the thoughtless fellow who tosses him a cigar-stub or an orange-peel. Those who criticize the gull for the acts we have recorded toward other birds should not measure him according to human standards, for this implies mental and moral endowments equal to man. From an economic standpoint in relation to man, he is a good citizen.

The qualities of being foolish, stupid, or easily taken-in may apply to some people, yet it can hardly be said that a gull is a gullible bird. Not long ago, after a night of hard rain, the paved streets were covered with angleworms. Two of the neighbors really thought that the worms had rained down from heaven. It is safe to say such an idea never entered the heads of the gulls, skimming along those city pavements and picking up a meal of the worms, which had wiggled out of the saturated ground.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

It would be difficult to name another man whose life has been so varied as that of Georges Clemenceau. We are inclined to think of him only in his last phase; but, in fact, the history of Georges Clemenceau is the history of the Third Republic. His story is wonderfully rounded off. If one ignores those early episodes of his student days, when he tasted the miseries of the Royal prison, his public life may be said to have begun with the defeat of France by Germany. At that time he was the mayor of Montmartre. Fifty years later his public career finished — if, indeed, it has yet finished — with the defeat of Germany by France, and the signing of the peace treaty in the same Galerie des Glaces at Versailles wherein, on the very date nearly half a century before, Wilhelm I was proclaimed Emperor.

There is an artistic perfection in this story which is rarely encountered in real life. But, if one reads the various chapters of his long life, one will find his biography full of vicissitudes. Clemenceau has been everything. He has had higher 'ups' and deeper 'downs' than any French statesman who could be mentioned. There have been times when he has been hissed out of politics by the almost unanimous voice of France. There have been other periods when the whole nation has clamored for him. More than once, everything seemed to be ended for him; but he merely turned to other occupations and bided his time.

I remember once having a long discussion with a man who held that the only complete character in history or fiction was Ulysses. Ulysses, he said, was husband, father, lover, statesman, warrior, wanderer, poet, who divined the secrets of earth and hell and was beloved of the gods. I was challenged to name another personage whose life was so comprehensive; and as I went over the great names of history and fiction, I was reminded that this man had missed much, in that he had been neither husband nor father; that man, though distinguished as philosopher, had been inactive; the other man, though both warrior and statesman, had never voyaged and so had kept the provincial mind. Perhaps I came nearest to naming the ideal all-round man when I thought of Mohammed; and since then it has occurred to me that probably Leo Tolstoi is of all men the most complete. But certainly Clemenceau must take a high and honorable place among the exceedingly few men who have tasted all experiences that life has to offer, and have revealed themselves in every capacity.

A native of La Vendée, where the house in which he was born is marked by a plaque, and a statue has been erected to him in his lifetime: after a stormy youth as student, in which already he wrote articles inspired by a high humanity, he obtained his degree of doctor. For some time he sojourned in America, living in the same chamber that had

been occupied at an earlier date by Louis Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III. He wrote for the *Temps*, and learned English perfectly. For four years he remained, becoming professor of history and of French literature, in a *pension* at Greenwich, Connecticut. It was there that he met the young pupil whom he afterward married, on the eve of the war between France and Germany.

He has thus always had a penchant for America, and, indeed, during the War of Secession, allowed his sympathies with Abraham Lincoln to manifest themselves. For England, too, he has always had a special affection, from the days when he visited John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer.

Of his part in the war, by the side of Gambetta, it is unnecessary to speak at length. Clemenceau was one of those who pronounced against the conclusion of a peace which was a defeat. For revolutionaries of noble character, in spite of their faults, Clemenceau always had profound esteem, and he did not disguise his affection for Blanqui and Louise Michel. The protest against the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine was signed by Victor Hugo, Gambetta, and Clemenceau, besides the deputies of these provinces.

II

There followed seventeen years of Parliamentary life, filled with the most incessant action. Even during this period, he found time to devote his attention to the arts, and to him Édouard Manet owed something in the shape of support in his fight against the Philistines. He contributed copiously to journals such as *La Justice*. But, finally, the movement of General Boulanger found him a target for the most malicious attacks, and he was involved in the notorious Panama affair. He was accused, too, of receiving money from England. Fortified by forged documents, his enemies raised such a storm that he was driven out of public life.

This was the end of a notable period. But another epoch opened. Clemenceau became the man of letters. As a journalist, it is estimated that his articles would fill more than a hundred volumes, each of 350 pages; and they are all written with extraordinary skill and force. In addition, his output as author is considerable. From *La Melée Sociale* to *Le Grand Pan*, from *Les Plus Forts* to *Le Voile du Bonheur*, the works of Clemenceau are alive with genius — which is, perhaps, another name for intensity.

Let it be remembered that Clemenceau, who is generally regarded purely as a politician, was the friend of most of the great artists of his time — Alphonse Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt, Claude Monet, Rodin, Carrière, Cézanne, Octave Mirbeau. Some of his writings on art are among the finest appreciations that I know. One may mention that magnificent article on the series of paintings by Claude Monet, 'Les Cathédrales de Rouen.' One may mention his appreciation of the sculptor Constantin Meunier. One recalls his fine homage to de Goncourt.

But essentially, perhaps, Clemenceau became the great polemist. There has been nothing like it in our time or, indeed, any time. His defense of Dreyfus is wonderful. The articles that came daily from his pen have been brought together in seven volumes and, although they deal with day-by-day developments, it is impossible to read them without being stirred to indignation. There is one article which begins 'C'est dommage.' Every short paragraph repeats these words as a refrain — 'C'est dommage!' It is quivering with passion, but one also feels the cold flame of irony.

One may criticize some of the later acts of Clemenceau, — the writer is bound to confess that certain measures, such as the arrest of Caillaux, appear to be shocking, and will assuredly be regarded by posterity as inexcusable blemishes on his career, — but those years which Clemenceau spent battling against the wild reactionaries who persecuted Dreyfus, who prosecuted Zola, who stooped to all iniquities, and whose hatred and fanaticism were sharpened like blades, is a glorious passage, which no subsequent blunders can efface.

Clemenceau showed himself to be courageous, indefatigable, fiery, a lover of truth and of justice, an enemy of corruption and of sham. His eloquence, his logic, his piercing satire, his social passion, have never been surpassed. Often it was at the risk of their lives that Zola and Clemenceau left the Palais de Justice, forcing their way through the excited crowd.

Gustave Geffroy says that these seven volumes of Clemenceau can be compared only to the *Lettres Provinciales* of Pascal, denouncing the Jesuits, and the *Correspondance* of Voltaire, aflame with the spirit of justice against the arbitrary denunciations and the condemnations of his time. These volumes are, at once, full of detail and of huge generalization.

III

At the age of sixty, Clemenceau was elected to the Senate, and once more began a new career. The years from 1902 were stormy. The separation of Church and State was one of the problems that agitated men's minds. The Colonial movement was much discussed. The voyage of the Kaiser to Tangiers seemed already to presage the war.

Clemenceau became minister only in 1906, in the Sarrien Cabinet; and it is curious to recall the names of some of the members of this cabinet — Bourgeois, Poincaré, Briand, Leygues, Barthou, Doumergue — besides Albert Sarraut, who was Under-Secretary of State. As Minister of the Interior, Clemenceau had to suppress the strikes in the North. He has been accused of excessive vigor, but, on the contrary, the troops were given definite orders not to respond to provocations. Clemenceau himself went among the inflamed strikers, and his discourses helped to calm turbulent spirits. A large number of measures of social amelioration are due to Clemenceau.

After Sarrien resigned, President Fallières charged Clemenceau with the task of forming a new ministry. Stephen Pichon and Joseph Caillaux entered his cabinet, and so did René Viviani. Viviani took up an entirely new post, that of Ministre du Travail et de la Prévoyance Sociale. This was a reply to Jean Jaurès and his party, who were then actively preaching that only collectivism could improve the lot of the worker. He also took into his cabinet Colonel Picquart, of Dreyfus notoriety, in an attempt at conciliation.

Another reproach made against Clemenceau is his energy displayed during the wine-growers' revolt of 1907. It should be remembered that something like civil war was feared in the four *départements* of Languedoc. The mayors resigned en masse. Barricades were erected at Narbonne, and blood flowed. Bridges were burned or blown up with dynamite on the Canal du Midi. There were mutinies of soldiers. Clemenceau endeavored to play the part of peacemaker and, eventually, succeeded.

Clemenceau, indeed, though he may be chiefly remembered by his striking phrase, 'Je fais la guerre,' made vigorous efforts for international peace when he met King Edward at Marienbad, after the interviews that the British King had had with the German and Austrian emperors.

He fell from power, after three strenuous years, through an unfortunate and impetuous word that he uttered. Delcassé had intervened in a debate, and Clemenceau, recalling the circumstances of his resignation after the events of Algeciras, practically at the bidding of Germany, told Delcassé frankly that he was responsible for the greatest humiliation France had experienced for twenty years. Now, the French start restively at the word humiliation, and it is not surprising that a snatch vote was given against Clemenceau.

IV

We have now reached the period which may be called the war period. It began with the surrender by Caillaux of a portion of the Congo, in return for a freer hand in Morocco. It was at the beginning of 1912 that Clemenceau's quarrel with Caillaux began. He accused the Prime Minister of conducting a personal and occult diplomacy over the head of the Foreign Minister. Caillaux himself quickly fell, and was replaced by Raymond Poincaré. It may truly be said that the war became inevitable after this Moroccan clash of diplomatic arms.

The two Great Powers of Europe faced each other, France wondering when the blow would fall. Poincaré was made President of the Republic. Clemenceau had gained a reputation for breaking ministries by his attacks in Parliament and in the press, and certainly he knew the precise moment and the right phrase.

During the war which followed the passing of the three years' military law, Clemenceau worked as an ardent patriot. He had but one thought — the safety and the victory of France. The first three years of the war saw him writing and speaking and inspiring France. As President of the Army Commission he visited the front frequently. He soon became the most popular figure in France. The poilus worshiped him. There was a demand for his services as Prime Minister long before he was called to power by the President.

No one can deny the wonderful work he did in stimulating the French people and the French army. In 1917, I well remember, there were undoubted signs of lassitude. The soldiers were actually beginning to mutiny. The people in Paris openly declared that they had had enough of the war. There was certainly weakness shown by the Minister of the Interior, Malvy, whom Clemenceau accused of betraying the interests of France. Clemenceau saw the hidden hand of Caillaux pulling these strings of défaitisme, and he fulminated against the Minister of Agadir.

It is not my business to judge whether Caillaux behaved wisely or foolishly; but the actual charge against him was certainly not justified by the evidence brought forward, on his trial by the High Court of the Senate, after two years' imprisonment. Presumably Clemenceau would invoke reasons of state; and it has to be admitted that these drastic actions of Clemenceau, who became a veritable dictator, the arbitrary ruler of France, inspired fear among the pacifists and courage in the faint-hearted. Whether his methods could always be justified is a matter that I will not attempt to determine. His point of view, however, is easy to understand. Either France was to suffer defeat, or she was to pursue the war integrally against enemies at home and abroad.

Nothing was to be allowed to sap patriotism. The exigencies of war were to prevail over all considerations. Bolo, Mata-Hari, Almereyda, Duval, Lenoir, suffered death. Malvy was exiled.

Caillaux was condemned. The energies of the soldiers were stimulated. Foch was chosen as Generalissimo. The Americans began to pour in their troops. Clemenceau was omnipotent and omnipresent. He was everywhere, exhorting Parliament, soldiers, people, to supreme efforts. If any one man can be said to have won the war, certainly it is Clemenceau.

His discourses are models. They vibrate. His rough pleasantries were in every mouth. The confidence in him was unbounded.

Probably he would have been well advised, had he resigned office when the war ended. This was his apotheosis. This was his triumph. Unfortunately, he decided to take a hand in framing the terms of peace. The disastrous Treaty of Versailles is largely due to him. France realized instinctively the errors that were committed, though they were not so apparent as they are to-day.

When, a little more than a year after his greatest moment, he presented himself as candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, everybody looked askance. He was defeated. The idol was overthrown. Thereupon every cur who had groveled at his feet began to bark at him; and to-day, in spite of his popularity abroad, in spite of his immense services, he is blamed at home for all the misfortunes of peace, all the disappointments, all the disillusionments, all the disasters.

V

Will Clemenceau ever 'come back'? as the boxers say. It may perhaps be doubted. He is now eighty-one years of age and, although full of enthusiasm and capable of travels and lecture tours, could hardly, it is supposed, hold the reins of power day in and day out, once more. When the American trip was first planned, it was thought that the old Tiger had emerged from his three years' silence, with the set purpose of sweeping aside the Poincarés, the Briands, and the rest, who had misapplied the Treaty and, like bad workmen, complained of their tools.

Great political significance was attached to these public declarations. If Clemenceau has no personal ambitions, it was argued, there exist the Clemencistes. Of no other French statesman is it possible to say that he has personal followers who constitute a party. M. Briand may have friends, M. Poincaré may have supporters; but there are in Parliament neither Briandists nor Poincarists. The Clemencistes form a group which is not numerous, but which is solid and may be powerful.

M. André Tardieu eight months ago founded a paper, *L'Écho National*, to which the name of his former chief was attached. M. Klotz is one of the persistent critics of the various French ministers. M. Georges Mandel, who was the wirepuller for Clemenceau, is still watching for opportunities. It was considered likely that, if Clemenceau made a successful American tour, he would return all-powerful. If he would only be a figurehead, he would be a great figurehead.

What would be said of him and of his party would be something as follows: 'Here is the man who, in a time of national crisis, in a grave emergency, when the Germans were winning, France was cracking, and all was nearly lost, came in to save the situation. He rallied the French people. He inspired the French army. He stimulated the friendship of England and America. He gave us unity of command. He won the war. Now another crisis, equally grave, is upon us. The French ministers have muddled things. French finances are bad.

Reparations are not forthcoming. What is perhaps worse is that France has lost the friendships which Clemenceau had strengthened. Italy is gone. The entente with England has turned almost to enmity. Even Belgium is hesitating. Poland is escaping. The Little Entente plays for its own hand. Worst of all, America is turning against France. The result of three years without Clemenceau has been the disruption of alliances and the destruction of friendships. Now Clemenceau reappears on the scene, and America is won back. His voyage has had a magic effect. He is undoing the mischief that others have done. He is the only man capable of undoing the mischief.'

It will be easily seen that such a representation of the case would be irresistible. Assuming that Clemenceau traversed America triumphantly, then he would surely return to France in triumph. The probability is that no such personal calculations occurred to Clemenceau; but that they occurred to his friends is clear by the manner in which they utilized his messages to America. That they occurred to his enemies, with whom he is plentifully endowed, is clear from the savage attacks that were at once launched against him by a number of newspapers, which, during his reign, had been obsequious enough, but which have since put the blame for all France's troubles on the former Prime Minister. These newspapers broke out simultaneously into a torrent of criticism. They supported their accusations by documents which were more or less falsified by the omission of dates and vital paragraphs. The discussion raged about whether he had given Constantinople to the British, and prevented the French army in the East from marching toward Central Europe. Into this controversy it is unnecessary to go. I call attention to it only as demonstrating the positive fear that seized certain people at the very idea of Clemenceau's activity. They saw in his self-imposed mission to America a political manœuvre which they desired to outwit. Time alone will show whether their estimate was right and whether a new bid for power on the part of the Clemencistes, if not on the part of Clemenceau himself, was being made.

VI

In the meantime, one should take it that, whatever use may subsequently be made of Clemenceau's popularity in America, the predominant thought in his mind was one that was absolutely sincere. He remains the great patriot. He remains the great upholder of alliances. It may be that his vision is limited. It may be that he is wrong in attempting to divide the world into hostile camps and to preserve the anti-German league. It may be that Germany too should come into the fellowship of nations. It may be that Clemenceau has himself shown that he is outmoded, that he cannot get beyond 1918. It may be that his mind has become stereotyped, and that he foolishly imagines that the world can be stereotyped. But at least this justice should be done to the one man of our time who will enter into history with flags flying and trumpets blowing — the supreme figure of determination, of energy, of patriotic exaltation, of true warlike qualities: that he was not thinking of petty intrigues, and was not moved by amour propre or by political designs.

Always has he been simple in his habits. When the Panama scandal drove him from politics, he did not hesitate to tell the world of his debts, of his financial struggles, of his arduous efforts to gain a mere livelihood. The millions he was alleged to have

received by way of bribes, he demonstrated to be fictitious. And those who know how he has lived know that he has lived hardly. He has lived by his pen, and on the small stipend of the deputy and senator. He has shown perfect independence. In these days he dwells chiefly in the most humble of cottages in his native Vendée. His tastes have never been luxurious. He is a man who has loved fighting, one would say, for the sake of fighting, though generally he has been on the side of truth and justice — words which he has defined in beautiful language time and again, in his writings and in his speeches.

It is an unfortunate habit of the French that they find mercenary motives everywhere, and that they pronounce the word treachery far too lightly. Fiery as Clemenceau still is, there is no reason to suspect that he would leave, at his age, the quiet joys of his present life, would throw himself into the turbulence and confusion of politics for anything less than the highest motives.

One must applaud the ruling idea of solidarity which he preaches. His crusade in favor of the grouping of the three countries, France, England, and the United States, is one that deserves the warmest encomiums. There is no doctrine which requires more eloquent advocacy in these disrupted days of national egotisms than the doctrine of our interdependence. The fraternity of peoples, which was accepted during the war and for some little time after the war, has been frittered away by niggling little-minded men.

One would have thought that no truth would be so self-evident as that the malheur of one country is the malheur of another. One would have thought that the sentiments which bound together the old comrades-in-arms would have outlasted the Pyramids, and that on this foundation a greater and more glorious era of peace and prosperity and mutual sympathy would have been built.

It is, alas! not so. It requires the tongues of the finest orators, the pens of the most persuasive writers, the influence of the noblest citizens of the world, to remind us of the real need of our day, when all our interests interpenetrate and interlock.

In so far as Clemenceau makes himself the apostle of this ideal of solidarity, he becomes a still more shining figure. But, although the unity of France, England, and the United States constitutes the firm foundation for the new world, there is something above and beyond even this fraternity — there remains the dream of Victor Hugo, and of kindred spirits, which is to give a fixed form and a charter to the UNITED STATES OF MANKIND.

THE AMERICAN WAR–LOANS AND JUSTICE

BY OSCAR T. CROSBY

I

LET the severe language of the statute declare the origin of our loans to the Allied governments of Europe during the World War. Thus it runs: 'For the national defense, and for the better prosecution of the war, the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, may purchase the obligations of foreign Governments engaged in war against Germany.' Details follow, fixing the relationship between interest rates and maturities of the loans thus authorized, with the corresponding elements of loans that might be made by our citizens to their Government. For, already, it was contemplated that taxation alone would fail to supply all the material support of our adventure. This statute was signed April 24, 1917. On April 25, the British Ambassador received a check for $200,000,000. A week later, half that amount was turned over to the French Ambassador. A little later, Italy fell into line as a borrower, then Belgium and Russia, Serbia, Greece, Roumania — all eventually called for aid.

The pace thus set did not slacken until the cause was won. 'National security,' slightly jeopardized by our declaration of war, had been preserved; 'the better prosecution of the war' had been accomplished by furnishing to our associates vast quantities of things without which they were in a fair way to lose entirely *their* national security. Measured in money, the aid thus loaned is figured at about nine and one half billion dollars. Post-Armistice transactions, authorized by other statutes, carry the total (in round figures) to ten billion dollars. Nearly half of the total went to Great Britain. France came next with about $3,500,000. Then came Italy with $1,700,000,000. The remainder fell, in various lots, to other borrowers.

Governmental action is traditionally slow. The remarkable promptitude with which Secretary McAdoo proceeded (only twenty-four hours between receiving and exercising the responsibilities placed upon him by Congress) answered to a remarkable pressure brought to bear by the powers 'engaged in war against Germany.' I shall not soon forget the blunt declaration, made to me ten days before Sir Cecil Spring-Rice took the first fruits of our efforts, by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. 'We have scraped the bottom of the box. They owe us and our associate banks four hundred million dollars — practically on overdraft, since we cannot sell the collateral remaining in our hands without making a panic on the New York Stock Market. You people in the Treasury must now bear the whole burden. We can do no more.'

Six weeks later, we learned that, in addition to this cash commitment, the Allies had contracted for about eight hundred million dollars' worth of goods, deliverable within six months.

Only the superb daring of a Lloyd George could have created such a dangerous situation. And only our entrance into the struggle could have turned danger into ultimate victory. Epic poets have sung chiefly of the violence of human passions in love and hate, in battle and murder, in storm by sea, in strange wanderings by land. These are dramatic. Yet a stirring tale might be told of work by day and night, while an untried course was found for financing our own huge needs and largely aiding struggling governments across the Atlantic. But all that story can wait — or, perhaps, it will never be told.

Just now the American people must concern themselves about the payment or nonpayment for that portion of their wealth which was transferred to foreign governments by a courageous Secretary and an approving President in a war triumphantly ended, to the great aggrandizement — after many and serious losses — of our comrades in arms.

Are we to find — as Polonius would have it — that 'loan oft loses both itself and friend'? Certainly there has been much cooling of that ardent sentiment which welcomed us into the fight, and approved us while we unstintingly poured our beef, pork, wheat, cotton, copper, steel, for the maintenance, not only of our own troops, but also for soldiers and civilians in all the Allied lands.[1] Experience has already given partial justification to the old Dane's caustic philosophy. Having wisely defied his introductory prohibition, — 'neither a borrower nor a lender be,' — are we now to find that our wheat has been lost along with the friendship which, for a time, it sustained?

Before seeking an answer to that question, we should show decent regard to an opinion which denies the character of just debts to the claims under discussion.

Those who hold this opinion boldly cast aside the letter and the spirit of the transactions *when they were made*, as well as the repeated assertions of the borrowing governments themselves — assertions so public and so recent that I may presume them to be lodged in the minds of all who may read this article. The dissenting views are those of individuals, on both sides of the ocean. They have created a considerable literature on the subject. The thesis of those who clamor for cancellation of our claims on 'moral' grounds may be thus summarized: 'A number

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[1] While the greater bulk of these supplies came from our own fields, factories, and mines, much of it originated in neutral countries. In effect, by 'supporting the Allied exchanges,' we purchased for them large quantities of goods in Spain, Holland, the Argentine, and elsewhere. Even from British territory — as Canada and India — values running into the hundreds of millions of dollars went to the Allies, paid for in American funds, and now constituting a respectable part of the existing loans. It is further to be remembered that Allied governments sold much of all they received from us to their own private citizens. Receiving for these goods their own currencies, the burden of internal financing (through taxation or loans) was correspondingly diminished for these governments, and increased for ours. Cotton and copper, thus supplied to European manufacturers, appeared, as finished products, in competition with the products of the American people who had loaned the raw material. On account of representations made after I went to Europe, as President of the Inter-Allied Council on War Purchase and War Finance, loans in neutral countries were secured by the Allies, covering purchases made in those countries. The drain of dollars for these neutral supplies was thus diminished by several hundred millions. Some reluctance was shown in London and Paris to seek loans from minor powers. With this reluctance I sympathized, but I thought it my duty to request that efforts should be continued. Secretary McAdoo heartily approved my recommendations in this respect. Success came. Our own exchanges, which had suffered considerably, improved soon afterward, as a consequence of this relief.

of nations were banded together in a common cause; whatever each could (or did) furnish, in men and material, in furtherance of that cause, should be held simply as *its contribution* to that cause, even though specific engagements to the contrary may have been made during the period of conflict.'

Carrying still further the 'common-cause' idea, others seem to say: 'America entered into war long after her cobelligerents were involved, and long after she should have entered; hence our loans should be considered, not as collectible debts, but as a conscience fund, dedicated to, and in expiation (if only partial) of, our long-continued sin of omission.'

Anything that might be deemed a cool and dispassionate study of the causes of the war belongs to the future. Many people, on both sides of the quarrel, may discover facts that were hidden or distorted during the war period, either by the deliberately false, though patriotic, action of governments, or by the maddened zeal of private partisanship. And these discoveries will probably change all extreme views ascribing complete diabolism or complete saintliness to one or the other of the contestants.

II

Into the maelstrom of argument that is destined to rage over this subject, we need not enter now. For, back of the 'common-cause' and 'slacker-nation' cry, there is an assumption that may be formulated and discussed to-day independently of beliefs about the circumstances preceding the World War.

That assumption might be thus expressed: —

'Whenever two or more nations go to war, every other nation must promptly determine to take up arms against that belligerent whose action is most condemned, and whose victory would, presumably, result in oppression of the conquered and in possible future encroachment against the rights (or interests) of all the onlookers. And if, for any reason whatever, such prompt decision is not made, but subsequently certain developments of the strife induce a former neutral to wage war against an objectionable belligerent, then the late arrival in the arena shall not only try to force redress of his own specific injuries, but shall also confess his wrong-doing through delay, and shall endeavor to compensate the earlier combatants on his side for this wrong done to them.'

Such a rule of action, if made universal, would, in every outbreak of war, divide the whole world into two hostile camps, all, save the original contestants, being swept into action by the hysteria of the moment. Or, it would so penalize and humiliate a nation preferring deliberation to hysteria, that it would find its interest best served by keeping out of the mêlée entirely, even though this course might involve much forbearance in respect to its neutral rights. This rule would condemn all those nations which permitted Great Britain to work her will upon the Boers; permitted us to force the Spaniards and Filipinos to their knees; permitted Japan to humiliate first China, then Russia. It would require us now to take up arms against the Turks, and, almost certainly, would embroil us with others whose views might be found contrary to our own. Under such a régime, the world's past history, blood-stained as it is, would appear as the Golden Age of relative peace.

Further, it would require us to hold in abhorrence Spain, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and nearly all of our neighbors of the Western World. If, indeed, the true cause of our war-making is to be found, not in the Lusitania

incident and others of like nature, but in some menace to Democracy, then these nations should be held to an accounting. After making some adjustment by reason of our tardiness (by what rule, let him declare who propounds the doctrine), we should, with the Mikado, the President of Liberia, and all other champions of Democracy, be justified in demanding of Spain, and other 'slackers,' that they beat their breasts in shame, and open their treasuries to the demands of outraged belligerents who fought *their* battles. Thus we can make war not only universal, but perpetual.

But, ere we thus career into chaos, driven by a worthy but unreasoning emotion; ere we take any official step which would make a precedent for this quixotic type of internationalism, let us put the new theories to the test of the hustings. Let a presidential election turn on the question whether or not governments are organized to represent the interests and the views of the majority of their citizens, who want to think calmly, even about things that profoundly stir their sentiments. There are many who, while recognizing that the groups called nations have interests in common, are yet convinced that governments should not hastily scan far horizons of space and time, and suddenly determine to sacrifice the lives and fortunes of the governed, to forfend against some general menace, thought to be discerned in the mists. They believe that, however justifiable may have been our final decision to war against Germany, it was also justifiable that we should take our time for observation, reflection, and action. They believe that the European nations involved in the war had, for years, been contemplating a probable conflict over complex interests, and had, therefore, what seemed to them compelling reasons for immediate decision. They also hold that, if our own great power should rush into every quarrel, the world will not be fit to live in.

Let Nicaragua or Liberia fly quickly into passion — no great harm is done. But when the Giant of the West instantly translates the emotions of a majority, or a minority, into war — then quondam friends will all eventually turn against us, in fear of a destructive force that may at any time be directed against themselves.

The partisans of deliberation (save in case of invasion) prefer to stand on the record; to make no apology; to reserve liberty of action in the future — until, perhaps, an International Tribunal, armed to enforce its decrees, may have been set up for keeping peace among nations. Further, they hold that, if we are to make a new balance-sheet, based upon relative losses among belligerents, then we should also scrutinize relative gains. For this purpose, it is not necessary to allege — however probable it may be — that our associates had ever coveted, before the war, the ends which they realized at Versailles. Sufficient for such purpose, that they showed, in 1919, keen determination to gather the spoils made available to them by a victory not obtainable without our help. Nor were these spoils limited to moral justifications in having made 'the world safe for Democracy' by destruction of the power of Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs. Very material, indeed, are vast claims for reparations, vast transfers of territory.

It is not my purpose to criticize these acquisitions. But surely Americans might reasonably insist, if the account is to be opened on the basis indicated, that the work should be complete, if possible. And if evaluation is impossible, then no such basis should be adopted.

III

Shall we seriously undertake to measure all the elements of the problem? Shall we endeavor to give specific weight to relative danger; relative responsibility in the past for creating the danger; relative security gained for the future; relative losses, direct and indirect, suffered during the war; and relative gains obtained through victory? A little reflection, I believe, will lead most men to conclude that such an undertaking is not only impracticable but perilous.

No more fertile source of discord could be contrived than a conference called for discussion of these questions, in connection with a proposal to investigate the justice of our claims for repayment of values loaned to our war-time associates.

Cancellation of these claims is urged by a powerful group of men (chiefly, I believe, in New York), on quite different grounds from those just set forth. Instead of insisting upon the purely angelic qualities of our late companions in arms, they now think that they see much selfishness, much folly, in the uses to which the European Allies have put our common victory. And it is asserted that this selfishness is not only injuring the perpetrators, but is also actually lowering the price of American wheat.

Taking these assumptions as a text, the proponents of this theory now proclaim that we should purchase good behavior in Europe by a program of debt-cancellation, in connection with pledges from our debtors to conduct their affairs as we think they should be conducted.

In recent expositions of this doctrine, widely published, Great Britain has been excepted from the charge of arrogance, militarism, and imperialism, while those serious faults are strongly urged against France. Hence, French policies specially are to be put in tutelage to our omniscient righteousness.

Other nations are to be told that they err through the adoption of protective tariffs. To this declaration I heartily subscribe — but I fail to see how it can be urged by the present Administration.

I wish it were possible, within the limits of this article, to destroy, by citation of facts, figures, and sound principles, the foundations of this much heralded gospel of American superiority and French inferiority in moral and political vision. But I must content myself with registering my own belief that its application in practice would be followed by endless confusion. And, if France should be puerile enough to take direction from us, we should be bound to assume grave, though ill-defined, responsibilities toward a host of unsuspected European complications.

If the proposals in question should ever appear in the Congressional forum, I think we may feel assured that, in spite of much confusion of thought on foreign policies, discussion will reveal the fact that we are not in business as a government, to make appropriations covering a bonus to foreigners in exchange for the privilege of directing their economic and military policies.

Perhaps the use of the word 'appropriations' in this connection will not be understood by some readers. Yet, in effect, the cancellation of our uncontested claims against other governments would involve, quite directly, an appropriation of values belonging to the people. Those values may not be collectible at par; we may even voluntarily diminish them, on purely financial grounds, — which will be suggested below, — but the just residue of them is public property, not alien-

able save for the public good. We should be patient, indeed, with our debtors, for their case is difficult; *but our patience should be directed toward recovery of the material values lent to others for their uses.*

And it is precisely in considering the actual material values supplied to the Allies that we may be led to propose or accept a reduction in the face value of the obligations received by us. The goods — wheat, steel, and the rest — that were loaned were valued, during the period of delivery, in money-terms much higher than those prevailing before and since the war. Gold, and its equivalents in currency, had lost much of their usual purchasing power. If we represent all goods by wheat, we may put the matter simply as follows: we lent, say, five billion bushels of wheat, and received due-bills, in terms of dollars, which, if delivered to us now, would have the power to purchase, say, ten billion bushels of wheat. Unless prices are again disturbed by war, it is probable that some such ratio will hold for many years to come. We might, therefore, permit payment to be made on the basis of the comparative index-numbers, taken for the war period and for the dates of payment as they occur in the future.

The thesis here suggested is familiar to economists. The practice involved has long been urged by many competent authorities as appropriate to all contracts of relatively long maturity. No situation, I think, could present a stronger claim for the application of this rule — if desired by the debtor — than the one we are considering. It would merely free the transaction from the effect of abnormal fluctuations in the value of money.

As one of a hundred million owners of these Allied obligations, I hereby register my consent to such a transaction.

IV

The matter of interest-rate is also one in which modification of existing understandings might reasonably be made. By the word 'reasonably' in this context, I mean that which would be meant in a parallel case between individuals, if the creditor, allowing a reduction in the original rate, were led to do so by a belief that his debtor would more certainly be able to pay the principal sum due through relief in respect to interest charges. Obviously this question should be made the object of detailed study as a basis for final action.

And so for the major question of the ability of our debtors to meet their acknowledged obligations. Whether we consider these obligations as defined by the letter of the contract, or as modified by the index-number rule as cited above, we should be ready to examine every case independently, and as lengthily as the debtors may desire. But we should *not*, I think, assume that present difficulties in Europe furnish data for wise conclusions. Obviously, the German reparations settlement must affect the sums realizable by us in the near future. And other disquieting complications in Europe — particularly their currency systems — will similarly react upon our claims. The effect of all such conditions, and of modifications in them, will be clearer in a few years than now. We may wait for final offers from our debtors until they say: 'We have made such and such provisional agreements as to reparations; and if you consent to such and such terms, in respect to our indebtedness to you, the whole chain of settlements will become effective.' That, it seems to me, is the limit to which we should go in permitting any relationship to be established between our just dues and the European imbroglio.

We need not enter into conferences over the subject. Indeed, since no delegate of ours could commit Congress to any particular action; since no administrative negotiation in treaty form could commit the Senate, it may be much better that we should steer clear of any engagements of European States, inter se, and simply pass upon proposals, if any be forthcoming, as to modifications of our own claims. We should *not* become materially, or morally, responsible for such mutual engagements as our ex-associates and ex-enemies may see fit to make among themselves.

In order, however, to be prepared as far as possible for prompt action, when action may be asked, our Debt Commission should be empowered to consider and report upon *any* propositions made by the debtors, instead of being restricted, as at present, to negotiations which are probably doomed to be barren. The statutory maturity-period is too short, the interest-rate — at least for some years to come — is too high, I believe. Let the Commission have two or three years for study; being empowered meanwhile to accept payments on account, if offered, but not to demand interest of embarrassed debtors. Let them be free to recommend to Congress *any* settlement that may seem wise to them, but to make *no* settlement, unless the debtors express willingness to meet the terms already indicated by statute.

In their report they should develop specifically the following subjects: (*a*) probable ability of each debtor country to *produce*, in five-year lustrums, a stated surplus beyond comfortable self-support; (*b*) probable ability of governments to acquire this surplus from their citizens without taxation so high as to defeat its object; (*c*) probable ability of world-markets to absorb such surplus; (*d*) probable form in which we could receive this surplus over our tariff walls.

This last heading has presented serious difficulties to many inquirers. I think they underestimate the value of importations which do not compete with our productions. Thus, coffee, jute, tin, rubber, sugar, silks, and other such commodities make a great aggregate in our national purchases. If, through payments by foreign governments, our Government should, in effect, have a call upon these goods, then this call would be sold to our own citizens, and the dollar-proceeds would be available for paying our national internal debt and diminishing taxation correspondingly.

It will be said that our exporters would thus be prevented from exchanging their products for those importations. Some diminution might, indeed, be felt in this particular. And if man's appetites were strictly limited, if only a fixed amount of every article in commerce could be consumed by the race, then a static world would be unable to meet any change of conditions without severe shock. But, in fact, there is but one fixed element entering the equation — that is the cubic contents of the human stomach. This means that, if all of a given population have enough of meat and bread from a given source, no more can be consumed. Even in this matter of food, however, there is elasticity. Many poor people do not have all they *can* consume and *want* to consume of certain kinds of foods. And, in respect to clothing, housing, lighting, travel, amusements, and the like, there is, practically, no limit to man's desires. Let not the wealthy, who are now chiefly heard in lamentation over the ruin that will befall us if we receive equivalents for the things we loaned, forget the fact that millions of their fellow tax-payers will be glad to have

their share of the returns in increased consumption of both domestic and foreign goods. And let us remember that the hey-day of prosperity is not always with us. We have seen hard times. We may see them again.

Nor need we, as a nation, take into our borders immediately all that may be paid to us from abroad. Foreign investments may be increased ad libitum. Thus, the actual return to America may be spread over a longer period than that of formal payment. If the world's productive capacity continues to increase during the next fifty or sixty years as it has done in each such period since the day of Watt, our debtors can pay, and we can receive, all values in question. These represent only a fraction — roughly, ten per cent — of our total production during a period of *two years*.

This point is rarely understood in its full importance. We lived fairly well; we spent riotously on our own war-making; we increased our plant and we furnished vast supplies to our associates — all out of current production. Soldiers of all the Allied armies ate bread and fired projectiles which had been taken out of the ground only a few months before they were thus expended. Bearing this in mind, we need not hasten to assume ultimate insolvency on the part of governments representing a far greater population than ours, when confronted with the task of returning, in a very long period, that which we furnished in one twentieth or one thirtieth of the time that may be allowed to them. Their national 'plant' (productive capital) is now, or soon will be, as great as in 1914. Nay, it will be greater. Certainly, they can return it if a reparations sum, even much reduced below the figure now fixed, be paid by Germany alone, in an equal or shorter period.

Let us equally avoid the rôle of Shylock and that of fairy godmother in dealing with our debtors. Thus may we preserve our self-esteem, and they the *credit of their governments*. A very precious possession to all the world is the orderly execution of contracts, both public and private. Friendship has its firmest foundation in sincere efforts to fulfill obligations. To me, no suggestion of cancellation came from European borrowers until about the time of the Armistice. Some confusion of mind at that time was to be expected. Everybody was shell-shocked. Time will restore mental poise.

COMMUNISTS AND PLOUGHSHARES. II

THE SOVIET COMPROMISE

BY LOUIS LEVINE

I

THE agrarian developments in Russia in the last year and a half may be regarded as an effort to digest the experience of the preceding four years, and as a groping for a way out of the situation created by the complex forces of the Revolution. After April 7, 1921, when the Soviet Government, directed by the Communist party, issued the now famous decrees inaugurating the 'new economic policy,' abolishing requisitioning and the state monopoly in grain, and allowing the peasants to sell their grain in the market, the Communists began searching for a new policy in the village.

After much discussion in their party press, they took the problem up at their party conference in December, 1921. They likewise made it the central topic of discussion at the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, which was held during the same month. The discussion overleaped the boundaries of the Communist press, and attracted all those who are in one way or another active in agricultural work, regardless of political opinions.

A special Congress of representatives of the local land departments was held in January, 1922. An All-Russian Congress of surveyors and agricultural officials was held in February, 1922. Several hundred agricultural experts and agronomists — of whom less than fifty were Communists — met in congress at Moscow, in March, 1922. At all these congresses, the discussion assumed a wide range and was characterized by a remarkable freedom of expression. Finally, the ideas which prevailed as a result of all this talk and writing were embodied in the decrees passed at the special session of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, and are now the law of the land.

The following is a summary of the new principles and methods by which the Soviet Government, under the leadership of the Communist party, expects to reconstruct Russian agriculture: —

In the first place, from now on, each village is free to choose any form of land-holding it pleases. By a simple majority vote of its male and female members over eighteen years of age, a village may decide to remain as a mir, under which the land is subject to periodic redistributions, or to divide the land once for all among its members, or to arrange to cultivate the land as a coöperative enterprise, or to adopt a mixed arrangement for different sections of the land.

But as against this will of the majority, the new law allows more than one opportunity to those who prefer to farm individualistically. Whenever a general redistribution of land takes place, any number of peasant house-

holds, and even a single household, may leave the mir against the will of the majority, and demand that their allotments of land be situated all in one place, and be assigned to them for permanent use. During intervals between general redistributions, or wherever no redistributions are made, a number of households equal to twenty per cent of the total number of households in the village may at any time demand the right to leave the mir, and to have their lots assigned to them for individual use. In villages having over two hundred and fifty households, the demand for a division must be made by not less than fifty households. In all cases where such divisions are made, the land must be divided on some common basis — such as: so much per capita, or in accordance with the number of able-bodied adults in the family. Besides, the law requires that care be taken to make the divisions with the utmost consideration for those leaving the mir, so that they may not suffer from too great a scattering of landstrips, or from having their lots of land too far from their homes, or from a lack of water.

This phase of the new Soviet law is a definite abandonment of the old policy of communization. But the law goes even further, in the evident desire to let things that are well enough alone, as much as possible, and to accept the new situation created by the Revolution. Every village, or volost, according to the new law, is confirmed in the possession of whatever lands it now holds as a result of the general divisions which were effected in 1918, and which were then supposed to be provisional. Thus, the law accepts the new status quo, sanctioning the land frontiers that have emerged out of the haphazard land seizures and divisions of the agrarian upheaval. At the expense of 'justice' and equality, the law is determined to cut short the consequences of the general land expropriation, and to fix land frontiers in fact, as well as in the minds of the peasants.

To measure the full import of this change in policy, this halt in equalization, it must be remembered that the land divisions in 1917 and 1918 took place chiefly within villages and within volosts. Inevitably, villages and volosts, within the confines of which there were many private and landlords' estates, increased their holdings considerably. In others there was not much to divide. As it was quite common for one village to hold land within the confines of a neighboring village, or for one volost to own lands in another, it was inevitable that the difficulties created by the unequal divisions should be complicated.

From 1918 on, these conditions gave rise to many quarrels and land disputes between village and village or volost and volost. To solve these difficulties, the land departments of the government were instructed to begin, and to push as rapidly as possible, the work of surveying and delimiting the land. The work, however, proceeded very slowly, in view of the shortage of surveyors and expert land officials. By the end of 1921 only 11,818,497 dessiatins had been surveyed and delimited, out of over 139,000,000, in thirty-nine provinces. Only 977 volosts out of 6147, in thirty-six provinces, have had their land surveyed and allotted, and in only 661 volosts out of 5489, in thirty-one provinces, has the land also been surveyed and allotted among the villages composing the volosts.

To complete this work now would not only require funds which Russia cannot spare, but also require many years, during which land-relations would have to remain unsettled. This

is what the Soviet Government wants to avoid. It wants security and settlement above everything else. The law, therefore, sweepingly breaks with the policy of the last four years and puts an end to all this official business of 'land settlement.' Only in cases where there is excessive scattering of strips and of lands between volosts and villages does it instruct the land departments to go on with the work of surveying and redivision. But in regard to all the other land, systematic and compulsory land-surveying and rearrangement is to be ended. All the lands now in possession of any village or volost are to be recognized as the heritage of that volost and village. If the inhabitants have any claims or complaints, they are to petition the government for a special survey and rearrangement, to be made at their own expense. Otherwise the government will keep its hands off.

In a similar way, each individual peasant is to be assured security and continuity in the use and working of the particular lot of land which is in his possession. The new legislation does not abandon the principle of land nationalization. The land remains the property of the State. Consequently, no one can buy or sell or give away or mortgage it. The only private right in the land which is recognized is the right to use it and to work it for one's individual profit. But this right is guaranteed in the new law to the fullest possible extent. The cases in which any landholder can be deprived of his lot of land are strictly defined, and are few. Thus, the right to the use of the land is forfeited in case the members of the household voluntarily relinquish such a right; in case the household dies out; in case of migration, or of the abandonment of independent farming; also when the land is taken over under eminent domain, in which case compensation is offered in the form of another allotment. The law is guided by the idea that the peasant should be encouraged as much as possible in the use of his land. Thus, in those districts where the peasants are in the habit of leaving the village in order to ply special trades in the city, the law allows the peasant to retain the right to his land for two periods of crop rotation, which would ordinarily mean six years. And in case a peasant neglects his land, or violates the law of tenancy, he cannot for more than one year be deprived of the use of his land.

The renting of land is allowed under the new law, but it is restricted. Households economically weakened by natural calamity (bad harvest, fire, and the like), or by some social cause (death in the family, mobilization into the army, election to office, and the like), may sublease part or all their land for money, or on shares, for a period not exceeding three years, with the right of renewal for another three years. Only those households may rent land that can work it with their own means and with the help of their own family. No household that intends to quit agriculture may rent its land. The making of all renting contracts is under the jurisdiction of the local rural Soviets.

Hired labor on farms is also allowed, under certain restrictions. A peasant household may hire labor in case it is temporarily deprived of its own family working force by sickness, death, absence, or other cause. In districts where the peasant land-holdings are small, labor may be hired only for the season, for such special purposes as gathering in the harvest, mowing the hay, or threshing. In the districts where the land-holdings are large, labor may also be hired in order to plant the entire area and to carry out all the necessary agricultural work within the briefest possible time.

Under the conditions outlined above, the State is to aid the rebuilding of the peasant economy by a series of appropriate measures. First, as the difficulties of overpopulation still remain, the Government must undertake the amelioration of wild and bad lands, in order to create a surplus land-fund which may be used for the purposes of systematically organized colonization. Secondly, the Government promises to give more attention and apply more resources to the production of agricultural implements and of fertilizers, and to try to develop a network of seed-nurseries and breeding farms. Thirdly, agricultural experiment stations are to be developed, and agricultural schools and colleges encouraged to the fullest possible extent. Fourthly, a central land bank is to be organized, for the purpose of advancing long-time credit to the poorer peasants for the acquisition of farm animals and implements. Fifthly, in order to encourage the peasant in larger production, the tax that he has to pay is simplified. In addition to all these measures, the Government is also to encourage the organization of cooperatives in the villages.

The supervision of all these policies is assigned to the Commissariat of Agriculture. In order to strengthen the administration of this commissariat, the last Congress of Soviets directed that the officials of the local land departments should not be moved about too much — as is the custom now in most governmental offices in Russia. Besides, special land committees are organized in all provincial and county seats, upon which it devolves to carry on a vigorous campaign in behalf of the new programme of agricultural reconstruction. A Federal Land Committee, composed of representatives of several commissariats and of all autonomous republics entering Soviet Russia, is empowered to coordinate the carrying out of the new policies, in coöperation with the Department of Agriculture.

The striking feature of the new agrarian policy is the compromise between state interference and laissez-faire. The Soviet Government practically agrees to leave the peasant alone whenever he desires to have his own way, and offers to help in all such cases, in which farmers and peasants have never been known to refuse assistance.

II

The new agrarian measures have created a mixed impression of amusement and consternation. The non-Communists, who form the vast bulk of the experts and officials in the various Soviet departments, ironically congratulate the Communists on having rediscovered Stolypin. The Revolution, they say, is at last letting-go the anchor. It almost suffered wreck on the waves of Communism, socialization, and other storm-producing isms. It is now seeking safety in the harbor of the pre-Revolutionary programme of the 'reactionary' Tsarist minister, Stolypin. On the other hand, the faithful Communists, Anarchists, and Socialists are disconcerted at the individualistic turn of the new programme, and are afraid that the work of the Revolution is being undone.

The Communist party, and its representatives in the Government, are trying to steer safely between the apprehensive taunts of the faithful and the ironical criticisms of the skeptics. The simplest argument — which naturally presents itself and which one group of Communist writers has adopted — is that of regarding the new agrarian policy as a temporary concession to the 'petty bourgeois' prejudices of the peasant and one which it

will be easy to retract at an early moment. This view finds favor with the rank and file of the Communist party — fanatical revolutionists, who are smarting under the abandonment of what they regard as inviolable principles. This view also has a propagandist appeal in the villages where the poorer peasants, who until now regarded themselves as the allies and special protégés of the government, are totally confounded by the new situation.

'Has the Soviet Government deserted the poor and allied itself with the rich and strong?' This question, says Nikulichin, a Communist writer, is agitating the villages now. And in order to calm these suspicious ones, this writer assures them that the Soviet Government is still 'their own government.' The new policy, he tells the peasants, is a forced, but temporary retreat. 'We must sit quietly for a few years in our own land, tolerate hateful speculation, trade, and the money-making of greedy people. But, at the same time, we must persistently create big industries and collective farms, in order that we may afterward turn the wheel decidedly in the direction of Socialism, and abolish private economy altogether.' In the meantime, he advises the poor peasants to organize themselves into agricultural artels and communes, and to fight hard against the encroachments of the richer peasants and the *kulaks*.

But such is not the view of responsible Communists and leaders of the Soviet Government. Not that they are unaware of the effects of the new policy. On the contrary, the Soviet papers are full of articles about its 'direful consequences' to the poorer elements in the villages. In the *Izvestia* of May 1., 1922, for instance, are several letters from peasants, complaining about the situation. One peasant, from the province of Moscow, writes: 'Village life has become darkened. Many kulaks and speculators and traders have made their appearance, and undermine the life of the poor and honest people. The life of the peasants — especially of those who have many children — is becoming unbearable. . . . Many of them sell whatever they still have, and buy at very high prices the necessaries of life, and thus become totally impoverished. They and their children go out begging, suffer hunger and cold, and die prematurely.'

Correspondents from different provinces write about the kulak who feels strong again, because he is on friendly terms with the new authorities; and complain that the new village Soviets, and especially the officials of the land departments, are becoming 'imbued with the kulak spirit.'

Even allowing for the exaggeration that is inevitable in such letters, and for the bias in their selection, the fact of the differentiation in the village is undeniable, and is confirmed by all observers. But this fact, which, from the point of view of the class-struggle, should be welcomed by the Communists, is now frowned upon by them. At the All-Russian Conference of Land Departments, Ossinski, the then Commissar of Agriculture, after admitting the facts said: 'We must try not to split the village. Our aim must be to maintain the economy of the peasants. Our policy must be oriented toward the middle peasant. In connection with the new economic policy, many are saying we should apply all our energies to organize the village proletariat against the village bourgeoisie. This is not the time for it. In the coming years at least, the work of the Commissariat of Agriculture will have as its aim, not politics, but the reconstruction of agriculture.'

Inspired by such purposes, the more responsible Communists have felt the

necessity of reconsidering the whole problem, and have put forward a theory which is an attempt to reconcile ideals with present practice. This theory has been forcibly expressed by Mesiatsev, a leading Soviet expert, in a series of articles, reports, and interviews, which can be summarized as follows: —

Our ideal still is, and will remain, the same, namely a coöperative and Socialist agriculture, which also means large-scale agriculture. But the attainment of this ideal cannot be hurried by force; it involves a long process of education and development; meanwhile, our new agrarian policy is necessary, in order to put Russian agriculture on a productive and profitable basis. But our new policy is in no way a violation of our ideal.

All we are really giving up is universal land-equalization, which is both impracticable and economically unjustifiable. We do not want the 'equalizing socialization' of the populists, but nationalization in the spirit of Lenin. But for this purpose all forms of land-holding are equally good. For Socialism depends, not on forms of land-holding, but on the development of technique and on electrification. Even homesteads may be but a step toward collectivism; for homesteading peasants take to coöperation. And as, generally, only the richer peasants prefer to settle in homesteads, there will remain in the village-commune only the poorer elements, which, under the influence of the government, may prove susceptible to collective ideas.

What we must hold to is the principle of nationalization. As long as that remains, there will be little opportunity for the excessive development of capitalistic relations in the village. Under a system of nationalization, there can be no accumulation of large tracts of land in a few hands; for there can be no purchase or sale of land, no mortgaging, and no abusive system of tenancy. The small and middle peasant will remain the predominant element in the country, and will develop his economy by the means of his labor and of state aid. The government will continue to encourage coöperation, and in time the peasant population will be won over to the coöperative idea. The present agrarian policy is but another road to the same goal.

While the Communists feel that they have made a great détour from their original path, there persists in Russia a group of writers and public servants, to whom even the new agrarian measures have too many traces of Communism in them. At the Agronomists' Congress, this extreme individualistic view found free expression. Its chief exponent was Professor Brutskus, a well-known writer on agricultural economics. He welcomed the change in policy on the part of the Communists, but he accused the Soviet Government of not going far enough. In his opinion, the agrarian revolution in Russia was not caused by the fact that the nobility had held twenty per cent of the land. The real cause was that the nobility had interfered with the productive development of peasant economy by artificially maintaining the 'village-commune,' which had long since become a hindrance to progress, because it concealed the correlation of land area to population, and prevented the peasants from seeing that the betterment of their condition was dependent on the control of the birth rate, on proper regulation of overpopulation by migration, and on the use of more intensive methods in agricultural work.

Professor Brutskus teased the Communists for not realizing that Stolypin had been a 'revolutionist,' and for not having the courage to accept his programme fully and break up the 'village-commune.' The Soviet Government, he claimed, by a policy of neutrality, will only encourage the antiquated mir. He also advocated allowing the mortgaging of land, as well as the bequeathing of land to one member of the family in order to prevent extreme parceling. He claimed that such arrangements could be harmonized with the principle of nationalization, through

a system of leases for nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years, such as exist in New Zealand. This view was supported by others, who urged the Soviet Government to develop an 'American type of life,' by improving the waste lands and organizing a system of homesteading on the American plan. That, however, the Communists still refuse to follow, and they continue to occupy their intermediate position.

There is a difference between Stolypin and the Communists [said Mesiatsev]: Stolypin was determined to break up the 'village-commune,' and to create a class of peasant proprietors. The Soviet Government will be neutral. It will leave the peasants free to make their own choice. It will try neither to maintain the mir nor to destroy it.

Our attitude toward the mir, or homesteads, or segregated land-holding, will depend on what is more productive. For instance, we will try to prevent the excessive parceling of land, because it is unproductive. We shall not allow redistribution of land if it hurts production. On the other hand, we shall do everything in our power to free the initiative of the careful and diligent peasants. Wherever the 'diligent minority' wishes to go its own way, in order to raise production, it will have our unquestioning support.

We Communists realize that Russia is large and that different tendencies will manifest themselves in different sections of the country. We do not expect that there will be a universal movement to break up into homesteads. More likely, the movement will follow the old lines. In the west and northwest, homesteads and individual farms will become more general. In the central districts there will prevail the tendency to divide the land into continuous allotments, and to form coöperative land associations. In the southeast, the large villages will break up into smaller ones, retaining the communal forms of land-holding. We shall watch all these movements, and apply our policies accordingly.

Such is the present position of the Communists. My observations in Russia lead me to believe that they are sincerely endeavoring to hold to their new line. Nevertheless, if necessary, they will make further concessions.

III

Few people in Russia, outside of small partisan groups, are banking on a violent political change, or on the 'fall of the Bolsheviki.' The masses of the people have become politically indifferent, and ask only one question: 'Where will bread and aid come from?' The educated classes and the city population, which are not communistic or friendly to the Communists, have adjusted themselves to the new conditions. They place their hopes in the evelution of the government, and in the gradual transformation of the present dictatorship into some sort of democracy.

But, even assuming that a violent change is both possible and likely, it would not seriously affect the economic condition of the village. The misfortunes of Kolchak and the misadventures of Denikin and Wrangel have shown that no government which is suspected of sympathies for the old landlord and *tchinovnik* (bureaucrat) can win the peasant to its side; and without the active support or passive consent of the peasant, no government can last long in Russia at the present time. The Bolsheviki grasped that fact fully when the Kronstadt uprising came upon them, in the winter of 1921, and made haste to gratify the demands of the peasants by the 'new policy,' and by the agrarian measures already described. The Communists have repeatedly said since the Kronstadt uprising that they could not have maintained themselves in power, had they not made these concessions and embarked at once upon their new path.

This fact has a double significance. It means that, should the Bolsheviki be overthrown by an unexpected turn of events, any government which replaced them would have to follow in their footsteps in the village. It is also a guaranty that the Bolsheviki will have to carry out their new policies in good faith and in earnest. Thus, under any conditions, reconstruction must proceed on the lines laid down. This is why the new agrarian legislation may be justly regarded, not as a party measure, but as something approaching a national policy. The very criticisms directed against it prove the point. Laws which are passed by Communists, and which have so much in common with the pre-Revolutionary reforms of Stolypin, are evidently not far removed from the trend of economic life. The spirit of compromise that inspires the new legislation is another proof of the same point. For extreme individualism in the Russian village, with its traditions of the mir and its recent equalizing experience, would be just as doctrinaire to-day as extreme Communism was the day before. The new legislation prepares the ground for political relaxation, and room for the working of economic forces. Progress for the time being means moving further in the same direction.

The Russians themselves, and the outside world, will measure this progress by the same yardstick, namely, how quickly the agricultural resources are made to yield their utmost.

But even attainment of pre-war production presents enormous difficulties. The very first step — the reconquest of the area of cultivated land — is beset with complexities, which were clearly stated in the official report presented to the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets by Krizhanovski, a leading engineer, and chairman of the General State-Planning Commission. According to Krizhanovski, who is otherwise optimistic, there is even danger of further regression, because 'as a result of the three-field system, in which the same grains are monotonously cultivated, and of the extremely superficial ploughing, the upper layer of soil is losing its clotty structure and turning into dust.'

The distribution of rainfall has been seriously affected by the wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of forests, which has taken place in the last few years because wood was practically the only fuel for railroads, factories, and domestic use. As a result of these and other conditions, says Krizhanovski, Russia 'is in danger of going through a prolonged period of drought,' and of losing entirely large parts of the black-earth districts of the Volga and the southeast. On the other hand, to bring under cultivation the waste and marshy lands, in order to make up for this loss, would require extensive ameliorations, — drainage in the north, irrigation in the south, reforestation, and so on, — all of which involve outlays far beyond the country's means.

The importation of machinery and implements, cut off in 1917, has not been restored to any considerable extent, and the prospects of filling the gap from Russia's own production are not brilliant. In 1913, within the confines of the present territory of Russia, 8,500,000 pieces of machinery and implements were produced; in 1920, only 2,000,000. In 1921, the production of ploughs was only thirteen per cent of that of 1913 — 100,000 pieces against 700,000; the production of sowers, less than one per cent; that of threshers, less than two per cent. Only scythes and sickles are still produced in appreciable quantities, because their production is largely in the hands of petty artisans and *kustars*, who manage

to keep going with imperfect tools, though the quantity is now maintained at the expense of quality.

The rebuilding of this industry, regardless of the best intentions, cannot be rapid. The trouble is aggravated by the fact that the Ukraine, which used to be the principal field for the production of agricultural implements, shows less capacity for recovery. According to the plan for rebuilding the industry, which the Bureau of Agricultural Machinery (*Glavselmash*) of the Supreme Council of National Economy has mapped out, it will take ten years to bring the industry up to eighty per cent of the pre-war output.

Neither has the government the resources, or the experts, to push the promised aid to the peasants by teaching them more intensive methods, or scientific systems of crop-rotation. The Soviet Government has fallen heir, in this as in other respects, to a sad condition, for the Tsarist Government never paid much attention to agricultural education. The agronomist experts are without shoes, without proper clothes, and 'look like plain peasants.' According to the delegate from Ekaterinburg, the agronomists in his district have to walk seventy and eighty versts in sandals, to attend meetings.

The greatest difficulties, however, are those of finance. It has been estimated that the minimum needs for the restoration of Russian agriculture are from two to three billion gold roubles. Considering also the needs for the rebuilding of elevators, railroads, and other enterprises connected with agriculture — the total would come to about ten billion gold roubles. These are sums which Russia cannot hope to muster from her own resources, for many years to come.

All these difficulties are complicated by the interdependence that exists between agriculture and other branches of the national economy. The peasant in Turkestan, for instance, who during the last few years has been planting wheat instead of cotton, will not be induced to resume the cultivation of cotton, so long as the cotton factories make no demand for the raw material; and transportation is so broken down as to make reliance on outside sources of food risky. It is claimed that the peasants in the northern districts, who are now planting potatoes and rye where they formerly sowed flax and hemp, are unwilling to change back to their special crops, because the Government, which retains a monopoly of foreign trade, is fixing too low a price on those products.

The very process of reforming and transforming, in which all industrial life in Russia is involved to-day, affects the agricultural situation unfavorably. For instance, there is now a considerable supply of agricultural implements in the warehouses of the appropriate bureaus (*Glavselmash*, *Gosselsklad*), but they are lying idle because, under the new economic policy, every bureau is supposed to do business on commercial principles, in order to show a favorable balance sheet. The bureaus possessing the implements claim that they have not the funds to advance credits to the peasants, who need the implements but who have no money. At the meetings held by the various bureaus, it was decided to request state credits to the amount of four million gold roubles. After negotiations dragged along for over a month the sum was successfully cut to a few hundred thousand gold roubles, and at the time of this writing the money had not yet been advanced.

The fiscal policy also continues to retard the efforts of the peasants. The Soviet statisticians may be right in their computations showing that the peasant to-day pays less to the Soviet

Government than he paid to the Tsar in the old days. But the natural form of the tax — so many poods of grain, so many eggs, et cetera — is irksome to the peasant, who never was a good and prompt taxpayer. The Soviet Government is aware of this, but it cannot help itself so long as the rouble remains little more than a scrap of paper, and the whole mechanism of exchange between city and village is disarranged.

In view of all this, the reconstruction of Russian agriculture cannot but be slow and painful. For the time being, efforts are still directed toward stopping further disintegration. From the information presented at the agricultural conference of the central provinces, held in June, it seems clear that for 1922-23 there will be a further decrease in planted area, as compared with last year, estimated at sixteen per cent, exclusive of the Ukraine. From the Volga and other districts come reports that it will be impossible to gather in the harvest, because of the lack of men and machinery and farm animals. Seeds for the winter sowing will not be sufficient; and though the harvest this year may be fair, the upward march may not begin for some time.

The deus ex machina on whom much reliance has been placed is 'foreign capital.' Though agricultural concessions are rather unusual, they would be comparatively simple in Russia, under present conditions. Both the government and the peasants would welcome arrangements by which large tracts of land might be cultivated by machinery, under proper supervision, either on sharing terms, or on ordinary commercial terms. Such arrangements are not affected by the land-relations, though the new conditions in the village would make them easier. Offers to take land on such terms have been made to Germans. Arrangements with the peasants in the northern provinces to plant flax — by advancing capital and wages — could also be made. Of course, all such arrangements involve the consent of the Soviet Government as to exploitation of resources and exports; but I believe that could be treated independently of the general question of 'foreign investments.'

No one who has observed the Russian people can doubt the great future which is still before them. Their very stolidity in the face of famine, and the fatalism with which they philosophize about the millions who must die of hunger and the new millions who will take their place, are a striking expression of their elemental vitality and epic faith in the future. And if the alluring figure of the foreign investor recedes more and more beyond the political horizon, the Russians turn their eyes with the greater expectation to their own dispenser of hope and plenty — the good, old, erratic but ever-returning, 'Lord Harvest.'

AFTER WASHINGTON

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC PROBLEM

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

THE rapidly increasing volume of attention that has lately been directed by journalists and review writers to the Pacific problem (or, as it is alternately called, the Far Eastern question) indicates that public opinion is gradually coming to realize the importance and imminence of the struggle between the great commercial powers for the actual and potential trade of China and its great hinterlands. The Washington Conference may be regarded as an official, world-wide recognition of the fact that, as the result of the European war, the nations which are now most directly and immediately involved in this struggle are the United States and Japan. It also implied recognition of the truth that certain antagonistic elements whose growth and direction have been manifest to close watchers of the political skies since the beginning of the century, have now come to confront each other so closely, that it was necessary for the leaders of a nation which preserves its ardent faith in pacts and conferences, to discuss ways and means of preventing the economic struggle from developing into ordeal by battle.

Before proceeding to discuss to what extent, and in what way, the results of the Conference may be said to have served to diminish the points of friction and to postpone, or modify, the inevitable struggle, I would ask the reader briefly to consider an important aspect of the problem, which Mr. Harding and his colleagues, following the example of all peace conferences, tacitly ignored.

As the result of a painful process of education in elementary economics, the modern world is being slowly, but surely, led to perceive that its collective intelligence has no chance of triumphing over its collective folly, to the extent of making war as 'unthinkable' as many earnest people proclaim it to be, so long as civilization continues to be subjected to severe and increasing economic pressure. It remains eternally true that 'a hungry belly has no ears.' Governments and statesmen may agree to limit armaments and to subscribe to rules of international arbitration, but they can never stay the hunger-marches of virile nations, whose numbers have outstripped their food-supply, and who look for new places in the sun. Furthermore, the truth is forcing itself upon the minds of statesmen and political economists, that the intensity of economic pressure — the fundamental cause of war — can never be checked, unless and until our collective intelligence, discarding false sentiment and religious prejudice, is prepared to admit that the root-cause of this pressure lies in the modern world's unregu-

lated and excessive population. In other words, as Mill truly says, 'the triumphs of science over the powers of nature can never become the means of improving and elevating the universal lot, until, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall come under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight.'

The Washington Conference testified once more to the world's belief in just institutions; but again, as at Versailles, a gathering of representative statesmen, endeavoring to devise means for the prevention of war, completely failed to face the fundamental realities, or even tentatively to discuss the only means by which the collective intelligence of humanity can ever hope to remove the root-cause of ever-recurring strife. Many noble sentiments were recorded about 'the torches of understanding having been lighted,' and about 'a public mind and world-opinion made ready to grant justice precisely as it exacts it'; much confidence was expressed in the foundations of world-disarmament, so well and truly laid by Mr. Secretary Hughes; and there was a good deal of talk about the hopeful dawn of new eras; but of the 'deliberate guidance of judicious foresight,' alas! there was neither word nor sign.

A very significant indication of the illuminating value of the new 'torches of understanding,' as well as of the persistence of the powers of darkness in high places, was manifested, even while the Conference was beginning its labors, when a public meeting, convened at New York by Mrs. Sanger, Mr. Harold Cox, and other leaders of the birth-control movement, to discuss the question of overpopulation as a chronic cause of war, was forcibly broken up by the police, at the instigation of a Roman Catholic prelate. And the representatives of a regenerate world, discussing at Washington the limitation of armaments, apparently saw nothing remarkable in the spectacle of the arm of the law at New York illegally preventing any discussion of the limitation of cannon-fodder!

The unwillingness, or inability, of responsible statesmen to admit, or even to discuss, the obvious facts and inevitable consequences of the law of population, is the more remarkable in this present case of the Washington Conference, insomuch as, on both shores of the Pacific, the evidences of economic pressure, due to rapidly increasing numbers, are matters of common knowledge, undeniable, and generally recognized. Every student of the Pacific problem can readily trace for himself the steady growth of the cloud of impending conflict, which loomed up forty years ago, no bigger than a man's hand, when first the rulers of Japan entered actively upon their policy of expansion on the Asiatic mainland, by challenging China's claims to the overlordship of Korea. Later on, the people of the United States looked on complacently, even sympathetically, while the Island Empire of the East made good its foothold in Manchuria and Korea, at the cost of a stern struggle with Russia.

But for some time before that war, and before the question of Asiatic immigration into the White Man's countries had produced a rankling sense of injustice in Japan and a feeling of irritation in America, it had become evident to many observers that the increase of population and of industrialism in the United States must eventually create a situation in which America's interests, and her rulers' conception of national security, would bring her into conflict with Japan's policy of economic penetration on the Asiatic mainland. Long before Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that the des-

tinies of America lay upon the Pacific (1903), or before her own inevitable expansion westward and need of Far Eastern markets were foreshadowed by the annexation of Hawaii and the building of the Panama Canal, the orientation of American foreign policy, conscious or unconscious, had steadily been toward the safeguarding of her interests in the Far East. In convening the Washington Conference, Mr. Hughes merely carried to its logical conclusion the policy of a long line of predecessors, and proclaimed to the world the fact that the United States, having become a great military power, intends henceforth to protect Oriental claims that were pegged out by far-seeing prospectors long ago.

It is, indeed, extremely interesting to cast back, and to observe how, since the days of President Monroe, successive administrations, while declaring that the interests of America necessitated complete detachment from the affairs of Europe, have never ceased to display an active interest in the affairs of Asia. Almost at the same time as the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, America sent Edmund Roberts, her first envoy to the East, to make treaties of peace and good-will with Annam and Siam. After him came Caleb Cushing, who negotiated the first American treaty with China (1844); and thereafter, the opening of Japan to the western world by Commodore Perry. Under President McKinley, America became possessed of the Philippines; Mr. Roosevelt's administration testified to its interest in the affairs of Asia by intervening as peacemaker in the Russo-Japanese war. There then followed a period of diplomatic manœuvres, during which American statesmen, confronted first by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and later by the Russo-Japanese Entente, contented themselves with reiterating diplomatic insistence upon Mr. Secretary Hay's principles of the 'Open Door' and equal opportunity, without any immediate intention of demanding their practical application.

With the great European war came, on the one hand, Japan's opportunity to advance her outposts, and to consolidate her position on the Asiatic mainland, and, on the other, the rapid demonstration of America's latent military resources. The broad shadow of to-day's events was then plainly cast. In October, 1916, at a moment when both Russia and Japan were visibly encroaching upon China's territory and sovereign rights, the State Department at Washington announced its intention of postponing the several questions thus created until the end of the war, 'no matter what conditions might arise in China,' restricting itself, for the time being, to the collection of information and records.

On the conclusion of the war, following once again the line of national interests, American statesmanship detached itself from the League of Nations and European 'entanglements,' and having done so, proceeded to convene a meeting of the Powers, to discuss the limitation of armaments and the arbitrament of differences in the Far East, that is to say, in that region where America's special interests and overseas possessions lie.

Seen in this light, the Washington Conference becomes the natural and inevitable conclusion of a national policy which, despite occasional lapses, may be traced back through successive administrations to George Washington's conception and justification of purely national interests. In America, as elsewhere, the first object of every statesman must always be national security; and the men of clear vision who direct the affairs of the United States to-day are well aware that, for

the great industrial nations, national security has come to depend more and more critically upon control of raw materials and of markets. They know that, within the lifetime of the present generation, America must be confronted, though in a lesser degree, with the same grim problem as that which confronts England and Japan (not to mention Western Europe), namely, the problem of finding and keeping ways and means of selling enough of its industrial products, under increasingly severe competition, to provide daily bread for vast masses of town-dwelling workers, who consume, but do not produce, food. And they look to find that market in China.

II

Since Mr. Secretary Hay first proclaimed the devotion of the United States to the principle of the Open Door in China, many events have occurred and many changes taken place in the balance of power, to emphasize and accelerate the development of America's interests in the Far East, and therefore to increase the probability of conflict between her and Japan, whose 'special interests' are already firmly established in that region.

As the result of China's rapid descent down the path of financial and political demoralization, and of her repeatedly demonstrated incapacity to organize any effective military forces, the defenselessness of the world's greatest undeveloped market has been made manifest, at the same time that her potential value has been enormously increased by reason of the collapse of international commerce in Europe. Appreciation of the value of the pearl which awaits the Power that shall successfully open the Chinese oyster is no new thing. If China succeeded in escaping political tutelage and economic exploitation at the close of the nineteenth century, it was only because of the neutralizing effect of international jealousies. When Russia, in alliance with France moving up from Tonquin, came down upon the Middle Kingdom through Siberia and Manchuria, it was not the moral force of the principle of the Open Door, but only the restraining virtue of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which, for the time, made the 'integrity of China' something more than a diplomatic catchword.

Again, after the untoward announcement of Mr. Secretary Knox's scheme for the neutralization of Manchurian railways, when Russia and Japan joined forces, in 1910, and declared their intention to support each other's claims to vague but far-reaching 'special interests' in China's loosely held dependencies, the Open Door became practically closed in that region, American protests notwithstanding. When, in 1912, the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty destroyed the last remnants of central authority at Peking, China became the happy hunting-ground of political adventurers, and a swift process of 'economic gravitation' set in, which threatened to destroy her sovereignty at many points. But once again the kind Fates intervened: by the elimination of Russia as a great Power, the European war relieved China at least from any immediate danger of the fulfillment of Mouravieff's dream, and the risks she ran became obviously less with the disappearance of the Russo-Japanese Entente.

The 'Twenty-one Demands' imposed upon the helpless Chinese Government by Japan in May, 1915, showed, however, that the Elder Statesmen at Tokyo intended, should the course of events and the results of the European war favor such action, to take those steps, long planned, which would establish Japan's na-

tional security upon a firmly held position of economic and strategic advantage on the Asiatic mainland. The Twenty-one Demands were, in effect, something in the nature of a gamble on the outcome of the European war. Had it ended in a stalemate, or in victory for Germany, Japan's position would undoubtedly have been rapidly extended and strengthened in China.

Moreover, the nature and extent of these demands amounted to acceptance in advance of the termination, in any case, of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; for the claims thus advanced were clearly incompatible with the principles of the Open Door and equal opportunity. It was a gamble justified, from the Japanese point of view, not only by the uncertainties and opportunities of the general situation, but because the failure of Japanese attempts to colonize in Formosa, Korea, and Manchuria had led the Japanese Government, naturally enough, to regard the establishment and protection of 'special interests' in China (that is to say, of a position of political and economic advantage) as essentially necessary. Thus the end of the war, and the coming together of the new map-makers at Versailles, found the Far Eastern problem to lie, as before, in the reconciliation of conflicting interests, in the race for priority of opportunity in developing and exploiting the trade and resources of China. Only the chief protagonists had changed.

In spite of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and of the benevolent activities of Women's Leagues for Peace and Freedom, and of other philanthropists, the truth was clearly manifested at Versailles, and subsequently demonstrated with equal clearness at Washington, that the conditions which Japan considers necessary for her national security and economic existence, are bound to conflict, with ever-increasing intensity, with America's conception of her own national interests. Disguise the truth as we may with diplomatic phrases, the policy and pronouncements set forth by Mr. Hughes at Washington are intended to confine Japanese expansion within definite limits, and, at the same time, so to establish the principle of equal opportunity, as virtually to place China (and, for that matter, Eastern Russia) under a Four-Power protectorate, in the working of which America might confidently look for the support of England and France, to oppose Japan's claims to a preferential position.

It was equally made manifest at Washington, for those who had eyes to see, that beneath Japan's attitude of courteous acquiescence lies an unshaken determination to maintain at all costs the position of economic and strategic advantage in Manchuria and Mongolia, which the nation has won for itself at the cost of two great wars, and which its rulers consider vital to its future security. Therefore the Far Eastern problem of to-day, reduced to its simplest expression, lies in this question: how far, and by what means, can the respective interests of America and Japan, and their conflicting conceptions of national security, be reconciled, with a view to the preservation of peace? It is a question which immediately concerns the whole world, and particularly England, to whose manufacturers and merchants the peaceful and early development of China's potential trade has now become a matter of vital importance.

III

Bearing in mind the grim realities that lurk beneath all the polite conventions of diplomacy and the euphemisms of statecraft, and discarding the fashionable lip-service of sentimental ideal-

ism, let us first consider the raison d'être and immediate results of the Washington Conference, and then endeavor to forecast its ultimate effect upon the Pacific problem, as above defined.

It is unnecessary, for our purpose, to inquire to what extent President Harding and Mr. Secretary Hughes may have been moved by the exigencies of domestic politics in inviting the Powers to meet at Washington, and in endeavoring to secure such a readjustment of the Far Eastern question as would fulfill the requirements of American interests. There may be — indeed, there probably is — justification for the opinion expressed in the American press, that President Harding's hand was forced, in the matter of the Conference, by Senator Borah, representing a very strong element of public opinion, determined to expiate Mr. Wilson's failure at Versailles, and to vindicate American idealism in world politics; but even so, everything in the attitude and utterances of the Administration justifies the conclusion that the inception of the Conference was inspired by a national, rather than by a party, conception of foreign policy. Indeed, in proposing to bring the United States into something very closely resembling an alliance with other Powers, for political ends, Mr. Harding undoubtedly took risks which no former President had ever successfully taken. It is only fair to assume that he took those risks in the confident belief that the strength of public opinion behind the disarmament idea, and in favor of anything that might serve to promote the cause of world peace, would eventually secure the ratification of his treaties, even by the 'malcontent third' in the Senate. As events proved, and as the Conference proceeded, the activities of the 'no-more-war' idealists became an unexpected source of embarrassment, at times, to the Administration; and Mr. Hughes's difficult task was in no way lightened by the necessity in which he found himself of reconciling to his ultimately practical aims a body of public opinion which, while earnestly demanding complete disarmament and a World League of Peace, at the same time evidently expected the Government to protect, not only China, but the remnants of Russian authority in Siberia, from Japanese aggression.

As a matter of vitally necessary policy, based on national tradition and on a justifiable anticipation of national interests, the Administration's first object was to reaffirm and reëstablish the principle of the Open Door and equal opportunity in China; and, with that end in view, to secure the substitution of a new alignment of the Powers for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Its immediate purpose, which lost nothing of its predominant significance by being omitted from the agenda, was, therefore, to secure at least the tacit approval of Great Britain and the Dominions for a policy which would aim at putting a check on Japanese expansion and challenging her preferential position. The procedure of the Conference followed, of course, the conventions of international courtesy: there were the usual references to a new world, regenerate by the 'spirit of generous coöperation,' and the delegates were invited to approach the solution of their problems 'with the full consciousness that they were working in the service of mankind'; but, as Senator Lodge justly observed at the conclusion of the proceedings, its success was chiefly due to the fact that its scope was strictly limited to matters of immediate concern to the United States.

On the subject of naval disarmament, which figured first on the agenda, Mr. Lodge was 'more impressed by the

limitation of the tonnage of ships and calibre of guns, than by the reduction of the number of capital ships.' It is safe to say that the other naval powers, and particularly Japan, were similarly impressed by the nature and terms of the agreement, proposed with such dramatic unexpectedness by the nation which, not so very long before, through the mouth of its servant Daniels, had announced its intention to build the greatest navy in the world. The Administration claimed and received no small measure of warm-hearted approbation for this *beau geste*, and for setting so forthright an example of pacific intentions; throughout the civilized world, the press resounded with eulogies of the statesmanship which had had the courage to take so bold a step on the road to universal brotherhood, and had shown a practical way to reduce the burden of armaments.

But the naval experts, who also stood and waited, and certain other cold-blooded realists, whose minds are trained to regard all such questions in the light of national security, were not slow to perceive the connection between a limitation of the tonnage of capital ships and the accommodation limits offered by the Panama Canal. Similarly, they saw that the practical impossibility of coaling and victualing an unlimited number of battleships and cruisers, based in the Philippine Islands, made it a matter of the most vital strategic importance for the United States to secure a proportional reduction of the number of each nation's capital ships, even though, in so doing, Great Britain should be left with a slight numerical superiority over America. As Lieutenant-Colonel Reboul observes, 'The ideal of President Harding is sincere, and the programme of Mr. Hughes is certainly capable of contributing, if it were possible, to the peace of the world; suffice it to point out that their objects are not incompatible with the immediate and imperative strategic interests of the United States.'

The Japanese, while fully alive to the strategical significance of the American proposals, were sincerely, and quite naturally, well-disposed toward any scheme which afforded a prospect of reducing expenditure on armaments, so long as no vital national interests were endangered. They therefore agreed to the disarmament scheme; but their acceptance was made conditional upon America's undertaking to maintain the status quo of fortifications and naval bases in her Western Pacific possessions, that is to say, in Guam and the Philippines — a condition which, in the event of war, leaves these possessions practically defenseless against a Japanese coup de main, and therefore deprives the United States of her only base for carrying out an offensive against Japan in the Pacific.

Thus regarded, the results of the Washington Conference undoubtedly make for peace, in the sense that, so long as the treaty remains in force (which should be till December, 1936), they make it practically impossible for either antagonist to do the other any vital injury. So far, so good; but no useful purpose is served by evading the truth that, while both parties at the Conference showed an earnest desire to find and pursue the path of peace, both were nevertheless obviously manœuvring for position, with an eye to the eventual possibilities of conflict. And the ultimate cause of strife — namely, rivalry for the Far Eastern markets — remained not only untouched, but with every prospect of steady aggravation, as the result of the treaties, and especially of their contingent resolutions, proposed by

Mr. Secretary Hughes and adopted by the Conference.

In the political sphere, the chief result of the Conference has been to put an end to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and prospectively, to strengthen the hands of the American Government by the expectation of British support for the principle of the Open Door. The position in which the Japanese representatives found themselves placed with regard to the Twenty-one Demands was plainly that of a defendant; and the official statement made by Baron Shidehara on the subject, placed on record with the Treaties, may fairly be regarded as tantamount to a confession that the gamble of 1915 had been unfortunate.

On the subject of Eastern Siberia and Saghalien, also, Mr. Hughes's exposition of American policy, his solemnly recorded declaration of the hope that Japan's pledges of evacuation would be carried out 'in the near future,' together with his expressed intention of revitalizing the principle of equal opportunity by virtue of the Nine-Power Treaty, all served to emphasize the possibility of Japanese isolation, as a result of the new political and economic conditions that have arisen since the war.

Finally, in the matter of Japan's 'special interests,' recognized, but never precisely defined by the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917, Baron Shidehara, while cheerfully subscribing to the principle of the Open Door, took occasion to reiterate the sufficiently obvious truth that it is to the Asiatic mainland that Japan must look for the raw materials and markets which are absolutely vital to her economic existence. He carefully refrained from introducing any argument or allusion in reference to that aspect of the doctrine of equal opportunity which had proved such a stumbling-block to Mr. Wilson and the peacemakers at Versailles — namely, the question of Japanese immigration into continents other than the Asiatic. So far as Japan was concerned, every sleeping dog was allowed to lie undisturbed. With inscrutably smiling faces her delegates went home, to ponder at their leisure over Mr. Harding's eloquent peroration, and, in particular, over his assurance that 'the achievement of the Conference had been supreme, because no seed of conflict had been sown; no reaction in regret or resentment can ever justify resort to arms. The very atmosphere has shamed national selfishness into retreat.'

Mr. Frank Simonds, whose wide knowledge of foreign politics and affairs makes him a peculiarly distinguished figure in American journalism, was practically alone in pointing out, at the time when Mr. Hughes's policy began to be outlined, that the principles he was seeking to 'revitalize' involve the assertion of a moral guardianship over China, and a course of action definitely committed to limiting Japanese expansion in the only direction which has been left open to them; a policy which, according to every historical precedent, must inevitably lead to war. Mr. Simonds might well have added that the principal factor in the Far Eastern problem, the unknown factor upon the determination of which Japanese policy now waits, lies in the nature and proclivities of whatsoever national government shall, in process of time, emerge out of the present chaos in Russia. For it must be evident that a renewal of the Russo-Japanese Entente of 1910, with Germany redivivus in the background, would very rapidly devitalize the principle of the Open Door in China.

For the present, however, the principle has been revitalized, and in the words of Senator Lodge, an immediate

result of the Conference has been 'to render such aid to China as may help her to secure real independence.' Nevertheless, it remains eternally and undeniably true that the *fons et origo* of the Far Eastern question — China's defenseless weakness and lack of constructive initiative — can never be remedied by any number of treaties and resolutions, whether adopted by four or by nine Powers. The preservation of her integrity and sovereignty can be achieved, in the long run, only by her own efforts and by the growth of a genuine spirit of patriotism, which shall aim, in the first instance, not at constitutions and parliaments, but at a systematic reform of the administration, particularly in the field of finance. And this being so, the future of the Far Eastern problem must depend upon the readiness and ability of the rulers of China to avail themselves of the latest period of grace afforded them by the present position of international affairs, and by the aid proffered to them from Washington. Thus regarded, the outlook cannot be considered hopeful; for the most prominent groups and individuals who have recently come to the front in Chinese politics give even less evidence than their predecessors of any real appreciation of their country's needs.

For the present, however, the principle of the Open Door has been proclaimed and accepted by all the Powers concerned; it remains now to be seen how the principle will work out in practice, when the various international commissions created by the Washington Conference begin their labors, especially those whose duty it will be to consider economic and railway conditions in the Far East, and the revision of the Chinese tariff. In these negotiations, it is safe to predict, the rival Powers will continue, as in the field of strategy, to manœuvre for position; and the avoidance in the immediate future of such a divergency of views as might lead to a serious crisis, or even to a casus belli, will depend in the first instance upon the interpretation which American diplomacy and the body of public opinion behind it decides upon attaching to that extremely nebulous expression — 'equal opportunity.'

Japan, reassured as to the strategical situation created by the limitation of armaments, and sincerely anxious to reduce her national expenditure, will, no doubt, proceed with the withdrawal of her military outposts in Shantung, Siberia, and Saghalien; but, as I have already said, it is not possible to conceive of any circumstances, or any cause other than decisive military defeat, which can ever induce her to abandon her position of economic and strategical advantage in Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia. On the contrary, she will undoubtedly continue to develop with all the resources at her disposal, and to accelerate at every favorable point her 'peaceful penetration' into that 'field of economic activity' upon which, as Baron Shidehara frankly told the Conference, she depends for her very existence. It is also quite certain that this process of peaceful penetration will continue, as heretofore, to be facilitated by the incorrigible venality of Chinese officials — a deplorably constant, and apparently increasing, factor in the Far Eastern problem.

IV

The first thing requisite, therefore, for the maintenance of the atmosphere of 'harmonious coöperation' created by the Washington Conference, would appear to lie in a clear definition and recognition of the position of undeniable advantage which, with the help of China's complaisant officials, Japan

has been able to build up, since her war with Russia, in the region from which she ejected that Power, and of the 'special interests' thus created. At the same time, it will be necessary to recognize the simple fact that, say what we will, these 'special interests' (for example, the control of the South Manchurian railway system) do, in fact, stultify the principle of the Open Door, much in the same way that America's peaceful penetration of Mexico stultifies it in that country, or her acquisition of the Panama Canal nullifies, at that point and by virtue of the Tolls Act, the principle of equal opportunity for the maritime commerce of other nations.

Among the statesmen gathered together at Washington there appears to have been a sort of tacit impulse, or agreement, to profess belief in the reality of the equal opportunity and Open Door 'Snarks,' and to persist very seriously in their pursuit; but, as a matter of fact, everyone at that solemn gathering must have been perfectly well aware that both these beautiful abstractions are, in reality, 'Boojums.'

All euphemisms apart, the Pacific problem is the problem of a struggle, in which each of the rival Powers, desirous of developing and exploiting the Far Eastern markets for its own benefit, is endeavoring by all possible means to obtain a position of advantage. And the struggle is intensified and complicated by the fact that, in the meantime, the rulers of China, pursuing their traditional policy, are seeking, in the first place, to reap some material advantage for themselves from this rivalry, and, in the second, to 'set one barbarian against the other,' so that, in the ensuing strife, the Flowery Kingdom may evade the penalties of the concessions, or 'special interests,' granted to one or other of the rivals, or to both. The very material advantages which Chinese officialdom derived from declaring war against Germany in 1917, with perfect impunity and no responsibilities of conflict, have not been, and are not likely to be, forgotten; nothing would suit the Peking Government better to-day than to see the United States at war with Japan, and, after a period of watchful waiting, to cast in her lot with America, and thus liquidate the large burden of loans borrowed from Japanese financiers, against various concessions, during the past ten years.

Japan's present policy, following the methods inaugurated by Russia in 1897, is that of 'conquest by railway and bank' — a policy whose rapid successes could never have been achieved by either power without Chinese official connivance. America's policy, unofficial but nevertheless unmistakable, aims at obtaining a position of advantage at Peking, and thus throughout the country, by supporting the aspirations to rulership of the ultramodern school of Young China officials, trained to the profession of American 'democratic' ideas in American universities, and ostensibly pledged to the furtherance of American interests — incidentally, therefore, be it observed, to the stultification of the principle of equal opportunity.

The rapidly increasing influence of American-educated Chinese students in Chinese politics, and their quite unconcealed purpose of inciting public opinion in America to increasing hostility against Japan, constitute factors in the general situation whose importance must not be overlooked. The effect of their insidious propaganda has recently been greatly reinforced and stimulated by the sensational, gravely injudicious, and often unfounded utterances of the late Lord Northcliffe in Australia and California, during his world tour.

Few people realize how far-reaching and powerful is this skillfully organized propaganda of Young China, in its appeal to chivalrous sentiment combined with material advantage, not only upon evangelical and educational societies in the United States, but also upon a large section of the American press, and, in a less degree, upon public opinion in England. Those, however, who have occasion to study the signs of the times, as reflected in recent American literature dealing with the Pacific problem, can hardly fail to have been impressed by the unvarying similarity of opinions expressed, and policies advocated, by the semiofficial propagandists of Young China, — for example, Dr. M. T. Z. Tyau, Mr. S. G. Cheng, Mr. Joshua Bau, and others, — and those set forth in such widely read works as Mr. Mark Sullivan's *Great Adventure at Washington*, Mr. Sydney Greenbie's *Pacific Triangle*, and Mr. Alexander Powell's *Asia at the Cross-Roads*. These last may not represent the official mind of America, but they do most undeniably represent the views of those from whom great numbers of well-meaning but uninstructed readers take their opinions, and, ultimately, a dead weight of prejudice, which in its turn is bound to affect American policy.

The tone and temper of these books, and others, published in the United States during and since the Washington Conference, are, generally speaking, such that no impartial observer, alive to the stern realities underlying the Pacific problem, can easily persuade himself that it is likely to be permanently and peacefully settled; for there is little or no evidence here of any broad-minded, sympathetic recognition of the real issues involved, nor any definite attempt to solve the problem in a spirit of 'harmonious coöperation' and reasonable compromise. The American writers above-named, and many others, wield the 'Big Stick' with an exasperating assurance of moral superiority, and leave one with the uncomfortable feeling that the Great Republic's Pacific policy is not likely to diminish the rigor of the impending racial struggle for survival, or to avert any of its increasing penalties.

At this point we are forced back upon the question with which our review of the situation began — a question wider than the Pacific, older than Nineveh and Babylon, namely: Is it possible for the idealists' vision of universal brotherhood ever to be attained, unless and until the collective intelligence of humanity brings the increase of mankind under the 'deliberate guidance of judicious foresight'?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE

THAT every city has a personality, you are probably aware. But the little minor personalities that make up the character of the cities — do you know them? They are the houses, the quiet unadventurous houses, which are steeped none the less in an atmosphere of adventure, of happiness and sorrow, of feeling more than human, because it is larger than that of one human being and includes many. Every house on every street is a story, if you could but hear it with that sixth sense common to children, to fairies, and to poets. There are houses that belong in other centuries, or other streets. There are houses, alas! built for certain persons who have never found them; and what more pitiable than domestic affinities forever separated by unfeeling miles?

I know one house that has met its kindred spirit. A crooked side street meanders in the most casual fashion among lawns and gardens. Behind one of the lawns — a shady stretch, covered with shamelessly long grass and peeping ferns — lurks the house: small, with unpainted clapboards weathered a soft brown-gray. It has a stone chimney grown with perpetual ivy; and around the porch, geraniums seven feet high blossom like inadvertent roses. An apple tree brushes careless fingers against the wall; the roof slopes low, with an air truly temperamental; and audacious crimson ramblers lift their heads to the open windows. Who but a poet could dwell within? — and he does.

If you are incredulous, if you doubt that houses have as much personality as persons, look for windows that smile or frown, the next time you challenge life to adventure by walking along a street. Pay a respectful glance to the old-fashioned house, where a hedge escorts the flagged walk to the front door: the house that is like a Colonial lady, charmingly aloof and aristocratic. See the friendly-faced little dwelling, shingled in dark brown, with a multitude of diamond-paned windows, and two chimneys that fairly chime their symmetry on the passer-by. A short lawn spreads between porch and sidewalk, with violets running tame among the grass-blades.

Look, for contrast, on the modern apartment, parti-colored in cinnamon-brown and lemon-yellow: it is written with blatant egotism and self-satisfied smugness, from the three chimneys forming a straight angle on the roof to the brick walk that marches to the street, accompanied by magenta petunias. Even a haunted house is a relief in comparison, though haunted houses have about them a tinge of sadness that hangs like the crape veil over a widow's face. Alone, and — worse than forgotten — feared, they mope by the roadside, with windows sunken in and chimneys awry, while memories go tap-tapping along the broken floors, like thoughts through the mind of one half-insane. Indeed, you will find a house to companion every mood, though among houses, as among people, it is hard to reach the depth of comprehension that makes for perfect friendship.

But I know a House. It is a large ample house, with a broad lap of lawn, and flowing skirts with a pattern of gardens. Children scrambling about

its doors lend it a maternal air, and sometimes a harassed appearance; for although there are only four, they seem many more. They are in a large number of places at apparently the same time; and they choose alarming and unprecedented spots in which to gambol. The ridgepole is one; the shade of the chimneys is indefinably alluring. Imagine fairies playing hide-and-seek behind your side-combs! They are undependable children, too. One or another, or several, are forever disappearing, to hunt for the end of the world, or to go Into-the-Deep-Woods-Fowling. Then the House looks worn and worried till they reappear; whereupon it becomes once more cordial, protecting, gracious.

Even beneath mild presentiment concerning the children's whereabouts, the House is delicately hospitable in manner. As soon as you enter the parlor, with the gentle aroma of its old-fashioned name about it like an aura, you feel that, at last, you have found someone who understands you, welcomes you, sympathizes with you, and invites your sympathy and adoration in return. There is a Franklin stove, with brass andirons glimmering, and a fire ready to dance into flame at a wish. There is wall paper of golden buff, with a deep Chinese rug to match, and furniture harmoniously covered with soft crimson brocade. In every corner where flowers do not breathe sweetly, books whisper. The ceiling is generously high — high enough for any dream you may send soaring, to spread its blue wings freely.

You are sure that no other room could bring so many dreams to birth, until the House invites you into the room called (still with the old-fashioned aroma) the library. It has Indian-red walls, and a Christmasy rug of dull green and red. For the rest, there are old books and old pictures, with the odor of the Civil War about them, like spice in potpourri. General Hooker hangs over the broad stone fireplace, where the spirit of fire only waits to be summoned. Beside him is 'War-is-Hell' Sherman, with Sheridan, Grant, and Lincoln sharing a second wall, and Napoleon exotically near-by. Six bookcases bow each other around the rest of the room; you can almost see their powdered wigs and plum-colored knee-breeches, such an air of old-time courtesy and goodwill emanates from them. It may be because they keep courtly company with Dickens and Thackeray, Dr. Holmes and Robert Louis Stevenson — he the most modern, and so much more than modern. Shelves of poetry stand faithful to Chaucer and Pope and Dryden, gentle Jean Ingelow, Burns, Tennyson, Bryant, even Longfellow of the humble gift and great heart — a jumble of periods and persons. Through a wide bay-window comes the silent speech of the pines; flowers spread little trails of scent on the air; the House lays her goodly best before you.

Upstairs is still the generosity of high ceilings and many windows. Books that have gone wandering hand-in-hand with the children greet you from table or bed where they lie. The House wears a pleasant rumpled aspect, as if to say, 'There! One can't keep tidy, with those darling children forever romping and ruffling one; so forgive me, take me as I am, and be as comfortable as you like, yourself.'

The General's room, well off to the front, is inviolate, dedicate to the General; a storm of newspapers snows the floor under daily; the air is colored with unchallenged tobacco smoke. It is a small false tropic all winter long, with red roses trailing over the walls, and a huge fire almost bursting the little stove, which flushes to match the roses, in its endeavor to hold fast. A light

burns over the depths of a mighty armchair, glowing on the record of the Revolution one night, on the War of the Rebellion another, again on the World War. There the General sits, with his friends: newspapers, cigars, many old pipes with a comfortable reek, and visitors who talk with him of new wars, old battles, Lincoln remembered. It is a room that is mate to the library, fit lion to that purring friendly lioness.

Up and up, overhead, sprawls the attic, stretched out in a dusty length under the warmth of the roof. It is an unfloored place for the most part, with loose boards laid across a few gaps, and cobwebs leaning down in wonderfully heavy masses from the sloped beams. Adventure holds finger to lip from long, long dark vistas beyond the insufficient window — a kindly Adventure with gentle eyes, not a creature that snaps out unexpectedly and sends you flying, with screams. It holds possible secret rooms in its pocket, and perhaps a little old lady, who will give you three wishes from the tip of a crooked wand.

And still higher, if you climb arduously through a trapdoor into the dazzle of outdoor light on the roof, you look into the tree-tops, as if they were the cups of flowers. Down there, down where you usually play in the grass, how small and far it is! It does not seem like distance grown dizzying, but as if you had quickly become a giant, able to cradle ordinary people in your hand. The House, instead of putting on timidity, or letting shingles slip beneath your feet, holds you in her close arms, and gloats with you on the singing of the pines, of the robins, of the wind across the jeweled sky with its million facets of sunlight. Through her very finger-tips to yours comes her love, her protection; you know that, wherever you travel, to whatever strange or awful places you may go, she will send light wings of thought brushing through your mind. Her strong bosom, her gardened skirts, the sweet breath of her pines and the deep calm of her encircling embrace, will be the memory of a mother almost as dear as your own, of your happy, happy life playing fairy behind the chimneys of your House.

UMBRELLA WHIMS

HAVE you ever noticed the difference between a New England rolled umbrella and one done up in New York? There is a vital significance in the general attitude toward the umbrella in these two sections of the country. Like many other things of inimitable lines, umbrellas are handed down in New England. Tinged with a rich amber color, large, strongly jointed, of the finest steel ribs, of hickory staff, and built of imperishable cotton, they are in daily use among the first families of the land. They adorn stately colonial halls, neat closets, of Massachusetts neatness, and are sometimes put away at night with the silver.

They are seldom used when there is not a drenching downpour. Cloudiness and light rains are not considered reasons for employing the aid of an umbrella — snow and hail, never. It is not a rare thing in New England towns to see citizens in firm and thick clothing, proceeding about their business with umbrella in hand, but with its ribs in vertical position, flapping unhappily, with the wrong end to the dripping skies. You quite frequently see it.

I have seen umbrellas used as weapons against burglars, tramps, mice, and dogs. They are used, too, as aids in locating lost articles, which have rolled under furniture too antique to be moved. They are converted into window openers-and-shutters, into props of various kinds, shields from the public gaze and from the glare of the sun, and into parachutes, by youngsters who are

impelled by some strange force to jump from haylofts and break their legs. They are often converted into common carriers. I have frequently seen an infinitely superior person dip down into her umbrella for a handkerchief or pocketbook.

The umbrella, which in its origin was a sunshade or movable canopy, has always been regarded in the Far East as a privilege of high rank, and is even now used in ceremonial processions. In a northern New England town, at four or half-past, the front doors of every other house on a very beautiful elm-shaded street open almost simultaneously, and prim ladies issue forth, umbrella in hand, to make their afternoon calls. It all breathes high ceremony, but without color and without sound.

I suppose the umbrella has been the cause of murder in all degrees, the direct stimulus to larceny, grand and petit, a breaker of friendships, and an all-round ready tool of the Devil. It incites fine, honest men and women of unquestioned integrity to the act of stealing: you yourself have observed this fact, and perhaps have some personal knowledge of the twist that a piece of silk or gloria stretched on ribs of steel can give to the most unbudgeable conscience. It is extraordinary to meet one of your best friends on a street car, possessed of an umbrella with a rather elaborate handle, in which initials are deeply cut. Neither the ornate staff (which sometimes happens to end in an alligator's head or a bull dog or a rose), nor the initials, match up with your friend's character or name; and he will conduct the conversation from the North Station to Brookline, oblivious to the fact that he is a thief caught with the goods on. I repeat: it is extraordinary that the 'rugged honesty of New England' has been given a death-blow by the umbrella. If you call his attention to the thing, no blush of shame appears, but he will casually remark how very fortunate he was to have found an umbrella in the reception-room of Parker's, with no one sitting by it.

The umbrella is now recognized as a means of analyzing character — it is a key to the more elementary and basic things. Do you prefer a tall or a short umbrella? a silk or a cotton one? a steel or a wooden staff? a straight, curved, or right-angled handle? Silver, gold, or plain, ungarnished and unvarnished wood? Do you prefer gargoyles, birds of paradise with glass eyes, or parrots, to grasping a knot of hickory? Does it have to be of the folding variety? Answers to these and similar questions give simple data concerning temperament, habit, and taste; and they can be put by almost anybody into proper psychological form. Take the last question — if the umbrella does have to be a folding one, it would indicate vision; a decided interest in the relation of weather to clothes and, therefore, economy; an aversion to traveling with apparently unnecessary burdens, and, therefore, sensitiveness; it would also indicate a love of labor-saving devices, therefore laziness, or merely progressiveness — this would have to be decided in the final summing-up. I would say that the simplicity of classifying users of umbrellas might develop into a fascinating and popular indoor sport. Try it.

P. S. — Word has just come that the umbrella has been used in New York as a carrier of bombs. Two Germans were recently arrested for trying to blow up the outfit of J. P. Morgan & Co. The bomb was located by the police in an umbrella, which the aforesaid Germans were carrying aboard the Third Avenue Elevated.

P. S. No. 2 — A curious and really quite extraordinary comment on the

baffling qualities of the umbrella has come to my attention through Ida Tarbell. In writing her experiences on a Chautauqua circuit, she says: 'I informed an audience once that we were a nation of one hundred thousand people; and a gentleman on the front seat took me to task. I did not tell him that the reason I had made the slip was that directly in front of me was a little mother trying to keep quiet an obstreperous child of two and a half or three years, by raising and lowering as rapidly as she could a big blue cotton umbrella.'

OH, HOW DELICATE THEY ARE!

Words, I mean. 'Sure a little warm cup of tea would do them good.' It was so that that scamp, Billy Dawson, once prescribed for the devil ;and what the father of imaginative literature himself required, a mere word may very well accept. Many of them are Lydia Languishes, consumptive heroines. They are but strangers here; heaven is their home.

> Or like a snowflake in the river,
> A moment seen, then gone forever.

The motto for all dictionaries should be

HERE TO-DAY

I am only forty-six years old. To remember a quarter of a century is nothing. A locust tree that I used to run the lawn-mower over is now shading the garret windows. It only proves that locusts are fast growers. Yet in my short life I have outlived the heyday of a good many words. 'Uplift' was a hearty fat word in my young days. A 'high brow' was a dignified expression for a desirable trait. 'Ladylike' was a sweet rosy little creature. But oh, how delicate! It has grown anæmic, nervous. It never smiles; and people avoid coming in contact with it, for fear it may be a germ-carrier.

'Domestic,' too. 'Domestic' survived one long and serious illness, contracted at the time when it was first applied to houseworkers. It caught the 'flu' from housework at that time, and was left with a weak heart. It had n't yet got back its strength, when woman suffrage attacked it.

People associate with these ailing words, without realizing the danger they run. There are people who will shut themselves up in a room with 'respectable,' and they are pathetically surprised when they find themselves bilious. Fresh air will cure them, of course; but they complain that it is cold out of doors.

Some words have never been strong. A good many of those with clinging and deprecating dispositions have constitutions to match. 'Hence' and 'thus' were born with rheumatic tendencies. They have to sleep between the hot blankets of printed pages, and are never met walking the streets of conversation. They boast, like Mrs. Pullet, of the boluses they have taken, in order to live on at all.

I hear that 'project' has been taken very ill — the result of overwork in the normal schools. Poor 'constructive,' too — what a pity! Two or three years ago, how well he was looking! He began to fail very fast soon after he fell into the habit of taking part in sermons, and in those moralizing tidbits that still fill up chinks in papers. He has grown very old — you would hardly know him.

Dissipation ruins some words. 'Bourgeon' is the horrible example (poor verb!) of a word that literally drank himself into a decline. Young words that frequent free verse, and are seen in the company of asterisks, will all end like 'subtle' and 'desirous.' I saw poor 'subtle' the other day, for the first time in years. His nose was radiant. Subtle, I believe, was heard to say, when he was young and in the swim,

that he preferred a short and merry life. What nights he used to make! He began, before he was in long trousers, to associate with magazine poets.

But who knows when some obscure malady may attack a word which we consider absolutely healthy, and allow our children to play with! Some mothers, a few years ago, allowed that disreputable old 'hundred per cent' to come into their yards. How many epidemics of scarlet fever could be traced to him! He is now under observation in a hospital.

Of course there are whole families of good stout rural physique that we may all neighbor with as much as we like. 'Apple' and 'corn' and 'potato,' and 'boy' and 'girl,' and 'married' and 'buried,' 'Christmas' and 'Easter,' and 'pleasure,' and 'homesick,' and 'overalls' — you never see *them* with a thermometer stuck in their mouths. 'Washtub' — 'baseball' — 'Ireland' — 'red-haired' — 'thunderstorm' — 'musical' — 'bawling' — 'fisticuffs' — who ever heard of any of these having breakfast in bed?

THE QUEST OF THE BLUE DANDELION

First, let me state that there really are such things as blue dandelions. It came to pass in the following manner:

In the summer of 1913, a certain country gentleman, living in a certain Massachusetts town, and actuated by the commendable New England urge to buy everything that 'jined' him, purchased an adjoining estate, which happened to be a nursery garden. Instead of merely ploughing under such plants as he did not need for his own garden, he very public-spiritedly threw the grounds open to his friends and neighbors, to take what they chose; and I, inter alios, availed myself of the opportunity.

Among the items which I took was one peculiar small plant with lily-like leaves. There were no others like it in the garden, and it could not be identified by any of the botanists to whom I showed it.

Transplanted into my own garden, it received the most tender daily care, in spite of which (or, perhaps, because of which) it very nearly perished. Finally it bore a single flower, large and blue, closely resembling that of an aster. In due time this lone flower went to seed, producing to my surprise a dandelion-blow as large as a tennis-ball. Then the truth dawned upon me that I had actually discovered the fabulous blue dandelion!

Of course, the thing to do was to wrap the blow in a piece of gauze and save the seeds. But, alas, procrastination is the thief of blue dandelions! By the time that I got around to doing it, the blow had fallen (that is, the blow had blown), and only one small seed remained. This I saved and planted.

The next summer neither the seed nor the original plant came up, and the blue dandelion was lost to the world.

The following year, while touring in the Berkshires, I came upon a field of dandelions in seed. There were no flowers, it was true, but there could be no mistaking the lily-like leaves and the tennis-ball blows. Stopping the car, I eagerly crammed my pockets full of the precious seeds. On my return home, I planted a whole bed of them, and was overjoyed to have them all come up.

But this plant is a biennial. I should have to wait until the following June for the flowers. All summer I tenderly tended the bed. In the fall I matted it well with straw. In the spring the plants were still alive. Oh, joy! Tiny buds appeared. They grew and grew, and finally the longed-for day arrived. They burst into flower — bright yellow!

Nothing further occurred in my

quest until June, 1918, when I was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Walking along the Buckroe trolley-line one day, near Old Point Comfort College, I found a small clump of blue dandelions in full bloom. I was not to be cheated this time, for these really were blue; I saw them in the flower. In a few days they would be in seed, and then I would return and my quest would be at an end.

In a few days I did return. But, alas, the trolley company had mowed the right of way, and my blue dandelions were no more.

The next spring found me still stationed at Fortress Monroe, in spite of frantic efforts to get to go overseas. But, just before dandelion time, I was transferred to another post, and in the haste of packing forgot to arrange for someone else to get the seeds for me.

In June, 1920, and again in 1921, I wrote to brother officers at Fortress Monroe, beseeching them to walk out toward Buckroe and get me some blue dandelion seeds; but my appeals produced merely ribald inquiries from some as to whether blue dandelions would be any more useful in violating the Volstead Act than dandelions of any other color. One friend did finally have the decency to take the trip, only to report that the trolley company had filled in its right of way with binders, thus covering up the spot where the precious flowers had used to grow.

Nothing daunted, I again appealed in 1922, this time including the Reverend Father Superior of Old Point Comfort College. He succeeded in finding a clump of blue dandelions which had not been buried by the unintentional vandalism of the trolley company; but he also succeeded in losing my letter of inquiry.

Nevertheless, realizing the seriousness of the situation, he made a frantic effort to reach me. The letter which he wrote me had my name wrong, the name of my company wrong, and it was addressed to the wrong city. Yet through one of those strokes of genius of the Post Office Department, which one reads about, but seldom sees, the letter reached me; and I at once ordered a shipment of the seeds.

But apparently there was more than one divinity shaping my ends. The very next morning, as I was walking along the railroad tracks in South Milwaukee, on my way to breakfast at the Bucyrus Steam-Shovel cafeteria, I spied a clump of blue dandelions in full bloom.

Now, if I had not just heard from the reverend father, this sight would have filled me with supreme joy. But, as it was, it came as a sort of anticlimax. It was as if Sir Galahad, after nine weary years of search for the Holy Grail, had returned home successful, only to find all the five-and-ten-cent stores displaying hundreds of Grails in their windows.

But there was this consolation: these C. & N. W. dandelions were n't exactly blue — they were more of a purple. Then a horrible thought struck me! Perhaps my memory was at fault after all these years, and the original blue dandelions had n't been a true blue!

Anyhow, I have collected the seeds and destroyed the plants. With these seeds and the ones received from the reverend father, I may be able to establish a monopoly, after all.

My quest is at an end? Perhaps. And yet I cannot help feeling that there's many a slip between the seed and the blue dandelion. Something may yet happen to my crop. I may yet be sorry that I have burned my dandelion plants behind me; that I have killed the plants that bore the golden seeds.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

John D. Long, 'son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine' was one of those typical Americans of the last generation — intelligent, honorable, likable, with a fixed code of principles — who led their communities, and built up the nation. With habits definite as his beliefs, he kept a journal from the age of nine, when he first learned to use an axe on the Maine woods, to the days when he became Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt was an assistant of his in the Navy Department, and not the least interesting pages of the journal tell of his relations with his fiery and impetuous junior. The passages we print here — a kind of epitome of bygone America of the 40's — were selected — from twenty-four volumes of journal — by **Lawrence Shaw Mayo,** formerly of the History Department of Harvard University, and the author of a life of Jeffrey Amherst, Longmans Green, 1915, and of John Wentworth, Harvard Press, 1921. **Ethel Puffer Howes** renews her discussion — whether a woman can go on with her profession, though she be married — which began with 'Accepting the Universe' in the April *Atlantic.* She is a trained psychologist, and was Chairman of the Committee on Training of the Woman's Land Army during the war. **Ruth Rose** is an assistant in a Jungle Laboratory, being one of William Beebe's helpers in the Tropical Research Station, at Kartabo, British Guiana.

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To look at unfamiliar China with **Seal Thompson** is to find spiritual refreshment and a new world. She is a Quaker, and a member of the department of Bible study at Wellesley, who lately returned from a year's teaching in Yen Cheng College, the women's college of Peking University. The **Reverend Sidney Lovett** is pastor of Mount Vernon Church, Boston. 'Bereavement,' a sonnet, comes to us from a new poet, **Jeannette Tomkins,** of Philadelphia. With 'Moonshine,' **Lucy Furman** of the Hindman Settlement completes her series of tales about the Kentucky mountaineers. These *Atlantic* stories are really chapters from a much longer narrative which the Atlantic Monthly Press will issue in the spring. To treat of the curious borderland that lies between botany and psychology is the task undertaken by **Clifford H. Farr,** professor of botany in the University of Iowa, and a pioneer in this investigation. **Elizabeth Stanley Trotter** is a new contributor. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is a favorite both in verse and prose with *Atlantic* readers. **Edith Kennedy,** who is Mrs. A. J. Kennedy of Boston, found the background for her story through many days spent in laundries as Stamps-Saving Visitor for the South End House Settlement.

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Joseph F. Fishman has written the most complete and searching indictment of jail and prison conditions in the United States that we have yet read. For fourteen years, as Inspector of Prisons for the United States Government, Mr. Fishman visited the principal prisons in every state in the union, as well as those in Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii. He is at present conducting a public investigation into the management of the Baltimore Penitentiary. **Carol Wight** is better fitted than any one we know to trace in imagination the human story which attaches to every old manuscript transmitted through many centuries from classical times to ours. He has been in business, gone to sea, worked as a farmer, and as a practical carpenter with his union card; besides this, he teaches Latin and holds a doctorate in the classics from Johns Hopkins University. For that vast army of amateur bird-students who have hung over the lee rail of an ocean liner and watched the sea gulls swoop and soar, **William L.** and **Irene Finley** have written their story.

Mr. Finley is Lecturer and Field Agent for the National Association of Audubon Societies for the protection of wild birds and animals, and the author of several books and scientific papers on birds, in some of which his wife has been collaborator.

* * *

Sisley Huddleston is the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, a position commonly regarded as the premier place in the newspaper world. At the Williamstown Conference on International Relations, this summer, **Oscar T. Crosby** led the discussion on Interallied debts. His experience with public finance has been wide. He was Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of fiscal bureaus, in 1917–19, and was in Europe from November 1917 to March 1919 as President of the Interallied Council on War Purchases and Finance. **Louis Levine**, who told in the November *Atlantic* the difficulties experienced in applying communism to one hundred and fifty million Russian peasants, gives in this number the new agricultural plans of the Soviet government, the present condition of the peasantry, and a glimpse of their future. He was formerly professor of economics at Wellesley and later at the University of Montana. His study is based on eight months' travel and observation in Russia. **J. O. P. Bland**, a realistic political philosopher, is a veteran student of Oriental affairs. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai, and representative in China of the British and Chinese Confederation.

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'Casting anchor,' according to Joseph Conrad, whom we quoted in October, marks one a landlubber. But here is a contributor who appeals from Conrad to Paul of Tarsus.

Dear Atlantic, —

Anent 'casting the anchor,' do you remember the story of the man who was asked by his son, 'Pa, who was Shylock?' and who replied, 'Shylock, Shylock? — What do I send you to Sunday School for! Go read your Bible.'

English speech, especially in New England, does not merely bear traces of Shakespeare, of Bunyan, and of the Bible; these are so firmly bound and interlaced within this speech that their words, phrases, proverbs, maxims, and commands have become common nouns, recognized as familiar friends, whose original local habitation is forgotten or unknown.

As the people of New England spread toward the West they may have partially lost their salt-water terms, but they carried their Bibles in their packs; and they read of Saint Paul; and they read of his shipwreck. And when they reached the 29th and 30th verses of chapter xxvii of the Acts of the Apostles, they read: —

> Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.
>
> And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under color as though they would have cast anchor out of the foreship. . . .

And that is where they got it. Myself, I am ready to believe that the phrase, in the days of the shipping glory of New England, though not used on shipboard as a nautical order, was nevertheless employed, after they had gotten on shore, to describe the act, the direction for which they had given in other terms when aboard, by those who themselves went down to the sea in ships from New England homes.

G. W. J.

Salem, Mass.

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During the past few weeks we have been calling the roster of 'First Readers of the *Atlantic*.' Ever since Professor Herman T. Frueauff related in the September Contributors' Column his own memories of the first issue, in 1857, a goodly company have added their names to the roster. We can select only a few of their letters — the first from a Civil War veteran who carried the *Atlantic* in his knapsack.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am another reader whose memory goes back to the first number, in November 1857. A gawky boy with a keen appetite for reading, I bought this myself. Probably I bought several numbers, but I think your books would show me one of your earliest subscribers. I am quite sure that I had the magazine for a dozen years or more, including the time I was a soldier in the Civil War. What has become of the earlier issues I do not know, but I have bound volumes for 1864, most of the numbers having been received in the service, read, and sent home.

In March 1863, I was, with most of my regiment, captured near Nashville, Tennessee. I had been on picket the night before and had just commenced my breakfast when the long roll sounded. After the little fight was over I ran into my tent, snatched up my haversack, and put into it a few hardtack and a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The camp had been fired and the tents were burning. I could not stop for more crackers from the open boxes.

Two weeks of great hardship and suffering brought us to Richmond where we were searched as we entered Libby Prison. At Tullahoma Farm I had picked up a bowie knife and a roll of bandage. The knife I had put, without a sheath, in the inside pocket of my coat. The roll of bandage and the *Atlantic* were taken away, but the examiner ran his hands down on each side of my pocket, missing the knife, which I carried through but lost some years after my discharge.

H. E. Warner.

Dear Atlantic,—

Surely I must be only one of many among your readers who remember clearly when you first stepped upon the stage, with the genial Autocrat smiling upon us and the sweet wisdom of 'Brahma'— puzzling some older heads than ours — lending added dignity to the group of friends around you.

Like an 'army with banners' you took possession of the field, and have held it ever since through all the changes that have come to our dear old city.

R. W. Walker.

Dear Atlantic,—

Sixty five years ago, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established and Lowell woke the world from a kind of literary lethargy, one of my ancestors went out and bought a copy of your magazine, read it, and left it on the library table; and the latest copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been on that same table ever since.

Like my ancestors I have literally devoured those wonderfully cheery contributions which Holmes wrote under the pseudonym of 'The Autocrat.'

I still read the *Atlantic*. Maybe I am old-fashioned but I often find myself going back to 'The Autocrat' for dessert.

Frank La Bau Hiller.

* * *

Of the many letters that have come to us upon James M. Cain's article, 'The Battleground of Coal' in the October *Atlantic*, we print the following, which takes strong issue with Mr. Cain at several points: —

Dear Atlantic,—

Frankly, the writer has little sympathy with Mr. Cain's point of view, although perfectly willing to concede his right to his opinion of what he saw. My background in the matter is the fact that I lived in McDowell County, West Virginia, from 1902 to 1920, in the coal business, and have been financially interested in various properties in Mingo County since 1912, and am thoroughly familiar with the entire section.

It is, of course, true that none of the operators in the counties mentioned employ union labor, and they will not tolerate union organizers on property they own or control. Within the last three years indeed, they have signed an agreement with each man employed, that he is not to join the union while in their employment, while they themselves agree to maintain open-shop mines. This is the common form of open-shop agreement, used in many industries throughout the country, and one which is perfectly legal. Certainly those signing it are not compelled to work there; and if they were, is the situation any different from that of the union mines, which agree to employ only members of the union?

The situation about evictions is hard for an outsider to understand. That whole section was originally a heavily forested wilderness, the population was very small and there was not an average of one house per square mile.

Following railroads came the development of coal; it was, and is, necessary for the operator to build houses not only for his employees, but also for preachers, school-teachers, station-agents, doctors, and everyone else associated with a town of from three hundred to several thousand people. Nearly all of that country was owned in large tracts by landowning companies, and at least eighty per cent of the entire territory is leased by them to the operating companies, under definite restrictions as to sale of property, and so forth. If it had not been for these large companies, development would have been long delayed.

In the event of a strike, unless the houses are vacated by the former employees, it is useless for the company to attempt to operate its mine, as it cannot employ any new men, since there are no places for them to live. The writer happens to know that in Mingo County no one was moved out of a house without at least three weeks' notice, and usually much more. The 'battle' at Matewan, mentioned by Mr. Cain, is of the class usually called a massacre, as with the exception of the mayor, all of those killed were the Baldwin-Felts men, who were shot down within a minute or two while all of their guns were wrapped up in their satchels.

The writer has never before seen the number in the tent colonies, at the maximum, stated as

more than four thousand, while at the present time it is only a few hundred, although so far as the mines are concerned, there have been enough men in that field, at all times since January 1921, to produce all of the coal for which orders or cars could be had, and its production last spring was the greatest in its history.

It should be noted that Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, mentioned as union sympathizers, were ringleaders in the Matewan affair, and had frequently openly boasted that they would 'get' the men who afterward shot them, and who were tried for manslaughter for this shooting and acquitted.

The comparative figures for operation are probably correct, but why include Georgia for comparison, as it has only one or two coal mines and a yearly output in 1920 of 50,156 tons? Undoubtedly, in 1921, the nonunion mines ran much more than the union ones, because the nonunion men were willing to work more time at a lower rate than the union miners were, and this fact, coupled with the higher quality of coal, enabled them to get the business.

Whatever have been the faults in the management of their labor troubles by the operators in southern West Virginia, and there have been many, it must be remembered that nearly all of them have had experiences with the miners' union and its methods, and know that they will stop at nothing to ultimately unionize, and later, nationalize, all of the mines in the country. Anyone who realizes the power displayed by the head of the union this past summer and who can remember the occurrences at Matewan, Willis Branch, Blair Mountain, and Cliftonville, in West Virginia, and St. Clairsville, Ohio, and Herrin, Illinois, will know that the nonunion operators are not fighting theorists or altruists, but hard-headed men who neglect no means to gain their ends. Those familiar with the territory mentioned know that it contains many of the finest coal plants in this country; that at most of them the housing and working conditions are excellent and, in many of them, not surpassed by any plants in the country; that the roads and schools are being rapidly improved and are much better than the average in such mountainous regions; and that the relations between the operators and their men are on at least as good a basis as in any union mines.

HOWARD N. EAVENSON.

* * *

Here is something for Mr. Bok and other Netherlanders: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Bok might have added several further items to the list of Holland's or rather 'Netherland's' contribution to things American. Bradford states that, on May 12th, 1621, 'was the first marriage in this place (Edward Winslow to Susanna White), which, according to the laudable custom of the Low Countries in which they had lived was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate as being a civil thing upon which many questions of inheritance depend with other things most proper to their cognizans and most consonante to the scriptures, RUTH IV, and nowhere found in the gospel to be layed on the ministers as part of their office. This decree or law about marriage was published by the State of the Low-Countries An. 1500.'

It was not until 1692 that Massachusetts law provided that marriages *might* be performed by ministers. Perhaps Mr. Bok would not count that as a lasting contribution, but still the custom was of *seventy* years' duration!

Then the seal of the United States. A cursory examination of Netherlands seals struck, from the year 1578 on, to commemorate the union of the provinces at various epochs or occasions, shows so many resemblances between the Dutch bundle of arrows and that on our seal that it is impossible to ignore a probable intimate knowledge of the former on the part of the designers of the latter. An article called 'The Eagle's Arrows' in the February number of the D. A. R. Magazine contains illustrations of the medals which show features of the United States seal.

A protest of the inhabitants of New Amsterdam to the Burghers of Amsterdam, declaring that their new charter was of no avail as Pieter Stuyvesant continued to exercise 'boss' rule, might also be considered as the original germ of civic troubles on Manhattan — a germ that has never been eradicated.

RUTH PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At least Mr. Bok's people did n't invent the 18th Amendment!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Edward W. Bok's 'Well, I Did n't Know That' in the October *Atlantic* is delightful. Of course, he has the right to be proud of his little country and its great people, but his admirable enthusiasm has carried him away, made him claim almost everything as of Dutch origin. He even says (page 485) the Americans practically copied the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution from similar state papers which had, long before our Revolution, existed in the archives of the Republic of the United Netherlands. At the same time, it is fair to say, and we note this with pleasure, he lays no claim to any of the Amendments to the Constitution — particularly the Eighteenth!

S. S. P. PATTESON.

The Man of One Book

As Christmas approaches a Christmas tale of other years comes to mind.

'What shall I give Jonas for Christmas?'

'Give him a book.'

'No, Jonas has a book.'

Yet not everybody is named Jonas, and even he may have outgrown the *homo unius libri* stage. If he is to make any pretense of keeping up with the output of American publishers, he must do more than that. The lists are formidable beyond belief this year: witness the 'Fall Announcement Number' of the *Publishers' Weekly*, or, forsooth, the advertising pages of the *Atlantic*. In spite of the fact that Americans are statistically reported to fall far behind the inhabitants of other lands — notably Switzerland and Belgium — in per capita consumption of books, the publishers are not pursuing their trade for the mere fun of it — and Jonas (like the story about him) must be passing out of date.

A Book Review

Every Shop-Talker must talk his own shop, and in the days before Christmas, if his shop be a publishing house, he naturally turns to the autumn books which represent the flowering of schemes planted in the spring — or several springs — before. He naturally wants to promote their fortunes, to say the word upon which he will look back a year later, and ask, 'Was this the Blurb that launched a thousand Sales?'

He would be meditating such a word at this moment with respect to an Atlantic book, *Memories of a Hostess*, of which he has spoken before, but that a notice of it appears in the 'Atlantic's Bookshelf,' a piece of furniture which adorns the portico of the magazine. At this rear entrance, or exit, it is only to be said that in the later years of the life of Mrs. Fields, a warm friendship sprang up between her and Miss Cather, then a young Western writer occupying an editorial position on *McClure's Magazine*. Looking out upon the world from quite different angles of time and place, the older and the younger woman entered into a relation of the closest sympathy. The faith of Mrs. Fields in Miss Cather's future as a writer was characteristic of her. Its justification, in which she would have taken a keen pleasure, is found in the place Miss Cather's novels have taken among the foremost pieces of American fiction produced in recent years.

To return for a moment to Mr. Howe's book itself — a welcome item of news about it is that it appears in a newspaper list of 'best sellers' in Grand Rapids, Michigan, as 'Memories of a Hostess, by M. A. DeWolfe Hopper.'

Following Them Home

As books disappear from the stalls of the bookshops, carried off under a buyer's arm or wrapped in corrugated paper and dispatched by parcel post, it is beguiling to speculate upon what becomes of them. Who is the ultimate consumer? Where will he sit down and turn the pages? In what mood, with what preconceptions and predilections will she — *place aux dames!* — savor the viands of mind and spirit compressed into a given combination of paper, ink, and binding?

It is comparatively easy to follow such books as *David the Dreamer* and *The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane* to their destinations. There, on Christmas morning, we may fairly expect to see **Mr. Ralph Bergengren** and **Miss Sarah Addington** face to face with one child after another. It will be an enviable experience on both sides. The Atlantic 'Christmas Booklets' for this year — *The Holy Night*, by **Miss Florence Converse,** *Fiddle-Faddle Customs and Christmas Gambols*, from an Old Text, 1740, and the illustrated reprint of Irving's *Christmas at Bracebridge Hall* — may also be followed without difficulty, for the mail-box, the postman, and the Christmas mail, which bring us all certain 'cards' for which there is a familiar welcome.

How about '*The Ladies!*'— that collection of tales of memorable beauties and *bas bleus*, chiefly of the eighteenth century, which **E. Barrington** and the Atlantic Monthly Press have conspired to make into a book with a charm of its own? Will it find its way more frequently into feminine or masculine hands? We do not know. The reviewers provide no clue, for even to them the author appears indiscriminately as **E. Barrington,** himself and herself. It is violating no confidence to describe this author as an accomplished Canadian writer.

As for *Steel: The Diary of a Furnace-Worker*, the obvious destination of this first book by **Charles Rumford Walker,** an assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is multiform. The student of social conditions and industry in America, the lover of authentic narratives of personal experience not often encountered by those who can treat it as the material from which literature is made, the friend of youth in its newest adventures in industrial America — all these (and their name is legion) will ultimately be found with a copy of *Steel* in their hands.

In this whole matter of destinations the publication of Colonel Theodore Lyman's Civil War letters under the title *Meade's Headquarters, 1863–65*, edited by Colonel Lyman's nephew, **George R. Agassiz,** will determine a point that should be settled. Has the number of readers with a vivid interest in the Civil War been materially diminished by the World War? Here is one of the best of Civil War books, a really illuminating collection of letters reflecting the daily life of a highly intelligent and observant officer attached to General Meade's staff. It will soon be known whether the substantial audience to which books of this type appeal is still on the alert. We expect an affirmative answer.

The readers of *The Next-To-Nothing-House*, by **Alice Van Leer Carrick,** can be visualized at once. What man or woman, with a drop of the 'antiquer's' blood, does not love a bargain and the story of it? Mrs. Carrick is an inveterate bargain seeker and finder. She has furnished her house at Hanover, New Hampshire, the cottage in which Daniel Webster lived when he was a student at Dartmouth, with the spoils of her quest. What is more, she has pictured them all in this sequel to her *Collector's Luck* both in words and with illustrations. The result is a fascinating sequel to her successful book of several years ago, *Collector's Luck*.

The only objection to the title of *The Next-to-Nothing House* is reported — by the way — to come from the occupants of the Dartmouth fraternity house next door to Mrs. Carrick's cottage.

The Christmas Stocking

It would be, indeed, a slender Christmas stocking which could not accommodate *The Notion-Counter*, a small volume of sprightly essays by **Nobody**, published last spring by the Atlantic Monthly Press. This book has already made so many friends that we are confident of its making many more. One of its readers has recently written: 'Day by day, in every way, I am growing gayer and gayer — but "Nobody" is to blame for that!'

The two latest nature books on the Atlantic list, *Wild Brother*, by **William Lyman Underwood,** and *Wild Folk*, by **Samuel Scoville, Jr.,** help one to get out-of-doors, even in midwinter, and before January begins it will be strange if many new adventurers into the fields of nature do not find themselves setting forth under the skilled guidance of Mr. Underwood and Mr. Scoville.

Another Holiday Thought

The readers of the *Living Age*, one of the magazines which proceed from the *Atlantic* office, are heard on many sides to express themselves as being in the company of those who have found the thing they are looking for. This is good news to the editor and publishers of the periodical, for they are strongly of the opinion that the very thing which thoughtful Americans should be looking for at this time is a faithful, humanized reflection of world affairs. Just now, however, we like to think of the pleasure of *Living Age* readers in feeling that they are on a sort of inside track. It is a pleasure which might be widely extended by making a subscription to the magazine a present to men and women who really want to know what is going on in the wider world of thought and action.

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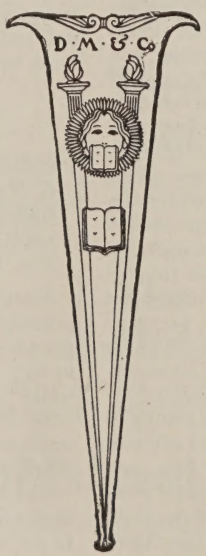

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1922. Two volumes. 8vo. xii+436; x+437 pp. $10.00.

THE fourth of the twenty-seven chapters in these two generous volumes is called 'The Wilsonian Era Begins.' Into the three chapters preceding it, nearly the whole story of Page's life before he sailed for England in May, 1913, as Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, is condensed. In October, 1918, he landed in New York, shattered in health, with hardly more than two months of life before him, a 'war casualty' if there ever was one. This biography, as an historical document, is therefore chiefly notable for its contribution to an understanding of the relations between England and America from the outbreak of the World War almost to its end. Yet the first three chapters convey to the reader a clear perception of the influences and activities which fitted Page so admirably for his great task — the Southern boy's training as a scholar, his enthusiasm and power in such employments as his editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, his fervor and common sense as a publicist and lover of his country.

Page's position in London for nearly three of his five years there was in one respect more difficult than that of Charles Francis Adams during the Civil War, for Adams was at least in sympathy with the government he represented. Page, representing a government officially neutral, was himself ardently un-neutral. Using the eyes of his head, as an ambassador should, to observe and interpret the country to which he was credited, he used also the eyes of his heart. It was a heart of warmth and bigness, the core of an emotional nature touched to its depth by the plight and the spirit of a people which at first puzzled and amused him and then completely won his admiration. It was inevitable that he should lose all patience with those countrymen of his, no matter how high in authority, who gave themselves more deliberately to the cause which he espoused from the first. It was inevitable also that he should express his thoughts and his feelings with perfect freedom, whether writing to or about President Wilson. The mutual affection and admiration of these two friends — for such they were — suffered a severe strain under a situation so charged with sadness for them both. The sadness is the greater because through Page's untimely cutting off, after his memorable service in the interpretation of America to England at a time when a breach would have been an unspeakable disaster, he could not participate in the efforts toward that new organization of human society which he and President Wilson had equally at heart.

Within the limits of this brief notice it is not possible to illustrate by quotation the vivid qualities of mind and spirit which shine through Page's letters. One would know neither where to begin nor where to stop. The letters are obviously those of a man possessing a rare endowment of intellectual and moral force, together with a correspondingly rare capacity for affection. They are obviously much better letters for having proceeded direct from the point of the writer's pen, without any dimming of their individuality through mechanical processes. When all the letters of the world come to be typewritten there will be few such as these. It may fairly be questioned, however, whether the time had quite come to print them all. One half of an overheard telephone conversation does not always tell the whole story; and the whole story of which an impressive half is here presented is manifestly not yet to be told. None the less these letters will always constitute an important element in the personal and diplomatic history of the 'Wilsonian Era.' In that history, as in the larger annals of his country, the typically American figure of Page will stand forth with a special distinction of largeness, charm, and vigor.

Mr. Hendrick was fortunate in the opportunity to deal with biographical material of such permanent historical and human value. The skill and effectiveness with which he has handled it are worthy of all praise.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Printing Types, Their History, Forms, and Use: A Study in Survivals, by Daniel Berkeley Updike. With illustrations. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1922. Two volumes. 8vo. xxxii+276; xx+308 pp. $15.00.

NEARLY thirty years ago Mr. Updike opened a printing office on Beacon Hill, Boston. His programme was 'to do common work well — better, in fact, than had been generally thought worth while.' Yet the name adopted for the enterprise, 'The Merrymount Press,' indicated that this strait path was entered upon with some lightness of spirit.

The Press gathered types and friends and the beginnings of its famous library, and then moved to an old house on Chestnut Street. The programme gathered headway, and 'disciplined sobriety' in typography found demand in the beautiful production of books, memorials, announcements, and the like. When presses required more room, 'Merrymount' went to Summer

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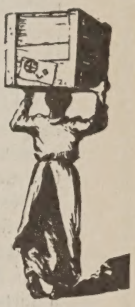

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Street, and there was housed the rapidly expanding library for which Europe had been searched to furnish the best working examples; at the same time rare engravings and broadsides spread out upon every wall.

Last summer, the American Institute of Graphic Arts awarded to the founder of this Press its Graphic Arts Medal; the book-collectors of all countries have long since granted their approval; but a printer may erect at once his own monument and a monument to his art, and this Mr. Updike has done in an outstanding and significant example of American publishing, *Printing Types, Their History, Forms, and Use.*

These are volumes which it would be difficult to overpraise. They could not have been written by a scholar who was not a printer, nor planned by a printer who was not a scholar. In them lie, not bare facts of printing history, nor details of technical progress in the craft, but a master printer's story of types, their characteristics and their survival, and of the taste which can raise typography from a craft to an art.

While the printer will get from the books a new insight into type possibilities, the scholar and the collector will get new understanding of their treasures, and the general reader will come to appreciate clearly the beauty of the books of that first century when manuscripts still influenced print; the flowering of French artistic genius in Estienne, Tory, and Garamond; the Dutch industry of Plantin and the Elzivirs; the admirable sturdiness of the Fell types and the Caslons; the painstaking Baskerville; the influential Bodini; the taste of the Fourniers and the elegance of the Didots; the sure-footed Whittinghams; the versatile Morris and the beginnings of our new and promising typographical revival.

'Typography,' says Mr. Updike, 'is closely allied to the fine arts, and types have always reflected the taste and feeling of their time.' By the education of craftsmen and of readers, these two volumes will help to raise and maintain present taste. To turn through the nearly four hundred illustrated plates selected from the riches of the Merrymount library, of Harvard College, the Boston Public Library, and other collections, is in itself a training in the appreciation of typographical beauty. These books will point no short road to sound taste and no quick route to printing skill, but they draw deeply from a lifetime of study, and the pages have the impress of a taste that has judged and perfected ten thousand beautiful pages in hundreds of beautiful volumes.

FREDERIC G. MELCHER.

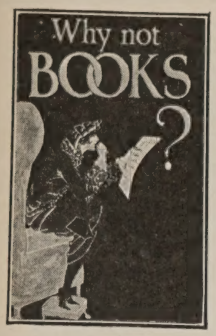
Memories of a Hostess, a Chronicle of Eminent Friendships, Drawn chiefly from the Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1922. 12mo. viii+312 pp. $4.00.

WHEN we take up a biographical presentation of a brilliant man or a charming woman, two convictions are usually present in our minds: one, that there will be passages that will give us what we want; second, that we shall have to pay for our pleasure by going through long informational stretches, too exhaustively instructive. Mr. Howe's presentation of Mrs. Fields is absolutely an exception. Here the frosting is sufficient to the cake; the whole book is the cream of the story. Out of Mrs. Fields's diaries he has taken only the high spots, or perhaps she chronicled only the high spots; it would be like her. She had a great sense of values — of lasting values. She knew in 1862 who would matter in 1922.

What Mr. Howe has done, in effect, is to reconstruct the scene, by a few unobtrusive but telling touches, and let his lady speak for herself. I feel sure that she would like her diary handled in this way — made into a book recording only golden hours; like a Russian novel, with the dull descriptions and heavy reflections left out — simply not there. The result is that the book has something the quality of a novel; it is a presentation of living people — and such people! — not an encyclopædia of biography. One sits down at a dinner given for Dickens in the dining-room at 148 Charles Street; the guests are Agassiz, Emerson, Judge Hoar, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Greene, Charles Eliot Norton, Longfellow. They leave the table 'in a tempest of laughter,' and Dickens hurries off to give one of his readings. Such a dinner! And after it, no penance, no information, none! We simply go to another dinner-party that Dickens gives at the Parker House for his Boston friends. Or, we can go over through a snowstorm in the afternoon with Mrs. Fields, 'at Mr. Dickens's kind request,' to see that the flowers are properly arranged and that the management has neglected nothing about the appointments of the table.

Edwin Booth comes in for tea just as twilight is falling and 'a magnificent red and purple and gold sunset is staining the Bay,' and a full moon is beginning to shed its light over the river and the schooners anchored off-shore. To those who knew the 'long drawing-room' at 148 Charles Street, that magically haunted room, the scene comes with poignant vividness. In no book have I heard Booth talk so much or so well as he does that afternoon at tea; nor have I read anything that makes him seem at once so human and so mysterious. Where can one find such gatherings of brilliant friends to-day, when the gifted are so singularly, so intentionally, graceless? These people had time for amenities, for friendship; to taste the flavor of life, and to enjoy what was rare in each other.

The Journal moves from Boston to Manchester-by-the-Sea and back, with the seasons, as Mrs. Fields herself moved. There is one lovely passage written at Manchester. It is a perfect summer day. Mr. Fields does not go up to town but stays at home with a bag full of MSS. He and his wife go to a favorite spot in a pasture by the sea, and she reads him a new story that has just come in from Henry James, Jr., the promising young son of an old friend —



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WILLA CATHER.

The Three Lovers, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1922. 12mo. 334 pp. $2.00.

MR. SWINNERTON sees life steadily, and, if he does not see it whole, he gives at least a very distinguished effect of remaining whole himself. He is not torn, anguished, or even angered by what he sees; his imperturbable calm really is that of the detached and impersonal point of view to which his fellow realists commonly aspire without achieving it. His work has serenity, without which — we were once given to understand — there can be no art. This repose, this coolness of demeanor, ought to be refreshing to a good many modern-minded folk who are conscious of suffering from the constant over-excitation of which our fiction is more and more becoming a profound record.

Patricia Quin, Mr. Swinnerton's heroine in *The Three Lovers*, threatens to fall a victim to the modern over-excitation. Rather old-fashioned in her innocence to begin with, she is precipitated into the advanced and emancipated world of metropolitan studio life. The value of the story consists in the balance and the calmly truthful fidelity with which it follows her through her ensuing stages of curiosity, fascination, enervation, disillusionment, and revulsion. By sheer innate intelligence and taste — qualities which, as nuclei of the 'strong' character in fiction, have rather usurped the old-fashioned decencies, though they may come in the end to the same thing — she picks her way through the usual specious opportunities to identify adventure with freedom. Hardly understanding her own strength or its sources, she nevertheless has it, and at just the crises where it is needed. The perfection of urbanity in one lover fascinates but fails to win her; the offer of equality-in-freedom from a second leaves her cold: and in the end she marries the one of her lovers who is as simple, as old-fashioned, as completely calculable in his acceptance of life as she herself was at the start.

The Three Lovers has not, and is not intended to have, the concentrated brilliancy of *Nocturne;* but it has more perspective and as true an economy. The only superfluous words are those of the signature on the title-page.

HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT.

The Bright Shawl, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922. 12mo. 220 pp. $2.00.

THOSE readers who found *Cytherea* a 'cruel novel,' as one well-known reviewer called it, need have no fear of *The Bright Shawl.* About the only resemblance between them is that, like the final chapters of *Cytherea*, the present story is laid in Cuba. It is, however, the Cuba of forty years ago as remembered by an American, Charles Abbott, now well past sixty. Going as a young man to Havana, determined to die for Cuban liberty, he lived through a year of ardent idealisms, of patriotism, friendship, and love, so heart-warming in the retrospect that the rationalisms of the youth of to-day seem to him a subject for pity. This memory of a fervent year, 'like a flare in the dusk of the past,' is evoked by a strain of music, and by a shawl of barbaric color which to him is a symbol of tropical fire and youthful ardor, aspiration and self-sacrifice, brains high-blooded and hearts romantic — everything that to his aging mind is lacking in the world to-day.

The earlier chapters, dealing with Charles Abbott's dedication of himself to possible martyrdom, are full of lurking comedy, in which one hardly knows whether to admire more the delicacy and tenderness of the portrayal or the quiet strength of the style. Only one or two other American novelists write English of such distinction, and for that reason one hesitates to speak of a possible blemish. It seems to the present reader, however, that many a passage otherwise perfect is defective in rhythm, that some abruptness or slight distortion of phrasing detracts from the complete satisfaction that would otherwise be felt. This may be a small matter, but in a man who is so completely an artist, nothing is negligible.

The plot raises many interesting questions and some doubts, but it would take too long to discuss them. As for the characters, Mr. Hergesheimer has long since shown his ability to portray women, and La Clavel must be added to his gallery. She is a powerful conception though perhaps her power lies more in the suggestions of her personality than in anything she says or does — but that, though many of our novelists have not discovered the truth, is true of the best characters in fiction generally. One thing that she does, her desperate combat with the Spaniard, Santicilla, is so remarkably narrated that it not only enthralls during the reading but haunts the memory. Of the men, Santicilla, half mad and wholly depraved, alone strikes the mind deeply.

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Though *The Bright Shawl*, because of its brevity, may seem to some readers only an interlude between longer works, there is about it a charm that has enticed one reviewer back to it again and again. He had not been accustomed to associate tenderness with the name of the author, but tenderness is here, always controlled and mostly under the surface, but still felt, and with gratitude.

R. M. Gay.

A Critical Fable — The Poets of the Day; An Account of the Times, by a Poker of Fun, Witt. D., O.S., A. 1. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1922. 12mo. x+99 pp. $1.00.

A Critical Fable well shows the content. But why, when you have a new case to present, should you run such a pitiful risk of disbarment by clothing your thoughts in a man's cast-off garment? Why should one resort to procedure so slavish, whose rhymes are so free and whose wit is so lavish? There may be a form for the song or the sonnet; but you need not do this because Lowell has done it. So I would advise your exchanging your damn metre for something more finished, if only pentameter.

Now as to the poets and all that he says of them, our author quite clearly has studied the ways of them. If disposed to find fault, I should call him diffuse. And at times, I admit, I cry out, 'What the deuce does he mean by so madly exposing a fella to tempests of words without any umbrella!' Yet again, he can hammer the nail on the head, and some things that he says some consider well said; as when he makes wild waves and green trees and wind say such very nice speeches about Vachel Lindsay, or subtly implies that a glittering vowel and clattering consonant make up Miss Lowell. But I cannot but think him a little bit lost in the subtle retreats and resources of Frost, and whether he well compares Sandburg to Gog or ill, those may say who distinguish divine verse from doggerel. As for some whom he idly takes down from the shelf, I freely confess, I 've not read them myself.

But what strikes me the most is the creature's temerity in exposing himself to such mad folks' severity: before you adventure the critical tomahawk, you should make very sure that you know a hen from a hawk. And I seem to behold a mad swarm of bards swooping, with rhyming and chiming and hissing and whooping — those he 's praised, those he 's blamed in a fierce flock together, and those he 's not mentioned much fiercer than either. They haul him and maul him and tear him and share him, with even the gentlest reluctant to spare him. He will have to take refuge in morphine or Morpheus, while his limbs are flung wide as the relics of Orpheus.

And as to his genius, I 'm so much his debtor, I wonder sometimes why he did n't do better. Lowell's rollicking lines flow with exquisite ease; but this person's do pretty much as they please. In fact, when I read him, I 'm tempted to say, it's a pure case of Pegasus running away. With his mane streaming wide and his golden heels flying, his rider scarce knows if he's living or dying. He shoots through the zodiac, justles the Bull, gives the Virgin's fine raiment a twitch and a pull, baits the Ram to despair, leaves the Crab with a carom, makes a rush at the Twins very certain to scare 'em, twists the orderly heavens insanely about, and then with a flare and a tumble goes out, like a traveler who comes in the dark to a bad ford, and plunges forever.

Gamaliel Bradford.

The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle, by Hugh Lofting. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1922. 12mo. xiv+364 pp. $2.50.

Not since Lewis Carroll continued Alice's Adventures in Wonderland through the Looking-Glass, has an author responded to an encore more successfully than Hugh Lofting in his second volume of the biography of Doctor Dolittle. The sterling qualities of the Kindly One, as the good doctor is dubbed by the discriminating Popsipetels, shine undimmed through the adventurous pages of the Voyages. The fresh and the familiar invest this happy sequel with a blended charm. Polynesia the parrot is here, with all her old flair for leadership; faithful Jip, with his gold collar and his capacity for meeting an emergency; Dab Dab, the perfect duck of a housekeeper, and the African prince, Bumpo, now matriculated at Oxford where he likes Cicero — 'Yes, I think Cicero's fine — so simultaneous. By the way, they tell me his son is rowing for our college next year — charming fellow.'

In the earlier book, the doctor's humanitarian impulses are in the ascendant — the vaccination of monkeys may surely be called humanitarian by courtesy. In the Voyages, his preoccupations are linguistic and philological, and we follow his methods of passionate research into the sources of the shellfish language through the hybrid soliloquies of the Silver Fidgit who learned his English during an enforced sojourn in a public aquarium.

But the adventures of this twentieth-century descendant of Sir John Mandeville and Baron Munchausen are not all in research. If Darwin, on the Voyage of the Beagle, had discovered Spidermonkey Island and played the Promethean rôle to the fireless Popsipetels, who can say what the effect might have been upon his scientific temperament? For the central adventure, toward which the others mount, occurs, modern fashion, in the heart of Doctor Dolittle, where the scholar and the utopist-administrator come to grips, and he makes his great decision, laying the wooden crown of the Popsipetels upon the beach of Spidermonkey Island, to 'tiptoe incognito' back to the seclusion of Puddleby-on-the-Marsh.

Florence Converse.

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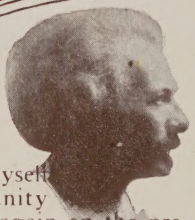

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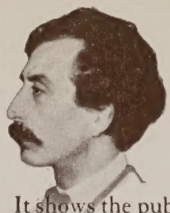

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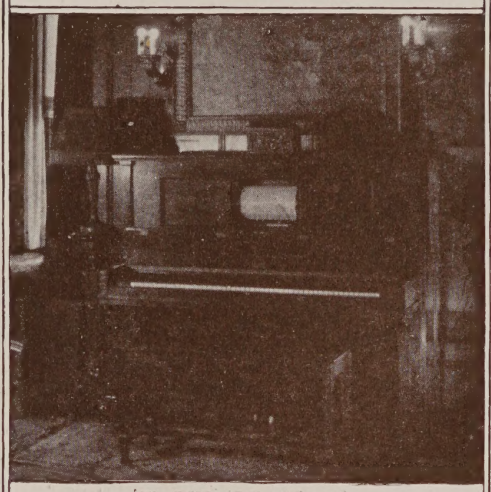

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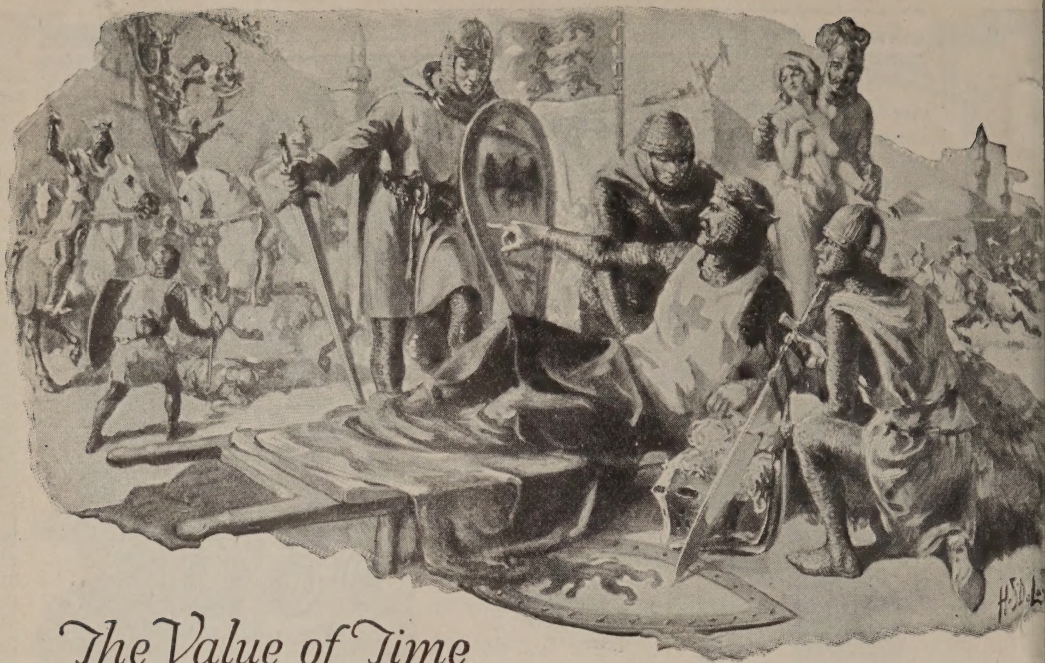
21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—"mightiest warrior and hardest working Crusader in all Christendom"—knew the Value of Time.

For two long years the city of Acre, near Jerusalem, had defied the besieging Crusaders—yet its walls trembled when Richard anchored off the Syrian shore. Lion-Heart's great hour had come at last. So clear was his vision of Time as his ally that he arose from a sick-bed, was carried to the trenches on a litter, and with his own sword hewed the fortress from the infidel's grip.

To this day, in the land of the Saracen, the name of Richard is a word to conjure with. And today, as it was seven centuries ago, life is a battle which no man can win without Father Time as his ally.

Over the Time of the Crusaders, the Saracen water clock stood guard. But the modern world, enriched by experience, intrusts life's costliest possession to those marvels of accuracy which human ingenuity and skill now place within the reach of all—

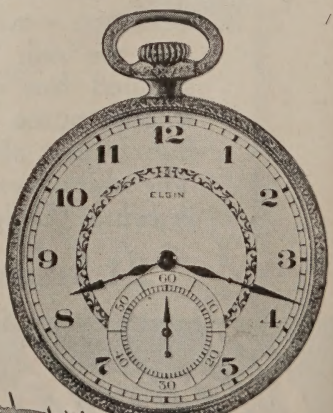
Four popular new lines (12-size) created by the Elgin designers: material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee.

New Streamline Series: *Specially designed for a wide variety of tastes—$35 to $100. (Below is the $35 Streamline.)*

New Classic Series: *Two thin models, Lord Elgin movement; $150.*

New Corsican Series: *Three models, Lord Elgin movement; $175.*

New Presentation Series: *"The last word in the Gift Idea." C. H. Hulburd movement; $300 to $500.*



Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.

FATHER TIME IS ELGIN'S TRADE MARK

© 1922, ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH

The Dollar

The daily actions of most of us are influenced by the messages received over the telephone, and yet few of us stop to think of the men and women, and the mechanisms, which help to make that daily service possible.

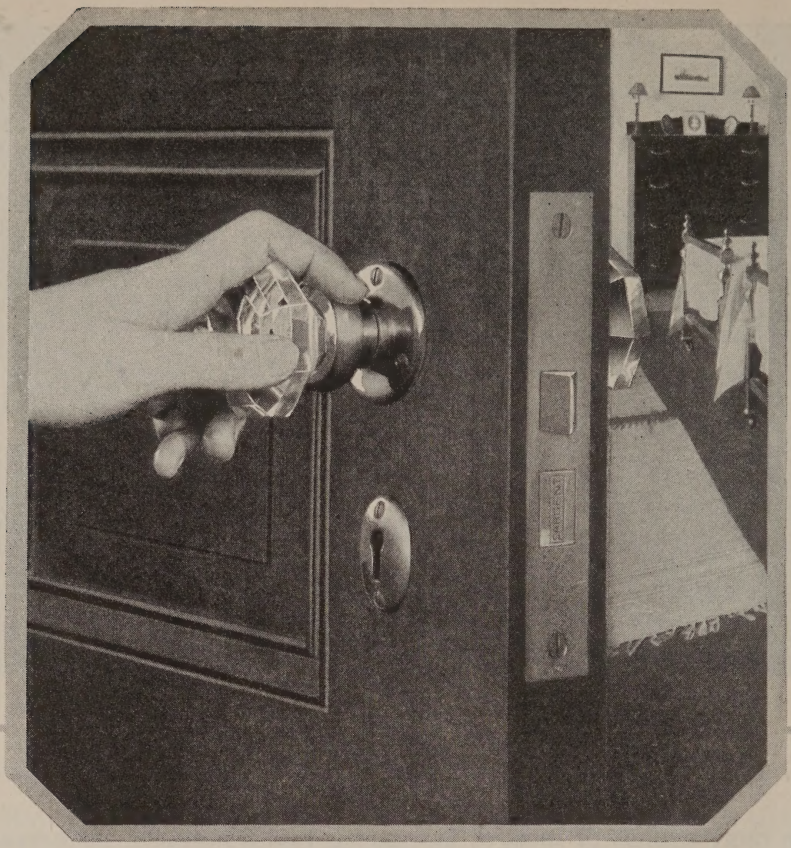
Maintenance, repairs, and the work of handling calls, must constantly be carried on in good times or in bad, and they must be paid for, in order that your telephone service may be continued.

The average dollar will buy to-day less than two-thirds of what it would buy before the war. This means that it costs, on the average, half as much again to buy most of the things that are necessary for keeping the country going; but the advance in telephone rates is far less than this average.

In fact, gauged by the present purchasing power of the dollar, telephone service in the country as a whole is costing the subscriber less than it did in 1914.

The Bell System generally has been able to meet higher commodity prices and increased wages by means of new economies in operation and the increased efficiency of loyal employees.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy. One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



Hardware Serves more than Practical Purposes

OF course a lock and a knob must perform their duties uncomplainingly at all times. But the worth of Sargent Hardware does not end with performance.

Besides giving service that is dependable and uniform, Sargent Hardware possesses unusual refinement of design. In variety of styles it harmonizes with the many types of architecture. Its gracefulness adds beauty to every doorway. Though a small element in the whole of a house, it is, nevertheless, noticeable—a finishing touch to the work of architect and builder.

The Sargent Book of Designs contains illustrations of hardware suitable for your home. Write for your copy, and select Sargent Hardware with your architect.

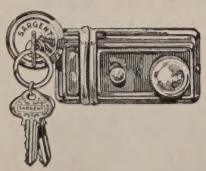
SARGENT DAY and NIGHT LATCHES

reinforce and provide the needed security on entrance doors of dwellings, apartment houses, stores and offices, where present locks do not afford adequate protection. The handy push-button stop, to deadlock the latch bolt or hold it back as desired, is an exclusive feature.

SARGENT & COMPANY

Hardware Manufacturers

34 Water Street New Haven, Conn.



SARGENT

Locks & Hardware

Eager to work for you— and *pay you* wages besides

Eager, yes — on the job night and day. You recognize this as describing your telephone and electric light service.

But what's that about paying you wages? Invest in your telephone or electric light and power company's securities, and your money will earn these wages.

The wages are good. A glance at the interest tables in your newspaper will show you that.

The wages are steady. No slack times here. The need for electric service is constantly growing.

Your money is safe. This is true because these companies are regulated by your representatives on the state public utility commission.

This investment is good in another sense too. It will help your town develop right, because it will help your telephone company and electric light company to extend their service — so necessary now for the new homes which must be built and for the normal growth in business.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

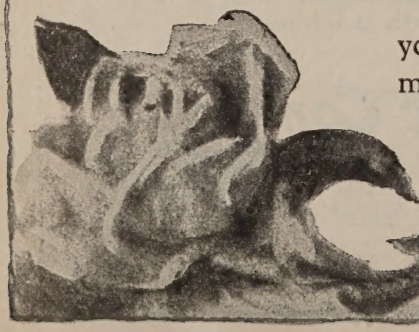
Number 34 of a series

More Than a Gift

THE graceful compliment implied when flowers are sent, finds quick response in every woman's heart. He who sends flowers this Christmas can be sure that among all "her" gifts, flowers will be the most cherished, for they are the most expressive as tokens of love or esteem.

A greater profusion than ever awaits you at your florist's — for your Christmas message,

Flowers may be sent to any address anywhere in the United States or Canada and delivered fresh and fragrant a few hours after the order is placed with your local florist



"Say it with Flowers"

RACHMANINOFF
and the New York Symphony Orchestra
WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

IN the historic reception room at Steinway Hall, Rachmaninoff moved among the pianos and tried them, one by one. He was selecting a concert grand for his American tour. First one, then another, he would try. Here he would play a bit of Chopin; there something from Beethoven; again it would be a passage of his own. Finally, with that slow and courtly smile of his, he turned to Mr. Steinway. "How can I know which one of your pianos I like best," he asked, "when you make them all so perfect?" . . . A Steinway is always a Steinway. Whether it be the one which Rachmaninoff plays in recital, or the one which Damrosch has in his home, or the one *you* may choose tomorrow, its quality is always Steinway quality, its tone is unmistakably and inimitably Steinway tone. There are different Steinway styles; there are different Steinway sizes. Some are designed for great auditoriums, some for homes of the larger type, some for the smaller home. But the Steinway ideal is expressed in them all—its goal is perfection; it knows no compromise.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10 per cent, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices, $875 and up—plus freight

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 E. 14th Street, New York

FIBERLOID

Beautiful Toilet Articles of Fiberloid

in Ivory, Tortoise and colors to harmonize with interior decorations
A gift intimate and lasting, Fiberloid will not break, dent or tarnish.

Leading stores sell it in single pieces and in handsomely cased sets.
Send for the *Fiberloid booklet* describing the attractive patterns—

Avondale . Berkshire . Fairfax Gramarble . Rosemont

The FIBERLOID CORPORATION, Indian Orchard, Massachusetts
New York Office, 55 Fifth Avenue

The Avondale Pattern

COLGATE'S

Gifts that are sure to please

You would be glad to receive any of these —why not give them?

FOR the perplexing problem of the "little" gifts nothing equals Colgate's charming toilet articles. Instead of being quickly tossed aside, a Colgate Gift is used for a long time and is a constant reminder of the giver.

A box of dainty soap for a woman . . . . For all the children, Ribbon Dental Cream that cleans teeth the right way . . . . Give some man a Handy Grip and two Refills . . . Please a wife or sister with Florient, that won first place in the Perfume Contest.

Your dealer can show you these and other Colgate Christmas Gifts

COLGATE & CO. NEW YORK
Established 1806

Talc Powder, fragrant with a favored perfume—or Baby Talc, for tender skins

20c and 25c

Perfumes in dainty bottles. Florient (Flowers of the Orient) and dozens more.

From less than $1, up to $6, $8 and $10

A new Face Powder Compact that has won women's favor instantly.

$1 the box

The Handy Grip Shaving Stick gives a wonderfully cool, smooth shave.

Refill Stick **25c**
Handy Grip **35c**

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap. Luxurious, lasting, daintily fragrant. Two sizes

10c and 25c

The bright red box of Ribbon Dental Cream looks cheery in a Christmas stocking.

25c

Far and wide, the conviction is spreading that for sound value, the good Maxwell stands in a class of its own.

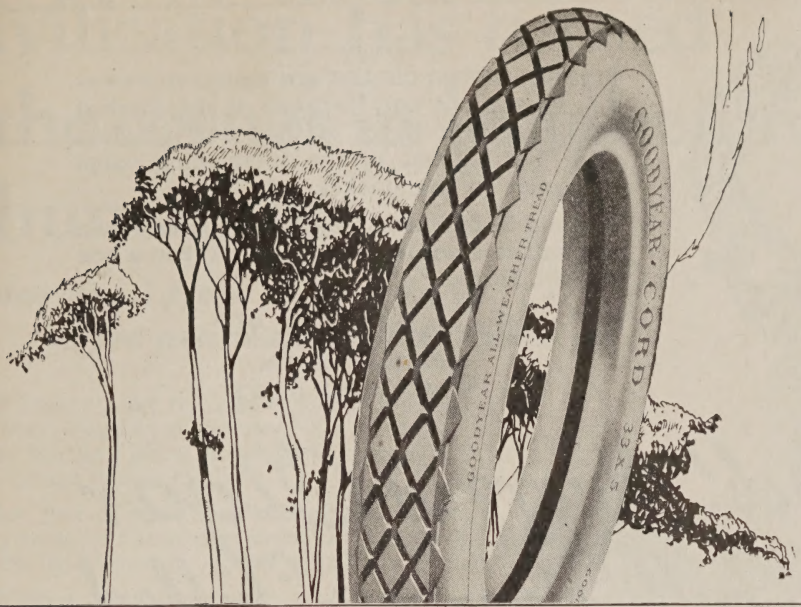
People continue to marvel that a car so beautiful and so enduring, that serves so reliably and economically, can be sold at such a reasonable price.

Cord tires non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type head and parking lamps; windshield cleaner; rear-view mirror; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; broadcloth upholstery; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy. Prices F O B Detroit. Revenue Tax to be added: Touring, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Sedan, $1335; Coupe, $1235

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA LTD, WINDSOR, ONT.

The Good

MAXWELL



SOUND ASSURANCE OF VALUE

It has taken us nearly a quarter of a century to make Goodyear Tires as good as they are today. We have been assisted in our effort by experiment, experience and resources in great measure, and by the most modern scientific equipment available. These, with the incomparable record of Goodyear Tires, constitute your assurance of surpassing mileage—of performance that is nowhere excelled. Although Goodyear Tires now embody the highest quality in their history, their prices were never so low.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

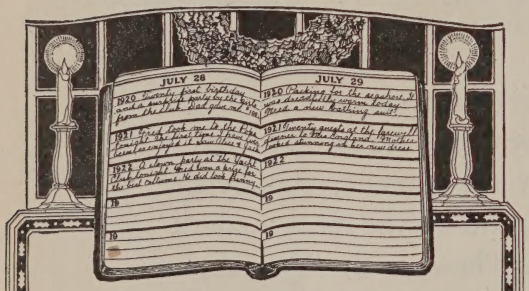
ROBT. BURNS CIGARS are approved everywhere, not only because of the marked individuality of flavor of their *full Havana filler*, but because of the outstanding value they offer to the smoker.

It would be difficult to choose a more welcome gift for the smoker of good cigars than a box of Robt. Burns.

General Cigar Co.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

STAPLES	PERFECTOS	INVINCIBLES (foil-wrapped)
10c straight	2 for 25c	15c straight
Box of 50—$4.75	Box of 50—$6.00	Box of 25—$3.50



A Practical Gift

Does not decrease in value with use as many gifts do. The longer it is used, the more valuable it becomes. Business and professional men, home makers and students—every one will find it a valuable record of business or pleasure.

WARD'S A Line A Day BOOK

A FIVE YEAR COMPARATIVE DIARY

Each page is headed with the day of the month and is divided into five spaces, one for the corresponding day for each of five years. It is the most convenient comparative diary on the market.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, write us direct

SAMUEL WARD MANUFACTURING CO.
299-303 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Kleradesk

Your Present System—Plus

The Kleradesk adapts itself to your peculiar requirements—combining both horizontal and vertical handling of desk papers.

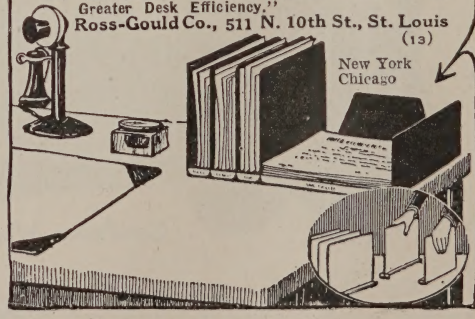
Sorts and routes departmental mail; holds reference papers out of way but immediately at hand when needed. Saves time. Efficient. Convenient.

A Steel Sectional Device

Add compartments as required. Vertical sections 75c each. Four-compartment combination illustrated below. $4.50 Indexed front and back. Write for free, instructive, illustrated folder, "How to Get Greater Desk Efficiency."

Ross-Gould Co., 511 N. 10th St., St. Louis (13)

New York
Chicago



THE ATLANTIC YEAR BOOK

A collection of choice paragraphs, verses and epigrams from the Atlantic Monthly since its foundation in 1857. $1.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston (17), Mass.

Civilization has turned the corner in lengthening human life . .

Latest official figures indicate that we live five years longer than our fathers did

IN twenty years the span of human life has been lengthened *by five whole years.* This startling piece of news is contained in the census figures for 1920.

Are you one of those who will be fit at fifty to enjoy these extra years? Or are your health and strength already slipping away?

When a man "slows up"—when a woman begins to show constant signs of vague ill-health, it is due to the fact that the body from some deep underlying cause—is failing to perform *two vital functions.*

Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the intestines.

Now Science tells us that the fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green"—not dried or "killed." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. Eaten regularly day after day it helps to "tone up" the whole system and assures regular daily elimination.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eat two or three cakes a day. Get six cakes at a time from your grocer. They will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Begin at once to know what real health means.

Eat it plain or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk

Send for this book *free*

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 812, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name_____

Street_____

City _____ State_____

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Builds health naturally and permanently

"Let's have something hot to eat!"

WHEN you come in hungry from an evening's skating, how grateful you are for your Armstrong Table Stove that appeared on Christmas!

It's so easy to get up a delightful little supper. Creamed oysters or chicken on toast, garnished with crisp little slices of bacon, all prepared on the Armstrong Table Stove—that goes to the spot these cold days!

This electric table stove may be used to advantage at any meal because it cooks three things *at the same time,* and enough for four people. You see, the Armstrong Table Stove is *more* than a toaster—it broils, fries, boils and steams as well! And it bakes the best waffles you ever ate.

The gleaming white enamel finish is an additional source of pleasure to the housewife who sets a dainty table. It does not discolor from heat, is durable and can be washed spotlessly clean. Remember the distinctive square shape of the Armstrong —that extra corner space gives you more room for cooking, and the corners are rounded, so cleaning is easy.

Send for our interesting folder, "A Week of Menus," which contains suggestions for breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and late supper for seven days.

THE ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Formerly The Standard Stamping Company

209 Seventh Avenue Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

Cooks 3 things at once

Makes Waffles Too!

Make Your Little Girl Happy with an
Add-a-pearl
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NECKLACE
The family and friends will keep it growing
ASK YOUR JEWELER

YOUR HOROSCOPE

is different from all others, and, when individually and carefully analyzed, gives constructive advice toward the development of personality, talents and success. Two services, $5.00 and $10.00. No printed forms. Write for explanatory circular.

MARION MEYER DREW BEACON, NEW YORK

Amelia Peabody Tileston And Her Canteens for the Serbs

Edited by her mother

MARY W. TILESTON

THERE are certain qualities of character and soul which every New Englander prays may never perish from his stock He will therefore read with deep joy and pride the story of this daughter of Massachusetts, the pioneer in canteen work among the Serbs. These letters, written by Miss Tileston to her family and friends, are edited with rare discrimination by her mother, author of the widely known "Daily Strength for Daily Needs."

An interesting article concerning Serbia and the War prefaces the letters.

Dark green cloth binding, stamped in gold
Illustrated, $2.00 postpaid

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street - - Boston (17), Mass.

Your good taste is reflected by Mahogany

THE visitor to your home cannot see that the walls are weather-proof, that the roof is well supported, that the cellar is well drained. He does, however, pay immediate attention to the interior woodwork and not infrequently judges the coziness and good taste of your home by the character of the trim.

Of all cabinet woods Mahogany pre-eminently possesses charm and effectiveness. Mahogany is easy to obtain, easy to work, easy to finish and improves with age. The color grows deeper and richer under the influence of light and air and the longer it stands, the more beautiful it becomes.

And its cost is astonishingly low! Very little more than the more common cabinet woods. Careful figures kept in building the model "Bungalow Beautiful" in Atlantic City demonstrated that the cost of figured mahogany interior trim in dining room, living room and den, in which were included mantels, bookcases, doors, window-trim, base-boards and mouldings was $880. The cost of the cheapest cabinet wood in the same three rooms would have been $800.

Let us demonstrate to you that Genuine Mahogany can be used for the interior woodwork of your home at a surprisingly low cost.

We shall be glad to send you, without cost, our period furniture and "Bungalow Beautiful" folders. They are filled with useful hints on making the home more attractive.

after all—there's nothing like

MAHOGANY

MAHOGANY ASSOCIATION, Inc. St. James Building 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A FINANCIAL MEETING PLACE

¶ In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.

Men seek the deciding "yes" or "no" of the analytical chemist because his conclusions are based on facts — facts which he is best equipped to gather — best qualified to weigh and judge.

"Yes" or "No" to a Bond?

When you come to The National City Company for bonds you come to an organization with resources enabling it to gather and weigh carefully the essential facts back of every bond it recommends.

At any one of our offices in more than 50 leading cities you will find a cordial welcome by men who are constantly studying investment problems — and who will gladly help you select high-grade bonds.

These experienced men are well qualified to analyze your present holdings, and may be able to suggest advantageous changes.

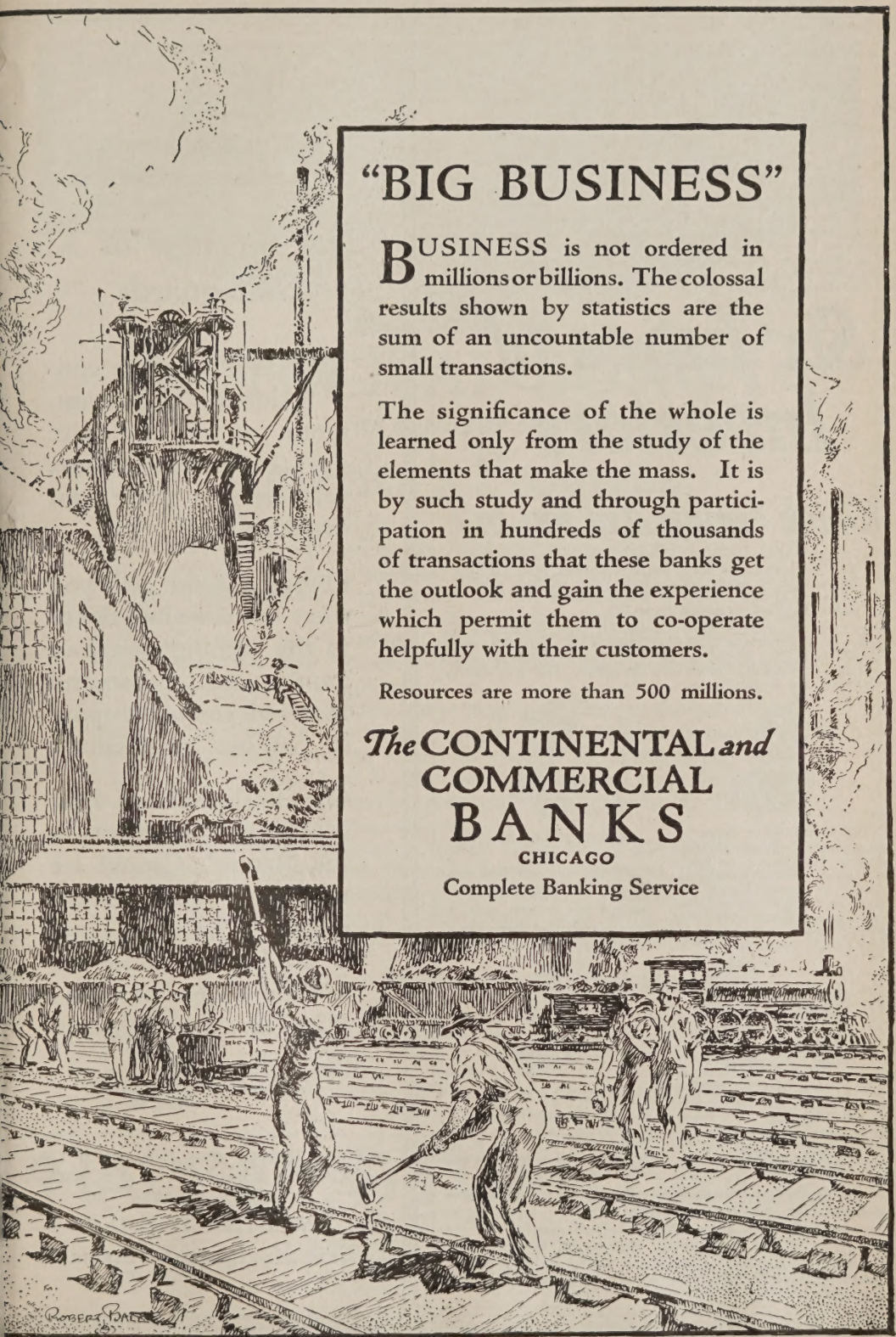
Regardless of the size of your investment account, we invite you to come and see us, or to write for our Current List of Bonds of liberal yield.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World

BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES



"BIG BUSINESS"

BUSINESS is not ordered in millions or billions. The colossal results shown by statistics are the sum of an uncountable number of small transactions.

The significance of the whole is learned only from the study of the elements that make the mass. It is by such study and through participation in hundreds of thousands of transactions that these banks get the outlook and gain the experience which permit them to co-operate helpfully with their customers.

Resources are more than 500 millions.

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

Complete Banking Service

The Experienced Investor

Trustee or executor of an estate, or investment official for a corporation, or one seeking sound investments for his own funds, desires a non-fluctuating, non-speculative investment with as high an interest rate as absolute safety will permit.

The Woman Alone

The best protection for a woman, upon the safety of whose investments rests the welfare of herself and those dependent upon her, is a connection with a reputable investment banker upon whom she can rely to guide her investment funds into a safe channel, with a sure and attractive yield.

Six Types of Investors

Which Group Are You In?

No matter in which of these six groups you classify yourself, there is now an investment plan that helps you to save, safeguards your savings and pays as liberal a yield as is consistent with this safety—a yield ranging up to 7%.

In every banking circle the name of George M. Forman & Company has always been associated with sound investments and an attractive yield. The plan for *you* is in our interesting booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds." A coupon is appended below for your convenience. Mail it at once for this booklet and our plan for *you*.

The Speculative Buyer

Often misled by the mirage of big, quick profits. Were he to figure his losses on poor investments against an occasional profit he would find that his income from these sources amounted to less than the same investment would have brought in safe securities.

The Man Who Spends All

Finds it extremely difficult to save. Needs a way that not only encourages him to make saving a habit, but also that assures him of absolute safety.

The Father with Foresight

Desires to safeguard the interests of his family and his children against any emergency, through sound investments that can be depended upon regularly to bring an attractive yield.

The Savings Depositor

As funds accumulate many savings investors take advantage of the Forman Plan which pays an attractive yield without affecting the safety of their investment.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

"Thirty-Seven Years Without Loss to a Customer"

Dept. 1312, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—Please send me your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds," and tell me about your plan for turning my funds into safe investments at an attractive yield.

Name .....

Address .....

The Greatest of All Safeguards

WHEN you are considering the investment of money, the greatest safeguard you can have is your own common sense.

Common sense tells you there is a definite limit to to the earning power of money, and that beyond that limit you are groping in perilous uncertainty.

Our Safeguarded First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital are common sense investments. The interest rate is the highest consistent with our record of *no loss to any investor in 49 years.*

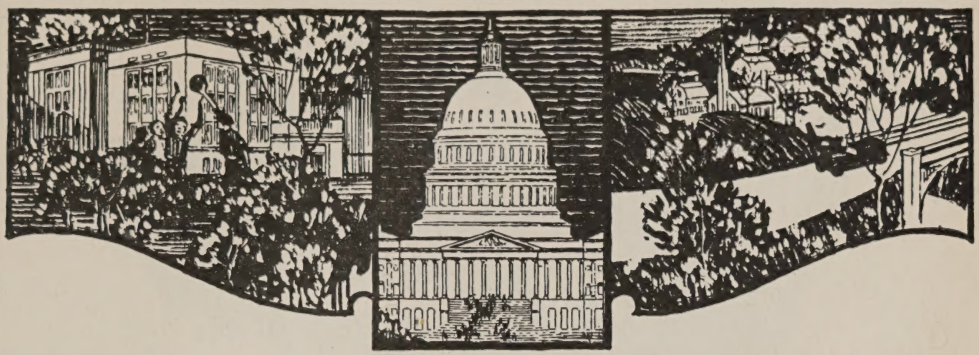
Write for Booklet D-9

The F.H.SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

WASHINGTON, D.C.

First Mortgage Investments



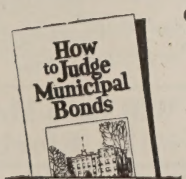
MUNICIPAL BONDS
as a factor in
America's Progress

AMERICAN communities are more pleasant and healthful places in which to live than ever before. Improved sanitation, pure water, good schools, smooth, hard roads, inspiring public buildings have made them so.

These improvements, in turn, have been made possible largely through the issuance of municipal bonds, payable at a future date, thus spreading the burden of payment over a period of years, and permitting the community to have the use of the improvement while tax funds steadily accumulate to meet principal and interest when due.

Just as American communities have progressed through the sale of their bonds, so, too, a host of investors have registered real progress through their purchase. Municipal bonds are second in security only to government bonds; their income is exempt from Federal Income Taxes; and their yield, while lower than that of some securities, may really exceed the latter when their tax-exemption and safety are considered.

During an extended experience, Halsey, Stuart & Co. has contributed to the progress of hundreds of American municipalities and thousands of investors through outright purchase of entire issues of municipal bonds, and redistribution among investors. Your inquiry will bring further details regarding whichever feature of this two-fold service interests you.



"How to Judge Municipal Bonds"

summarizes in pamphlet form, the important points to be considered in the selection of Municipal Bonds. The information contained will be of value even to those of considerable experience with bonds of this type. Investors who feel that they do not know Municipal Bonds should surely read it.

Write for pamphlet **AM-22**

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 209 S. La Salle Street	NEW YORK 14 Wall Street	BOSTON 10 Post Office Sq.	PHILADELPHIA Land Title Building
DETROIT Ford Building	MILWAUKEE 1st Wis. Nat'l Bk. Bldg.	ST. LOUIS Security Building	MINNEAPOLIS Metropolitan Bk. Bldg.

The First National Bank of Boston

The leading financial institution in New England

Branch at Buenos Aires, Argentina

Special Representative in London

Correspondence solicited

$25,000 at Fifty!

Are you systematically building an estate and an assured income?

Babson's REPORTS

If you are interested in a working plan for your money that will build an estate of $25,000—and an assured income of $100 a month—on as little as $50.00 a month—merely

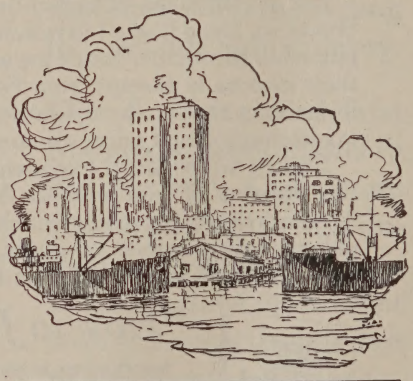
Tear out the Memo—*now*—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows:

Please send me Bulletin M22 **and booklet** ***"Getting the Most From Your Money"*** **—gratis.**



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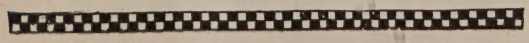

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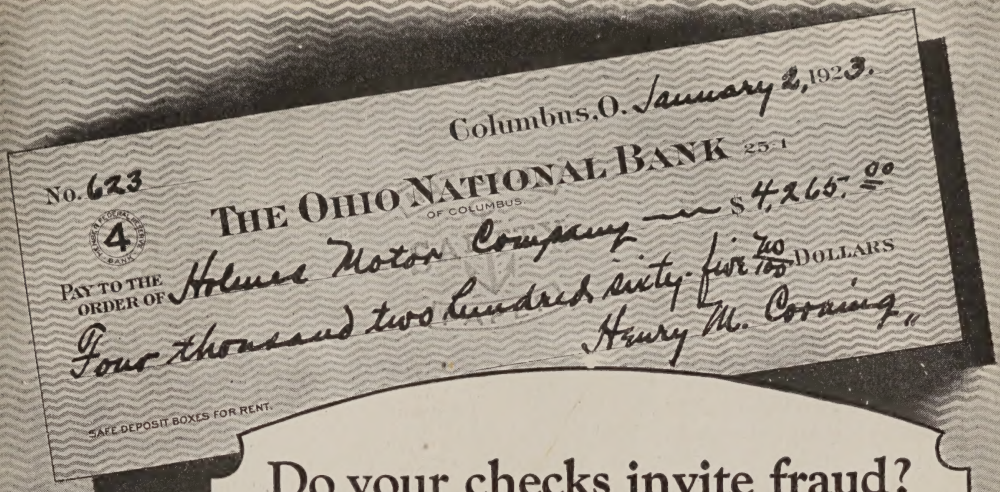
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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the Investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Building With Bonds," a booklet dealing comprehensively with familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Offered by the American Bond & Mortgage Company, 127 No. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Shawmut Service," an interesting booklet setting forth the many-sided service rendered by a present-day big-city bank. Of much interest to business men. Offered by the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Common Sense in Investing Money and the Current Investment Guide," well-prepared booklets explaining the investment of money in improved real estate, as developed by S. W. Straus & Co., specialists in real estate mortgage bonds, Straus Buildings, New York and Chicago.

"The Investor's Safeguard," a monthly magazine which points out the factors that make the National Capital one of the strongest investment centers in the world. For copies write The F. H. Smith Company, 1414 I Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

"Getting the Most from Your Money." Investment involves method. Some follow one plan, some another. This booklet sets forth plans and suggestions useful to men and women who take more than ordinary interest in their investment problems. Offered by Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service"; Equitable Trust Company, 37 Wall Street, New York City.

"Trust Service for Corporations," a brief presentation of the services rendered to corporations as transfer agent, registrar, disbursing agent, trustee, agent under financial adjustments, and custodian of securities. Offered by Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

"How to Select Safe Bonds," a book worth reading for all those who have money to invest, or have it invested, can be obtained by writing to Geo. M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for in their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"Income Tax," a pamphlet considering Federal Taxation of income, as provided by the Revenue Act of 1921. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

"Hides and Skins and the Manufacture of Leather," a booklet giving information of interest to investors in connection with one of our great industries. Offered by the First National Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Preferred Stocks." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular describing thirty high grade preferred stocks with the principal details of each, current prices and yields. The stocks are those of railroads, industrial corporations and public utility companies.

"The South Today," a booklet which describes in some detail the part the Miller organization has played in financing the development of the South, also what an investment in Miller real estate bonds means in safety, profit and convenience. Offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

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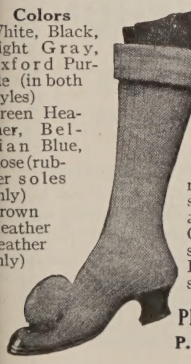

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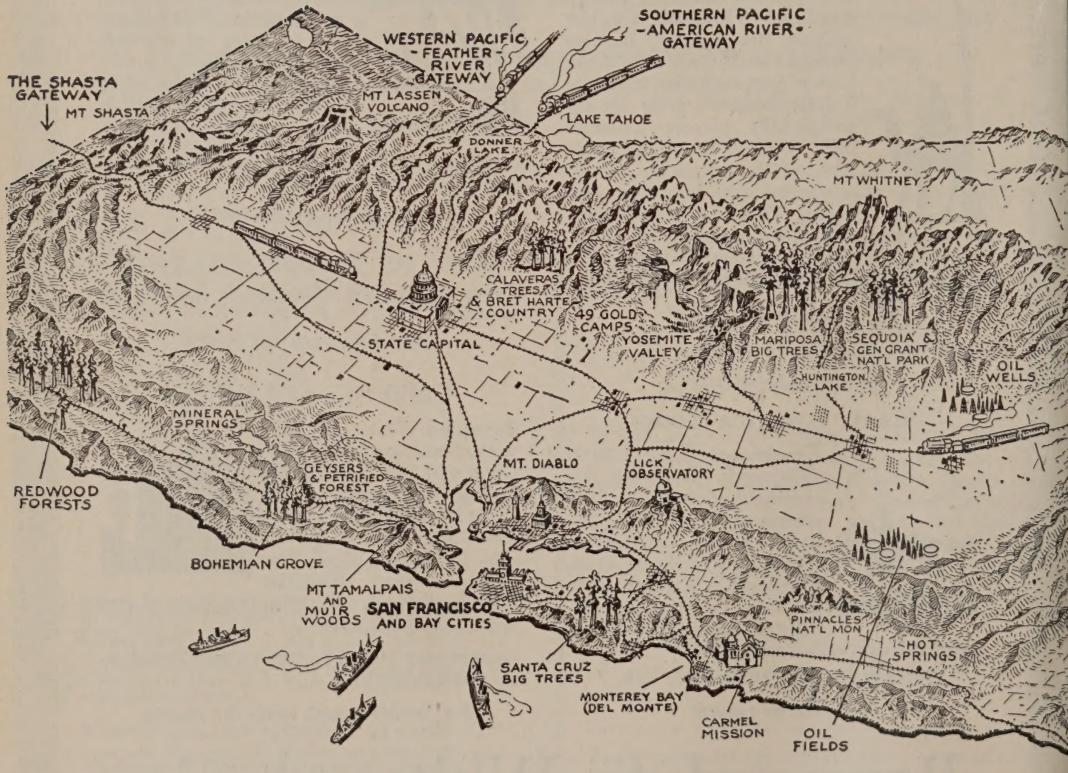

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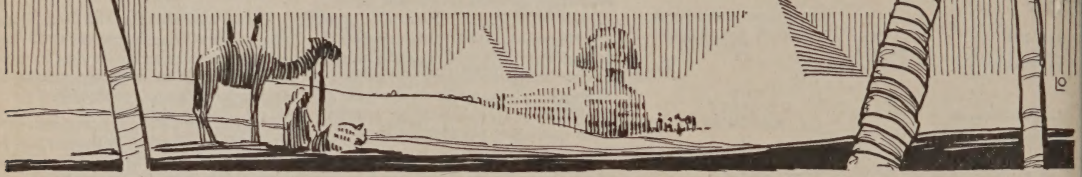

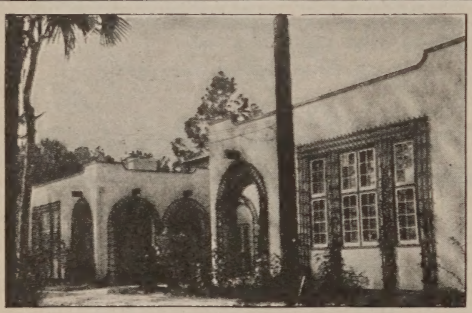

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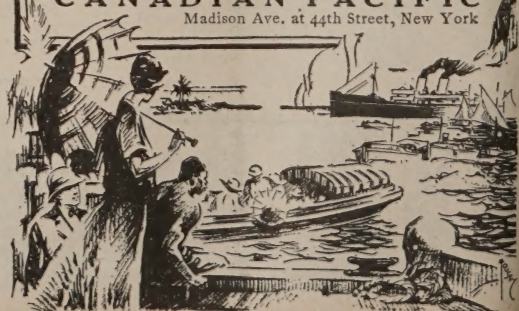

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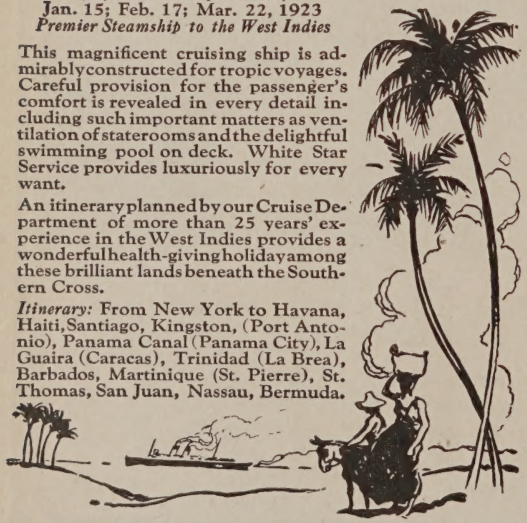

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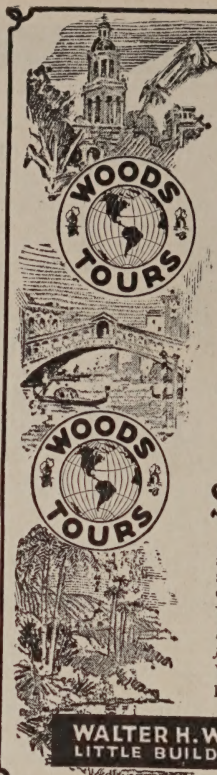

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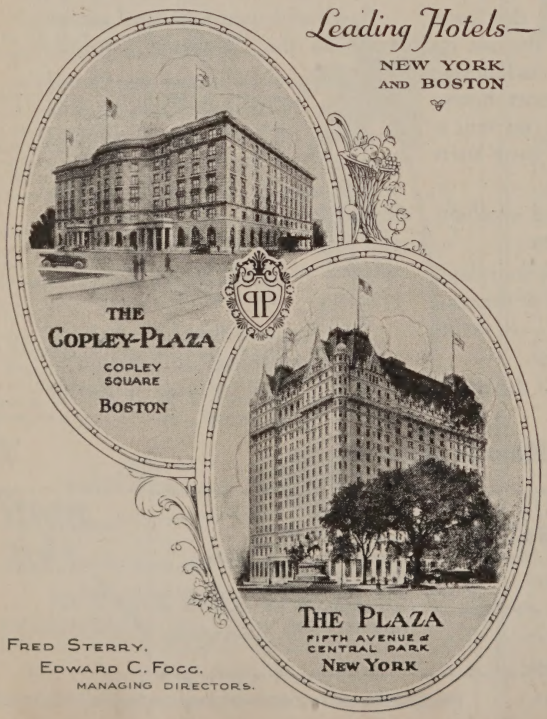

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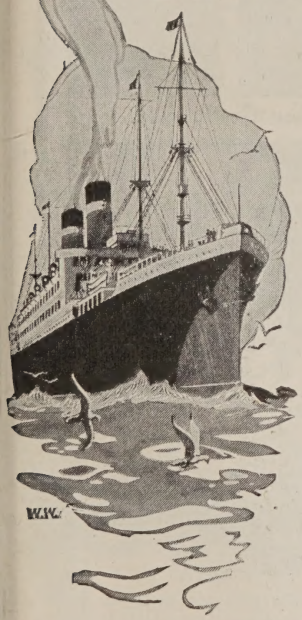

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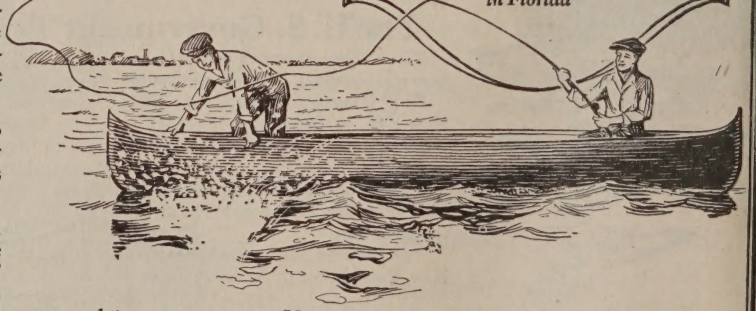

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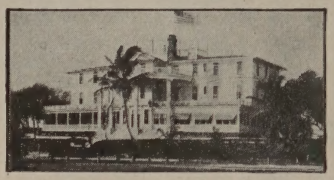

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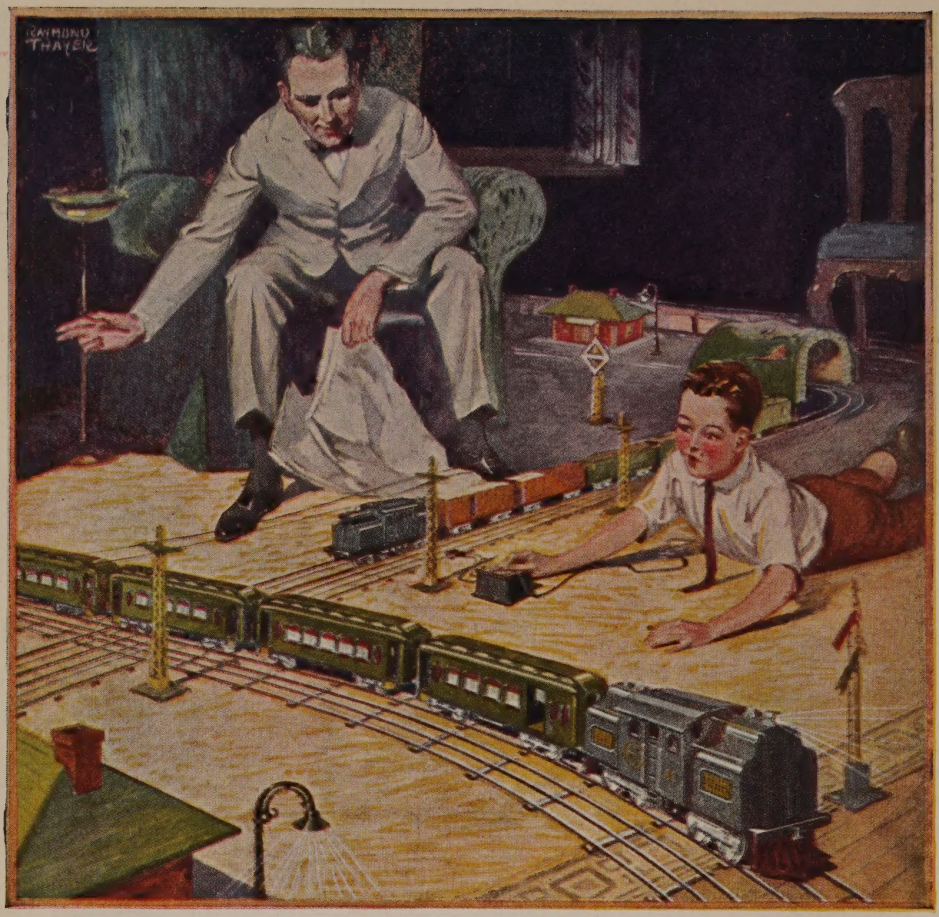

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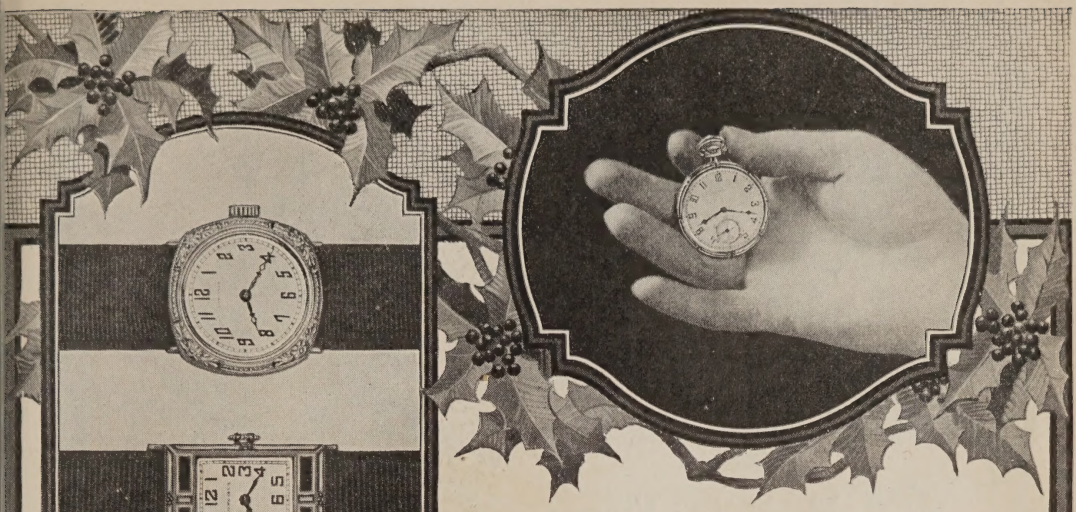

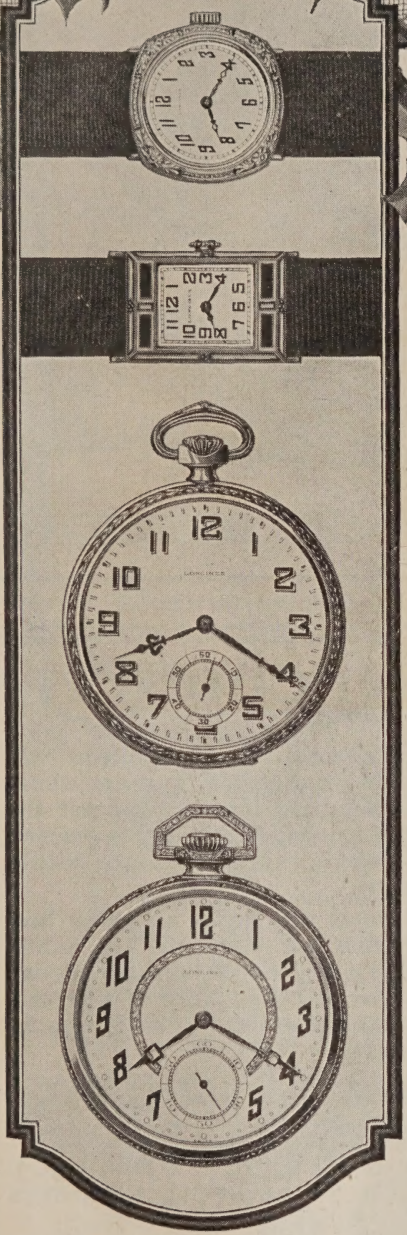

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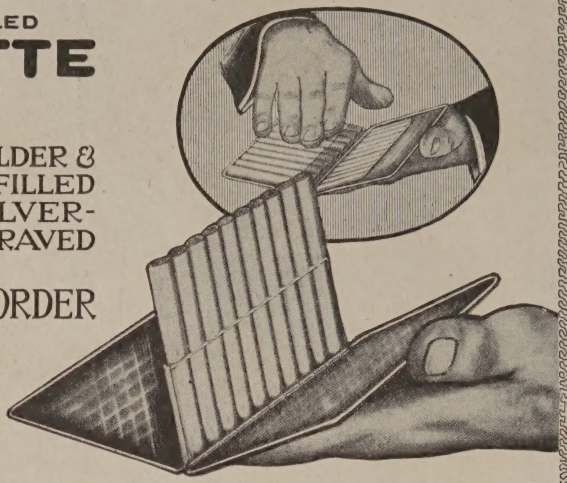

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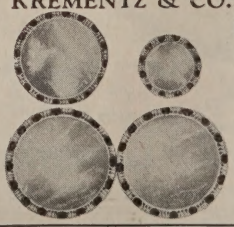

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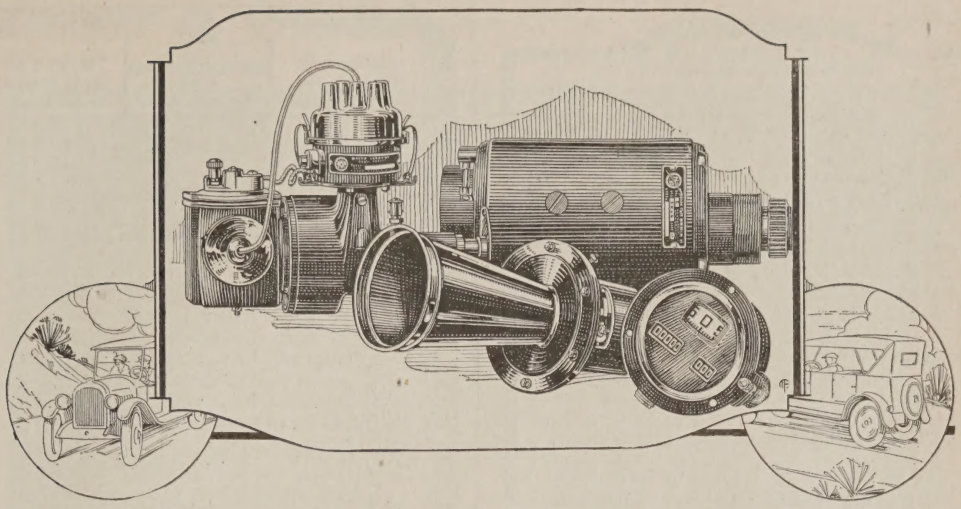

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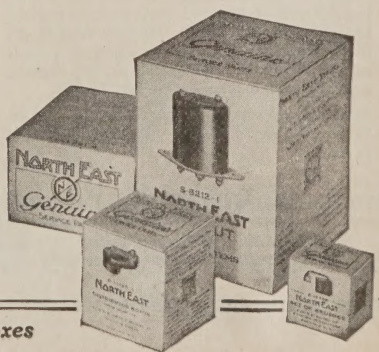

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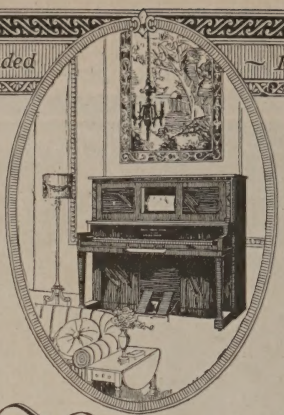

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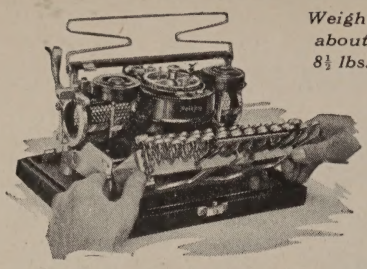

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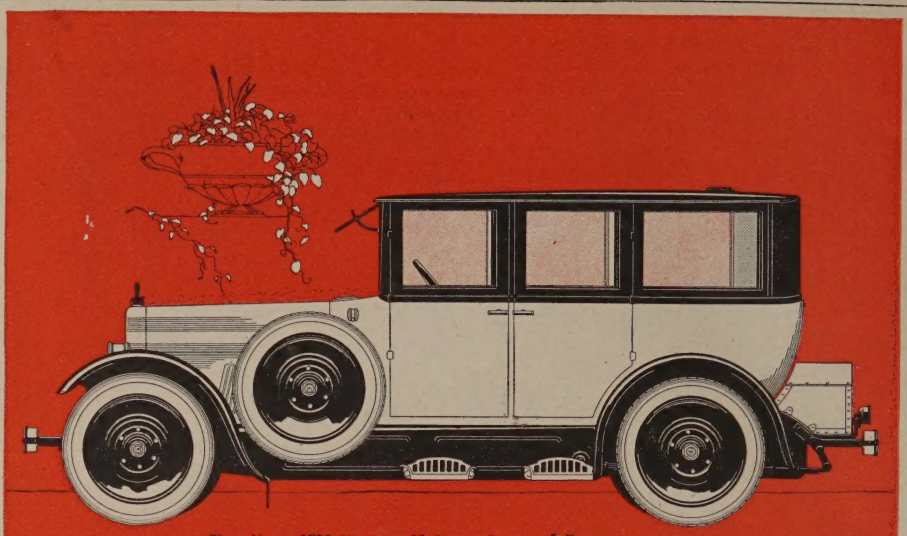

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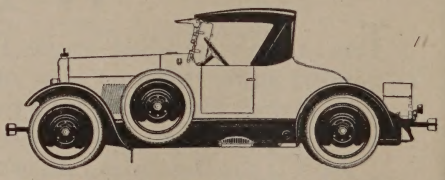

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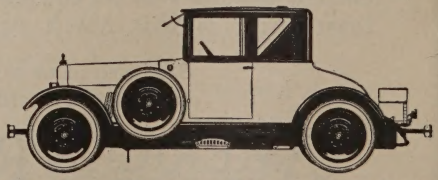

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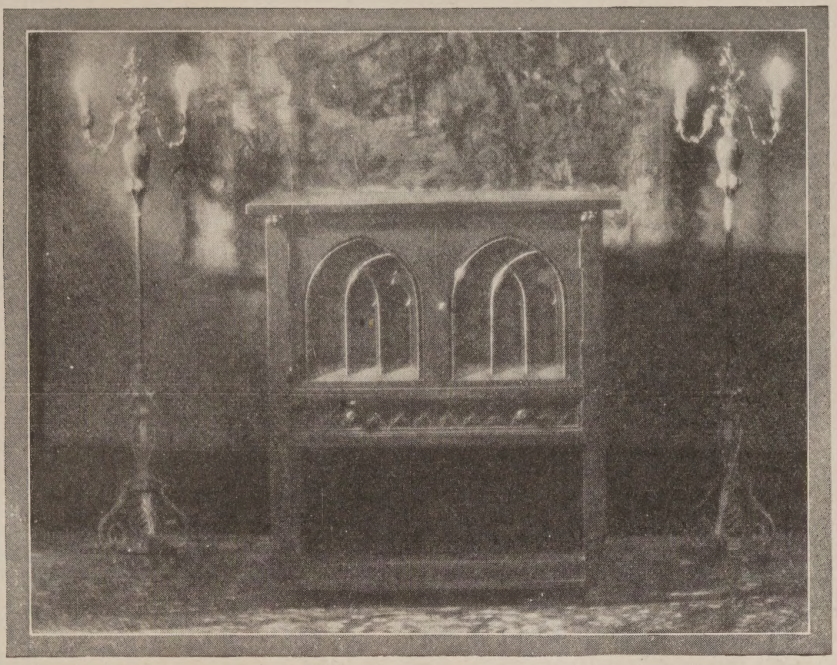

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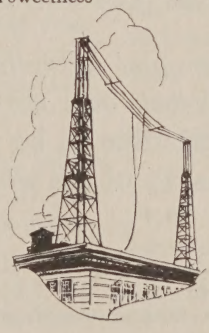

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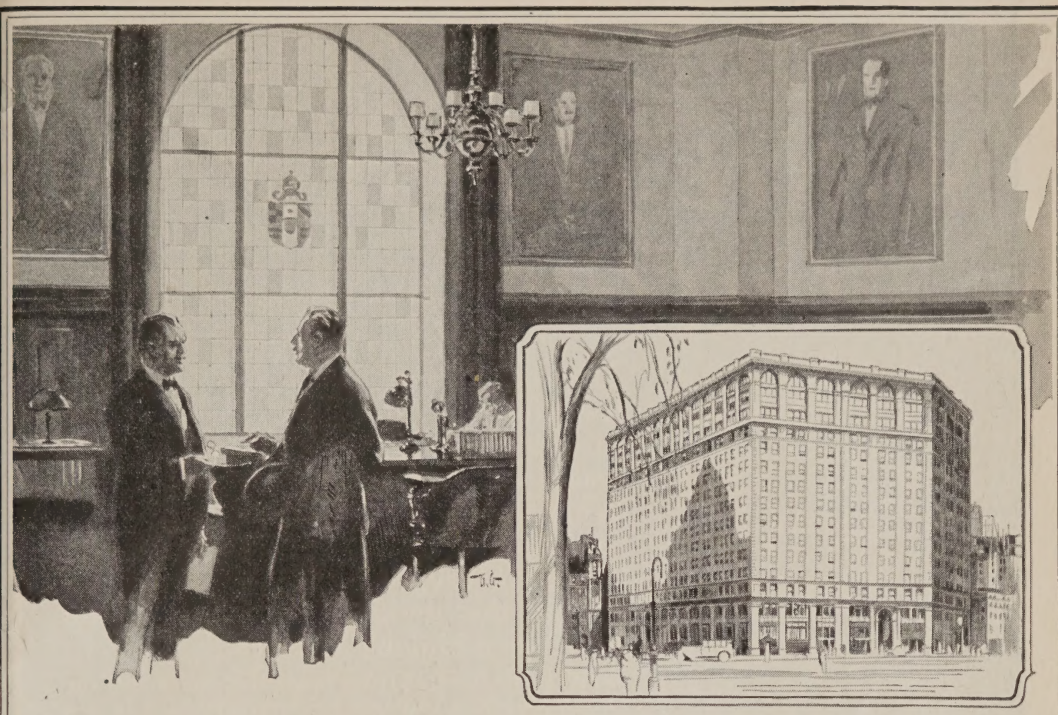

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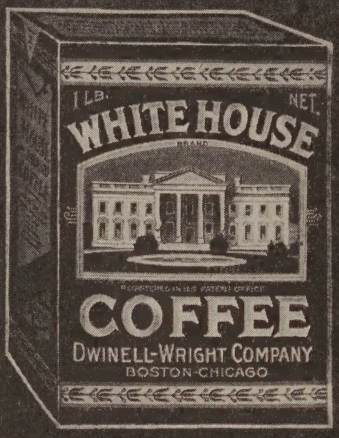

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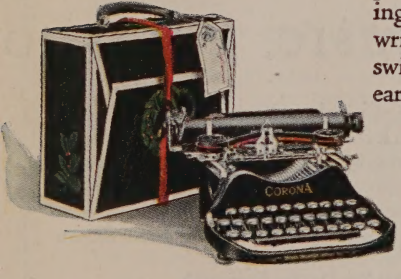

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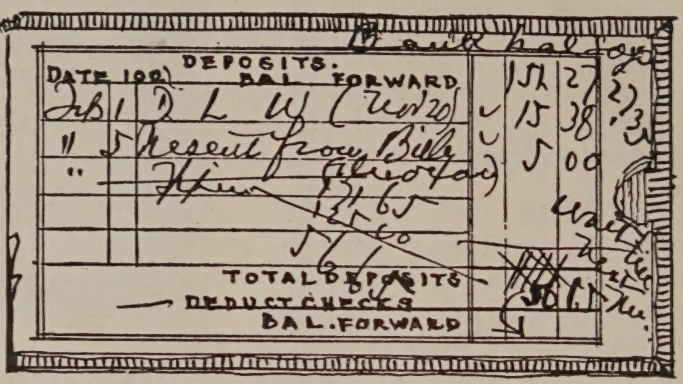

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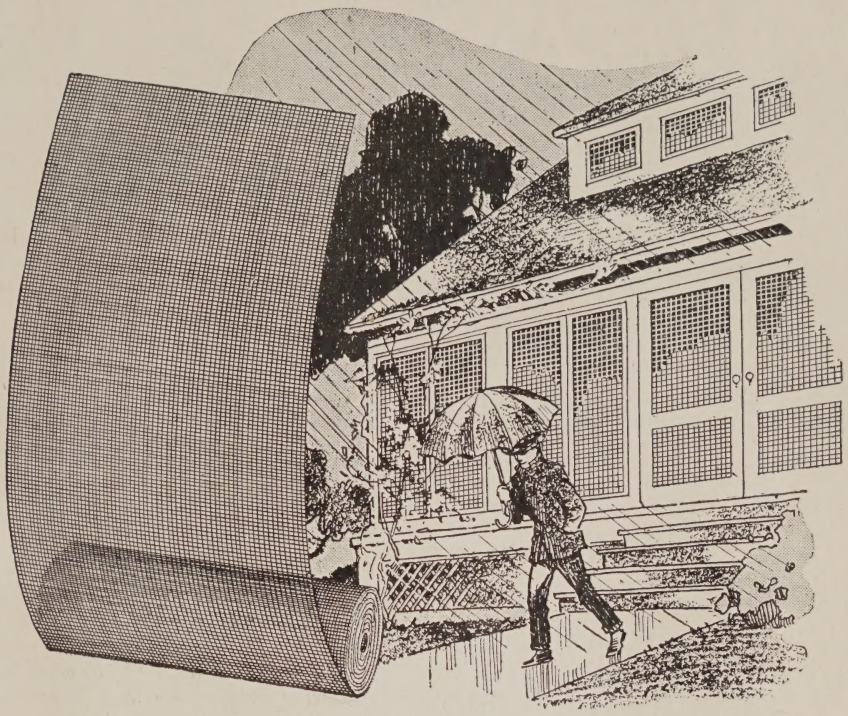

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